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THE WORKS

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ERRATA.

VOL. II. PAGE 11. "Laying," *read* "flaying,"
16. "Abashed" *read* "abased."
36. "Running into," *read* "retiring."
59. *Dele* sentence beginning "As some men conceive."
119. "Tracts they," *read* "then."
136. "Pass," *read* "pass away."
175. "Application," *read* "appellation."
176. "Expected," *read* "exacted."
202. "Even hears," *read* "ever."
238. "Our hands," *read* "heads."
247. "Memory and," *read* "reflection and."
271. "Stealeth," *read* "stealest."
276. "Checkmen," *read* "cheesemen."
312. "It would by," *read* "be."
395. *Dele* the lines "Love ran with me, &c."
420. "Kisses," *read* "empty kisses."
483. *Dele* "The Death of Artemidora."

they cast us where the powerful persecute, where the rich trample us down, and where the poorer (at seeing it) despise us, rejecting our counsel and spurning our consolation; what valuable truth do they enable us to discover, or what rational happiness to expect? To say that wisdom leads to truth, is only to say that wisdom leads to wisdom; for such is truth. Nonsense is better than falsehood; and we come to that.

Kotzebue. How?

Sandt. No falsehood is more palpable than that wisdom leads to happiness; I mean in this world; in another we may well indeed believe that the words are constructed of very different materials. But here we are, standing on a barren molehill that crumbles and sinks under our tread; here

of happiness is, the power of communicating peace, good-will, gentle affections, ease, comfort, independence, freedom, to all men capable of them.

Kotzebue. The idea is, truly, no humble one.

Sandt. A higher may descend more securely on a stronger mind. The power of communicating those blessings to the capable, is enough for my aspirations. A stronger mind may exercise its faculties in the divine work of creating the capacity.

Kotzebue. Childish! childish! Men have cravings enow already; give them fresh capacities, and they will have fresh appetites. Let us be contented in the sphere wherein it is the will of Providence to place us; and let us render ourselves useful in it to the uttermost of our power,

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

SANDT AND KOTZEBUE.

Sandt. Generally men of letters in our days, contrary to the practice of antiquity, are little fond of admitting the young and unlearned into their studies or their society.

Kotzebue. They should rather those than others. The young *must* cease to be young, and the unlearned *may* cease to be unlearned. According to the letters you bring with you, sir, there is only youth against you. In the seclusion of a college life, you appear to have studied with much assiduity and advantage, and to have pursued no other courses than the paths of wisdom.

Sandt. Do you approve of the pursuit?

Kotzebue. Who does not?

Sandt. None, if you will consent that they direct the chase, bag the game, inebriate some of the sportsmen, and leave the rest behind in the slough. May I ask you another question?

Kotzebue. Certainly.

Sandt. Where lie the paths of wisdom? I did not expect, my dear sir, to throw you back upon your chair. I hope it was no rudeness to seek information from you?

Kotzebue. The paths of wisdom, young man, are those which lead us to truth and happiness.

Sandt. If they lead us away from fortune, from employments, from civil and political utility; if they cast us where the powerful persecute, where the rich trample us down, and where the poorer (at seeing it) despise us, rejecting our counsel and spurning our consolation; what valuable truth do they enable us to discover, or what rational happiness to expect? To say that wisdom leads to truth, is only to say that wisdom leads to wisdom; for such is truth. Nonsense is better than falsehood; and we come to that.

Kotzebue. How?

Sandt. No falsehood is more palpable than that wisdom leads to happiness; I mean in this world; in another we may well indeed believe that the words are constructed of very different materials. But here we are, standing on a barren molehill that crumbles and sinks under our tread; here we are, and show me from hence, Von Kotzebue, a discoverer who has not suffered for his discovery, whether it be of a world or of a truth, whether a Columbus or a Galileo. Let us come down lower. Show me a man who has detected the injustice of a law, the absurdity of a tenet, the malversation of a minister or the impiety of a priest, and who has not been stoned, or hanged, or burnt, or imprisoned, or exiled, or reduced to poverty. The chain of Prometheus is hanging yet upon his rock, and weaker limbs writhe daily in its rusty links. Who then, unless for others, would be a darer of wisdom? And yet, how full of it is even the inanimate world? We may gather it out of stones and straws. Much lies within the reach of all: little has been collected by the wisest of the wise. O slaves to passion! O minions to power! ye carry your own scourges about you; ye endure their tortures daily; yet ye crouch for more. Ye believe that God beholds you; ye know that he will punish you, even worse than ye punish yourselves; and still ye lick the dust where the Old Serpent went before you.

Kotzebue. I am afraid, sir, you have formed to yourself a romantic and strange idea both of happiness and of wisdom.

Sandt. I too am afraid it may be so. My idea of happiness is, the power of communicating peace, good-will, gentle affections, ease, comfort, independence, freedom, to all men capable of them.

Kotzebue. The idea is, truly, no humble one.

Sandt. A higher may descend more securely on a stronger mind. The power of communicating those blessings to the capable, is enough for my aspirations. A stronger mind may exercise its faculties in the divine work of creating the capacity.

Kotzebue. Childish! childish! Men have cravings enow already; give them fresh capacities, and they will have fresh appetites. Let us be contented in the sphere wherein it is the will of Providence to place us; and let us render ourselves useful in it to the uttermost of our power,

without idle aspirations after impracticable good.

Sandt. O sir! you lead me where I tremble to step; to the haunts of your intellect, to the recesses of your spirit. Alas! alas! how small and how vacant is the central chamber of the lofty pyramid?

Kotzebue. Is this to me?

Sandt. To you, and many mightier. Reverting to your own words; could not you yourself have remained in the sphere you were placed in?

Kotzebue. What sphere? I have written dramas and novels and travels. I have been called to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Sandt. You sought celebrity: I blame not that. The thick air of multitudes may be good for some constitutions of mind, as the thinner of solitudes is for others. Some horses will not run without the clapping of hands; others fly out of the course rather than hear it. But let us come to the point. Imperial courts! What do they know of letters? What letters do they countenance, do they tolerate?

Kotzebue. Plays.

Sandt. Playthings.

Kotzebue. Travels.

Sandt. On their business. O ye paviours of the dreary road along which their cannon rolls for conquest! my blood throbs at every stroke of your rammers. When will ye lay them by?

Kotzebue. We are not such drudges.

Sandt. Germans! Germans! Must ye never have a rood on earth ye can call your own, in the vast inheritance of your fathers?

Kotzebue. Those who strive and labor, gain it; and many have rich possessions.

Sandt. None; not the highest.

Kotzebue. Perhaps you may think them insecure; but they are not lost yet, although the rapacity of France does indeed threaten to swallow them up. But her fraudulence is more to be apprehended than her force. The promise of liberty is more formidable than the threat of servitude. The wise know that she never will bring us freedom; the brave know that that she never can bring us thraldom. She herself is alike impatient of both; in the dazzle of arms she mistakes the one for the other, and is never more agitated than in the midst of peace.

Sandt. The fools who went to war against her, did the only thing that could unite her; and every sword they drew was a conductor of that lightning which fell upon their heads. But we must now look at our homes. Where there is no strict union, there is no perfect love; and where no perfect love, there is no true helper. Are you satisfied, sir, at the celebrity and the distinctions you have obtained?

Kotzebue. My celebrity and distinctions, if I must speak of them, quite satisfy me. Neither in youth nor in advancing age, neither in difficult nor in easy circumstances, have I ventured to proclaim myself the tutor or the guardian of mankind.

Sandt. I understand the reproof, and receive it humbly and gratefully. You did well in writing the dramas, and the novels, and the travels; but, pardon my question, who called you to the courts of princes in strange countries?

Kotzebue. They themselves.

Sandt. They have no more right to take you away from your country, than to eradicate a forest, or to subvert a church in it. You belong to the land that bore you, and were not at liberty (if right and liberty are one, and unless they are, they are good for nothing), you were not at liberty, I repeat it, to enter into the service of an alien.

Kotzebue. No magistrate, higher or lower, forbade me. Fine notions of freedom are these!

Sandt. A man is always a minor in regard to his fatherland; and the servants of his fatherland are wrong and criminal if they whisper in his ear that he may go away, that he may work in another country, that he may ask to be fed in it, and that he may wait there until orders and tasks are given for his hands to execute. Being a German, you voluntarily placed yourself in a position where you might eventually be coerced to act against Germans.

Kotzebue. I would not.

Sandt. Perhaps you think so.

Kotzebue. Sir, I know my duty.

Sandt. We all do; yet duties are transgressed, and daily. Where the will is weak in accepting, it is weaker in resisting. Already have you left the ranks of your fellow-citizens; already have you taken the enlisting-money and marched away.

Kotzebue. Phrases! metaphors! and let me tell you, M. Sandt, not very polite ones. You have hitherto seen little of the world, and you speak rather the language of books than of men.

Sandt. What! are books written by some creatures of less intellect than ours? I fancied them to convey the language and reasonings of men. I was wrong, and you are right, Von Kotzebue! They are, in general, the productions of such as have neither the constancy of courage nor the continuity of sense, to act up to what they know to be right, or to maintain it, even in words, to the end of their lives. You are aware that I am speaking now of political ethics. This is the worst I can think of the matter; and bad enough is this.

Kotzebue. You misunderstand me. Our conduct must fall in with our circumstances. We may be patriotic, yet not puritanical in our patriotism; not harsh, nor intolerant, nor contracted. The philosophical mind should consider the whole world as its habitation, and not look so minutely into it as to see the lines that divide nations and governments; much less should it act the part of a busy shrew, and take pleasure in giving loose to the tongue, at finding things a little out of place.

Sandt. We will leave the shrew where we find her: she certainly is better with the comedian than with the philosopher. But this indistinctness in the moral and political line begets indif-

ference. He who does not keep his own country more closely in view than any other, soon mixes land with sea, and sea with air, and loses sight of everything, at last, for which he was placed in contact with his fellow men. Let us unite, if possible, with the nearest: let usages and familiarities bind us: this being once accomplished, let us confederate for security and peace with all the people round, particularly with people of the same language, laws, and religion. We pour out wine to those about us, wishing the same fellowship and conviviality to others: but to enlarge the circle would disturb and deaden its harmony. We irrigate the ground in our gardens: the public road may require the water equally: yet we give it rather to our borders; and first to those that lie against the house! God himself did not fill the world at once with happy creatures: he enlivened one small portion of it with them, and began with single affections, as well as pure and unmixed. We must have an object and an aim, or our strength, if any strength belongs to us, will be useless.

Kotzebue. There is much good sense in these remarks: but I am not at all times at leisure and in readiness to receive instruction. I am old enough to have laid down my own plans of life; and I trust I am by no means deficient in the relations I bear to society.

Sandt. Lovest thou thy children? Oh! my heart bleeds! But the birds can fly; and the nest requires no warmth from the parent, no cover against the rain and the wind.

Kotzebue. This is wildness: this is agony. Your face is laden with large drops; some of them tears, some not. Be more rational and calm, my dear young man! and less enthusiastic.

Sandt. They who will not let us be rational, make us enthusiastic by force. Do you love your children? I ask you again. If you do, you must love them more than another man's. Only they who are indifferent to all, profess a parity.

Kotzebue. Sir! indeed your conversation very much surprises me.

Sandt. I see it does: you stare, and would look proud. Emperors and kings, and all but maniacs, would lose that faculty with me. I could speedily bring them to a just sense of their nothingness, unless their ears were calked and pitched, although I am no Savonarola. He too died sadly!

Kotzebue. Amid so much confidence of power, and such an assumption of authority, your voice is gentle, almost plaintive.

Sandt. It should be plaintive. Oh, could it but be persuasive!

Kotzebue. Why take this deep interest in me? I do not merit nor require it. Surely anyone would think we had been acquainted with each other for many years.

Sandt. What! should I have asked you such a question as the last, after long knowing you?

Kotzebue (*aside*). This resembles insanity.

Sandt. The insane have quick ears, sir, and sometimes quick apprehensions.

Kotzebue. I really beg your pardon.

Sandt. I ought not then to have heard you, and beg yours. My madness could release many from a worse; from a madness which hurts them grieviously; a madness which has been and will be hereditary: mine, again and again I repeat it, would burst asunder the strong swathes that fasten them to pillar and post. Sir! sir! if I entertained not the remains of respect for you, in your domestic state, I should never have held with you this conversation. Germany is Germany: she ought to have nothing political in common with what is not Germany. Her freedom and security now demand that she celebrate the communion of the faithful. Our country is the only one in all the explored regions on earth that never has been conquered. Arabia and Russia boast it falsely; France falsely; Rome falsely. A fragment off the empire of Darius fell and crushed her: Valentinian was the footstool of Sapor, and Rome was buried in Byzantium. Boys must not learn this, and men will not. Britain, the wealthiest and most powerful of nations, and, after our own, the most literate and humane, received from us colonies and laws. Alas! those laws, which she retains as her fairest heritage, we value not: we surrender them to gangs of robbers, who fortify themselves within walled cities, and enter into leagues against us. When they quarrel, they push us upon one another's sword, and command us to thank God for the victories that enslave us. These are the glories we celebrate; these are the festivals we hold, on the burial-mounds of our ancestors. Blessed are those who lie under them! blessed are also those who remember what they were, and call upon their names in the holiness of love.

Kotzebue. Moderate the transport that inflames and consumes you. There is no dishonour in a nation being conquered by a stronger.

Sandt. There may be great dishonour in letting it be the stronger; great, for instance, in our disunion.

Kotzebue. We have only been conquered by the French in our turn.

Sandt. No, sir, no: we have not been, in turn or out. Our puny princes were disarmed by promises and lies: they accepted paper crowns from the very thief who was sweeping into his hat their forks and spoons. A cunning traitor snared incautious ones, plucked them, devoured them, and slept upon their feathers.

Kotzebue. I would rather turn back with you to the ancient glories of our country than fix my attention on the sorrowful scenes more near to us. We may be justly proud of our literary men, who unite the suffrages of every capital, to the exclusion of almost all their own.

Sandt. Many Germans well deserve this honour, others are manger-fed and hirelings.

Kotzebue. The English and the Greeks are the only nations that rival us in poetry, or in any works of imagination.

Sandt. While on this high ground we pretend to a rivalship with England and Greece, can we

reflect without a sinking of the heart on our inferiority in political and civil dignity? Why are we lower than they? Our mothers are like their mothers; our children are like their children; our limbs are as strong, our capacities are as enlarged; our desire of improvement in the arts and sciences is neither less vivid and generous, nor less temperate and well-directed. The Greeks were under disadvantages which never bore in any degree on us; yet they rose through them vigorously and erectly. They were Asiatic in what ought to be the finer part of the affections; their women were veiled and secluded, never visited the captive, never released the slave, never sat by the sick in the hospital, never heard the child's lesson repeated in the school. Ours are more tender, compassionate, and charitable, than poets have feigned of the past, or prophets have announced of the future; and, nursed at their breasts and educated at their feet, blush we not at our degeneracy? The most indifferent stranger feels a pleasure at finding, in the worst-written history of Spain, her various kingdoms ultimately mingled, although the character of the governors, and perhaps of the governed, is congenial to few. What delight then must overflow on Europe, from seeing the mother of her noblest nation rear again her venerable head, and bless all her children for the first time united!

Kotzebue. I am bound to oppose such a project.

Sandt. Say not so: in God's name, say not so.

Kotzebue. In such confederacy I see nothing but conspiracy and rebellion, and I am bound, I tell you again, sir, to defeat it, if possible.

Sandt. Bound! I must then release you.

Kotzebue. How should you, young gentleman, release me?

Sandt. May no pain follow the cutting of the knot. But think again: think better: spare me!

Kotzebue. I will not betray you.

Sandt. That would serve nobody: yet, if in your opinion betraying me could benefit you or your family, deem it no harm; so much greater has been done by you in abandoning the cause of Germany. Here is your paper; here is your ink.

Kotzebue. Do you imagine me an informer?

Sandt. From maxims and conduct such as yours, spring up the brood, the necessity, and the occupation of them. There would be none, if good men thought it a part of goodness to be as active and vigilant as the bad. I must go, sir! Return to yourself in time! How it pains me to think of losing you! Be my friend!

Kotzebue. I would be.

Sandt. Be a German!

Kotzebue. I am.

Sandt, (having gone out). Perjurer and profaner! Yet his heart is kindly. I must grieve for him! Away with tenderness! I disrobe him of the privilege to pity me or to praise me, as he would have done had I lived of old. Better men shall do more. God calls them: me too he calls: I will enter the door again. May the greater sacrifice bring the people together, and hold them evermore in peace and concord. The lesser victim follows willingly. (*Enters again.*)

Turn! die! (*strikes.*)

Alas! alas! no man ever fell alone. How many innocent always perish with one guilty! and writhe longer!

Unhappy children! I shall weep for you elsewhere. Some days are left me. In a very few the whole of this little world will lie between us. I have sanctified in you the memory of your father. Genius but reveals dishonour, commiseration covers it

THE CARDINAL-LEGATE ALBANI AND PICTURE-DEALERS.

MARCHESE SCAMPA, CONTE BIANCHERIA, SIGNOR CORAZZA, CARDINAL-LEGATE ALBANI.

Legate. Most illustrious Signor Marchese! I grieve deeply to have incommoded you. Most illustrious Signor Conte Cesare! I am sorry to have caused you any disturbance. Most esteemed, prized, and ornamented Signor Corazza! I feel somewhat of uneasiness at requiring your attendance.

Scampa. Your Eminence may dispose of me purely at Her pleasure.

Biancheria. I am your Eminence's most obsequious, most devoted, and most humble servant.

Corazza. I kiss the sacred hem of her purple, humbly inclining myself.

Legate. On my faith, Signors! a pretty piece of pastry you have been making! A fine embroilment! on my body!

Scampa. Eminence! all men have had their embroilments.

Biancheria. Pieces of pastry all men have made, Eminence!

Legate. Signors! I fear these will stick upon your fingers some time yet, although I pray God you may, with his help, wash yourselves clean.

Scampa. We are in his hands.

Biancheria. . . And your Eminence's.

Scampa. I meant Hers all the while.

Corazza. Surely; securely! I am in Hers, the whole of me.

Legate. 'Tis well. Now in the name of Dominedio, most gentle sirs, how could you play these tricks? What doings are these! I accuse you of nothing: I am convinced you are innocent, most innocent, more than most innocent. And yet, diamene! they will have it otherwise.

Scampa. God and your Eminence with us, our uprightness is not to be disputed.

Biancheria. We know what we know: we are what we are: we can tell them that. Let them mind it. What says Signor Marchese? Do I speak well?

Scampa. True; most true; Signor Conte! always under the correction of his Eminence.

Legate. Forasmuch as I have understanding in me, there are not two honester gentlemen in Bologna. Very old houses! vastly rich heretofore: rich still. Honey does not run from the pot without leaving some against the sides; ay, Signor Marchese?

(*Aside.*) It sticks hard; but I have a spoon that will scrape it.

You appear to be incommoded by a cough, Signor Marchese! Will my snuff-box relieve it?

Scampa. Infinite thanks, Eminence! immortal condescension! It would cure Cairo: it would have stopt the seven plagues of Egypt.

Legate. Signor Conte! we are coming to the business. Pardon my habits of despatch! Only be explicit; be clear: I must do my duty: I may be lenient. Much is left to my judgment and discretion; and you noble personages are the very last in the world who would wish to lead it astray, or make it harsh.

An English gentleman, with more earnestness than . . .

All at once. As usual with the nation.

Legate. . . has applied to me personally.

Scampa. Personally! to a Porporato!

Biancheria. Personally! to a Cardinal-Legate!

Corazza. Ohibo! Personally! to an Eminence of Holy Church! with a maggiorduomo, four cooks, six chaplains, and (Sant Antonio) the six finest mules in all the Patrimony! Cospetto! the heretic!

Legate. So it is: by letter to me, I mean.

All. Letter! more and more presumptuous!

Scampa. No preliminary!

Biancheria. Secretary, even secretary, had been too high. Maestro di casa, maestro di scuderia, cameriere, page, porter, or any other dignitary of the household, might have received it in the first instance, under the form of supplication. But letter! letter! letter! my head turns round with it.

Scampa. Carbonaro!

Corazza. Giovane Italia! disguised as an Englishman.

Scampa. Eminence! we are gallant men, men of honour, men of garb, and Her most obsequious. Some regards are due to persons of distinction. Why should he trouble your Eminence with his concerns? petty matters! trifles! trivialities! Law indeed to an Englishman is like his native air: he flies to it as he flies to his ship; he loses his appetite if he misses it: and he never thinks he has enough of it until it has fairly stript him and begins to lie heavy on his stomach. It is his tea, his plum-pudding, his punch, his nightcap.

Legate. Happy! if he can throw it off so easily when he wakens. Law in England ought to be in capital condition, if exercise can accomplish it.

Biancheria. There are common laws and common lawyers in Bologna, blessed be his Holiness! And nothing new about them, nothing wild and extravagant, nothing visionary. They are ancient and awful as our Garisenda, and, like Garisenda, lean toward the inhabitants.

Scampa. Talk of patriotism! this I call patriotism. We can buy injustice of any tribunal in Italy, and at a reasonable price: it would be hard indeed if we can not buy justice for a little more, in proportion to the rarity, and if we are forced to go beyond our native country for this greatest benefit of a paternal government. I should be sorry to prefer any on earth to my own Bologna, blest as it is with the rule and guidance of the Prince of the Apostles, but more immediately under his delegate the Holiness of our Lord, Leo the Twelfth, now sitting and reigning, and worthily and plenarily represented by your Eminence. But, Eminence! (pardon me if I sob aloud and beat my breast at saying it) there are countries, yes, there are countries in our Italy, where insolent Englishmen are thrown utterly into the shade, their audacity rising beyond endurance. One of them, believe me, had the temerity to take the wall of Don Neri Corsini, a Roman prince, a prime minister. Nobly and worthily did his Highness treat this sacrilege.

Legate. I am uninterested in the event: excuse my interruption.

Scampa. Condescend to listen. The proud Englishman had bought a villa and a couple of farms under Fiesole; rooting up olives, cutting down vines, the madman! A Frenchman was his neighbour. He had a right to the waste water of the proud Englishman's fountain. The proud Englishman, in his spite and malignity, not only shaved every morning, and ordered all his men servants, to the number of five, to shave also just as frequently, but he washed his hands and face several times in the day, and especially at that season when water is most wanted. In like manner did all his children, four of them; and all four bathed: all four, Eminence! all four! every day! the malignant father setting them the example.

Legate. Heretics and Turks are much addicted to bathing. It might be superstition, or it might be an idea of cleanliness. The English are malicious one against another, almost universally, but toward foreigners there appears to be more contemptuousness than malice.

Scampa. Your Eminence has the eye upon the key-hole, and sees the whole chamber. Pride and malice, the right side and the left side of the Devil, constitute the Englishman. O the persecutor! This, the very worst of them all, excepting the wretch who would, in the presence of your Eminence, deflower the fair fame of innocent men like me, this one committed the injury through wanton extravagance, shaving, washing, bathing, beside watering two hundred orange, lemon, citron trees, and then laurels and myrtles and rhododendrons and magnolias, and fantas-

tical outlandish flowers innumerable. No wonder there was little waste water. The Frenchman cited him before the tribunals. At first they favored the Englishman, as was intended. The Frenchman, as Frenchmen always do, shifted his ground a little, and won the second cause. In the third the Englishman had his turn, to prove the fairness of processes in Tuscany. Then a couple of the judges were persuaded to see their error, and voted on the contrary side. Presently more had their eyes opened for them. In vain did the proud Englishman hold in contempt the variations of the opponent and the judges: in vain, over and over, did he offer tenfold the value of the water, supposing the water was the thing wanted, which the Frenchman had delared he never cared about, having plenty on each side of his house. No, this would never serve the purpose of those who patted him on the back. His suit assumed a somewhat different form, term after term, otherwise it could not easily have been so protracted. Nothing was now left for the proud Englishman but appeal to the last resort; but, just before the defection of the two favorable judges was decided on and arranged, the Court of Appeal in the last resort was purposely suppressed. Such was the fate of the proud Englishman and his waste water.

Legate. I hope, Signor Marchese, that the matter ends here; for you must remember that I have other business in hand.

Scampa. Patience, Eminence, patience! It does not end here, nor could it reasonably. This arrogant infuriated man, this devastator of vines and olives, this substituter of grass and moss for cabbages and onions, was sentenced to construct with efficient masonry a competent reservoir in front and within ten paces of his hall-door. Such a sentence, if such a sentence had been possible against a noble Tuscan, would have broken the heart of Conte Gherardesca, the late proprietor, although he resided there but seldom, and enjoyed but few perhaps of the cabbages and onions so unworthily supplanted. Just punishment for this overbearing pertinacious Englishman! reminding him for ever of what is due to a Roman prince and prime minister; such a diplomatist that he had the honour of serving both his native sovereign the Granduke Ferdinand and the Emperor Napoleon at the same time, enjoying the countenance of each, unsuspected by the other. And a shining countenance it was. Faith of Bacchus! it was an omelet well fried on each side, and enough of it to fatten a Carthusian.

Legate. To what does this tend, Signor Marchese?

Scampa. It tends, Eminence, to prove satisfactorily the small regard entertained for Englishmen in other quarters of our Italy: it tends to prove, above all things, their contempt of dignities, and how easily, by the grace of your Eminence, they may be disappointed in their extravagant recourse to litigation. The litigant was condemned to a series of lawsuits for nine years, with more variations than ever were composed by Rossini. It was decided from the beginning that some should be won and some lost, and that at last all the costs should be cast upon this proud Englishman. The whole property of his adversary amounts not to the sum expended in the maintenance of what he presumed to call his rights: a favorite word, Eminence, with those islanders. He was a true Englishman, unbending to authority, repulsive to rank, and bearing an abominable dash of charcoal on his shoulders, black, black as Satanasso. He would not have gained his lawsuit even if he had consented to pay down the fair market-price, which his proud stomach would never do. But *we* are ready, Eminence, *we* are ready; for no men alive observe more strictly the usages of their fathers. We hate revolutionary notions, we hate false doctrines: honour and religion, and love of our neighbour, is our motto.

Legate. I wish so great a hardship had befallen no better man than the person you describe: but, remember, I am not sitting here to examine the merits of his case. We have our own laws.

Scampa. I call that a happy country whose law is as movable as Easter, and as managable and pleasant as the Carnival. If it is not so in the states of the Church, where upon earth ought it to be? I pay to His Holiness fifteen Roman crowns yearly, for dispensation to eat flesh in Lent.*

Legate. You seem strong and healthy, most Illustrious!

Scampa. Under the blessing of heaven, by paying the fifteen crowns I continue so. If all would do the same their sins would fall off them as the scales fall from a leper. Ling may help to lift a man out of Purgatory; but Roman crowns, legitimate and unclipt, can alone pave the way to Paradise. I am no niggard, no Englishman: right well do I know, and more especially do I acknowledge, that His Holiness is not only an apostle, but a prince, and that His dignity is to be duly supported by all true Christians. I glory in being one; and God forbid I should ever be so straitened in circumstances for want of protection, as to cry out for an abatement. In Tuscany the judges will hear reason, when the wand of the apparitor is tipped with gold and the litigant speaks in French. It is better he should speak it first to Don Neri, who understands it perfectly.

Legate. I do entreat you, Signor Marchese, to come at once to the point.

Scampa. I would gladly, triumphantly, extatically, shed the last drop of my blood for His Holiness; but, ohibo! what is all a man's blood worth when it is robbed of its vital heat, of its menestra, its fry, and its roast? I am a good subject, a good Catholic, true, faithful, vigilant; I am a gallant man, a brave man; but I have my fears.

* A *family*, however healthy, may obtain it at that price, and some very pious ones do.

There are carbonari everywhere: there is carbon under the chair of His Holiness. A hard blow, an angry breath, a humiliating indignity, a cruel unpaternal . . what am I saying? what am I thinking of? . . may . . mercy upon us! may . . O holy Virgin avert it! may, alas! set his footstool in such a blaze, ay, footstool and canopy, purple and triple crown, as all the tears of your Eminence, and of the devoted servant at your feet, would be insufficient to extinguish.

Legate. What would you have, gentlemen?

Biancheria. Eminence! we do not ask more for ourselves, who are Italians, than was graciously conceded to a foreigner.

Legate. The French have it always in their power to do a great deal of mischief; and such is their natural disposition. The tiger in his cage is just as restless as in his wilderness, and his keeper must now and then humour him.

Biancheria. We ask to be protected from no Frenchman upon earth, which would be beyond any reasonable hope, but only from our accursed Englishman, who, by his pertinacity and obduracy, has proved himself to be made of the same paste as the other, and drawn out of the same oven. Like the other, he would rather put in jeopardy three thousand crowns than distribute a few hundreds in charity among the faithful domestics of your Eminence, and their virtuous wives and amiable children. What hearts, ahime! what hearts these English carry with them about Italy! In fact, Eminence, an Englishman closes his fist on these occasions as firmly as if he were boxing. The main difference is, that on these if he is beaten he has the folly to complain, whereas on the other he would be silent if you had beaten him half into a mummy. Knock out an eye, and he gives you his hand; mistake a picture in selling it to him, and he delivers you over to the executioner.

Scampa. If not quite that, he makes you give back the money; and thus, blemishing your honour, he leaves an incurable wound in the very centre of the heart.

Legate. Gently, good Signor Marchese! such hard thumps on the exterior may produce an effect no less fatal. I should apprehend ossification and aneurism. We must bear with human infirmity. All nations have their customs, all individuals their privileges and foibles. As the English fight best upon the ocean, it is probable and presumable that they see best with their heads under water; which opinion some of the pictures bought by them on dry land, at enormous prices, for their national gallery, seem to confirm. Certainly they little know our usages: but they know incomparably more about theoretical law than about its practical administration. Perhaps, as you suggest, they are somewhat too indifferent to the deferential delicacy of its domestic courtesies. Knowing the weaknesses to which, as children of Adam, we all are liable, I would not animadvert on them severely, nor prejudge them. True it is, the Frenchman is more sociable at all times, and more amiable at most: and if there are seasons when he must inevitably swear and fight, we may charitably believe that he follows the law of his nature in so doing; that God made him so; and we must take him as we find him. And we shall the more readily do this, if we remark his perfect ease and indifference what he swears to, and what he fights for.

Biancheria. For my part, I have no complaint to make against him: no Frenchman ever carried off any of my pictures.

Legate. Signor Conte! keep your own secret. Do not imply, as your speech would do, that you never had any worth carrying off.

Corazza. Our Italy would rise up in arms against the despoiler and deflowerer. Your Eminence would issue a rescript, an ordinance: we are safe. Ah, Signor Conte! not without an inspiration did you remind his Eminence of our Garisenda, and her maternal leaning toward us. Signor Conte and Signor Marchese would melt Saint Peter and persuade Saint Thomas, when they were stubbornest. I am ready to weep.

Legate. At what, Signor Corazza?

Corazza. Ca! at what? it lies beyond expression.

Legate. Well, in this article of weeping we perhaps may help you.

Corazza (*aside*). Per Bacco! it grows serious!

Legate. The foreigner threatens . .

All. The assassin!

Legate. . . to send the Process before the Ruota Criminale at Rome, first submitting it to the Pontifical Chancery.

Scampa. Chancery! we are fresh eggs; we are live oysters; we are swallowed up; the Day of Judgment can not piece us again! If anything reasonable had been offered, then indeed who knows? Eminence! only hear the Englishman's proposals! That the pictures should be sent back; true, at the purchaser's charge; but what compensation for losing the sight of our pictures? Pictures that have been hanging in our palaces from time immemorial; pictures that have made men, women, and children, stand breathless under them; pictures that at last were given to the Englishman at his own price; for he would not listen to reason. I told him I had a presentiment of heartbreaking: I clasped my hands: I lifted up my eyes imploringly to the ceiling, until my sighs carried down a cobweb from a highth of twelve *braccie*, and almost blinded me. I made no complaint; I bring no action for damages. There is one Scampa in the world; only one; here he stands.

Biancheria. Think! figure it! Eminence! he offered us our pictures again, with only one-half of the money! Could a Jew do worse? The Pontifical Chancery and the Ruota Criminale would never tribulate gallant men in this guise. We must go to Rome with sacks in our great coats: and the judges there can smell silver from gold

through a Russia-leather portmanteau, mix it as you will. Here in Bologna the judges are our neighbours, and act like neighbours. No pride, no fastidiousness: they have patience and hear reason. Only one word from your Eminence, and all stands well.

Legate. Reason too is heard at Rome.

Scampa. It goes by the Diligence to the banker's, and (Santa Maria!) makes but a short stay there.

Biancheria. Yes, Eminence! at Rome too they hear reason and have patience: but they require more reason from us, and more patience. Sacks! Eminence! sacks and sacks, Eminence! exterminated mountains! Mexico, Peru, Cordilleras!

Corazza. Is money chaff, Signor Marchese? Signor Conte! is money swept off with the beard and suds at the barber's? To me it does not seem so. I am a poor man, but honest. I work, I work hard; ca! if anyone knew it!

Legate. At what do you work, most respectable Signor Corazza, my most worshipful master?

Corazza. At my business; day after day; all day long. O the life! to gain a crown-piece after years and years, and many and many! To stand and stand, and sigh and sigh, with my hands before me; now straight down, now across; sad variety! Now looking at one Virgin, now at another; now at this Bambino, now at that; never minding me; tiring my heart and tearing it, and gnawing it, summer and winter, spring and autumn; while others are in villa! hosiers and hatters, who can not distinguish a picture from a counterpane, a Porporato from a Pievano. Ca! and these people get more money than they can spend: what livers and brains! what capons! what trout! Their wine comes from twenty miles off; cospetto! One keeps his civetta, another his billiard-table, another his . . what not! Here am I! no wine, no billiard, no pallone, no laughing, no noise! The very carts in the streets grumble to be in it at such a season. All I possess of the country is a grillo in a cage of straw. The blessed Saint who lost her eyes . . if she can be said to have lost them when she carried them in a dish . . suffered less than mine did when I lost my Guido.

Legate. Have you nothing of the kind remaining?

Corazza. Providence never abandons the faithful. A Ludovico . . pure, sincere, intact; purest, sincerest, intactest . . but alas! no menestra in pentola; no more menestra than if there were no rice-ground in Lombardy. This I call enduring fatigue, Signor Marchese! This I call sweating, Signor Conte! This I call tribulation, Eminence! Your Eminence can feel all this for us poor people in the trade. Look now! look now! only look! Here comes an Englishman to the Pelican; a milord; a real milord of London. The fame of the finest pieces in the world reaches him on the steps; not mine; I do not say mine; but the pieces of Signor Marchese and Signor Conte, rimbombing through the universe. He hardly asks for dinner: Signor Perotti, Signor Flavio, your Eminence must know him, padrone of the Pelican, says, "Leave that to me." Now Signor Flavio speaks English as well as milord Beron or milord Scacchesperro. "Do you want cash, sir? I will take any bill upon London, two months, three months." O the ingratitude of the canaglia! The pictures are given; thrown away, (do I speak well, Signor Marchese?), packed up, sealed at the custom-house, sent off; Signor Flavio goes along with them, loses his business, his rest, his peace of mind, crosses the Appennines, as Annibal did, and reaches Florence, eviscerated, exossated, with nine great packages! nine! the treasures of Bologna!

Biancheria. We lie near the woods, or we never could have given the empty cases for the money we gave the pictures at.

Scampa. I doubt, after all, whether they will cover the carpenter's bill.

Corazza. Be tranquil, Signor Marchese! I have calculated that they certainly will, if he waits (as usual) a reasonable while for the payment.

Scampa. It was a great inconvenience to me: I made a great sacrifice: I thought of building a palace with the planks. Will your Eminence just look over the ground-plan?

Legate. Prodigiously magnificent elevation! Blessed Saints!

Scampa. One might imagine that a little of the timber would be left. Quite the contrary. I have ruined the way through my estate by the carriage of supplementary loads; and I should not have regretted it if I could have given satisfaction. I am ready to do the like again for anyone who thinks more liberally.

Biancheria. It must be by particular favour, and with strong recommendations, that an Englishman ever enters my house again. My stock of timber was small: however, if it had pleased His Beatitude the Holiness of our Lord to equip a galley or two against the Turks or Greeks, I had wherewithall at his service. Now, now indeed, not a stick is left me! not a thorn, not a dead leaf on the floor: the packages took all.

Corazza. Men of humble condition must be cautious in their resentments. My temper is forgiving; my heart is large; I am ready to press my enemy to it again when he sees his error.

Legate. He fancies he has already seen it, my most ornamented friend and worthy patron! His correspondent at Florence assures me, on the authority of the whole Academy, that he has been defrauded.

Biancheria. If this gentleman is a gentleman of the law, he may lie legally: but if he acts merely as a friend, and in private, he acts insidiously. What gentleman in Italy ever took upon himself the business of another, where he fancied the other had been imprudent and might lose by that imprudence, whether life or property? The English alone are discontented with their own dangers, and run into those of other people. They pursue thieves; they mount upon conflagra-

tions. Instead of joining the stronger, they join the weaker, subverting the order of things. Even dogs and wolves know better.

Scampa. I am ruined by them; this is all I pretend to know of their doings. Since I sold them my pictures, I am infested and persecuted and worried to death by duns. They belabor and martellate my ears worse than the terza rima of Dante, the next taking up the rhyme of the last. I am not a dealer in pictures: I only sell when anyone takes a fancy to this or that; and merely to show that we in Bologna are as condescending and polite to strangers as the people of Rome or Florence.

Legate. Very proper; but this double baptism of pictures, this dipping of old ones in the font again, and substituting a name the original sponsor never dreamt of giving, this, methinks, Signor Marchese! under correction! is somewhat questionable and exceptionable.

Scampa. Under the correction of your Eminence, bending myself most submissively, I have as much right to call my pictures by what appellation I please as my house-dog. He whose son has been christened by the name of Tommaso, may deem it more pleasurable to his ear, or more conducive to his welfare, or more appertaining to the dignity of his beloved heir, to designate him by that of Pietro or Giovanni. Again, I have as much right to ask a thousand crowns as a hundred. Asking does not cut purses nor force open bankers' desks. Beside, have I ever transgressed by laying claim to infallibility? Only one upon earth is infallible; and he not in pictures: it is only in things that nobody in this world can comprehend.

Legate. Piously and judiciously spoken.

Scampa. Eminence! I am liable to errors; I am frail; I am a man: we are all of us dust; we are all of us ashes; here to-day, there to-morrow: but I stick to my religion; I wear my honour next my heart. I should like to catch this Englishman by twilight: I should like to hear how he would answer an honest man to his face. No subterfuges with me. Accidents have happened; malaria; judgments. Many have fallen sick by holding their noses too close to the ground, like dogs in the grotto at Naples yonder.

Legate. Be calm, Signor Marchese!

Scampa. My blood rises against oppression and injustice. These proud Englishmen shall never govern us. We are under the Church; God be praised! We are under his blessed Saints and your Eminence. Englishmen! what are Englishmen? In their ships they may do something. Give me one, visage to visage in the shaven field, and, capperi! he should soon see who was before him: ay, capperi! should he. Uh! uh! I almost crack my teeth with my courage.

Legate. Spare them! spare them! good Signor Marchese! they are worth their weight in gold at your age. Let us respect our veterans, so sadly thinned by the enemy.

Scampa. I have the blood of youth in my veins.

Legate. You must feel it very comfortable.

Scampa. It boils within me.

Legate. Let it; let it; better within than without. Surely it is applicable to pleasanter purposes than broils.

Scampa. Stains upon honour . .

Legate. . . May be covered with blood more easily than washed out with it. You are calmer, Signor Conte! Let me remark to you, then, that the Englishman in question has sent to me an attestation on a certain picture, purporting to bear the seal of our Academy: this seal is declared by one of our own Academicians (now in Florence) to be a forgery.

All. A traitor! a traitor! a traitor to his country!

Biancheria. The Englishman himself forged it.

Corazza. The English are capable. I never saw people write with such ease and fluency.

Scampa. Very great forgers; very notorious. Many are hanged for it every year in London; some of the most respectable persons in the whole nation, who spend several thousand dollars a year; milords, bankers, bishops.

Biancheria. Bishops! more shame upon them! Ours in Italy are long-dips; four-and-twenty to the pound; in England they are as substantial as sausages. What the devil should they forge but their credentials?

Scampa. I said, and I repeat it, many English are hanged for it every year; not one Italian. Lord Kenyon, the greatest judge in the kingdom, declared it lawful against an enemy: now Catholics are enemies in the eye of the Anglican Church, and the English laws acknowledge and act upon it; therefore, on their own principles, we may fairly and justifiably be guilty of it, at our good pleasure. Not that we ever are.

Biancheria. A secretary, by inadvertency, may affix a seal to a wrong paper. We cannot look to these bagatelles: we cannot light the taper for all our letters: we have extensive correspondences: a good deal of money comes yearly by this way into the Legations.

Scampa. An easy quiet liberality; some slight preference to the native; a little more regard to his testimony who is a Christian, than to a Quaker's, a Turk's, a Lutheran's, an Anabaptist's, a Free-mason's, may benefit the individual, consolidate the government, and calm those uneasinesses and ranklings which have kept our wretched country . . .

Biancheria, whispering to him. Ohibo! take heed! diamene!

Scampa. . . Wretched, until the arrival of your Eminence, by perpetual insurrections. Only two years ago (horrible to think of!) Cardinal Rivarola was shot in his carriage. God knows why. Mystery hangs over everything here below. Idle men are seen about, ready to be hired: their work requires but short instruments and short warning.

Legate. Pooh! pooh! Signor Marchese! never fear them; we will watch over you. Government

can pay them best: they are idle or at work as we judge proper. Englishmen have long purses, but never hire any help in their anger.

Corazza. Economical indeed! meanspirited creatures!

Biancheria. But they carry sticks, and confound distinctions with them.

Scampa. Bloody rogues are left yet in the Legations; and not all of them on the mountains. Have a care, Eminence! they pretend to love their country. Such folks are always dangerous: their whistle is heard farther than any. We have seen, O Christ! O holy Virgin! . . Surgeon's work does not stand well. I weep at thinking . . my eyes overflow . . I kiss the feet that represent His Holiness.

Legate. Signor Marchese! you overpower me. And, Signor Conte! you also at my other! nay, nay, in the name of . . Cazzo! . . you go too far. I do intreat you to rise up from my feet: your lips make them too hot: they do indeed. Gentlemen, the pleasure of your company has almost caused me to forget that you do me the honour of consulting with me on business of importance. Forgery is really an ugly thing, in my view of the subject. Swindling sounds indifferently. The Academicians of Florence have formally and unanimously decided that your pictures are not only no originals, but are wretched copies. Fifteen names, the names of all present, are subscribed to the declaration, signed by the president, the senator Alessandri! "Siamo di concorde avviso che il primo sia una copia mediocre, &c.: che il secondo appertenga ad un debole imitatore della scuola Bolognese; e gli ultimi due sieno fatti da un cattivo seguace," &c.

Biancheria. Eminence! let the Academicians of Florence look at the pictures that the most liberal and intelligent of our Italian princes (I mean secular; no offence to our Lord and Master His Beatitude) has bought in their own city, and under their own eyes. How happens it that he has friends about him who recommend to him the purchase, at many thousand crowns, of pieces not worth five figs? Domenichinos! Salvators, Leonardos, Murillos! Is the Guido in the Tribuna any Guido at all? Would your Eminence give three crowns for it, out of the frame?

Scampa. Their Domenichino in the same Tribuna, did Domenichino ever see it? However, it is better than a real work of his in the Palazzo Pitti, which the Granduke's purveyors bought for him at the price of fifteen hundred louis. Eminence! would you give fifty crowns for it? Our Lord would never have talked a half-minute with such a Magdalen as that: he would have thrown her pot of pomatum in her face.

Corazza. Under favour, how happens it that they recommend to the Granduke restorers and cleaners who never learnt anything of the art, and never attempted it on their own dirt and rags?

Scampa. How happens it that the finest pictures in the world have been ruined within these two years? The friend of His Imperial Highness, who recommended these rascals and their rubbish, has unquestionably his profits.

Corazza. And why should not we have ours? We who rub nothing out at all, and put little on . .

Legate. . . Except in price, most adorned sir.

Biancheria. I would not wish my observations to transpire. If the scourers at Florence go on as they have been going on lately, the collections at the gallery and at Pitti will be fit only for the Committee of Taste in London; and the Granduke must have recourse to us for what is unsold in our corridors.

Legate. Sorry am I to understand that so zealous a protector, and so liberal an encourager of the Arts, has fallen among thieves.

Scampa. However he has purchased some fine pictures. Old pencils are redhot iron to young fingers: all are burnt at first.

Biancheria. Unhappily, the two purest and most perfect works of Raffael are transferred from Tuscany to Bavaria: his Bindo Altoviti and his Tempi Madonna.

Legate. Raffael has been surpassed in portraits by Titian and Giorgione. But Tuscany may weep for ever over her loss in the Bindo Altoviti, which I have often seen in the palace where it was painted. Towns, fortresses, provinces, are won, recovered, restored, repurchased: kings will keep Raffaels; kings alone, or higher dignitaries, should possess them.

Scampa. He who would sell his Raffael would sell his child.

Biancheria. Cospetto! thirty.

Scampa. Or his father.

Biancheria. Cappari! All, all, to the last.

Legate. Leonardos, Correggios, rare, very rare: but only one genius ever existed who could unite what is most divine on earth with what is most adorable in heaven. He gives sanctity to her youth, and tenderness to the old man that gazes on her. He purifies love in the virgin's heart; he absorbs it in the mother's.

Corazza. Many allow him the preference over our school.

Legate. Ca! ca! ca! your School! an immondezzaio to a Sistine Chapel.

Scampa. Eminence! in Rome, protected by popes and cardinals, he reached perfection.

Legate. Protected! He walked among saints and prophets, their herald upon earth. What a man! what a man! his shadow in our path will not let lies pass current, nor flattery sink into the breast. No, Marchese! At Rome he thought he could embellish what is most beautiful in sentiment: at Florence, until the scourers brought their pestilence into the city, his genius soared in all its light angelic strength. At Florence he was the interpreter of Heaven: at Rome he was only the conqueror of Michel-Angelo: he had left Paradise, he had entered Eden.

Scampa. In your Rome the great Florentine taught him dignity.

Legate. Strange mistake! Was ever painter so

dignified as Frate Bartolommeo, whom he studied before he went to Rome? In amplitude, in gravity, in majesty, Fra Bartolommeo is much the superior of Michel-Angelo: both want grace: both are defective in composition. These two qualities were in the soul of Raffael: had he looked for them externally, he might have found them on the gates of the Battisterio. I admire and venerate the power of Michel-Angelo: but the boy of Urbino reached the head of this giant at the first throw. He did not strip your skins over your heads to show where your muscles lie; nor throw Hercules into the manger at Bethlehem; nor fall upon Alcmena for Mary.

I know not how it happens, but love of the Arts leads me astray. When persons of intelligence on such subjects are about me, I am apt to prolong the discourse. But the pleasantest day must end; the finest sunset is at last a sunset.

Gentlemen! on the word of a friend, and such I am to all entrusted to my governance, and especially to men of merit, to persons of distinction, true Bolognese, real professors.. Gentlemen! you will find it better to contrive, if possible, that this awkward question do not come before the ordinary tribunals.

Scampa. Eminence! what in God's name can they do against us if we are protected?

Biancheria. The milord erred in his judgment; we did not err in ours. If men are to suffer for errors, which, alas! seems the lot of humanity, let those suffer who do err, by no means those who do not. No man was ever brave at this embroidery of picture-fancying until he had often pricked his finger. Now I would advise milord to put his between his lips, and not to hold it up in public with a paltry jet bead of blood on it, as if he endured the sufferings of a martyr. We ought to complain; not he. Is it right or reasonable, or according to justice or law, that good quiet Christians, pursuing the steps of their forefathers.. do I say well, Signor Marchese?

Scampa. Capitally! admirably! sound argument! touching truth! But I am not to judge.. I am a party, it seems!

Biancheria. That good quiet christians, eccetera; loyal subjects, eccetera; gallant men, men of honour, men of garb, eccetera, eccetera.. should be persecuted and ransacked and trodden upon and torn and worried and dilacerated and devoured by these arrogant insatiable English.

Scampa. Bravo! bravo! bravo!

Corazza. Ancora! ancora! bisse, bisse, bisse!

Biancheria. These arrogant insatiable English, what would they have? I gave them my flesh and blood; would they seize my bones? Let them, let them! since for even one's bones there is no rest on earth; none whatever; not a pin's point; saving upon the breast of your Eminence.

Legate. Ohibo! where is the need of weeping and wailing, Signor Conte?

Biancheria. Magdalen wept and wailed, Peter wept and wailed: but they had gone astray, they had slipped and sidled: I have followed my line of duty; I have acted consistently; I have gone on as I began. Why should these infuriated monsters run from under the North Pole against me? why be permitted to stroke up, in a manner, my spinal hair from tail to nape in this fashion? merciful Jesu! eradicating, eradicating! flaying, laying. The acquirer of the pictures, he complain too! he complain! after spoiling his own speculation. Had he kept his tongue from ringing, his seven hundred louis, the poor compensation for our master-pieces, would have procured him a seat in the Committee of Taste in London, and every piece would have turned out a miraculous loaf; a Christ in the Garden. What power! what patronage! And they eat, Eminence! they eat; or they are much belied. If another man's macaroni is a foot long, theirs is a yard. Fry, fry, fry, all day: the kitchen hums and buzzes like a spring meadow: it frets and fumes and wheezes with its labour: one cook cannot hear another: you might travel as far as from Bologna to Ancona between the boiled and the roast. And what do we get? at the uttermost the scale of an anchovy, with scarcely oil enough to float it..

Corazza. .. And perhaps, late in the season, the extremity of a radish, so cursedly tough, you may twist it twenty times round the finger.

Scampa. We are amenable to your Eminence: but what has the Academy of Florence to do with us? Presently, no doubt, we shall be cited before the Committee of Taste on the Thames. Let us discuss a little the qualifications of our future judges, now we have plainly shown what our present are. Has not this glorious Committee paid several thousand louis for a false Correggio, which was offered at Rome heretofore for fifteen crowns, and carried to Milan ere it found so much? Has not this glorious Committee, which snatched so eagerly at a false, rejected a real one at a low price? Have the blockheads not allowed the finest Andrea to slip out of London, and to hang on a banker's wall at Paris? Could they not have bought it at a third less than what the banker paid for it? and will he sell it again for a third more?

Legate. In almost all the works of this otherwise admirable painter there is a vulgarity which repels me.

Biancheria. But what truth, Eminence, what truth!

Legate. The most endearing quality, I perceive, with Signor Conte Biancheria.

Biancheria. It stands indeed high with me.

Scampa. There is no answering any of the Count's questions on the Committee of Taste.

Biancheria. The facts are known all over the world. Not a cottage or cavern, not a skiff or felucca, not a gondola or canoe, from Venice to Van Diemen's Land, that does not echo them.

Legate. Indeed!

Biancheria. Upon my faith as a Christian!

Scampa. There is a certain duke at Rome, a duke made after buckles were left off, who can

always sell what he proposes. He recommends an original: over comes milord, sees it finished, accepts in his condescension an inlaid table, and fills the newspapers with the fine contours, the aerial perspective, the topazes, rubies, and emeralds, of this precious oil-cloth.

Biancheria. We poor Bolognese can not give such dinners as a Roman duke and banker can. We are hungry; yet we invite the stranger to partake with us.

Legate. Of your hunger, most illustrious?

Biancheria. With what we have we serve him.

Corazza. An honest man would do his business regularly; a good citizen makes no disturbances, and is ashamed of troubling the courts of justice or intruding on his superiors. Peace, concord, faith, veneration, are inherent in the highest and in the lowest of the Bolognese.

Scampa. And yet the Acadamy of Florence makes war against the Academy of Bologna! Would it not be wiser if those who preside over the Arts imitated the conduct of those who preside over the nations? Would it not be better if they agreed that the same system should govern all? Can not our Bologna and Florence come closer, like England and Turkey, France and Russia, Spain and Persia, Portugal and Congo? Are we never to follow our betters? We indeed do: why will not they? Times are very much altered for the worse, Eminence, since we were children.

Legate. Ah Marchese! You were a child long after I was one.

Scampa. A year; or may-be thirteen months. I have seen forty some time.

Legate. I approach eighty.

Scampa. In dreams and visions; not otherwise. I am as near to Purgatory as your Eminence is to Paradise.

Legate (*aside*). I believe it; on the wrong side too.

Scampa. Did your Eminence speak to me?

Legate. I was regretting to myself the strength of the Declaration that lies before me.

Biancheria. A mere formulary; signed by fourteen or fifteen rival Academicians. Our pictures had no such pedantry about them. We too have signatures: the pen trembles with their emotion.

Legate. True enough; few of the names are legible, and those unknown.

Scampa. There now! convincing! convincing! The better part of them could not see the paper under them through their tears.

Biancheria. Well might they weep. Such pictures then must leave Bologna? Our beloved country must lose them for ever! our dear children must not enjoy what their fathers and forefathers gloried in!

Corazza. What could we do? The English are powerful at sea: they have a fleet in the Adriatic no farther off than Corfu.

Legate. The question is the authenticity of the pictures.

Scampa. And, after an attestation on the spot, the Academy of Florence has the impudence to sign and seal against it!

Corazza. May not pictures have suffered on the road? may not malicious men, artists and dealers, jealous of the Bolognese school, jealous of an honest man's good fortune . . .

Scampa. . . Carpers of titles, revilers of dignities . .

Corazza. . . Ay, ay . . have given them a few false touches?

Biancheria. May not the air of Florence, moister and heavier than ours, have suffused with a duller tint and disturbed the transparency of the glazing?

Scampa. People sign without reflection, Eminence! My uncle Matteo the Canonico, your Eminence's old worshipper, used to say well and truly, the day of judgment is the last day we can expect on earth, and that he saw no signs of it.

Legate. We have no proof of malice in the decision.

Biancheria. Even good men have some. Saint Cyprian said that the face of Saint Jerome, in Correggio's picture, would have done better for the lion, and the lion's for him.

Legate. Whether Saint Cyprian said it may perhaps be questioned.

Corazza. O the Magdalen! what a tint! what a touch! The hair! how it swells! how it falls! how it undulates! how it reposes! Music to the eye, to the heart, to the intellect, to the soul! the music of Paesiello! Then her . . ca! ca! ca! what tongue can reach it! Eminence! look; behold her! She has kissed the Bambino with the endearing curl of her lip, where it loses itself in the paler roses of the cheek: and she holds the kiss, one would think, between the lip and the child, afraid to drop it by moving. Tender, tender, tender! And such an ancle there! oh! oh! the heart can not contain it.

Legate. Nevertheless, the holy child is a young satyr, and the Saint a wild beast, come rather to swallow than fondle him. Somebody seems to have driven him up into the corner, else his claws might alarm us. As to the lion, he has been in the menagery from his birth, where some other beast more leonine begot him.

Scampa. If this picture has its faults, well may ours have them too. In regard to authenticity, we did not see the artist paint them. We may have been deceived: and because we have been deceived must we be called deceivers? Fine Florentine logic forsooth! turning everything the wrong side upward.

Corazza. I have studied the art from my youth, and have made the pot boil with it, although there is not a cinder at present, hot or cold, under it. I do know a little of the matter, if a modest man may say it: a little I do know. These Florentines . . my patience escapes me . .

Legate. We must attempt to catch it again for you in this room, most prized and ornamented Signor Corazza!

Corazza. I but humbly follow Signor Marchese. Enter the Tribuna where the best pictures are supposed to hang. The Magdalen's head is more like a boiled calf's. She was flesh and blood, the Magdalen was, I warrant her. She had fingers fit for anything: and here are long sticks, no better than those which some blockhead has stuck upon the Medicean Venus, for Englishmen to admire upon tradition in this age, and Kamskatkadales in the next. We do not read that the fingers of the Magdalen were broken or dislocated at the cross or elsewhere, as these are. How would you manage her heavy stupid head? Guido would have put it in its right position: Guido would have given it expression and grace, tenderness and emotion: it has verily no more of these than an ox's heart at the shambles. Another step, and we stand before the Holy Family of Michel-Angelo.

Legate. Signor Corazza, my patron! do not pull down this picture: this is genuine: it was painted for the Medici, and was never out of their sight. There is some (however slight) reason to believe that the other is a Guido: but Guido was a youth before he was a man, and a boy before he was a youth, and often painted a picture by lamp-light, or by none, to get out of a scrape.

Scampa. Historical facts! recondite biography! Guido has got drunk upon a Magdalen, gone to a brothel with a Saint Catharine, and gamed upon Christ's coat. In Michel-Angelo's Holy Family, why does the Virgin (who looks neither like virgin nor mother) toss the poor Baby so carelessly across her shoulder? And why do those idle vagabonds sit naked on the wall behind her? Have they no reverence? no decency? God's blood! master Michel-Angelo! I suspect thy nose was flattened by divine judgment for this flagrant impudicity. In the same Tribuna is another Holy Family; one among the few bad works of Giulio Romano. Beyond it are two Correggios by Vanni of Sienna, and then another Holy Family, also by Vanni, but undoubted for Correggio's.

Corazza. Ah Signor Marchese! There is somewhat of his sweetness in the coloring of the landscape.

Scampa. But that wench with her twisted face, her twisted hands, and her child sprawling before her, like what has dropped from one's head under the comb! yet our judges, our censurers, our incriminators, firmly believe in the transcendent excellence of those works. They know nothing of any school but their own, and little of that. What a Perugino is there locked up in their Academy! while these inferior pictures occupy the most conspicuous situation, the satellites of the Medicean Venus. They have heard, and they repeat to you, that Perugino is hard and dry. Certainly those who worked for him were so, and so was he himself in the beginning: but what at first was harshness became at last a pure severity. He learned from the great scholar he taught; and the wiser his followers were, the more they venerated the abilities of their master. He had no pupil so great as Raffael, nor had Raffael any so great as he.

Legate. Titian ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raffael performed the more arduous work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers: but give me the clear warm mornings of Correggio, which his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian; his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, Signors! we may descant on grace and majesty as we will; believe me, there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-possessed (true attributes of the divine), nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in Raffael. He leads us into heaven; but neither in satin robes nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian, I love Correggio, I wonder at the vastness of Michel-Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before, Raffael.

Scampa. Eminence! we have Titian, we have Raffael, in our Academy; we want only Correggio. At my decease perhaps . . And yet he, who was quite at home with angels, played but a sorry part among saints: he seems to have considered them as very indifferent company for him. How they stare and straddle and sprawl about his Cupola! But what coloring on his canvas! Would your Eminence favor me with another ray of light on him and Raffael!

Legate. Signor Marchese! I am afraid I can say nothing on the subject that has not been said twenty times before; and if I do, I may be wrong.

All. Impossible.

Legate. Even the coloring of Correggio, so transparent, so pure, so well considered and arranged, is perhaps too rich and luscious for the divine ideas of Raffael: it might have overshot the scope which his temperate suavity attained. The drapery of Correggio is less simple than becomes the modest maid of Bethlehem, chosen by the all-seeing eye for her simplicity.

Biancheria. And yet, under favour, in the Madonna della Seggiola, there is almost a fantastic charm in the vivid colours of the tartan dress.

Legate. So much the worse. Let us admire the composition, but neither the style of the drapery nor the expression of the countenance. The Virgin has ceased to be a virgin; and the child has about it neither the sweetness of an amiable infant, nor the mysterious indication of a half-human god. Raffael in Rome had forgotten the tenderness of his diviner love; and the Tempter had seduced him to change purity for power. Nevertheless he remains, far beyond all com-

parison, the greatest genius that ever glorified the Arts. He was not, like Michel-Angelo, a great architect, a scientific sculptor, an admirable poet: he attempted not universality; but he reached perfection. What other mortal has?

All. Oracles! oracles!

Biancheria. I myself possess a little bit of Perugino: honey, sugar, cinnamon.

Corazza (*aside*). And a good deal of each; two dollars would not cover it. How he kisses the tips of his two fingers and thumb, all three in a cluster! I wish he would pay me my twelve livres for this honey and sugar and cinnamon, in which however he will never catch the wary old wasp. The thing is fairly worth a couple of zecchins, and he knows it.

Legate. Signor Corazza, were you saying your prayers behind me?

Corazza. Fervently. Alas! I have no Perugino: I had a Saint Peter: tears like pearls: an ear, you might have put your finger in it up to the elbow: hair, I was afraid of blowing a fly from it. Strangers, when they entered the room, cried, "Signor Corazza! do you keep poultry in your saloon?"

Legate. What of that?

Corrazza. Incidentsl. The cock in the distance, red, gold, emerald; six, seven, eight crowns' worth of lapis lazuli; wings displayed, neck outstretched, eyes that might have lighted up our theatre; comb . . I would never let a cook enter the room, lest he should have cut it off. Everybody fancied he heard him crow; for fancy it must have been. And what became of this picture? Two Englishmen tore it from the wall: I thought they would have carried the house, the street itself, away with it. They stopped my mouth: no stirring, no breathing. England, monopolising England, possesses now Saint Peter! The milords threw down their paltry hundred zecchins, leaving me lifeless at the loss of my treasure, and sacking our Bologna in this inhuman way. O had your Eminence seen that cock; had your Eminence seen that hair, fine, fine, fine as an infant's; the crown of the head smooth as the cover of a soup-tureen; nothing to hide the veins on the temples: he would have been bald within the year, unless by miracle. I had also an Andromeda: Signor Conte knew her. Dignitaries of the Church have stood before her until their knees bent under them.

Legate. Did Englishmen dispossess you likewise of your Andromeda?

Corazza. Half the nation fell upon her at once: all were after her: what was to be done! I was widowed of her too: they had her. One would think, after this they might have been quiet: not they: we must bleed and martyrise: no end or remission of our sufferings. The English are very unlike what they were formerly: surely the breed of milords is extinct.

Legate. Quite the contrary, I believe.

Corazza. Then they are turned into chapmen. No sooner do they come to an inn, than they inquire how much the host asks for so many; and if they do not like the price, they drive off. Formerly if you skinned a milord you only tickled him. Who, in the name of the Holy Virgin! could have begotten the present race? They have shockingly ill-treated our worthy fellow-citizen, the most esteemed Signor Flavio Perotti of the Pelican. He offered them his house; he placed everything before them; all unreservedly at their disposal. He serves his country with consummate zeal and fidelity: much money flows into it through his hands: many pictures that might peradventure do great dishonour to the names of Domenichino and Guido, and the whole family of the Caracci, and sweet Albano . . my tears will flow at the name, it so much resembles our illustrious protector's . . Yes, yes, many and many slip quietly from the Pelican out of the country, by Signor Flavio's intervention. Hence there is scarcely an auction, I hear, in England, without a dozen of Domenichinos; while in Italy dukes and princes lie on their death-beds and gasp for one. The milords in Florence conspired against poor Signor Flavio, as an accomplice in what they were pleased to denominate a cheat and forgery. Figure it! your Eminence! figure it! an accomplice! Signor Flavio told me that, unless he had quitted Florence on the instant, the Police would have consigned him to the Bargello. This comes of accepting bills from foreigners! this comes from facilitating business!

Biancheria. Eminence! we live in an ungrateful world, a world full of snares, frauds, and perils. Many saints have said it, and all honest men have experienced it. I gave my pictures to this Englishman, merely not to disgust or displease him. He had them not at my price, but at his own. I abandoned them; I stood in desolation. Recovering my senses, I saw bare walls; Chiusi, Populonia.

Legate. Signor Conte! most illustrious! had the purchaser ever any dealings with you before?

Biancheria. He never was before in Bologna. We see many Englishmen from time to time, but none come twice: the reason is, they take the other road. Beside, they are men of business, and carry off at once everything they like.

Corazza. I never heard of one entering the same shop a second time. The French are called inconstant: but in inconstancy the English outfly them by leagues and latitudes. Him whom they call an honest man one day, they call a rogue the next: they are as mild as turnips in the morning, and as hot as capsicums in the afternoon.

Scampa. Whenever an Englishman of distinction was inclined to favor me, he always found my palace at his disposal. I began at last to give a preference to the Frenchman. Instead of such outrageous words as *accomplice*, *eccetera*, *eccettera*, when a Frenchman has rung a few changes on the second and sixth letters of the alphabet, his temperament grows cooler: you may compromise with him: but the *Got-dam* of the Englishmen

sounds like the bursting of the doors of Janus, and his fist is always ready to give it emphasis. I regret that I have encountered more than once such rudeness, after making him the master of my house and servants.

Corazza (*aside to the secretary*). What servants! they are all the Pelican's. Old Baltazzare-Cincinnato never leaves off his cobbling under the palace-stairs for the best heretic in London. He has orders to the contrary, or the Pelican would stand still in the negotiation. He has other perquisites.

Legate. Most prized and ornate Signor Corazza, my patron! I commend your modesty in taking a place behind my chair, while Signor Marchese and Signor Conte do me the honour of indulging me with their presence on the opposite side of the chamber; yet, if you are desirous of whispering any remarks of yours to my secretary, who appears to be an old acquaintance, pray, in courtesy, go as far from my chair as possible; for whispers are apt to divert the attention more than a louder tone.

Corazza. Signor Secretary! accept this small cameo.

Secretary. Don't mention it; don't think of it; impossible! Not to be observed.. (*pockets it.*)

I would render you service for service, my dear Signor Corazza! you are a man of parts, a man of business, my most worshipful patron! I have only my good fortune to boast of, partly in the satisfaction I give his Eminence, and partly in the precious acquisition of your friendship. His Eminence has taken under his protection a young person, a relative of mine, sage, good, gentle; they call her handsome. She embroiders; she can get up fine linen..

His Eminence wishes her well. There can be no scandal in it; there never was a suspicion; seventeen comes too far under eighty. He would not puff off the girl; but he has told me in confidence that five hundred crowns lie somewhere. And her friends are men of substance; they may come down with what is handsome.

Corazza. Signor Secretary! the sooner we are in the midst of these things the better.

Secretary. I may misunderstand you, since your impatience seems to have little of the rapturous in it. Why then the better the sooner in the midst of them?

Corazza. Because the sooner out?

Secretary. Ohibo! no better reason than this?

Corazza. My most ornate and erudite Signor Secretary! I love women in canvas better than in linen: they change less speedily, do an honest man less harm, and are more readily off-hand.

Secretary. Eh, eh! well, well! I would not build up a man's fortune against his will.

Legate. Signor Corazza!

Corazza. Her slave!

Legate. I have been turning over the papers very attentively, and begin to think the affair looks serious. If anything can be suggested to relieve you, lawfully and conscientiously.. reflect upon it; meet half-way. There is nothing that may not be arranged by wisdom and concession.

Scampa. Wisdom does much.

Legate. Concession helps her materially, my dear Signor Marchese!

Biancheria. The gifted persons, who enjoy the supreme felicity of frequent audiences with your Eminence, admire the prodigious ease with which she performs the greatest actions.

Scampa. What a stupendous wisdom falls from the fountain of Her most eloquent lips! As the shallowness of some is rendered less apparent by an umbrageous impenetrability about them, so the profundity of others is little suspected in the placid and winning currency of their demeanour.

Corazza. Ah Eminence! She has fairly won her red stockings.

Legate. God put them on me only to try me. He has since visited me with many afflictions. In his inscrutable wisdom, he permitted the French to plunder me of my pictures. I have yet some; a few worthy friends have been ambitious to sew up the rents and rips of my fortune: one has offered me one fine piece, another another. They only showed the heart in the right place. I am sorry I rejected so many: I might have restored them by my last will and testament, with a slight remembrance, treating some according to what I conceive to be their necessities, and others in proportion to their rank and dignity. But why these reflections? Gentlemen! I am involved in a multiplicity of affairs, an account of which must instantly be laid before his Holiness. In obedience to his Edict, I must inquire into the women who wear silver* combs and show their shift sleeves: I must ascertain the number of equally grave offenders whose houses are open in the dusk, and the names of those who enter and go out.

Corazza. Your Eminence turns round and looks at me. Upon the faith of a Catholic, I went out but.. that is to say..

Legate. It is indeed, my patron! it is to say.. quite enough. Respectable persons, substantial housekeepers, are allowed an honest liberty; but Vice must be tributary to Virtue. The Serpent may bite the Woman's heel, as was ordained; but, if he rises in his ambition, we must detach a golden scale or two from his pericranium. In plain language, gentlemen, the fisc is cracking into chinks with dryness and vacuity: we must contrive to oil it among us.

Corazza. I am no defaulter; I am no frequenter...

Secretary (*aside*). Why tremble, why hesitate, why excuse yourself, most worthy Signor Corazza? Nobody can suspect you, my patron! you stand erect, above suspicion: your Venuses are upon canvas.

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* There was issued an edict against them by Leo the Twelfth. Creditable women among the poor usually wore them, and they were heirlooms for many generations! It is reported that his holiness had received his last serious injury from a person who usurped this matronly decoration.

Corazza (*aside*). Signor Secretary! no jeering! You shall never cram girls down my throat. There are some that might be too large for it; do you understand me? Mind, look-ye! I do not say all are: I do not say one is: no offence to any relative or friend of yours: I had not a thought of the kind in regard to the lady in question! God knows it!

Secretary. You convince me, my dear patron!

Legate. In this life, we must all make some small sacrifices, and the sooner we make them the more certain is our reward. I myself am an instance of it. The enemy had despoiled me of my gallery: but the Virgin opened my eyes the wider the more I wept before her, the more promises I made her, and enabled me to foresee the fall of paper-money. I effected large purchases in it, very large indeed, engaging to repay it in the same kind after six months, with great interest. My blessed Patroness enabled me to perform it, at less expense than a plate of unpeppered cucumbers in August. Nor did her favour and inspiration end here. I went, I remember not on what business, to Massa di Carrara. After passing through all the bed-chambers, at the desire of the Duchess, in order to make my choice, I fixed upon one in which there was a Holy Family by Titian.

A noble picture, Signor Marchese! I do assure you, Signor Conte! the picture is worth ten thousand crowns. Signor Corazza! if you had seen that picture, you would have cut off the head of the Bambino for pure affection. Impossible to resist the idea. I prayed and prayed before it, and took out first my scissors, then my penknife; then I thought it would be a pity to lose the rest; for there are parts about the Virgin, too, most delicately touched. Ah what a carnation! what a carnation! the warmest local colors, the most subtile demitints, a glow that creeps on insensibily to lose itself in the shades, making the heart pant and the innermost soul sigh after it.

All. I seize it! I seize it! I seize it!

Legate. It was no easy matter to put up penknife and scissors; but it was easier than to sleep in such a presence. About midnight I rose and prayed to my Protectress, vowing that, if she would incline the heart of the Duchess to my wishes, I would place a crown of gold over her head, and another of silver over the Bambino's. Whenever, on the following day, any person entered the chamber, he or she found me on my knees before the picture. In the morning I looked pale; I sighed at breakfast; I abstained at dinner; I retired at supper. The Duchess told her chaplain to inform me that her surgeon might be depended on, being a man equally of ability and discretion. I assured him I seldom had had occasion to put any surgeon's ability to the proof, and never his discretion and taciturnity. I rose in her good opinion for both these merits, if we may call them so. I then expressed to him, in confidence, my long sufferings and exceeding love for the Virgin. Whether he or she informed the Duchess of them, I never have discovered: but her Highness said so many kind words to me on the subject, that I could no longer refuse to eat whatever she recommended. Yet I was obliged to retire immediately after dinner, partly from weakness of stomach, and partly from the rigid devotion which occasioned it.

"What can be the matter with the poor cardinal?" said her Highness. "Highness! the naked truth must out," replied the chaplain. "He does whatever you command or wish: he smiles, however languidly; he drinks, one would almost think, with relish; he eats, I will not say like one with an appetite, but at least as much; to remove all anxiety from your Highness."

"Well but this naked truth . . I have the courage to encounter it," said the Duchess. "There are baths at Pisa and Lucca, both near, and there are minerals and instruments quite at hand." The worthy chaplain shook his head, and answered, "His Eminence does nothing, day or night, but kneel before the Holy Family in his bed-chamber." "Then get the cushion well stuffed," said her Highness, "or let him have another put upon it: bring him the green velvet one from the chapel; and take especial care that no loose gold-wire, in the lace about it, catches his stockings."

When I was going away I began to despair, and I prayed again to my blessed Benefactress.

Signor Marchese! Signor Conte! She never abandons those who put their trust in her.

Both. Never, never. So bountiful is she that she leaves them nothing to desire. She gives all at once.

Legate. On the morning of my departure, the Duchess sent up some fine Dresden porcelain to my room, and several richly bound books, requesting my acceptance, she was graciously pleased to say, of the few trifling things she had ordered to be placed there. I humbly told her I could not deprive her of any luxury, to every kind of which I was indifferent and dead. Again she politely asked me if there was nothing I would accept as a remembrance of my visit to Massa. After a pause, and after those protestations of impossibility which good manners render necessary, and indeed after four retrograde steps, it occurred to me as an urgent duty, to declare positively that I would only take the picture; which, if left where it was, might deprive others, equally devout, of as much sleep as I had lost by it. The Duchess stood with her mouth open . . and very pretty teeth she had in those days . . I abashed my head, kissed her hand, and thanked her with many tears and tendernesses, for a gift which (to me at least) was a precious one, said I, and a pledge of her piety, although no proof of my desert.

Scampa. The Duchess is wealthy, and . .

Legate. I do assure you, Marchese, she was then a fine woman, little above fifty. Gentlemen, I will visit your galleries, knowing their contents, and will hear your reasonings, anticipating their validity. (*Rises and goes.*)

All. We are lost!

LUCIAN AND TIMOTHEUS.

Timotheus. I am delighted, my cousin Lucian, to observe how popular are become your *Dialogues of the Dead.* Nothing can be so gratifying and satisfactory to a rightly disposed mind, as the subversion of imposture by the force of ridicule. It hath scattered the crowd of heathen gods as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of them. Now, I am confident you never would have assailed the false religion, unless you were prepared for the reception of the true. For it hath always been an indication of rashness and precipitancy, to throw down an edifice before you have collected materials for reconstruction.

Lucian. Of all metaphors and remarks, I believe this of yours, my good cousin Timotheus, is the most trite, and pardon me if I add, the most untrue. Surely we ought to remove an error the instant we detect it, although it may be out of our competence to state and establish what is right. A lie should be exposed as soon as born: we are not to wait until a healthier child is begotten. Whatever is evil in any way should be abolished. The husbandman never hesitates to eradicate weeds, or to burn them up, because he may not happen at the time to carry a sack on his shoulder with wheat or barley in it. Even if no wheat or barley is to be sown in future, the weeding and burning are in themselves beneficial, and something better will spring up.

Timotheus. That is not so certain.

Lucian. Doubt it as you may, at least you will allow that the temporary absence of evil is an advantage.

Timotheus. I think, O Lucian, you would reason much better if you would come over to our belief.

Lucian. I was unaware that belief is an encourager and guide to reason.

Timotheus. Depend upon it, there can be no stability of truth, no elevation of genius, without an unwavering faith in our holy mysteries. Babes and sucklings who are blest with it, stand higher, intellectually as well as morally, than stiff unbelievers and proud sceptics.

Lucian. I do not wonder that so many are firm holders of this novel doctrine. It is pleasant to grow wise and virtuous at so small an expenditure of thought or time. This saying of yours is exactly what I heard spoken with angry gravity not long ago.

Timotheus. Angry! no wonder! for it is impossible to keep our patience when truths so incontrovertible are assailed. What was your answer?

Lucian. My answer was. If you talk in this manner, my honest friend, you will excite a spirit of ridicule in the gravest and most saturnine men, who never had let a laugh out of their breasts before. Lie to *me*, and welcome; but beware lest your own heart take you to task for it, reminding you that both anger and falsehood are reprehended by all religions, yours included.

Timotheus. Lucian! Lucian! you have always been called profane.

Lucian. For what? for having turned into ridicule the gods whom you have turned out of house and home, and are reducing to dust?

Timotheus. Well; but you are equally ready to turn into ridicule the true and holy.

Lucian. In other words, to turn myself into a fool. He who brings ridicule to bear against Truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.

Timotheus. Fine talking! Do you know, you have really been called an atheist?

Lucian. Yes, yes; I know it well. But, in fact, I believe there are almost as few atheists in the world as there are Christians.

Timotheus. How! as few? Most of Europe, most of Asia, most of Africa, is Christian.

Lucian. Show me five men in each who obey the commands of Christ, and I will show you five hundred in this very city who observe the dictates of Pythagoras. Every Pythagorean obeys his defunct philosopher; and almost every Christian disobeys his living God. Where is there one who practises the most important and the easiest of his commands, to abstain from strife? Men easily and perpetually find something new to quarrel about; but the objects of affection are limited in number, and grow up scantily and slowly. Even a small house is often too spacious for them, and there is a vacant seat at the table. Religious men themselves, when the Deity has bestowed on them everything they prayed for, discover, as a peculiar gift of Providence, some fault in the actions or opinions of a neighbour, and run it down, crying and shouting after it, with more alacrity and more clamour than boys would a leveret or a squirrel in the play-ground. Are our years and our intellects, and the word of God itself, given us for this, O Timotheus?

Timotheus. A certain latitude, a liberal construction. . .

Lucian. Ay, ay! These "liberal constructions" let loose all the worst passions into those "certain latitudes." The priests themselves, who ought to be the poorest, are the richest; who ought to be the most obedient, are the most refractory and rebellious. All trouble and all piety are vicarious. They send missionaries, at the cost of others, into

foreign lands, to teach observances which they supersede at home. I have ridiculed the puppets of all features, all colours, all sizes, by which an impudent and audacious set of impostors have been gaining an easy livelihood these two thousand years.

Timotheus. Gently! gently! Ours have not been at it yet two hundred. We abolish all idolatry. We know that Jupiter was not the father of gods and men: we know that Mars was not the Lord of Hosts: we know who is: we are quite at ease upon that question.

Lucian. Are you so fanatical, my good Timotheus, as to imagine that the Creator of the world cares a fig by what appellation you adore him? whether you call him on one occasion Jupiter, on another Apollo? I will not add Mars or Lord of Hosts; for, wanting as I may be in piety, I am not, and never was, so impious as to call the Maker the Destroyer; to call him Lord of Hosts who, according to your holiest of books, declared so lately and so plainly that he permits no hosts at all; much less will he take the command of one against another. Would any man in his senses go down into the cellar, and seize first an amphora from the right, and then an amphora from the left, for the pleasure of breaking them in pieces, and of letting out the wine he had taken the trouble to put in? We are not contented with attributing to the gods our own infirmities; we make them even more wayward, even more passionate, even more exigent and more malignant: and then some of us try to coax and cajole them, and others run away from them outright.

Timotheus. No wonder: but only in regard to yours: and even those are types.

Lucian. There are honest men who occupy their lives in discovering types for all things.

Timotheus. Truly and rationally thou speakest now. Honest men and wise men above their fellows are they, and the greatest of all discoverers. There are many types above thy reach, O Lucian!

Lucian. And one which my mind, and perhaps yours also, can comprehend. There is in Italy, I hear, on the border of a quiet and beautiful lake,* a temple dedicated to Diana; the priests of which temple have murdered each his predecessor for unrecorded ages.

Timotheus. What of that? They were idolaters.

Lucian. They made the type, however: take it home with you, and hang it up in your temple.

Timotheus. Why! you seem to have forgotten on a sudden that I am a Christian: you are talking of the heathens.

Lucian. True! true! I am near upon eighty years of age, and to my poor eyesight one thing looks very like another.

Timotheus. You are too indifferent.

Lucian. No indeed. I love those best who quarrel least, and who bring into public use the most civility and good-humour.

Timotheus. Our holy religion inculcates this duty especially.

Lucian. Such being the case, a pleasant story will not be thrown away upon you. Xenophanes, my townsman of Samosata, was resolved to buy a new horse: he had tried him, and liked him well enough. I asked him why he wished to dispose of his old one, knowing how sure-footed he was, how easy in his paces, and how quiet in his pasture. "Very true, O Lucian," said he; "the horse is a clever horse; noble eye, beautiful figure, stately step; rather too fond of neighing and of shuffling a little in the vicinity of a mare; but tractable and good-tempered." "I would not have parted with him then," said I. "The fact is," replied he, "my grandfather, whom I am about to visit, likes no horses but what are *Saturnized.* To-morrow I begin my journey: come and see me set out." I went at the hour appointed. The new purchase looked quiet and demure; but *he* also pricked up his ears, and gave sundry other tokens of equinity, when the more interesting part of his fellow-creatures came near him. As the morning oats began to operate, he grew more and more unruly, and snapped at one friend of Xenophanes, and sidled against another, and gave a kick at a third. "All in play! all in play!" said Xenophanes; "his nature is more of a lamb's than a horse's." However, these mute salutations being over, away went Xenophanes. In the evening, when my lamp had just been replenished for the commencement of my studies, my friend came in striding as if he were still across the saddle. "I am apprehensive, O Xenophanes," said I, "your new acquisition has disappointed you." "Not in the least," answered he. "I do assure you, O Lucian! he is the very horse I was looking out for." On my requesting him to be seated, he no more thought of doing so than if it had been in the presence of the Persian king. I then handed my lamp to him, telling him (as was true) it contained all the oil I had in the house, and protesting I should be happier to finish my *Dialogue* in the morning. He took the lamp into my bed-room, and appeared to be much refreshed on his return. Nevertheless, he treated his chair with great delicacy and circumspection, and evidently was afraid of breaking it by too sudden a descent. I did not revert to the horse: but he went on of his own accord. "I declare to you, O Lucian! it is impossible for me to be mistaken in a palfrey. My new one is the only one in Samosata that could carry me at one stretch to my grandfather's." "But *has* he?" said I, timidly. "No; he has not yet," answered my friend. "To-morrow, then, I am afraid, we really must lose you." "No," said he; "the horse does trot hard: but he is the better for that: I shall soon get used to him." In fine, my worthy friend deferred his visit to his grandfather: his rides were neither long nor frequent: he was ashamed to part with his purchase, boasted of

* The lake of Nemi.

him everywhere, and, humane as he is by nature, could almost have broken on the cross the quiet contented owner of old Bucephalus.

Timotheus. Am I to understand by this, O cousin Lucian, that I ought to be contented with the impurities of paganism?

Lucian. Unless you are very unreasonable. A moderate man finds plenty in it.

Timotheus. We abominate the Deities who patronise them, and we hurl down the images of the monsters.

Lucian. Sweet cousin! be tenderer to my feelings. In such a tempest as this, my spark of piety may be blown out. Hold your hand cautiously before it, until I can find my way. Believe me, no Deities (out of their own houses) patronise immorality; none patronise unruly passions, least of all the fierce and ferocious. In my opinion, you are wrong in throwing down the images of those among them who look on you benignly: the others I give up to your discretion. But I think it impossible to stand habitually in the presence of a sweet and open countenance, graven or depicted, without in some degree partaking of the character it expresses. Never tell any man that he can derive no good, in his devotions, from this or from that: abolish neither hope nor gratitude.

Timotheus. God is offended at vain efforts to represent him.

Lucian. No such thing, my dear Timotheus. If you knew him at all, you would not talk of him so irreverently. He is pleased, I am convinced, at every effort to resemble him, at every wish to remind both ourselves and others of his benefits. You can not think so often of him without an effigy.

Timotheus. What likeness is there in the perishable to the unperishable?

Lucian. I see no reason why there may not be a similitude. All that the senses can comprehend may be represented by any material; clay or fig-tree, bronze or ivory, porphyry or gold. Indeed I have a faint remembrance that, according to your sacred volumes, man was made by God after his own image. If so, man's intellectual powers are worthily exercised in attempting to collect all that is beautiful, serene, and dignified, and to bring him back to earth again by showing him the noblest of his gifts, the work most like his own. Surely he can not hate or abandon those who thus cherish his memory, and thus implore his regard. Perishable and imperfect is everything human: but in these very qualities I find the best reason for striving to attain what is least so. Would not any father be gratified by seeing his child attempt to delineate his features? And would not the gratification be rather increased than diminished by his incapacity? How long shall the narrow mind of man stand between goodness and omnipotence? Perhaps the effigy of your ancestor Isknos is unlike him: whether it is or no, you can not tell: but you keep it in your hall, and would be angry if anybody broke it to pieces or defaced it. Be quite sure there are many who think as much of their gods as you think of your ancestor Isknos, and who see in their images as good a likeness. Let men have their own way, especially their way to the temples. It is easier to drive them out of one road than into another. Our judicious and good-humoured Trajan has found it necessary on many occasions to chastise the law-breakers of your sect, indifferent as he is what gods are worshipped, so long as their followers are orderly and decorous. The fiercest of the Dacians never knocked off Jupiter's beard, or broke an arm off Venus: and the emperor will hardly tolerate in those who have received a liberal education what he would punish in barbarians. Do not wear out his patience: try rather to imitate his equity, his equanimity, and forbearance.

Timotheus. I have been listening to you with much attention, O Lucian! for I seldom have heard you speak with such gravity. And yet, O cousin Lucian! I really do find in you a sad deficiency of that wisdom which alone is of any value. You talk of Trajan! what is Trajan?

Lucian. A beneficent citizen, an impartial judge, a sagacious ruler; the comrade of every brave soldier, the friend and associate of every man eminent in genius, throughout his empire, the empire of the world. All arts, all sciences, all philosophies, all religions, are protected by him. Wherefore his name will flourish, when the proudest of these have perished in the land of Egypt. Philosophies and religions will strive, struggle, and suffocate one another. Priesthoods, I know not how many, are quarrelling and scuffling in the street at this instant, all calling on Trajan to come and knock an antagonist on the head; and the most peaceful of them, as it wishes to be thought, proclaiming him an infidel for turning a deaf ear to its imprecations. Mankind was never so happy as under his guidance: and he has nothing now to do but to put down the battles of the gods. If they must fight it out, he will insist on our neutrality.

Timotheus. He has no authority and no influence over us in matters of faith. A wise and upright man, whose serious thoughts lead him forward to religion, will never be turned aside from it by any worldly consideration or any human force.

Lucian. True: but mankind is composed not entirely of the upright and the wise. I suspect that we may find some, here and there, who are rather too fond of novelties in the furniture of temples: and I have observed that new sects are apt to warp, crack, and split, under the heat they generate. Our homely old religion has run into fewer quarrels, ever since the Centaurs and Lapiths (whose controversy was on a subject quite comprehensible), than yours has engendered in twenty years.

Timotheus. We shall obviate that inconvenience by electing a supreme Pontiff to decide all differences. It has been seriously thought about long

ago; and latterly we have been making out an ideal series down to the present day, in order that our successors in the ministry may have stepping-stones up to the fountain-head. At first the disseminators of our doctrines were equal in their commission: we do not approve of this any longer, for reasons of our own.

Lucian. You may shut, one after another, all our other temples, but, I plainly see, you will never shut the temple of Janus. The Roman empire will never lose its pugnacious character while your sect exists. The only danger is, lest the fever rage internally and consume the vitals. If you sincerely wish your religion to be long-lived, maintain in it the spirit of its constitution, and keep it patient, humble, abstemious, domestic, and zealous only in the services of humanity. Whenever the higher of your priesthood shall attain the riches they are aiming at, the people will envy their possessions and revolt from their impostures. Do not let them seize upon the palace, and shove their God again into the manger.

Timotheus. Lucian! Lucian! I call this impiety.

Lucian. So do I, and shudder at its consequences. Caverns which at first look inviting, the roof at the aperture green with overhanging ferns and clinging mosses, then glittering with native gems and with water as sparkling and pellucid, freshening the air all around; these caverns grow darker and closer, until you find yourself among animals that shun the daylight, adhering to the walls, hissing along the bottom, flapping, screeching, gaping, glaring, making you shrink at the sounds, and sicken at the smells, and afraid to advance or retreat.

Timotheus. To what can this refer? Our caverns open on verdure, and terminate in veins of gold.

Lucian. Veins of gold, my good Timotheus, such as your excavations have opened and are opening, in the spirit of avarice and ambition, will be washed (or as you would say *purified*) in streams of blood. Arrogance, intolerance, resistance to authority and contempt of law, distinguish your aspiring sectarians from the other subjects of the empire.

Timotheus. Blindness hath often a calm and composed countenance: but, my cousin Lucian! it usually hath also the advantage of a cautious and a measured step. It hath pleased God to blind you, like all the other adversaries of our faith: but he has given you no staff to lean upon. You object against us the very vices from which we are peculiarly exempt.

Lucian. Then it is all a story, a fable, a fabrication, about one of your earlier leaders cutting off with his sword a servant's ear? If the accusation is true, the offence is heavy. For not only was the wounded man innocent of any provocation, but he is represented as being in the service of the High Priest at Jerusalem. Moreover, from the direction and violence of the blow, it is evident that his life was aimed at. According to law, you know, my dear cousin, all the party might have been condemned to death, as accessaries to an attempt at murder. I am unwilling to think so unfavourably of your sect; nor indeed do I see the possibility that, in such an outrage, the principal could be pardoned. For any man but a soldier to go about armed is against the Roman law, which, on that head, as on many others, is borrowed from the Athenian: and it is incredible that in any civilised country so barbarous a practice can be tolerated. Travellers do indeed relate, that, in certain parts of India, there are princes at whose courts even civilians are armed. But *traveller* has occasionally the same signification as *liar*, and *India* as *fable*. However, if the practice really does exist in that remote and rarely visited country, it must be in some region of it very far beyond the Indus or the Ganges: for the nations situated between those rivers are, and were in the reign of Alexander, and some thousand years before his birth, as civilised as the Europeans: nay, incomparably more courteous, more industrious, and more pacific; the three grand criterions.

But answer my question: is there any foundation for so mischievous a report?

Timotheus. There was indeed, so to say, an ear, or something of the kind, abscinded; probably by mistake. But High Priests' servants are propense to follow the swaggering gait of their masters, and to carry things with a high hand, in such wise as to excite the choler of the most quiet. If you knew the character of the eminently holy man who punished the atrocious insolence of that bloody-minded wretch, you would be sparing of your animadversions. We take him for our model.

Lucian. I see you do.

Timotheus. We proclaim him Prince of the Apostles.

Lucian. I am the last in the world to question his princely qualifications: but, if I might advise you, it should be to follow in preference him whom you acknowledge to be an unerring guide; who delivered to you his ordinances with his own hand, equitable, plain, explicit, compendious, and complete; who committed no violence, who countenanced no injustice, whose compassion was without weakness, whose love was without frailty, whose life was led in humility, in purity, in beneficence, and, at the end, laid down in obedience to his father's will.

Timotheus. Ah, Lucian! what strangely imperfect notions! all that is little.

Lucian. Enough to follow.

Timotheus. Not enough to compell others. I did indeed hope, O Lucian! that you would again come forward with the irresistible arrows of your wit, and unite with us against our adversaries. By what you have just spoken, I doubt no longer that you approve of the doctrines inculcated by the blessed founder of our religion.

Lucian. To the best of my understanding.

Timotheus. So ardent is my desire for the salvation of your precious soul, O my cousin! that I would devote many hours of every day to disputation with you, on the principal points of our Christian controversy.

Lucian. Many thanks, my kind Timotheus! But I think the blessed founder of your religion very strictly forbade that there should be *any* points of controversy. Not only has he prohibited them on the doctrines he delivered, but on everything else. Some of the most obstinate might never have doubted of his divinity, if the conduct of his followers had not repelled them from the belief of it. How can they imagine you sincere when they see you disobedient? It is in vain for you to protest that you worship the God of Peace, when you are found daily in the courts and market-places with clenched fists and bloody noses. I acknowledge the full value of your offer; but really I am as anxious for the salvation of your precious time, as you appear to be for the salvation of my precious soul; particularly since I am come to the conclusion that souls can not be lost, and that time can.

Timotheus. We mean by *salvation* exemption from eternal torments.

Lucian. Among all my old gods and their children, morose as some of the senior are, and mischievous as are some of the junior, I have never represented the worst of them as capable of inflicting such atrocity. Passionate and capricious and unjust are several of them; but a skin stripped off the shoulder, and a liver tossed to a vulture, are among the worst of their inflictions.

Timotheus. This is scoffing.

Lucian. Nobody but an honest man has a right to scoff at anything.

Timotheus. And yet people of a very different cast are usually those who scoff the most.

Lucian. We are apt to push forward at that which we are without: the low-born at titles and distinctions, the silly at wit, the knave at the semblance of probity. But I was about to remark, that an honest man may fairly scoff at all philosophies and religions which are proud, ambitious, intemperate, and contradictory. The thing most adverse to the spirit and essence of them all, is falsehood. It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth: it is the office of the religious to worship her; under what name, is unimportant. The falsehood that the tongue commits is slight in comparison with what is conceived by the heart, and executed by the whole man, throughout life. If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel day after day with my next neighbour; if, professing that the rich can never see God, I spend in the luxuries of my household a talent monthly; if, professing to place so much confidence in his word, that, in regard to worldly weal, I need take no care for to-morrow, I accumulate stores even beyond what would be necessary, though I quite distrusted both his providence and his veracity; if, professing that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," I question the Lord's security, and haggle with him about the amount of the loan; if, professing that I am their steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emolument of my stewardship; how, when God hates liars and punishes defrauders, shall I, and other such thieves and hypocrites, fare hereafter?

Timotheus. Let us hope there are few of them.

Lucian. We can not hope against what is: we may, however, hope that in future these will be fewer; but never while the overseers of a priesthood look for offices out of it, taking the lead in politics, in debate, and strife. Such men bring to ruin all religion, but their own first, and raise unbelievers not only in divine providence, but in human faith.

Timotheus. If they leave the altar for the market-place, the sanctuary for the senate-house, and agitate party questions instead of Christian verities, everlasting punishments await them.

Lucian. Everlasting?

Timotheus. Certainly: at the very least. I rank it next to heresy in the catalogue of sins; and the church supports my opinion.

Lucian. I have no measure for ascertaining the distance between the opinions and practices of men: I only know that they stand widely apart in all countries on the most important occasions: but this newly-hatched word *heresy*, alighting on my ear, makes me rub it. A beneficent God descends on earth in the human form, to redeem us from the slavery of sin, from the penalty of our passions: can you imagine he will punish an error in opinion, or even an obstinacy in unbelief, with everlasting torments? Supposing it highly criminal to refuse to weigh a string of arguments, or to cross-question a herd of witnesses, on a subject which no experience has warranted and no sagacity can comprehend; supposing it highly criminal to be contented with the religion which our parents taught us, which they bequeathed to us as the most precious of possessions, and which it would have broken their hearts if they had foreseen we should cast aside; yet are eternal pains the just retribution of what at worst is but indifference and supineness?

Timotheus. Our religion has clearly this advantage over yours: it teaches us to regulate our passions.

Lucian. Rather say it *tells* us. I believe all religions do the same; some indeed more emphatically and primarily than others; but *that* indeed would be incontestably of divine origin, and acknowledged at once by the most sceptical, which should thoroughly teach it. Now, my friend Timotheus, I think you are about seventy-five years of age.

Timotheus. Nigh upon it.

Lucian. Seventy-five years, according to my calculation, are equivalent to seventy-five gods and goddesses in regulating our passions for us, if we speak of the amatory, which are always thought in every stage of life the least to be pardoned.

Timotheus. Execrable!

Lucian. I am afraid the sourest hang longest on the tree. Mimnermus says,

> In early youth we often sigh
> Because our pulses beat so high;
> All this we conquer, and at last
> We sigh that we are grown so chaste.

Timotheus. Swine!

Lucian. No animal sighs oftener or louder. But, my dear cousin, the quiet swine is less troublesome and less odious than the grumbling and growling and fierce hyæna, which will not let the dead rest in their graves. We may be merry with the follies and even the vices of men, without doing or wishing them harm: punishment should come from the magistrate, not from us. If we are to give pain to anyone because he thinks differently from us, we ought to begin by inflicting a few smart stripes on ourselves; for both upon light and upon grave occasions, if we have thought much and often, our opinions must have varied. We are always fond of seizing and managing what appertains to others. In the savage state all belongs to all. Our neighbours the Arabs, who stand between barbarism and civilisation, waylay travellers, and plunder their equipage and their gold. The wilier marauders in Alexandria, start up from under the shadow of temples, force us to change our habiliments for theirs, and strangle us with fingers dipped in holy water if we say they sit uneasily.

Timotheus. This is not the right view of things.

Lucian. That is never the right view which lets in too much light. About two centuries have elapsed since your religion was founded. Show me the pride it has humbled; show me the cruelty it has mitigated; show me the lust it has extinguished or repressed. I have now been living ten years in Alexandria; and you never will accuse me, I think, of any undue partiality for the system in which I was educated: yet, from all my observation, I find no priest or elder, in your community, wise, tranquil, firm, and sedate, as Epicurus, and Carneades, and Zeno, and Epictetus; or indeed in the same degree as some who were often called forth into political and military life; Epaminondas, for instance, and Phocion.

Timotheus. I pity them from my soul: they were ignorant of the truth: they are lost, my cousin! take my word for it, they are lost men.

Lucian. Unhappily, they are. I wish we had them back again; or that, since we have lost them, we could at least find among us the virtues they left for our example.

Timotheus. Alas, my poor cousin! you too are blind: you do not understand the plainest words, nor comprehend those verities which are the most evident and palpable. Virtues! if the poor wretches had any, they were false ones.

Lucian. Scarcely ever has there been a politician, in any free state, without much falsehood and duplicity. I have named the most illustrious exceptions. Slender and irregular lines of a darker colour run along the bright blade that decides the fate of nations, and may indeed be necessary to the perfection of its temper. The great warrior has usually his darker lines of character, necessary (it may be) to constitute his greatness. No two men possess the same quantity of the same virtues, if they have many or much. We want some which do not far outstep us, and which we may follow with the hope of reaching; we want others to elevate, and others to defend us. The order of things would be less beautiful without this variety. Without the ebb and flow of our passions, but guided and moderated by a beneficent light above, the ocean of life would stagnate; and zeal, devotion, eloquence, would become dead carcases, collapsing and wasting on unprofitable sands. The vices of some men cause the virtues of others, as corruption is the parent of fertility.

Timotheus. O my cousin! this doctrine is diabolical.

Lucian. What is it?

Timotheus. Diabolical: a strong expression in daily use among us. We turn it a little from its origin.

Lucian. Timotheus, I love to sit by the side of a clear water, although there is nothing in it but naked stones. Do not take the trouble to muddy the stream of language for my benefit: I am not about to fish in it.

Timotheus. Well; we will speak about things which come nearer to your apprehension. I only wish you were somewhat less indifferent in your choice between the true and the false.

Lucian. We take it for granted that what is not true must be false.

Timotheus. Surely we do.

Lucian. This is erroneous.

Timotheus. Are you grown captious? Pray explain.

Lucian. What is not true, I need not say, must be untrue: but that alone is false which is intended to deceive. A witness may be mistaken, yet you would not call him a false witness unless he asserted what he knew to be false.

Timotheus. Quibbles upon words!

Lucian. On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rests the axis of the intellectual world. A winged word hath stuck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity. Hence the most pernicious of absurdities, far exceeding in folly and mischief the worship of three-score gods; namely, that an implicit faith in what outrages our reason, which we know is God's gift and bestowed on us for our guidance, that this weak, blind, stupid faith is

surer of his favour than the constant practice of every human virtue. They at whose hands one prodigious lie, such as this, hath been accepted, may reckon on their influence in the dissemination of many smaller, and may turn them easily to their own account. Be sure they will do it sooner or later. The fly floats on the surface for a while, but up springs the fish at last and swallows it.

Timotheus. Was ever man so unjust as you are? The abominable old priesthoods are avaricious and luxurious: ours is willing to stand or fall by maintaining its ordinances of fellowship and frugality. Point out to me a priest of our religion whom you could, by any temptation or entreaty, so far mislead, that he shall reserve for his own consumption one loaf, one plate of lentils, while another poor Christian hungers. In the meanwhile the priests of Isis are proud and wealthy, and admit none of the indigent to their tables. And now, to tell you the whole truth, my cousin Lucian, I come to you this morning to propose that we should lay our heads together and compose a merry dialogue on these said priests of Isis. What say you!

Lucian. These said priests of Isis have already been with me, several times, on a similar business in regard to yours.

Timotheus. Malicious wretches!

Lucian. Beside, they have attempted to persuade me that your religion is borrowed from theirs, altering a name a little, and laying the scene of action in a corner, in the midst of obscurity and ruins.

Timotheus. The wicked dogs! the hellish liars! We have nothing in common with such vile impostors. Are they not ashamed of taking such unfair means of lowering us in the estimation of our fellow-citizens? And so, they artfully came to you, craving any spare jibe to throw against us! They lie open to these weapons; we do not: we stand above the malignity, above the strength, of man. You would do justly in turning their own devices against them: it would be amusing to see how they would look. If you refuse me, I am resolved to write a *Dialogue of the Dead*, myself, and to introduce these hypocrites in it.

Lucian. Consider well first, my good Timotheus, whether you can do any such thing with propriety; I mean to say judiciously in regard to composition.

Timotheus. I always thought you generous and open-hearted, and quite inaccessible to jealousy.

Lucian. Let nobody ever profess himself so much as that: for, although he may be insensible of the disease, it lurks within him, and only waits its season to break out. But really, my cousin, at present I feel no symptoms: and, to prove that I am ingenuous and sincere with you, these are my reasons for dissuasion. We believers in the Homeric family of gods and goddesses, believe also in the locality of Tartarus and Elysium. We entertain no doubt whatever, that the passions of men and demigods and gods, are nearly the same above-ground and below; and that Achilles would dispatch his spear through the body of any shade who would lead Briseis too far among the myrtles, or attempt to throw the halter over the ears of any chariot-horse belonging to him in the meads of asphodel. We admit no doubt of these verities, delivered down to us from the ages when Theseus and Hercules had descended into Hades itself. Instead of a few stadions in a cavern, with a bank and a bower at the end of it, under a very small portion of our diminutive Hellas, you Christians possess the whole cavity of the earth for punishment, and the whole convex of the sky for felicity.

Timotheus. Our passions are burnt out amid the fires of purification, and our intellects are elevated to the enjoyment of perfect intelligence.

Lucian. How silly then and incongruous would it be, not to say how impious, to represent your people as no better and no wiser than they were before, and discoursing on subjects which no longer can or ought to concern them. Christians must think your *Dialogue of the Dead* no less irreligious than their opponents think mine, and infinitely more absurd. If indeed you are resolved on this form of composition, there is no topic which may not, with equal facility, be discussed on earth; and you may intersperse as much ridicule as you please, without any fear of censure for inconsistency or irreverence. Hitherto such writers have confined their view mostly to speculative points, sophistic reasonings, and sarcastic interpellations.

Timotheus. Ha! you are always fond of throwing a little pebble at the lofty Plato, whom we, on the contrary, are ready to receive (in a manner) as one of ourselves.

Lucian. To throw pebbles is a very uncertain way of showing where lie defects. Whenever I have mentioned him seriously, I have brought forward, not accusations, but passages from his writings, such as no philosopher or scholar or moralist can defend.

Timotheus. His doctrines are too abstruse and too sublime for you.

Lucian. Solon, Anaxagoras, and Epicurus, are more sublime, if truth is sublimity.

Timotheus. Truth is indeed; for God is truth.

Lucian. We are upon earth to learn what can be learnt upon earth, and not to speculate on what never can be. This you, O Timotheus, may call philosophy: to me it appears the idlest of curiosity; for every other kind may teach us something, and may lead to more beyond. Let men learn what benefits men; above all things, to contract their wishes, to calm their passions, and, more especially, to dispell their fears. Now these are to be dispelled, not by collecting clouds, but by piercing and scattering them. In the dark we may imagine depths and highths immeasurable, which, if a torch be carried right before us, we find it easy to leap across. Much of what we call sublime is only the residue of infancy, and the worst of it.

The philosophers I quoted are too capacious for schools and systems. Without noise, without ostentation, without mystery, not quarrelsome, not captious, not frivolous, their lives were commentaries on their doctrines. Never evaporating into mist, never stagnating into mire, their limpid and broad morality runs parallel with the lofty summits of their genius.

Timotheus. Genius! was ever genius like Plato's?

Lucian. The most admired of his *Dialogues*, his *Banquet*, is beset with such puerilities, deformed with such pedantry, and disgraced with such impurity, that none but the thickest beards, and chiefly of the philosophers and the satyrs, should bend over it. On a former occasion he has given us a specimen of history, than which nothing in our language is worse: here he gives us one of poetry, in honour of Love, for which the god has taken ample vengeance on him, by perverting his taste and feelings. The grossest of all the absurdities in this dialogue is, attributing to Aristophanes, so much of a scoffer and so little of a visionary, the silly notion of male and female having been originally complete in one person, and walking circuitously. He may be joking: who knows?

Timotheus. Forbear! forbear! do not call this notion a silly one: he took it from our Holy Scriptures, but perverted it somewhat. Woman was made from man's rib, and did not require to be cut asunder all the way down: this is no proof of bad reasoning, but merely of misinterpretation.

Lucian. If you would rather have bad reasoning, I will adduce a little of it. Farther on, he wishes to extoll the wisdom of Agathon by attributing to him such a sentence as this.

"It is evident that Love is the most beautiful of the gods, *because* he is the youngest of them."

Now even on earth, the youngest is not always the most beautiful; how infinitely less cogent then is the argument when we come to speak of the Immortals, with whom age can have no concern! There was a time when Vulcan was the youngest of the gods: was he also, at that time, and for that reason, the most beautiful? Your philosopher tells us, moreover, that "Love is of all deities the most *liquid*; else he never could fold himself about everything, and flow into and out of men's souls."

The three last sentences of Agathon's rhapsody are very harmonious, and exhibit the finest specimen of Plato's style; but we, accustomed as we are to hear him lauded for his poetical diction, should hold that poem a very indifferent one which left on the mind so superficial an impression. The garden of Academus is flowery without fragrance, and dazzling without warmth: I am ready to dream away an hour in it after dinner, but I think it unsalutary for a night's repose. So satisfied was Plato with his *Banquet*, that he says of himself, in the person of Socrates, "How can I or anyone but find it difficult to speak after a discourse so eloquent? It would have been wonderful if the brilliancy of the sentences at the end of it, and the choice of expression throughout, had not astonished all the auditors. I, who can never say anything nearly so beautiful, would if possible have made my escape, and have fairly run off for shame." He had indeed much better run off before he made so wretched a pun on the name of Gorgias. "I dreaded," says he, "lest Agathon, *measuring my discourse by the head of the eloquent Gorgias, should turn me to stone* for inability of utterance."

Was there ever joke more frigid? What painful twisting of unelastic stuff! If Socrates was the wisest man in the world, it would require another oracle to persuade us, after this, that he was the wittiest. But surely a small share of common sense would have made him abstain from hazarding such failures. He falls on his face in very flat and very dry ground; and, when he gets up again, his quibbles are well-nigh as tedious as his witticisms. However, he has the presence of mind to throw them on the shoulders of Diotima, whom he calls a prophetess, and who, ten years before the Plague broke out in Athens, obtained from the gods (he tells us) that delay. Ah! the gods were doubly mischievous: they sent her first. Read her words, my cousin, as delivered by Socrates; and if they have another Plague in store for us, you may avert it by such an act of expiation.

Timotheus. The world will have ended before ten years are over.

Lucian. Indeed!

Timotheus. It has been pronounced.

Lucian. How the threads of belief and unbelief run woven close together in the whole web of human life! Come, come; take courage; you will have time for your *Dialogue*. Enlarge the circle; enrich it with a variety of matter, enliven it with a multitude of characters, occupy the intellect of the thoughtful, the imagination of the lively; spread the board with solid viands, delicate rarities, and sparkling wines; and throw, along the whole extent of it, geniality and festal crowns.

Timotheus. What writer of dialogues hath ever done this, or undertaken, or conceived, or hoped it?

Lucian. None whatever; yet surely you yourself may, when even your babes and sucklings are endowed with abilities incomparably greater than our niggardly old gods have bestowed on the very best of us.

Timotheus. I wish, my dear Lucian, you would let our babes and sucklings lie quiet, and say no more about them: as for your gods, I leave them at your mercy. Do not impose on me the performance of a task in which Plato himself, if he had attempted it, would have failed.

Lucian. No man ever detected false reasoning with more quickness; but unluckily he called in Wit at the exposure; and Wit, I am sorry to say, held the lowest place in his household. He sadly mistook the qualities of his mind in attempting the facetious; or rather, he fancied he possessed one quality more than belonged to him. But, if he himself had not been a worse quibbler than

any whose writings are come down to us, we might have been gratified by the exposure of wonderful acuteness wretchedly applied. It is no small service to the community to turn into ridicule the grave impostors, who are contending which of them shall guide and govern us, whether in politics or religion. There are always a few who will take the trouble to walk down among the sea-weeds and slippery stones, for the sake of showing their credulous fellow-citizens that skins filled with sand, and set upright at the forecastle, are neither men nor merchandise.

Timotheus. I can bring to mind, O Lucian, no writer possessing so great a variety of wit as you.

Lucian. No man ever possessed any variety of this gift; and the holder is not allowed to exchange the quality for another. Banter (and such is Plato's) never grows large, never sheds its bristles, and never do they soften into the humorous or the facetious.

Timotheus. I agree with you that banter is the worst species of wit. We have indeed no correct idea what persons those really were whom Plato drags by the ears, to undergo slow torture under Socrates. One sophist, I must allow, is precisely like another: no discrimination of character, none of manner, none of language.

Lucian. He wanted the fancy and fertility of Aristophanes.

Timotheus. Otherwise, his mind was more elevated and more poetical.

Lucian. Pardon me if I venture to express my dissent in both particulars. Knowledge of the human heart, and discrimination of character, are requisites of the poet. Few ever have possessed them in an equal degree with Aristophanes: Plato has given no indication of either.

Timotheus. But consider his imagination.

Lucian. On what does it rest? He is nowhere so imaginative as in his *Polity*. Nor is there any state in the world that is, or would be, governed by it. One day you may find him at his counter in the midst of old-fashioned toys, which crack and crumble under his fingers while he exhibits and recommends them: another day, while he is sitting on a goat's bladder, I may discover his bald head surmounting an enormous mass of loose chaff and uncleanly feathers, which he would persuade you is the pleasantest and healthiest of beds, and that dreams descend on it from the gods.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what Zeus shall send you,"

says Aristophanes in his favourite metre. In this helpless condition of closed optics and hanging jaw, we find the followers of Plato. It is by shutting their eyes that they see, and by opening their mouths that they apprehend. Like certain broad-muzzled dogs, all stand equally stiff and staunch, although few scent the game, and their lips wag; and water, at whatever distance from the net. We must leave them with their hands hanging down before them, confident that they are wiser than we are, were it only for this attitude of humility. It is amusing to see them in it before the tall well-robed Athenian, while he mis-spells the charms, and plays clumsily the tricks, he acquired from the conjurors here in Egypt. I wish you better success with the same materials. But in my opinion all philosophers should speak clearly. The highest things are the purest and brightest; and the best writers are those who render them the most intelligible to the world below. In the arts and sciences, and particularly in music and metaphysics, this is difficult: but the subjects not being such as lie within the range of the community, I lay little stress upon them, and wish authors to deal with them as they best may, only beseeching that they recompense us, by bringing within our comprehension the other things with which they are intrusted for us. The followers of Plato fly off indignantly from any such proposal. If I ask them the meaning of some obscure passage, they answer that I am unprepared and unfitted for it, and that his mind is so far above mine, I can not grasp it. I look up into the faces of these worthy men, who mingle so much commiseration with so much calmness, and wonder at seeing them look no less vacant than my own.

Timotheus. You have acknowledged his eloquence, while you derided his philosophy and repudiated his morals.

Lucian. Certainly there was never so much eloquence with so little animation. When he has heated his oven, he forgets to put the bread into it; instead of which, he throws in another bundle of faggots. His words and sentences are often too large for the place they occupy. If a water-melon is not to be placed in an oyster-shell, neither is a grain of millet in a golden salver. At high festivals a full band may enter: ordinary conversation goes on better without it.

Timotheus. There is something so spiritual about him, that many of us Christians are firmly of opinion he must have been partially enlightened from above.

Lucian. I hope and believe we all are. His entire works are in our library. Do me the favour to point out to me a few of those passages where in poetry he approaches the spirit of Aristophanes, or where in morals he comes up to Epictetus.

Timotheus. It is useless to attempt it if you carry your prejudices with you. Beside, my dear cousin, I would not offend you, but really your mind has no point about it which could be brought to contact or affinity with Plato's.

Lucian. In the universality of his genius there must surely be some atom coincident with another in mine. You acknowledge, as everybody must do, that his wit is the heaviest and lowest: pray, is the specimen he has given us of history at all better?

Timotheus. I would rather look to the loftiness of his mind, and the genius that sustains him.

Lucian. So would I. Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to

be perpetually nor much elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing; nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander; nor are the rampires always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose-writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry; neither, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a corn-field. Be authority as old and obstinate as it may, never let it persuade you that a man is the stronger for being unable to keep himself on the ground, or the weaker for breathing quietly and softly on ordinary occasions. Tell me, over and over, that you find every great quality in Plato: let me only once ask you in return, whether he ever is ardent and energetic, whether he wins the affections, whether he agitates the heart. Finding him deficient in every one of these faculties, I think his disciples have extolled him too highly. Where power is absent, we may find the robes of genius, but we miss the throne. He would acquit a slave who killed another in self-defence, but if he killed any free man even in self-defence, he was not only to be punished with death, but to undergo the cruel death of a parricide. This effeminate philosopher was more severe than the manly Demosthenes, who quotes a law against the striking of a slave: and Diogenes, when one ran away from him, remarked that it would be horrible if Diogenes could not do without a slave, when a slave could do without Diogenes?

Timotheus. Surely the allegories of Plato are evidences of his genius.

Lucian. A great poet in the hours of his idleness may indulge in allegory: but the highest poetical character will never rest on so unsubstantial a foundation. The poet must take man from God's hands, must look into every fibre of his heart and brain, must be able to take the magnificent work to pieces, and to reconstruct it. When this labour is completed, let him throw himself composedly on the earth, and care little how many of its ephemeral insects creep over him. In regard to these allegories of Plato, about which I have heard so much, pray what and where are they? You hesitate, my fair cousin Timotheus! Employ one morning in transcribing them, and another in noting all the passages which are of practical utility in the commerce of social life, or purify our affections at home, or excite and elevate our enthusiasm in the prosperity and glory of our country. Useful books, moral books, instructive books, are easily composed: and surely so great a writer should present them to us without blot or blemish: I find among his many volumes no copy of a similar composition. My enthusiasm is not easily raised indeed; yet such a whirlwind of a poet must carry it away with him; nevertheless, here I stand, calm and collected, not a hair of my beard in commotion. Declamation will find its echo in vacant places: it beats ineffectually on the well-furnished mind. Give me proof; bring the work; show the passages; convince, confound, overwhelm me.

Timotheus. I may do that another time with Plato. And yet, what effect can I hope to produce on an unhappy man who doubts even that the world is on the point of extinction?

Lucian. Are there many of your association who believe that this catastrophe is so near at hand?

Timotheus. We all believe it; or rather, we all are certain of it.

Lucian. How so? Have you observed any fracture in the disk of the sun? Are any of the stars loosened in their orbits? Has the beautiful light of Venus ceased to pant in the heavens, or has the belt of Orion lost its gems!

Timotheus. O for shame!

Lucian. Rather should I be ashamed of indifference on so important an occasion.

Timotheus. We know the fact by surer signs.

Lucian. These, if you could vouch for them, would be sure enough for me. The least of them would make me sweat as profusely as if I stood up to the neck in the hot preparation of a mummy. Surely no wise or benevolent philosopher could ever have uttered what he knew or believed might be distorted into any such interpretation. For if men are persuaded that they and their works are so soon about to perish, what provident care are they likely to take in the education and welfare of their families? What sciences will they improve, what learning will they cultivate, what monuments of past ages will they be studious to preserve, who are certain that there can be no future ones? Poetry will be censured as rank profaneness, eloquence will be converted into howls and execrations, statuary will exhibit only Midases and Ixions, and all the colours of painting will be mixed together to produce one grand conflagration: *flammantia mœnia mundi.*

Timotheus. Do not quote an atheist; especially in Latin. I hate the language: the Romans are beginning to differ from us already.

Lucian. Ah! you will soon split into smaller fractions. But pardon me my unusual fault of quoting. Before I let fall a quotation I must be taken by surprise. I seldom do it in conversation, seldomer in composition; for it mars the beauty and unity of style, especially when it invades it from a foreign tongue. A quoter is either ostentatious of his acquirements or doubtful of his cause. And moreover, he never walks gracefully who leans upon the shoulder of another, however gracefully that other may walk. Herodotus, Plato, Aristoteles, Demosthenes, are no quoters. Thucydides, twice or thrice, inserts a few sentences of Pericles: but Thucydides is an emanation of Pericles, somewhat less clear indeed, being lower, although at no great distance from that purest and most pellucid source. The best of the Romans, I agree with you, are remote

from such originals, if not in power of mind, or in acuteness of remark, or in sobriety of judgment, yet in the graces of composition. While I admired, with a species of awe such as not Homer himself ever impressed me with, the majesty and sanctimony of Livy, I have been informed by learned Romans that in the structure of his sentences he is often inharmonious, and sometimes uncouth. I can imagine such uncouthness in the goddess of battles, confident of power and victory, when part of her hair is waving round the helmet, loosened by the rapidity of her descent or the vibration of her spear. Composition may be too adorned even for beauty. In painting it is often requisite to cover a bright colour with one less bright; and, in language, to relieve the ear from the tension of high notes, even at the cost of a discord. There are urns of which the borders are too prominent and too decorated for use, and which appear to be brought out chiefly for state, at grand caroussals. The author who imitates the artificers of these, shall never have my custom.

Timotheus. I think you judge rightly: but I do not understand languages: I only understand religion.

Lucian. He must be a most accomplished, a most extraordinary man, who comprehends them both together. We do not even talk clearly when we are walking in the dark.

Timotheus. Thou art not merely walking in the dark, but fast asleep.

Lucian. And thou, my cousin, wouldst kindly awaken me with a red-hot poker. I have but a few paces to go along the corridor of life: prythee let me turn into my bed again and lie quiet. Never was any man less an enemy to religion than I am, whatever may be said to the contrary: and you shall judge of me by the soundness of my advice. If your leaders are in earnest, as many think, do persuade them to abstain from quarrelsomeness and contention, and not to declare it necessary that there should perpetually be a religious as well as a political war between east and west. No honest and considerate man will believe in their doctrines, who, inculcating peace and good-will, continue all the time to assail their fellow-citizens with the utmost rancour at every divergency of opinion, and, forbidding the indulgence of the kindlier affections, exercise at full stretch the fiercer. This is certain: if they obey any commander, they will never sound a charge when his order is to sound a retreat: if they acknowledge any magistrate, they will never tear down the tablet of his edicts.

Timotheus. We have what is all-sufficient.

Lucian. I see you have.

Timotheus. You have ridiculed all religion and all philosophy.

Lucian. I have found but little of either. I have cracked many a nut, and have come only to dust or maggots.

Timotheus. To say nothing of the saints, are all philosophers fools or impostors? And, because you can not rise to the ethereal highths of Plato, nor comprehend the real magnitude of a man so much above you, must he be a dwarf?

Lucian. The best sight is not that which sees best in the dark or the twilight; for no objects are then visible in their true colours and just proportions; but it is that which presents to us things as they are, and indicates what is within our reach and what is beyond it. Never were any three writers, of high celebrity, so little understood in the main character, as Plato, Diogenes, and Epicurus. Plato is a perfect master of logic and rhetoric; and whenever he errs in either, as I have proved to you he does occasionally, he errs through perverseness, not through unwariness. His language often settles into clear and most beautiful prose, often takes an imperfect and incoherent shape of poetry, and often, cloud against cloud, bursts with a vehement detonation in the air. Diogenes was hated both by the vulgar and the philosophers. By the philosophers, because he exposed their ignorance, ridiculed their jealousies, and rebuked their pride: by the vulgar, because they never can endure a man apparently of their own class who avoids their society and partakes in none of their humours, prejudices, and animosities. What right has he to be greater or better than they are? he who wears older clothes, who eats staler fish, and possesses no vote to imprison or banish anybody. I am now ashamed that I mingled in the rabble, and that I could not resist the childish mischief of smoking him in his tub. He was the wisest man of his time, not excepting Aristoteles; for he knew that he was greater than Philip or Alexander. Aristoteles did not know that he himself was, or, knowing it, did not act up to his knowledge; and here is a deficiency of wisdom.

Timotheus. Whether you did or did not strike the cask, Diogenes would have closed his eyes equally. He would never have come forth and seen the truth, had it shone upon the world in that day. But, intractable as was this recluse, Epicurus, I fear, is quite as lamentable. What horrible doctrines!

Lucian. Enjoy, said he, the pleasant walks where you are: repose, and eat gratefully the fruit that falls into your bosom: do not weary your feet with an excursion, at the end whereof you will find no resting-place: reject not the odour of roses for the fumes of pitch and sulphur. What horrible doctrines!

Timotheus. Speak seriously. He was much too bad for ridicule.

Lucian. I will then speak as you desire me, seriously. His smile was so unaffected and so graceful, that I should have thought it very injudicious to set my laugh against it. No philosopher ever lived with such uniform purity, such abstinence from censoriousness, from controversy, from jealousy, and from arrogance.

Timotheus. Ah. poor mortal! I pity him, as far as may be; he is in hell: it would be wicked

to wish him out: we are not to murmur against the all-wise dispensations.

Lucian. I am sure he would not; and it is therefore I hope he is more comfortable than you believe.

Timotheus. Never have I defiled my fingers, and never will I defile them, by turning over his writings. But in regard to Plato, I can have no objection to take your advice.

Lucian. He will reward your assiduity: but he will assist you very little if you consult him principally (and eloquence for this should principally be consulted) to strengthen your humanity. Grandiloquent and sonorous, his lungs seem to play the better for the absence of the heart. His imagination is the most conspicuous, buoyed up by swelling billows over unsounded depths. There are his mild thunders, there are his glowing clouds, his traversing coruscations, and his shooting stars. More of true wisdom, more of trustworthy manliness, more of promptitude and power to keep you steady and straightforward on the perilous road of life, may be found in the little manual of Epictetus, which I could write in the palm of my left-hand, than there is in all the rolling and redundant volumes of this mighty rhetorician, which you may begin to transcribe on the summit of the great Pyramid, carry down over the Sphynx at the bottom, and continue on the sands half-way to Memphis. And indeed the materials are appropriate; one part being far above our sight, and the other on what, by the most befitting epithet, Homer calls the *no-corn-bearing.*

Timotheus. There are many who will stand against you on this ground.

Lucian. With what perfect ease and fluency do some of the dullest men in existence toss over and discuss the most elaborate of all works! How many myriads of such creatures would be insufficient to furnish intellect enough for any single paragraph in them! Yet '*we think this,*' '*we advise that,*' are expressions now become so customary, that it would be difficult to turn them into ridicule. We must pull the creatures out while they are in the very act, and show who and what they are. One of these fellows said to Caius Fuscus in my hearing, that there was a time when it was permitted him to doubt occasionally on particular points of criticism, but that the time was now over.

Timotheus. And what did you think of such arrogance? What did you reply to such impertinence?

Lucian. Let me answer one question at a time. First: I thought him a legitimate fool, of the purest breed. Secondly: I promised him I would always be contented with the judgment he had rejected, leaving him and his friends in the enjoyment of the rest.

Timotheus. And what said he?

Lucian. I forget. He seemed pleased at my acknowledgment of his discrimination, at my deference and delicacy. He wished, however, I had studied Plato, Xenophon, and Cicero, more attentively; without which preparatory discipline, no two persons could be introduced advantageously into a dialogue. I agreed with him on this position, remarking that we ourselves were at that very time giving our sentence on the fact. He suggested a slight mistake on my side, and expressed a wish that he were conversing with a writer able to sustain the opposite part. With his experience and skill in rhetoric, his long habitude of composition, his knowledge of life, of morals, and of character, he should be less verbose than Cicero, less gorgeous then Plato, and less trimly attired than Xenophon.

Timotheus. If he spoke in that manner, he might indeed be ridiculed for conceitedness and presumption, but his language is not altogether a fool's.

Lucian. I deliver his sentiments, not his words: for who would read, or who would listen to me, if such fell from me as from him? Poetry has its probabilities, so has prose: when people cry out against the representation of a dullard, *Could he have spoken all that?* 'Certainly no,' is the reply: neither did Priam implore, in harmonious verse, the pity of Achilles. We say only what might be said, when great postulates are conceded.

Timotheus. We will pretermit these absurd and silly men: but, cousin Lucian! cousin Lucian! the name of Plato will be durable as that of Sesostris.

Lucian. So will the pebbles and bricks which gangs of slaves erected into a pyramid. I do not hold Sesostris in much higher estimation than those quieter lumps of matter. They, O Timotheus, who survive the wreck of ages, are by no means, as a body, the worthiest of our admiration. It is in these wrecks, as in those at sea, the best things are not always saved. Hencoops and empty barrels bob upon the surface, under a serene and smiling sky, when the graven or depicted images of the gods are scattered on invisible rocks, and when those who most resembled them in knowledge and beneficence are devoured by cold monsters below.

Timotheus. You now talk reasonably, seriously, almost religiously. Do you ever pray?

Lucian. I do. It was no longer than five years ago that I was deprived by death of my dog Melanops. He had uniformly led an innocent life; for I never would let him walk out with me, lest he should bring home in his mouth the remnant of some god or other, and at last get bitten or stung by one. I reminded Anubis of this: and moreover I told him, what he ought to be aware of, that Melanops did honour to his relationship.

Timotheus. I can not ever call it piety to pray for dumb and dead beasts.

Lucian. Timotheus! Timotheus! have you no heart? have you no dog? do you always pray only for yourself?

Timotheus. We do not believe that dogs can live again.

Lucian. More shame for you! If they enjoy

and suffer, if they hope and fear, if calamities and wrongs befall them, such as agitate their hearts and excite their apprehensions; if they possess the option of being grateful or malicious, and choose the worthier; if they exercise the same sound judgment on many other occasions, some for their own benefit and some for the benefit of their masters; they have as good a chance of a future life, and a better chance of a happy one, than half the priests of all the religions in the world. Wherever there is the choice of doing well or ill, and that choice (often against a first impulse) decides for well, there must not only be a soul of the same nature as man's, although of less compass and comprehension, but, being of the same nature, the same immortality must appertain to it; for spirit, like body, may change, but can not be annihilated.

It was among the prejudices of former times that pigs are uncleanly animals, and fond of wallowing in the mire for mire's sake. Philosophy has now discovered, that when they roll in mud and ordure, it is only from an excessive love of cleanliness, and a vehement desire to rid themselves of scabs and vermin. Unfortunately, doubts keep pace with discoveries. They are like warts, of which the blood that springs from a great one extirpated, makes twenty little ones.

Timotheus. The Hydra would be a more noble simily.

Lucian. I was indeed about to illustrate my position by the old Hydra, so ready at hand and so tractable; but I will never take hold of a hydra, when a wart will serve my turn.

Timotheus. Continue then.

Lucian. Even children are now taught, in despite of Æsop, that animals never spoke. The uttermost that can be advanced with any show of confidence is, that if they spoke at all, they spoke in unknown tongues. Supposing the fact, is this a reason why they should not be respected? Quite the contrary. If the tongues were unknown, it tends to demonstrate *our* ignorance, not *theirs*. If we could not understand them, while they possessed the gift, here is no proof that they did not speak to the purpose, but only that it was not to *our* purpose: which may likewise be said with equal certainty of the wisest men that ever existed. How little have we learned from them, for the conduct of life or the avoidance of calamity! Unknown tongues, indeed! yes, so are all tongues to the vulgar and the negligent.

Timotheus. It comforts me to hear you talk in this manner, without a glance at our gifts and privileges.

Lucian. I am less incredulous than you suppose, my cousin! Indeed I have been giving you what ought to be a sufficient proof of it.

Timotheus. You have spoken with becoming gravity, I must confess.

Lucian. Let me then submit to your judgment some fragments of history which have lately fallen into my hands. There is among them a *Hymn*, of which the metre is so incondite, and the phraseology so ancient, that the grammarians have attributed it to Linus. But the Hymn will interest you less, and is less to our purpose, than the tradition; by which it appears that certain priests of high antiquity were of the brute creation.

Timotheus. No better, any of them.

Lucian. Now you have polished the palms of your hands, I will commence my narrative from the manuscript.

Timotheus. Pray do.

Lucian. There existed in the city of Nephosis a fraternity of priests, reverenced by the appellation of *Gasteres*. It is reported that they were not always of their present form, but were birds, aquatic and migratory, a species of cormorant. The poet Linus, who lived nearer the transformation (if there indeed was any), sings thus, in his Hymn to Zeus.

"Thy power is manifest, O Zeus! in the Gasteres. Wild birds were they, strong of talon, clanging of wing, and clamorous of gullet. Wild birds, O Zeus! wild birds; now cropping the tender grass by the river of Adonis, and breaking the nascent reed at the root, and depasturing the sweet nymphæa; now again picking up serpents and other creeping things on each hand of old Ægyptos, whose head is hidden in the clouds.

"O that Mnemosyne would command the staidest of her three daughters to stand and sing before me! to sing clearly and strongly. How before thy throne, Saturnian! sharp voices arose, even the voices of Heré and of thy children. How they cried out that innumerable mortal men, various-tongued, kid-roasters in tent and tabernacle, devising in their many-turning hearts and thoughtful minds how to fabricate well-rounded spits of beech-tree, how such men, having been changed into brute animals, it behoved thee to trim the balance, and in thy wisdom to change sundry brute animals into men; in order that they might pour out flame-coloured wine unto thee, and sprinkle the white flower of the sea upon the thighs of many bulls, to pleasure thee. Then didst thou, O storm-driver! overshadow far lands with thy dark eyebrows, looking down on them, to accomplish thy will. And then didst thou behold the Gasteres, fat, tall, prominent-crested, purple-legged, dædal-plumed, white and black, changeable in colour as Iris. And lo! thou didst will it, and they were men."

Timotheus. No doubt whatever can be entertained of this Hymn's antiquity. But what farther says the historian?

Lucian. I will read on, to gratify you.

"It is recorded that this ancient order of a most lordly priesthood went through many changes of customs and ceremonies, which indeed they were always ready to accommodate to the maintenance of their authority and the enjoyment of their riches. It is recorded that, in the beginning, they kept various tame animals, and some wild ones, within the precincts of the temple: nevertheless, after a time, they applied to their own uses everything they could lay their hands

on, whatever might have been the vow of those who came forward with the offering. And when it was expected of them to make sacrifices, they not only would make none, but declared it an act of impiety to expect it. Some of the people, who feared the Immortals, were dismayed and indignant at this backwardness; and the discontent at last grew universal. Whereupon, the two chief priests held a long conference together, and agreed that something must be done to pacify the multitude. But it was not until the greater of them, acknowledging his despondency, called on the gods to answer for him that his grief was only because he never could abide bad precedents: and the other, on his side, protested that he was over-ruled by his superior, and moreover had a serious objection (founded on principle) to be knocked on the head. Meanwhile the elder was looking down on the folds of his robe, in deep melancholy. After long consideration, he sprang upon his feet, pushing his chair behind him, and said, 'Well; it is grown old, and was always too long for me: I am resolved to cut off a finger's breadth.'

"'Having, in your wisdom and piety, well contemplated the bad precedent,' said the other, with much consternation in his countenance at seeing so elastic a spring in a heel by no means bearing any resemblance to a stag's . . 'I have, I have,' replied the other, interrupting him; 'say no more; I am sick at heart; you must do the same.'

"'A cursed dog has torn a hole in mine,' answered the other, 'and, if I cut anywhere about it, I only make bad worse. In regard to its length, I wish it were as long again.' 'Brother! brother! never be worldly-minded,' said the senior. 'Follow my example: snip off it not a finger's breadth, half a finger's breadth.'

"'But,' expostulated the other, 'will that satisfy the gods?' 'Who talked about them?' placidly said the senior. 'It is very unbecoming to have them always in our mouths: surely there are appointed times for them. Let us be contented with laying the snippings on the altar, and thus showing the people our piety and condescension. They, and the gods also, will be just as well satisfied, as if we offered up a buttock of beef, with a bushel of salt and the same quantity of wheaten flour on it."

"'Well, if that will do . . and you know best,' replied the other, 'so be it.' Saying which words, he carefully and considerately snipped off as much in proportion (for he was shorter by an inch) as the elder had done, yet leaving on his shoulders quite enough of materials to make handsome cloaks for seven or eight stout-built generals. Away they both went, arm-in-arm, and then holding up their skirts a great deal higher than was necessary, told the gods what they two had been doing for them and their glory. About the court of the temple the sacred swine were lying in indolent composure: seeing which, the brotherly twain began to commune with themselves afresh: and the senior said repentantly, 'What fools we have been! The populace will laugh outright at the curtailment of our vestures, but would gladly have seen these animals eat daily a quarter less of the lentils.' The words were spoken so earnestly and emphatically that they were overheard by the quadrupeds. Suddenly there was a rising of all the principal ones in the sacred inclosure: and many that were in the streets took up, each according to his temperament and condition, the gravest or shrillest tone of reprobation. The thinner and therefore the more desperate of the creatures, pushing their snouts under the curtailed habiliments of the high priests, assailed them with ridicule and reproach. For it had pleased the gods to work a miracle in their behoof, and they became as loquacious as those who governed them, and who were appointed to speak in the high places. 'Let the worst come to the worst, we at least have our tails to our hams,' said they. 'For how long?' whined others piteously: others incessantly ejaculated tremendous imprecations: others, more serious and sedate, groaned inwardly; and, although under their hearts there lay a huge mass of indigestible sourness ready to rise up against the chief priests, they ventured no farther than expostulation. 'We shall lose our voices,' said they, 'if we lose our complement of lentils; and then, most reverend lords, what will ye do for choristers?' Finally, one of grand dimensions, who seemed almost half-human, imposed silence on every debater. He lay stretched out apart from his brethren, covering with his side the greater portion of a noble dunghill, and all its verdure native and imported. He crashed a few measures of peascods to cool his tusks; then turned his pleasurable longitudinal eyes far toward the outer extremities of their sockets; and leered fixedly and sarcastically at the high priests, showing every tooth in each jaw. Other men might have feared them; the high priests envied them, seeing what order they were in, and what exploits they were capable of. A great painter, who flourished many olympiads ago, has, in his volume entitled the *Canon*, defined the line of beauty! It was here in its perfection: it followed with winning obsequiousness every member, but delighted more especially to swim along that placid and pliant curvature on which Nature had ranged the implements of mastication. Pawing with his cloven hoof, he suddenly changed his countenance from the contemplative to the wrathful. At one effort he rose up to his whole length, breadth, and highth: and they who had never seen him in earnest, nor separate from the common swine of the inclosure, with which he was in the habit of husking what was thrown to him, could form no idea what a prodigious beast he was. Terrible were the expressions of choler and comminations which burst forth from his fulminating tusks. Erimanthus would have hidden his puny offspring before them; and Hercules would have paused at the encounter. Thrice he

called aloud to the high priests: thrice he swore in their own sacred language that they were a couple of thieves and impostors: thrice he imprecated the worst maledictions on his own head if they had not violated the holiest of their vows, and were not ready even to sell their gods. A tremor ran throughout the whole body of the united swine; so awful was the adjuration! Even the Gasteres themselves in some sort shuddered, not perhaps altogether, at the solemn tone of its impiety; for they had much experience in these matters. But among them was a Gaster who was calmer than the swearer, and more prudent and conciliating than those he swore against. Hearing this objurgation, he went blandly up to the sacred porker, and, lifting the flap of his right ear between forefinger and thumb with all delicacy and gentleness, thus whispered into it: 'You do not in your heart believe that any of us are such fools as to sell our gods, at least while we have such a reserve to fall back upon.'

"'Are we to be devoured?' cried the noble porker, twitching his ear indignantly from under the hand of the monitor. 'Hush!' said he, laying it again most soothingly, rather farther from the tusks: 'hush! sweet friend! Devoured? O certainly not: that is to say, not *all*: or, if all, not all at once. Indeed the holy men my brethren may perhaps be contented with taking a little blood from each of you, entirely for the advantage of your health and activity, and merely to compose a few slender black-puddings for the inferior monsters of the temple, who latterly are grown very exacting, and either are, or pretend to be, hungry after they have eaten a whole handful of acorns, swallowing I am ashamed to say what a quantity of water to wash them down. We do not grudge them it, as they well know: but they appear to have forgotten how recently no inconsiderable portion of this bounty has been conferred. If we, as they object to us, eat more, they ought to be aware that it is by no means for our gratification, since we have abjured it before the gods, but to maintain the dignity of the priesthood, and to exhibit the beauty and utility of subordination.'

"The noble porker had beaten time with his muscular tail at many of these periods; but again his heart panted visibly, and he could bear no more.

"'All this for our good! for our activity! for our health! Let us alone: we have health enough; we want no activity. Let us alone, I say again, or by the Immortals! . .' 'Peace, my son! Your breath is valuable: evidently you have but little to spare: and what mortal knows how soon the gods may demand the last of it?'

"At the beginning of this exhortation, the worthy high priest had somewhat repressed the ebullient choler of his refractory and pertinacious disciple, by applying his flat soft palm to the signet-formed extremity of the snout.

"'We are ready to hear complaints at all times,' added he, 'and to redress any grievance at our own. But beyond a doubt, if you continue to raise your abominable outcries, some of the people are likely to hit upon two discoveries: first, that your lentils would be sufficient to make daily for every poor family a good wholesome porridge; and secondly, that your flesh, properly cured, might hang up nicely against the forthcoming bean-season.' Pondering these mighty words, the noble porker kept his eyes fixed upon him for some instants, then leaned forward dejectedly, then tucked one foot under him, then another, cautious to descend with dignity. At last he grunted (it must for ever be ambiguous whether with despondency or with resignation), pushed his wedgy snout far within the straw subjacent, and sank into that repose which is granted to the just."

Timotheus. Cousin! there are glimmerings of truth and wisdom in sundry parts of this discourse, not unlike little broken shells entangled in dark masses of sea-weed. But I would rather you had continued to adduce fresh arguments to demonstrate the beneficence of the Deity, proving (if you could) that our horses and dogs, faithful servants and companions to us, and often treated cruelly, may recognise us hereafter, and we them. We have no authority for any such belief.

Lucian. We have authority for thinking and doing whatever is humane. Speaking of humanity, it now occurs to me, I have heard a report that some well-intentioned men of your religion so interpret the words or wishes of its founder, they would abolish slavery throughout the empire.

Timotheus. Such deductions have been drawn indeed from our Master's doctrine: but the saner part of us receive it metaphorically, and would only set men free from the bonds of sin. For if domestic slaves were manumitted, we should neither have a dinner dressed nor a bed made, unless by our own children: and as to labour in the fields, who would cultivate them in this hot climate? We must import slaves from Æthiopia and elsewhere, wheresoever they can be procured: but the hardship lies not on them; it lies on us, and bears heavily; for we must first buy them with our money, and then feed them; and not only must we maintain them while they are hale and hearty and can serve us, but likewise in sickness and (unless we can sell them for a trifle) in decrepitude. Do not imagine, my cousin, that we are no better than enthusiasts, visionaries, subverters of order, and ready to roll society down into one flat surface.

Lucian. I thought you were maligned: I said so.

Timotheus. When the subject was discussed in our congregation, the meaner part of the people were much in favour of the abolition: but the chief priests and ministers absented themselves, and gave no vote at all, deeming it secular, and saying that in such matters the laws and customs of the country ought to be observed.

Lucian. Several of these chief priests and

ministers are robed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.

Timotheus. I have hopes of you now.

Lucian. Why so suddenly?

Timotheus. Because you have repeated those blessed words, which are only to be found in our scriptures.

Lucian. There indeed I found them. But I also found in the same volume words of the same speaker, declaring that the rich shall never see his face in heaven.

Timotheus. He does not always mean what you think he does.

Lucian. How is this? Did he then direct his discourses to none but men more intelligent than I am?

Timotheus. Unless he gave you understanding for the occasion, they might mislead you.

Lucian. Indeed!

Timotheus. Unquestionably. For instance, he tells us to take no heed of to-morrow: he tells us to share equally all our worldly goods: but we know that we can not be respected unless we bestow due care on our possessions, and that not only the vulgar but the well-educated esteem us in proportion to the gifts of fortune.

Lucian. The eclectic philosophy is most flourishing among you Christians. You take whatever suits your appetites, and reject the rest.

Timotheus. We are not half so rich as the priests of Isis. Give us their possessions; and we will not sit idle as they do, but be able and ready to do incalculable good to our fellow-creatures.

Lucian. I have never seen great possessions excite to great alacrity. Usually they enfeeble the sympathies, and often overlie and smother them.

Timotheus. Our religion is founded less on sympathies than on miracles. Cousin! you smile most when you ought to be most serious.

Lucian. I was smiling at the thought of one whom I would recommend to your especial notice, as soon as you disinherit the priests of Isis. He may perhaps be refractory; for he pretends (the knave!) to work miracles.

Timotheus. Impostor! who is he?

Lucian. Aulus of Pelusium. Idle and dissolute, he never gained anything honestly but a scourging, if indeed he ever made, what he long merited, this acquisition. Unable to run into debt where he was known, he came over to Alexandria.

Timotheus. I know him: I know him well. Here, of his own accord, he has betaken himself to a new and regular life.

Lucian. He will presently wear it out, or make it sit easier on his shoulders. My metaphor brings me to my story. Having nothing to carry with him beside an empty valise, he resolved on filling it with somewhat, however worthless, lest, seeing his utter destitution, and hopeless of payment, a receiver of lodgers should refuse to admit him into the hostelry. Accordingly, he went to a tailor's, and began to joke about his poverty. Nothing is more apt to bring people into good-humour: for, if they are poor themselves, they enjoy the pleasure of discovering that others are no better off; and, if not poor, there is the consciousness of superiority.

"The favour I am about to ask of a man so wealthy and so liberal as you are," said Aulus, "is extremely small: you can materially serve me, without the slightest loss, hazard, or inconvenience. In few words, my valise is empty: and to some ears an empty valise is louder and more discordant than a bagpipe: I can not say I like the sound of it myself. Give me all the shreds and snippings you can spare me. They will feel like clothes; not exactly so to me and my person, but to those who are inquisitive, and who may be importunate."

The tailor laughed, and distended both arms of Aulus with his munificence. Soon was the valise well filled and rammed down. Plenty of boys were in readiness to carry it to the boat. Aulus waved them off, looking at some angrily, at others suspiciously. Boarding the skiff, he lowered his treasure with care and caution, staggering a little at the weight, and shaking it gently on deck, with his ear against it: and then, finding all safe and compact, he sate on it; but as tenderly as a pullet on her first eggs. When he was landed, his care was even greater, and whoever came near him was warned off with loud vociferations. Anxiously as the other passengers were invited by the innkeepers to give their houses the preference, Aulus was importuned most: the others were only beset; he was borne off in triumphant captivity. He ordered a bedroom, and carried his valise with him; he ordered a bath, and carried with him his valise. He started up from the company at dinner, struck his forehead, and cried out, "Where is my valise?" "We are honest men here:" replied the host. "You have left it, sir, in your chamber: where else indeed should you leave it?"

"Honesty is seated on your brow," exclaimed Aulus: "but there are few to be trusted in the world we live in. I now believe I can eat." And he gave a sure token of the belief that was in him, not without a start now and then and a finger at his ear, as if he heard somebody walking in the direction of his bed-chamber. Now began his first miracle: for now he contrived to pick up, from time to time, a little money. In the presence of his host and fellow-lodgers, he threw a few obols, negligently and indifferently, among the beggars. "These poor creatures," said he, "know a new comer as well as the gnats do: in one half-hour I am half-ruined by them; and this daily."

Nearly a month had elapsed since his arrival, and no account of board and lodging had been delivered or called for. Suspicion at length arose in the host whether he really was rich. When another man's honesty is doubted, the doubter's is sometimes in jeopardy. The host was tempted to unsew the valise. To his amazement and horror he found only shreds within it. However, he was

determined to be cautious, and to consult his wife, who, although a Christian like Aulus, and much edified by his discourses, might dissent from him in regard to a community of goods, at least in her own household, and might defy him to prove by any authority that the doctrine was meant for innkeepers. Aulus, on his return in the evening, found out that his valise had been opened. He hurried back, threw its contents into the canal, and, borrowing an old cloak, he tucked it up under his dress, and returned. Nobody had seen him enter or come back again, nor was it immediately that his host or hostess were willing to appear. But, after he had called them loudly for some time, they entered his apartment: and he thus addressed the woman.

"O Eucharis! no words are requisite to convince you (firm as you are in the faith) of eternal verities, however mysterious. But your unhappy husband has betrayed his incredulity in regard to the most awful. If my prayers, offered up in our holy temples all day long, have been heard, and that they have been heard I feel within me the blessed certainty, something miraculous has been vouchsafed for the conversion of this miserable sinner. Until the present hour, the valise before you was filled with precious relics from the apparel of saints and martyrs, fresh as when on them." "True, by Jove!" said the husband to himself. "Within the present hour," continued Aulus, "they are united into one raiment, signifying our own union, our own restoration."

He drew forth the cloak, and fell on his face. Eucharis fell also, and kissed the saintly head prostrate before her. The host's eyes were opened, and he bewailed his hardness of heart. Aulus is now occupied in strengthening his faith, not without an occasional support to the wife's: all three live together in unity.

Timotheus. And do you make a joke even of this? Will you never cease from the habitude?

Lucian. Too soon. The farther we descend into the vale of years, the fewer illusions accompany us: we have little inclination, little time, for jocularity and laughter. Light things are easily detached from us, and we shake off heavier as we can. Instead of levity, we are liable to moroseness: for always near the grave there are more briars than flowers, unless we plant them ourselves, or our friends supply them.

Timotheus. Thinking thus, do you continue to dissemble or to distort the truth? The shreds are become a cable for the faithful. That they were miraculously turned into one entire garment who shall gainsay? How many hath it already clothed with righteousness! Happy men, casting their doubts away before it! Who knows, O cousin Lucian, but on some future day you yourself will invoke the merciful interposition of Aulus!

Lucian. Possibly: for if ever I fall among thieves, nobody is likelier to be at the head of them.

Timotheus. Uncharitable man! how suspicious! how ungenerous! how hardened in unbelief! Reason is a bladder on which you may paddle like a child as you swim in summer waters: but, when the winds rise and the waves roughen, it slips from under you, and you sink: yes, O Lucian, you sink into a gulf whence you never can emerge.

Lucian. I deem those the wisest who exert the soonest their own manly strength, now with the stream and now against it, enjoying the exercise in fine weather, venturing out in foul, if need be, yet avoiding not only rocks and whirlpools, but also shallows. In such a light, my cousin, I look on your dispensations. I shut them out as we shut out winds blowing from the desert; hot, debilitating, oppressive, laden with impalpable sands and pungent salts, and inflicting an incurable blindness.

Timotheus. Well, cousin Lucian! I can bear all you say while you are not witty. Let me bid you farewell in this happy interval.

Lucian. Is it not serious and sad, O my cousin, that what the Deity hath willed to lie incomprehensible in his mysteries, we should fall upon with tooth and nail, and ferociously growl over, or ignorantly dissect?

Timotheus. Ho! now you come to be serious and sad, there are hopes of you. Truth always begins or ends so.

Lucian. Undoubtedly. But I think it more reverential to abstain from that which, with whatever effort, I should never understand.

Timotheus. You are lukewarm, my cousin, you are lukewarm. A most dangerous state.

Lucian. For milk to continue in, not for men. I would not fain be frozen or scalded.

Timotheus. Alas! you are blind, my sweet cousin!

Lucian. Well; do not open my eyes with pincers, nor compose for them a collyrium of spurge.

May not men eat and drink and talk together, and perform in relation one to another all the duties of social life, whose opinions are different on things immediately under their eyes? If they can and do, surely they may as easily on things equally above the comprehension of each party. The wisest and most virtuous man in the whole extent of the Roman empire is Plutarch of Cheronæa: yet Plutarch holds a firm belief in the existence of I know not how many gods, every one of whom has committed notorious misdemeanors. The nearest to the Cheronæan in virtue and wisdom is Trajan, who holds all the gods dog-cheap. These two men are friends. If either of them were influenced by your religion, as inculcated and practised by the priesthood, he would be the enemy of the other, and wisdom and virtue would plead for the delinquent in vain. When your religion had existed, as you tell us, about a century, Caius Cæcilius,* of Novum Comum, was Proconsul in Bithynia. Trajan,

* The younger Pliny.

the mildest and most equitable of mankind, desirous to remove from them, as far as might be, the hatred and invectives of those whose old religion was assailed by them, applied to Cæcilius for information on their behaviour as good citizens. The reply of Cæcilius was favourable. Had Trajan applied to the most eminent and authoritative of the sect, they would certainly have brought into jeopardy all who differed in one tittle from any point of their doctrine or discipline. For the thorny and bitter aloe of dissension required less than a century to flower on the steps of your temple.

Timotheus. You are already half a Christian, in exposing to the world the vanities both of philosophy and of power.

Lucian. I have done no such thing: I have exposed the vanities of the philosophising and the powerful. Philosophy is admirable; and Power may be glorious: the one conduces to truth, the other has nearly all the means of conferring peace and happiness, but it usually, and indeed almost always, takes a contrary direction. I have ridiculed the futility of speculative minds, only when they would pave the clouds instead of the streets. To see distant things better than near, is a certain proof of a defective sight. The people I have held in derision never turn their eyes to what they can see, but direct them continually where nothing is to be seen. And this, by their disciples, is called the sublimity of speculation! There is little merit acquired, or force exhibited, in blowing off a feather that would settle on my nose: and this is all I have done in regard to the philosophers: but I claim for myself the approbation of humanity, in having shown the true dimensions of the great. The highest of them are no higher than my tunic; but they are high enough to trample on the necks of those wretches who throw themselves on the ground before them.

Timotheus. Was Alexander of Macedon no higher?

Lucian. What region of the earth, what city, what theatre, what library, what private study, hath he enlightened? If you are silent, I may well be. It is neither my philosophy nor your religion which casts the blood and bones of men in their faces, and insists on the most reverence for those who have made the most unhappy. If the Romans scourged by the hands of children the schoolmaster who would have betrayed them, how greatly more deserving of flagellation, from the same quarter, are those hundreds of pedagogues who deliver up the intellects of youth to such immoral revellers and mad murderers! They would punish a thirsty child for purloining a bunch of grapes from a vineyard, and the same men on the same day would insist on his reverence for the subverter of Tyre, the plunderer of Babylon, and the incendiary of Persepolis. And are these men teachers? are these men philosophers? are these men priests? Of all the curses that ever afflicted the earth, I think Alexander was the worst. Never was he in so little mischief as when he was murdering his friends.

Timotheus. Yet he built this very city; a noble and opulent one when Rome was of hurdles and rushes.

Lucian. He built it! I wish, O Timotheus! he had been as well employed as the stone-cutters or the plasterers. No, no: the wisest of architects planned the most beautiful and commodious of cities, by which, under a rational government and equitable laws, Africa might have been civilised to the centre, and the palm have extended her conquests through the remotest desert. Instead of which, a dozen of Macedonian thieves rifled a dying drunkard and murdered his children. In process of time, another drunkard reeled hitherward from Rome, made an easy mistake in mistaking a palace for a brothel, permitted a stripling boy to beat him soundly, and a serpent to receive the last caresses of his paramour.

Shame upon historians and pedagogues for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of such false glories! If your religion hath any truth or influence, her professors will extinguish the promontory lights, which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that great abilities do not constitute great men, without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of Humanity and Wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage than to demolish a hundred cities. Down to the present day we have been taught little else than falsehood. We have been told to do this thing and that: we have been told we shall be punished unless we do: but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory, and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and very different foundations. Now, do the ears or the eyes seduce the most easily and lead the most directly to the heart? But both eyes and ears are won over, and alike are persuaded to corrupt us.

Timotheus. Cousin Lucian, I was leaving you with the strangest of all notions in my head. I began to think for a moment that you doubted my sincerity in the religion I profess; and that a man of your admirable good sense, and at your advanced age, could reject that only sustenance which supports us through the grave into eternal life.

Lucian. I am the most docile and practicable of men, and never reject what people set before me: for if it is bread, it is good for my own use; if bone or bran, it will do for my dog or mule. But, although you know my weakness and facility, it is unfair to expect I should have admitted at once what the followers, and personal friends of your Master, for a long time hesitated to receive. I remember to have read in one of the early commentators, that his disciples themselves* could not swallow the miracle of the loaves; and one who wrote more recently says, that even his brethren did not believe† in him.

* *Mark* vi. † *John* vii.

Timotheus. Yet finally, when they have looked over each other's accounts, they cast them up, and make them all tally in the main sum; and if one omits an article, the next supplies its place with a commodity of the same value. What would you have? But it is of little use to argue on religion with a man who, professing his readiness to believe, and even his credulity, yet disbelieves in miracles.

Lucian. I should be obstinate and perverse if I disbelieved in the existence of a thing for no better reason than because I never saw it, and can not understand its operations. Do you believe, O Timotheus, that Perictione, the mother of Plato, became his mother by the sole agency of Apollo's divine spirit, under the phantasm of that god?

Timotheus. I indeed believe such absurdities!

Lucian. You touch me on a vital part if you call an absurdity the religion or philosophy in which I was educated. Anaxalides, and Clearagus, and Speusippus, his own nephew, assert it. Who should know better than they?

Timotheus. Where are their proofs?

Lucian. I would not be so indelicate as to require them on such an occasion. A short time ago I conversed with an old centurion, who was in service by the side of Vespasian, when Titus, and many officers and soldiers of the army, and many captives, were present, and who saw one Eleazar put a ring to the nostril of a demoniac (as the patient was called) and draw the demon out of it.

Timotheus. And do you pretend to believe this nonsense?

Lucian. I only believe that Vespasian and Titus had nothing to gain or accomplish by the miracle; and that Eleazar, if he had been detected in a trick by two acute men and several thousand enemies, had nothing to look forward to but a cross; the only piece of upholstery for which Judea seems to have either wood or workmen, and which are as common in that country as direction-posts are in any other.

Timotheus. The Jews are a stiff-necked people.

Lucian. On such occasions, no doubt.

Timotheus. Would you, O Lucian, be classed among the atheists, like Epicurus?

Lucian. It lies not at my discretion what name shall be given me at present or hereafter, any more than it did at my birth. But I wonder at the ignorance and precipitancy of those who call Epicurus an atheist. He saw on the same earth with himself a great variety of inferior creatures, some possessing more sensibility and more thoughtfulness than others. Analogy would lead so contemplative a reasoner to the conclusion, that if many were inferior and in sight, others might be superior and out of sight. He never disbelieved in the existence of the gods; he only disbelieved that they troubled their heads with our concerns. Have they none of their own? If they are happy, does their happiness depend on us, comparatively so imbecile and vile? He believed, as nearly all nations do, in different ranks and orders of superhuman beings: and perhaps he thought (but I never was in his confidence or counsels) that the higher were rather in communication with the next to them in intellectual faculties, than with the most remote. To me the suggestion appears by no means irrational, that, if we are managed or cared for at all, by beings wiser than ourselves (which in truth would be no sign of any great wisdom in them), it can only be by such as are very far from perfection, and who indulge us in the commission of innumerable faults and follies, for their own speculation or amusement.

Timotheus. There is only one such; and he is the Devil.

Lucian. If he delights in our wickedness, which you believe, he must be incomparably the happiest of beings, which you do not believe. No god of Epicurus rests his elbow on his armchair with less energetic exertion or discomposure.

Timotheus. We lead holier and purer lives than such ignorant mortals as are not living under Grace.

Lucian. I also live under Grace, O Timotheus! and I venerate her for the pleasures I have received at her hands. I do not believe she has quite deserted me. If my grey hairs are unattractive to her, and if the trace of her fingers is lost in the wrinkles of my forehead, still I sometimes am told it is discernible even on the latest and coldest of my writings.

Timotheus. You are wilful in misapprehension. The Grace of which I speak is adverse to pleasure and impurity.

Lucian. Rightly do you separate impurity and pleasure, which indeed soon fly asunder when the improvident would unite them. But never believe that tenderness of heart signifies corruption of morals, if you happen to find it (which indeed is unlikely) in the direction you have taken: on the contrary, no two qualities are oftener found together, on mind as on matter, than hardness and lubricity.

Believe me, cousin Timotheus, when we come to eighty years of age we are all Essenes. In our kingdom of heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage; and austerity in ourselves, when Nature holds over us the sharp instrument with which Jupiter operated on Saturn, makes us austere to others. But how happens it that you, both old and young, break every bond which connected you anciently with the Essenes? Not only do you marry (a highth of wisdom to which I never have attained, although in others I commend it), but you never share your substance with the poorest of your community, as they did, nor live simply and frugally, nor purchase nor employ slaves, nor refuse rank and offices in the state, nor abstain from litigation, nor abominate and execrate the wounds and cruelties of war. The Essenes did all this, and greatly more, if Josephus and Philo, whose

political and religious tenets are opposite to theirs, are credible and trust-worthy.

Timotheus. Doubtless you would also wish us to retire into the desert, and eschew the conversation of mankind.

Lucian. No indeed; but I would wish the greater part of your people to eschew mine, for they bring all the worst of the desert with them wherever they enter; its smothering heats, its blinding sands, its sweeping suffocation. Return to the pure spirit of the Essenes, without their asceticism; cease from controversy, and drop party designations. If you will not do this, do less, and be merely what you profess to be, which is quite enough for an honest, a virtuous, and a religious man.

Timotheus. Cousin Lucian, I did not come hither to receive a lecture from you.

Lucian. I have often given a dinner to a friend who did not come to dine with me.

Timotheus. Then, I trust, you gave him something better for dinner than bay-salt and dandelions. If you will not assist us in nettling our enemies a little for their absurdities and impositions, let me entreat you, however, to let us alone, and to make no remarks on us. I myself run into no extravagances, like the Essenes, washing and fasting, and running into solitude. I am not called to them: when I am, I go.

Lucian. I am apprehensive the Lord may afflict you with deafness in that ear.

Timotheus. Nevertheless, I am indifferent to the world, and all things in it. This, I trust, you will acknowledge to be true religion and true philosophy.

Lucian. That is not philosophy which betrays an indifference to those for whose benefit philosophy was designed; and those are the whole human race. But I hold it to be the most unphilosophical thing in the world, to call away men from useful occupations and mutual help, to profitless speculations and acrid controversies. Censurable enough, and contemptible too, is that supercilious philosopher, sneeringly sedate, who narrates in full and flowing periods the persecutions and tortures of a fellow-man, led astray by his credulity, and ready to die in the assertion of what in his soul he believes to be the truth. But hardly less censurable, hardly less contemptible, is the tranquilly arrogant sectarian, who denies that wisdom or honesty can exist beyond the limits of his own ill-lighted chamber.

Timotheus. What! is he sanguinary?

Lucian. Whenever he can be, he is: and he always has it in his power to be even worse than that: for he refuses his custom to the industrious and honest shopkeeper who has been taught to think differently from himself, in matters which he has had no leisure to study, and by which, if he had enjoyed that leisure, he would have been a less industrious and a less expert artificer.

Timotheus. We can not countenance those hard-hearted men who refuse to hear the word of the Lord.

Lucian. The hard-hearted knowing this of the tender-hearted, and receiving the declaration from their own lips, will refuse to hear the word of the Lord all their lives.

Timotheus. Well, well; it can not be helped. I see, cousin, my hopes of obtaining a little of your assistance in your own pleasant way are disappointed: but it is something to have conceived a better hope of saving your soul, from your readiness to acknowledge your belief in miracles.

Lucian. Miracles have existed in all ages and in all religions. Witnesses to some of them have been numerous; to others of them fewer. Occasionally the witnesses have been disinterested in the result.

Timotheus. Now indeed you speak truly and wisely.

Lucian. But sometimes the most honest and the most quiescent have either been unable or unwilling to push themselves so forward as to see clearly and distinctly the whole of the operation; and have listened to some knave who felt a pleasure in deluding their credulity, or some other who himself was either an enthusiast or a dupe. It also may have happened in the ancient religions, of Egypt for instance, or of India, or even of Greece, that narratives have been attributed to authors who never heard of them; and have been circulated by honest men who firmly believed them; by half-honest, who indulged their vanity in becoming members of a novel and bustling society; and by utterly dishonest, who, having no other means of rising above the shoulders of the vulgar, threw dust into their eyes and made them stoop.

Timotheus. Ha! the rogues! It is nearly all over with them.

Lucian. Let us hope so. Parthenius and the Roman poet Ovidius Naso, have related the transformations of sundry men, women, and gods.

Timotheus. Idleness! Idleness! I never read such lying authors.

Lucian. I myself have seen enough to incline me toward a belief in them.

Timotheus. You? Why! you have always been thought an utter infidel; and now you are running, hot and heedless as any mad dog, to the opposite extreme!

Lucian. I have lived to see, not indeed one man, but certainly one animal turned into another: nay, great numbers. I have seen sheep with the most placid faces in the morning, one nibbling the tender herb with all its dew upon it; another, negligent of its own sustenance, and giving it copiously to the tottering lamb aside it.

Timotheus. How pretty! half poetical!

Lucian. In the heat of the day I saw the very same sheep tearing off each other's fleeces with long teeth and longer claws, and imitating so admirably the howl of wolves, that at last the wolves came down on them in a body, and lent their best assistance at the general devouring. What

is more remarkable, the people of the villages seemed to enjoy the sport; and, instead of attacking the wolves, waited until they had filled their stomachs, ate the little that was left, said piously and from the bottom of their hearts what you call *grace*, and went home singing and piping.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS AND AGNES SOREL.

Agnes. If a boy could ever be found so beautiful and so bashful, I should have taken you for a boy about fifteen years old. Really, and without flattery, I think you very lovely.

Jeanne. I hope I shall be greatly more so.

Agnes. Nay, nay: do not expect to improve, except a little in manner. Manner is the fruit, blushes are the blossom: these must fall off before the fruit sets.

Jeanne. By God's help, I may be soon more comely in the eyes of men.

Agnes. Ha! ha! even in piety there is a spice of vanity. The woman can only cease to be the woman when angels have disrobed her in Paradise.

Jeanne. I shall be far from loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of God in the deliverance of his people.

Agnes. Never hope it.

Jeanne. The deliverance that is never hoped seldom comes. We conquer by hope and trust.

Agnes. Be content to have humbled the proud islanders. O how I rejoice that a mere child has done so.

Jeanne. A child of my age, or younger, chastised the Philistines, and smote down the giant their leader.

Agnes. But Talbot is a giant of another mould: his will is immovable, his power is irresistible, his word of command is *Conquer*.

Jeanne. It shall be heard no longer. The tempest of battle drowns it in English blood.

Agnes. Poor simpleton! The English will recover from the stupor of their fright, believing thee no longer to be a sorceress. Did ever sword or spear intimidate them? Hast thou never heard of Creci? hast thou never heard of Agincourt? hast thou never heard of Poictiers? where the chivalry of France was utterly vanquished by sick and starving men, one against five. The French are the eagle's plume, the English are his talon.

Jeanne. The talon and the plume shall change places.

Agnes. Too confident!

Jeanne. O lady! is anyone too confident in God?

Agnes. We may mistake his guidance. Already not only the whole host of the English, but many of our wisest and most authoritative churchmen, believe you on their consciences to act under the instigation of Satan.

Jeanne. What country or what creature has the Evil-one ever saved? With what has he tempted me? with reproaches, with scorn, with weary days, with slumberless nights, with doubts, distrusts, and dangers, with absence from all who cherish me, with immodest soldierly language, and perhaps an untimely and a cruel death.

Agnes. But you are not afraid.

Jeanne. Healthy and strong, yet always too timorous, a few seasons ago I fled away from the lowings of a young steer, if he ran opposite; I awaited not the butting of a full-grown kid; the barking of a house-dog at our neighbour's gate turned me pale as ashes. And (shame upon me!) I scarcely dared kiss the child, when he called on me with burning tongue in the pestilence of a fever.

Agnes. No wonder! A creature in a fever! what a frightful thing!

Jeanne. It would be were it not so piteous.

Agnes. And did you kiss it? Did you really kiss the lips?

Jeanne. I fancied mine would refresh them a little.

Agnes. And did they? I should have thought mine could do but trifling good in such cases.

Jeanne. Alas! when I believed I had quite cooled them, it was death had done it.

Agnes. Ah! this is courage.

Jeanne. The courage of the weaker sex, inherent in us all, but as deficient in me as in any, until an infant taught me my duty by its cries. Yet never have I quailed in the front of the fight, where I directed our ranks against the bravest. God pardon me if I err! but I believe his Spirit flamed within my breast, strengthened my arm, and led me on to victory.

Agnes. Say not so, or they will burn thee alive, poor child!

Why fallest thou before me? I have some power indeed, but in this extremity I could little help thee. The priest never releases the victim.

What! how! thy countenance is radiant with a heavenly joy: thy humility is like an angel's at the feet of God: I am unworthy to behold it.

Rise, Jeanne, rise!

Jeanne. Martyrdom too! The reward were too great for such an easy and glad obedience. France will become just and righteous: France will praise the Lord for her deliverance.

Agnes. Sweet enthusiast! I am confident, I am certain, of thy innocence.

Jeanne. O Lady Agnes!

Agnes. Why fixest thou thy eyes on me so piteously? Why sobbest thou? thou, to whom the representation of an imminent death to be apprehended for thee, left untroubled, joyous, exulting. Speak; tell me.

Jeanne. I must. This also is commanded me. You believe me innocent?

Agnes. In truth I do: why then look abashed? Alas! alas! could I mistake the reason? I spoke of innocence!

Leave me, leave me. Return another time. Follow thy vocation.

Jeanne. Agnes Sorel! be thou more than innocent, if innocence is denied thee. In the name of the Almighty, I call on thee to earn his mercy.

Agnes. I implore it incessantly, by day, by night.

Jeanne. Serve him as thou mayest best serve him; and thy tears, I promise thee, shall soon be less bitter than those which are dropping on this jewelled hand, and on the rude one which has dared to press it.

Agnes. What can I, what can I do?

Jeanne. Lead the king back to his kingdom.

Agnes. The king is in France.

Jeanne. No, no, no.

Agnes. Upon my word of honour.

Jeanne. And at such a time, O Heaven! in idleness and sloth!

Agnes. Indeed no. He is busy (this is the hour) in feeding and instructing two young hawks. Could you but see the little miscreants, how they dare to bite and claw and tug at him. He never hurts or scolds them for it; he is so good-natured: he even lets them draw blood; he is so very brave!

Running away from France! Who could have raised such a report? Indeed he is here. He never thought of leaving the country: and his affairs are becoming more and more prosperous ever since the battle. Can you not take my asseveration? Must I say it? he is now in this very house.

Jeanne. Then not in France. In France all love their country. Others of our kings, old men tell us, have been captives; but less ignominously. Their enemies have respected their misfortunes and their honour.

Agnes. The English have always been merciful and generous.

Jeanne. And will you be less generous, less merciful?

Agnes. I?

Jeanne. You; the beloved of Charles.

Agnes. This is too confident. No, no: do not draw back: it is not too confident: it is only too reproachful. But your actions have given you authority. I have, nevertheless, a right to demand of you what creature on earth I have ever treated ignominiously or unkindly.

Jeanne. Your beloved; your king.

Agnes. Never. I owe to him all I have, all I am.

Jeanne. Too true! But let him in return owe to you, O Lady Agnes, eternal happiness, eternal glory. Condescend to labor with the humble handmaiden of the Lord, in fixing his throne and delivering his people.

Agnes. I can not fight: I abominate war.

Jeanne. Not more than I do; but men love it.

Agnes. Too much.

Jeanne. Often too much, for often unjustly. But when God's right-hand is visible in the vanguard, we who are called must follow.

Agnes. I dare not; indeed I dare not.

Jeanne. You dare not? you who dare withhold the king from his duty!

Agnes. We must never talk of their duties to our princes.

Jeanne. Then we omit to do much of our own. It is now mine: but above all it is yours.

Agnes. There are learned and religious men who might more properly.

Jeanne. Are these learned and religious men in the court? Pray tell me: since, if they are, seeing how poorly they have sped, I may peradventure, however unwillingly, however blameably, abate a little of my reverence for learning, and look for pure religion in lower places.

Agnes. They are modest; and they usually ask of me in what manner they may best please their master.

Jeanne. They believe then that your affection is proportional to the power you possess over him. I have heard complaints that it is usually quite the contrary. But can such great men be loved? And do you love him? Why do you sigh so?

Agnes. Life is but sighs, and when they cease, 'tis over.

Jeanne. Now deign to answer me: do you truly love him?

Agnes. From my soul; and above it.

Jeanne. Then save him.

Lady! I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy unto you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.

I see you are framing in your heart the resolution.

Agnes. My heart can admit nothing but his image.

Jeanne. It must fall thence at last.

Agnes. Alas! alas! Time loosens man's affections. I may become unworthy. In the sweetest flower there is much that is not fragrance, and which transpires when the freshness has passed away.

Alas! if he should ever cease to love me!

Jeanne. Alas! if God should!

Agnes. Then indeed he might afflict me with so grievous a calamity.

Jeanne. And none worse after?

Agnes. What can there be?

O Heaven! mercy! mercy!

Jeanne. Resolve to earn it: one hour suffices.

Agnes. I am lost. Leave me, leave me.

Jeanne. Do we leave the lost? Are they beyond our care? Remember who died for them, and them only.

Agnes. You subdue me. Spare me: I would only collect my thoughts.

Jeanne. Cast them away. Fresh herbage springs from under the withered. Be strong, and, if you love, be generous. Is it more glorious to make a captive than to redeem one?

Agnes. Is he in danger! O! . . you see all things . . is he? is he? is he?

Jeanne. From none but you.

Agnes. God, it is evident, has given to thee alone the power of rescuing both him and France. He has bestowed on thee the mightiness of virtue.

Jeanne. Believe, and prove thy belief, that he has left no little of it still in thee.

Agnes. When we have lost our chastity, we have lost all, in his sight and in man's. But man is unforgiving, God is merciful.

Jeanne. I am so ignorant, I know only a part of my duties: yet those which my Maker has taught me I am earnest to perform. He teaches me that divine love has less influence over the heart than human: he teaches me that it ought to have more: finally, he commands me to announce to thee, not his anger, but his will.

Agnes. Declare it; O declare it. I do believe his holy word is deposited in thy bosom.

Jeanne. Encourage the king to lead his vassals to the field.

Agnes. When the season is milder.

Jeanne. And bid him leave you for ever.

Agnes. Leave me! one whole campaign! one entire summer! Oh anguish! It sounded in my ears as if you said "for ever."

Jeanne. I say it again.

Agnes. Thy power is superhuman, mine is not.

Jeanne. It ought to be, in setting God at defiance. The mightiest of the angels rued it.

Agnes. We did not make our hearts.

Jeanne. But we can mend them.

Agnes. Oh! mine (God knows it) bleeds.

Jeanne. Say rather it expels from it the last stagnant drop of its rebellious sin. Salutary pangs may be painfuller than mortal ones.

Agnes. Bid him leave me! wish it! permit it! think it near! believe it ever can be! Go, go . . I am lost eternally.

Jeanne. And Charles too.

Agnes. Hush! hush! What has he done that other men have not done also?

Jeanne. He has left undone what others do. Other men fight for their country.

I always thought it was pleasant to the young and beautiful to see those they love victorious and applauded. Twice in my lifetime I have been present at wakes, where prizes were contended for: what prizes I quite forget: certainly not kingdoms. The winner was made happy: but there was one made happier. Village maids love truly: ay, they love glory too; and not their own. The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one: the gentle voice says, "Why wert thou so hazardous?" the deeper-toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

Agnes. But if the saints of heaven are offended, as I fear they may be, it would be presumptuous in the king to expose his person in battle, until we have supplicated and appeased them.

Jeanne. One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer.

Agnes. Prayer, if many others will pray with us, can do all things. I will venture to raise up that arm which has only one place for its repose: I will steal away from that undivided pillow, fragrant with fresh and unextinguishable love.

Jeanne. Sad earthly thoughts!

Agnes. You make them sad, you can not make them earthly. There is a divinity in a love descending from on high, in theirs who can see into the heart and mould it to their will.

Jeanne. Has man that power?

Agnes. Happy, happy girl! to ask it, and unfeignedly.

Jeanne. Be happy too.

Agnes. How? how?

Jeanne. By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

Agnes. I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh! I will so pray, so weep.

Jeanne. Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

Agnes. Again I ask you, what *can* I do?

Jeanne. When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.

Agnes. I will think about it seriously.

Jeanne. Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought. Adieu! God pity and pardon you. Through you the wrath of Heaven will fall upon the kingdom.

Agnes. Denouncer of just vengeance, recall the sentence! I tremble before that countenance severely radiant: I sink amid that calm, more appalling than the tempest. Look not into my heart with those gentle eyes! O how they penetrate! They ought to see no sin: sadly must it pain them.

Jeanne. Think not of me: pursue thy destination: save France.

Agnes (*after a long pause*). Glorious privilege! divine appointment! Is it thus, O my Redeemer! my crimes are visited?

Come with me, blessed Jeanne! come instantly with me to the king: come to him whom thy virtue and valour have rescued.

Jeanne. Not now; nor ever with thee. Again I shall behold him; a conqueror at Orleans, a king at Rheims. Regenerate Agnes! be this thy glory, if there be any that is not God's.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

Duke. Good morning, Sir Robert Inglis, I am glad to see you.

Inglis. Your Grace is extremely obliging in fixing so early an hour for the audience I requested.

Duke. We cannot meet too early for business, long or short.

Inglis. The present is most important to the Administration of which your Grace is the main support.

Duke. If you think so, we will dispatch it at once. I presume you mean the matter of Lord Ellenborough.

Inglis. Exactly, my lord duke.

Duke. Your objections, I think, rest on something which wounded your feelings on the side of religion?

Inglis. Not mine only, may it please your Grace.

Duke. It neither pleases nor displeases me, Sir Robert Inglis. I am an impartial man; and this is a matter that lies among the bishops.

Inglis. I fear they will not stir in the business.

Duke. The wiser men they.

Inglis. But surely it is most offensive to pay twenty thousand men, and two millions of money, for a pair of sandal-wood gates, which are not of sandal-wood, in order to fix them again to a temple which does not exist; a temple which, while it did exist, was dedicated to the most immoral and impure of worship; which afterward was converted to a mosque, and is now the receptacle of all the filth in the city that is ever removed at all.

Duke. You say the gates are not of sandal-wood; yet Lord Ellenborough is accused by the Radicals of setting up sandal-wood gates. This is frivolous.

Inglis. He made a proclamation in the style of Buonaparte.

Duke. Not he, indeed; he is no more like Buonaparte than you are; another frivolous objection. I do assure you, Sir Robert Inglis, he always thought Buonaparte a miserably poor creature in comparison with himself; for, even in his best days, or (to use the word well for once) his *palmy* days, Buonaparte had notoriously little hair, and wore it quite flat. Then, after he made a peace, which to many, who pull back the past to overlay the present, seems as glorious as that which Lord Ellenborough has just concluded; what did Buonaparte? Mind! I am speaking now his lordship's sentiments; for I never speak in disparagement of any person I have been in the habit of meeting in society; but what, in his lordship's opinion, did he, which could excite his envy or imitation? Instead of turning his sword into a pruning-hook, which would have been ostentation and folly in one who never left behind him anything to prune, and scarcely a pruner, he neglected the only use to which Lord Ellenborough might reasonably have expected him to apply it; he overlooked the obvious utility of its conversion into curling-irons. The cannon his lordship has taken from the enemy, no doubt, will be so employed; at least, they may contribute to it, as far as they go. I do not expect it will be thought advisable, in the present state of her Majesty, to discharge them in the Park. Really, I see no reason why, after their remounting, they should not enter on another career of conquest. And where better than against the artillery on the crested highths of Almack's? Do not look so grave, my good Sir Robert Inglis. We are both of us on half-pay in the same department, and our laurels grow rigidly cold upon us.

Inglis. I protest, my lord duke, I do not comprehend your Grace.

Duke. Then we will converse no longer on a subject of such intricacy, in which only one of us has had any practice.

Inglis. He was desirous of ingratiating himself with the Hindoos.

Duke. So he should be. A third frivolous objection.

Inglis. But at the danger of alienating the Mahometans.

Duke. They hate us as you hate the devil; therefore they are not to be alienated. A fourth frivolous objection.

Inglis. My lord duke, I pretend to no knowledge of the parties in India, or their inclinations.

Duke. Then why talk about them?

Inglis. My zeal for the religion of my country.

Duke. What have they to do with the religion of our country, or we with theirs.

Inglis. We, as Englishmen and Christians, have very much to do with theirs?

Duke. Are they then Christians and Englishmen? We may worry those who are near us for believing this and disbelieving that; but, until there are none to worry at home, let the people of India fight and work for us, and live contentedly. You live contentedly. But you are too grave and of too high standing to be bottle-holder to conflicting religions. I am sure, Sir Robert Inglis, I would wish fair play and no favour.

Inglis. I trust, my lord duke, I never wish anything unfair.

Duke. And if I have any reputation in the world, it is for loving all that is most fair.

Inglis. Such is your Grace's character.

Duke. Well then, let Somnauth and Juggernauth share and share alike.

Inglis. In the bottomless pit!

Duke. Wherever is most convenient to the parties. Juggernauth, I must confess to you, has been taken most into consideration by us, being

an old ally, in a manner; and our Government has always paid six thousand a-year toward his maintenance.

Inglis. I deplore it.

Duke. Every man is at liberty to deplore what he likes; but really I do not see why you should hit upon this in particular. Not a bishop or archbishop rose from his seat in Parliament to denounce or censure or discommend it: therefore I am bound in conscience as a member of the Church of England, in duty as a peer, and in honour as a gentleman, to believe it all right.

Inglis. Surely not, my lord duke. I yield to no man in veneration for the Church as by law established, or for those descendants of the Apostles, nevertheless.

Duke. Better that I should be wrong in my theology than they: but I can not well be wrong when I agree with lords so learned, particularly now you remind me of their unbroken descent from the Apostles. They are the fairest and most impartial men in the world: they let all religions thrive that do not come too near their own. They never cry "stand back," on slight occasions: and I firmly believe you could never engage more than a couple of them to lend a hand at the car of Juggernauth, even in cool weather. Some of them, whose skirts the reformers have been clipping, would be readier than the rest; but they must have a very high minster in view before they would let you buckle on the harness.

Inglis. I respect their motives. In like manner they abstained from voting on the question of the slave-trade. It behoves them to avoid all discussion and disquisition on the policy of ministers.

Duke. So it does you and me. I lean to neither of the contending gods in particular: they are both well enough in their way: if they are quiet with us, let them do as they like with their own people, who certainly would not have worshipped them so long if they had misbehaved. Do not encourage men, ignorant men particularly, to throw off any restraint you find upon them: it is no easy matter to put another in the place, well-looking as it may be, and clever as you may think yourself in cutting it out and fitting it to the wearer.

Inglis. These wretched men have souls, my lord duke, to be saved from the flames of hell.

Duke. I hope so: but I am no fire-man. I know what good, meanwhile, may be done with them in the hands of the priests, if you let the priests have their own way: but if you stop their feeds what work can you expect out of them?

Inglis. So long as they have their way, Christianity will never be established in Hindostan.

Duke. Bad news, indeed! Upon my life, I am sorry to hear it; especially, when other most religious men have taken the trouble to assure me that it would prevail against the devil and all his works. We must not be hasty, Sir Robert Inglis. There are some things at which we may make a dash; others require wary circumspection and slow approaches. I would curtail the foraging ground of an enemy, never of an ally. We must wink upon some little excesses of theirs, while we keep our own men strictly to duty. Beside, we are hard-driven, and cannot give up patronage.

Inglis. If your Grace's conscience is quite satisfied that the service of Government requires a certain relaxation in what we consider vital essentials, we must submit.

Duke. Our consciences may not be quite so easy as one could wish, nor are our places; but we must take into consideration the necessity of collecting the revenue in Hindostan; and the priests in all countries can make it difficult or easy. Lord Ellenborough is affable; and I trust he will hang a religion in each ear, so that neither shall hang higher than the other.

Inglis. We are taught and commanded to judge not hastily. Now, I would not judge hastily my Lord Ellenborough; but certainly it does bear hard on tender consciences, to believe he entertains that lively faith which . .

Duke. Pooh, pooh! If he has any faith at all, I will answer for him it is as lively as a turtle; which, you know, is proverbial: no advertisement calls the thing otherwise. You may call Ellenborough a silly fellow, but never a dull one, unless when wit and humour are required; and business wants none of their flashes to show its path.

Inglis. Belief in his Creator . .

Duke. He believes in all of these, better than they believe in him, from those who created him Secretary of State, to those who created him Governor-General.

Inglis. I meant to signify his religion.

Duke. He might ask you what that signifies?

Inglis. We require from all the servants of her Majesty, from all who are in authority under her, as our Church service most beautifully expresses it. .

Duke. Well, well! what would you have? I will speak from my own knowledge of him; I know he believes in a deity; I heard him use the very name, in swearing at his groom; and, on the same occasion, he cried aloud, "The devil take the fellow!" Can you doubt, after this, that his religion is secure on both flanks?

Inglis. God has, from the beginning, set his face against idolatry.

Duke. I don't wonder. I am persuaded you are correct in your statement, Sir Robert Inglis.

Inglis. He reproved it, in his wrath, as one among the most crying sins of the Jews.

Duke. They have a good many of that description: but they must have been fine soldiers formerly. Do you think, Sir Robert Inglis, they are likely, at last, to get into the Houses of Parliament?

Inglis. God forbid!

Duke. For my own part I have no voice on the occasion. Other rich folks, quite as crying, and craving, and importunate, lawyers more especially, crowd both yours and ours. But I think a

sprinkling of Jews might help you prodigiously just at present; for, by what I hear about them, there are nowhere such stiff sticklers against idolatry, at the present day, as those gentlemen! We both are connected, to a certain extent, with the University of Oxford. Now, people do tell me that many of those who voted for us, as well as many of those who did not, are inclined to a spice of it.

Inglis. They deny the charge.

Duke. Of course they do: so do the people of Hindostan, even those among them who possess no pluralities, no preferment. They all tell you there is something at the bottom of it which you do not see, because you are blind and stupid and unbelieving. They all, both here and there, tell you that, to learn things rightly, you must become a child once more. Now, against the child's doctrine I have nothing to say, but I have a serious objection, in my own person, to certain parts of the discipline.

Inglis. Your Grace is grave apparently, which could not surely be the case if such abomination were about to be tolerated in our principal seats of learning.

Duke. In truth I was not thinking about the seats of learning: nor indeed do I see any danger in pious men erecting the Cross to elevate their devotion. I fear more the faggot than the solid timber: and, when I know they came out of the same wood, I am suspicious they may be travelling the same road. But until an evil intention is manifest, I would let people have their own way, both in Oxfordshire and Hindostan. In regard to giving them money, I leave that matter entirely to the discretion of their votaries.

Inglis. I grieve for this lukewarmness in your Grace.

Duke. It is high time for me to be lukewarm, and hardly that.

Inglis. I did not enter upon politics, or question an officer, a high, a very high functionary of her Majesty, in regard to the expediency of favoring one religion of the Hindoos against the other, and that professed by the more warlike and powerful.

Duke. Did not you? Then what can you question?

Inglis. I question, and more than question, the correctness of his views in winking at impurity; for the worship of the Lingam is most impure.

Duke. We do wink at such things, Sir Robert; we do not openly countenance them. I am no worshipper of the Lingam. I speak as an unprejudiced man; and, depend upon it, if Lord Ellenborough had any tendency to that worship, the priests would make him undergo a rigorous examination, and probably would reject him after all. Nothing in his past life lays him open to such an imputation.

Inglis. God forbid I should imply such an obscenity.

Duke. Do not embarrass by this implication, or any other, the march of a Ministry which not only has pointed stakes at every ten yards, but a toll-bar at every twenty. I tell you from my own knowledge, that Ellenborough is only a coxcomb. Respect him, for he is the greatest in the world: and the head of every profession should be respected. What would you have? whom would you have? You are an aristocrat; you have your title; and, no doubt, your landed estate. Would you send to govern India, as was done formerly, such men as Clive and Hastings? They could conquer and govern empires: what then? Could they keep Ministers and the friends of Ministers in their places? No such thing. Therefore, my good worthy Sir Robert Inglis, do not let us talk any more nonsense together. Our time is valuable; we have not too much left.

Inglis. Whatever, by God's Providence, we may still look forward to, let us devote to his service, repressing to the utmost of our power all attempts to aid or comfort a false and most impure religion.

Duke. A bargain! we will; that is you and I. Let us enter into a compact, this very hour, never to worship the Lingam in word or deed. We will neither bow down to it nor worship it, nor do anything in word or deed which may point to such a conclusion. I promise furthermore, to use all my interest with her Majesty's Ministers, that they will immediately send a dispatch to Lord Ellenborough, ordering him not to set up the gates again in a temple which has ceased to exist for many centuries; but that, as the gates have been carried about a thousand miles, and as we have lost about as many men (to say nothing of field-pieces) in conveying them back, his Excellency do issue another proclamation, empowering six of the Generals and six of the Supreme Council, to leave India forthwith, bearing with them, to show the devotion both of Mahometans and Hindoos to her Majesty, a tooth-pick-case and twelve tooth-picks, made therefrom, for the use of her Majesty and her successors. Do you ride, Sir Robert Inglis?

Inglis. I have no horses in town.

Duke. My horse is waiting for me in the courtyard, and I think it proper to set my servants an example of punctuality. Perhaps I may have the pleasure of meeting you in the park.

Inglis. I have occupied too much of your Grace's time?

Duke. Very little.

Inglis. I would only beg of your Grace that you prevail on Ministers to hesitate before . .

Duke. I never tell any man to hesitate. Right or wrong, to hesitate is imbecility. How the deuce can a man fall while he is going on? If Peel stops suddenly, the Whigs will run in and cut his brush off.

Inglis. God forbid!

Duke. They don't mind what God forbids, not they. A man is never quagmired till he stops; and the rider who looks back has never a firm seat. We must cast our eyes not at all behind nor

too much before, but steadily just where we are. Politicians are neither lovers nor penitents. I see, Sir Robert Inglis, you are in haste. I will lay before Peel, and the rest of them, all your suggestions. In the meantime be a little patient; Juggernauth is not coming down St. James's-street.

BISHOP SHIPLEY AND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Shipley. There are very few men, even in the bushes and the wildernesses, who delight in the commission of cruelty; but nearly all, throughout the earth, are censurable for the admission. When we see a blow struck, we go on and think no more about it: yet every blow aimed at the most distant of our fellow creatures, is sure to come back, some time or other, to our families and descendants. He who lights a fire in one quarter is ignorant to what other the winds may carry it, and whether what is kindled in the wood may not break out again in the corn-field.

Franklin. If we could restrain but one generation from deeds of violence, the foundation for a new and a more graceful edifice of society, would not only have been laid, but would have been consolidated.

Shipley. We already are horrified at the bare mention of religious wars; we should then be horrified at the mention of political. Why should they who, when they are affronted or offended, abstain from inflicting blows, some from a sense of decorousness and others from a sense of religion, be forward to instigate the infliction of ten thousand, all irremediable, all murderous? Every chief magistrate should be arbitrator and umpire in all differences between any two, forbidding war. Much would be added to the dignity of the most powerful king by rendering him an efficient member of such a grand Amphictyonic council. Unhappily they are persuaded in childhood that a reign is made glorious by a successful war. What schoolmaster ever taught a boy to question it? or indeed any point of political morality, or any incredible thing in history? Cæsar and Alexander are uniformly clement: Themistocles died by a draught of bull's blood: Portia by swallowing red hot pieces of charcoal.

Franklin. Certainly no woman or man could perform either of these feats. In my opinion it lies beyond a doubt that Portia suffocated herself by the fumes of charcoal; and that the Athenian, whose stomach must have been formed on the model of other stomachs, and must therefore have rejected a much less quantity of blood than would have poisoned him, died by some chemical preparation, of which a bull's blood might, or might not, have been part. Schoolmasters who thus betray their trust, ought to be scourged by their scholars, like him of their profession who underwent the just indignation of the Roman Consul. You shut up those who are infected with the plague; why do you lay no coercion on those who are incurably possessed by the legion-devil of carnage? When a creature is of intellect so perverted that he can discern no difference between a review and a battle, between the animating bugle and the dying groan, it were expedient to remove him, as quietly as may be, from his devastation of God's earth and his usurpation of God's authority. Compassion points out the cell for him at the bottom of the hospital, and listens to hear the key turned in the ward: until then the house is insecure.

Shipley. God grant our rulers wisdom, and our brethren peace!

Franklin. Here are but indifferent specimens and tokens. Those fellows throw stones pretty well: if they practise much longer, they will hit us: let me entreat you, my Lord, to leave me here. So long as the good people were contented with hooting and shouting at us, no great harm was either done or apprehended: but now they are beginning to throw stones, perhaps they may prove themselves more dexterous in action than their rulers have done latterly in council.

Shipley. Take care, Doctor Franklin! *That* was very near being the philosopher's stone.

Franklin. Let me pick it up, then, and send it to London by the diligence. But I am afraid your ministers, and the nation at large, are as little in the way of wealth as of wisdom, in the experiment they are making.

Shipley. While I was attending to you, William had started. Look! he has reached them: they are listening to him. Believe me, he has all the courage of an Englishman and of a Christian; and, if the stoutest of them force him to throw off his new black coat, the blusterer would soon think it better to have listened to less polemical doctrine.

Franklin. Meantime a few of the town-boys are come nearer, and begin to grow troublesome. I am sorry to requite your hospitality with such hard fare.

Shipley. True, these young bakers make their bread very gritty, but we must partake of it together so long as you are with us.

Franklin. Be pleased, my lord, to give us grace; our repast is over; this is my boat.

Shipley. We will accompany you as far as to the ship. Thank God! we are now upon the water, and all safe. Give me your hand, my good Doctor Franklin! and although you have failed in the object of your mission, yet the intention will authorise me to say, in the holy words of our divine Redeemer, Blessed are the peacemakers!

Franklin. My dear lord! if God ever blessed a man at the intercession of another, I may reasonably and confidently hope in such a benediction. Never did one arise from a warmer, a tenderer, or a purer heart.

Shipley. Infatuation! that England should

sacrifice to her king so many thousands of her bravest men; and ruin so many thousands of her most industrious, in a vain attempt to destroy the very principles on which her strength and her glory are founded! The weakest prince that ever sat upon a throne, and the most needy and sordid parliament that ever pandered to distempered power, are thrusting our blindfold nation from the pinnacle of prosperity.

Franklin. I believe *your* king (from this moment it is permitted me to call him *ours* no longer) to be as honest and as wise a man as any of those about him: but unhappily he can see no difference between a review and a battle. Such are the optics of most kings and rulers. His parliament, in both houses, acts upon calculation. There is hardly a family, in either, that does not anticipate the clear profit of several thousands a-year, to itself and its connections. Appointments to regiments and frigates raise the price of papers; and forfeited estates fly confusedly about, and darken the air from the Thames to the Atlantic.

Shipley. It is lamentable to think that war, bringing with it every species of human misery, should become a commercial speculation. Bad enough when it arises from revenge; another word for honour.

Franklin. A strange one indeed! but not more strange than fifty others that come under the same title. Wherever there is nothing of religion, nothing of reason, nothing of truth, we come at once to honour; and here we draw the sword, dispense with what little of civilisation we ever pretended to, and murder or get murdered, as may happen. But these ceremonials both begin and end with an appeal to God, who, before we appealed to him, plainly told us we should do no such thing, and that he would punish us most severely if we did. And yet, my lord, even the gentlemen upon your bench turn a deaf ear to him on these occasions: nay, they go further; they pray to him for success in that which he has forbidden so strictly, and when they have broken his commandment, thank him. Upon seeing these mockeries and impieties age after age repeated, I have asked myself whether the depositaries and expounders of religion have really any whatever of their own; or rather, like the lawyers, whether they do not defend professionally a cause that otherwise does not interest them in the least. Surely, if these holy men really believed in a just retributive God, they would never dare to utter the word *war*, without horror and deprecation.

Shipley. Let us attribute to infirmity what we must else attribute to wickedness.

Franklin. Willingly would I: but children are whipt severely for inobservance of things less evident, for disobedience of commands less audible and less awful. I am loth to attribute cruelty to your order: men so entirely at their ease have seldom any. Certain I am that several of the bishops would not have patted Cain upon the back while he was about to kill Abel; and my wonder is that the very same holy men encourage their brothers in England to kill their brothers in America; not one, not two nor three, but thousands, many thousands.

Shipley. I am grieved at the blindness with which God has afflicted us for our sins. These unhappy men are little aware what combustibles they are storing under the church, and how soon they may explode. Even the wisest do not reflect on the most important and the most certain of things; which is, that every act of inhumanity and injustice goes far beyond what is apparent at the time of its commission; that these, and all other things, have their consequences; and that the consequences are infinite and eternal. If this one truth alone could be deeply impressed upon the hearts of men, it would regenerate the whole human race.

Franklin. In regard to politics, I am not quite certain whether a politician may not be too far-sighted: but I am quite certain that, if it be a fault, it is one into which few have fallen. The policy of the Romans in the time of the republic, seems to have been prospective. Some of the Dutch also, and of the Venetians, used the telescope. But in monarchies the prince, not the people, is consulted by the minister of the day; and what pleases the weakest supersedes what is approved by the wisest.

Shipley. We have had great statesmen: Burleigh, Cromwell, Marlborough, Somers: and whatever may have been in the eyes of a moralist the vices of Walpole, none ever understood more perfectly, or pursued more steadily, the direct and palpable interests of the country. Since his administration, our affairs have never been managed by men of business; and it was more than could have been expected that, in our war against the French in Canada, the appointment fell on an able commander.

Franklin. Such an anomaly is unlikely to recur. You have in the English parliament (I speak of both houses) only two great men; only two considerate and clear-sighted politicians; Chatham and Burke. Three or four can say clever things; several have sonorous voices; many vibrate sharp comminations from the embrasures of portentously slit sleeves; and there are those to be found who deliver their oracles out of wigs as worshipful as the curls of Jupiter, however they may be grumbled at by the flour-mills they have laid under such heavy contribution; yet nearly all of all parties want alike the sagacity to discover that in striking America you shake Europe; that kings will come out of the war either to be victims or to be despots; and that within a quarter of a century they will be hunted down like vermin by the most servile nations, or slain in their palaces by their own courtiers. In a peace of twenty years you might have paid off the greater part of your national debt, indeed as much of it as it would be expedient to discharge, and you would have left your old enemy France labouring and writhing under the intolerable and increasing weight of hers. This is the only way in which

you can ever quite subdue her; and in this you subdue her without a blow, without a menace, and without a wrong. As matters now stand, you are calling her from attending to the corruptions of her court, and inviting her from bankruptcy to glory.

Shipley. I see not how bankruptcy can be averted by the expenditure of war.

Franklin. It can not. But war and glory are the same thing to France, and she sings as shrilly and as gaily after a beating as before. With a subsidy to a less amount than she has lately been accustomed to squander in six weeks, and with no more troops than would garrison a single fortress, she will enable us to set you at defiance, and to do you a heavier injury in two campaigns than she has been able to do in two centuries, although your king was in her pay against you. She will instantly be our ally, and soon our scholar. Afterward she will sell her crown-jewels and her church-jewels, which cover the whole kingdom, and will derive unnatural strength from her vices and her profligacy. You ought to have conciliated us as your ally, and to have had no other, excepting Holland and Denmark. England could never have, unless by her own folly, more than one enemy. Only one is near enough to strike her; and that one is down. All her wars for six hundred years have not done this; and the first trumpet will untrance her. You leave your house open to incendiaries while you are running after a refractory child. Had you laid down the rod, the child would have come back. And because he runs away from the rod, you take up the poker. Seriously, what means do you possess of enforcing your unjust claims and insolent authority. Never since the Norman Conquest had you an army so utterly inefficient, or generals so notoriously unskilful: no, not even in the reign of that venal traitor, that French stipendiary, the second Charles. Those were yet living who had fought bravely for his father, and those also who had vanquished him: and Victory still hovered over the mast that had borne the banners of our Commonwealth: *ours, ours,* my Lord! the word is the right word here.

Shipley. I am depressed in spirit, and can sympathise but little in your exultation. All the crimes of Nero and Caligula are less afflicting to humanity, and consequently we may suppose will bring down on the offenders a less severe retribution, than an unnecessary and unjust war. And yet the authors and abettors of this most grievous among our earthly calamities, the enactors and applauders (on how vast a theatre!) of the first and greatest crime committed upon earth, are quiet complacent creatures, jovial at dinner, hearty at breakfast, and refreshed with sleep! Nay, the prime movers in it are called most religious and most gracious; and the hand that signs in cold blood the death-warrant of nations, is kissed by the kind-hearted, and confers distinction upon the brave! The prolongation of a life that shortens so many others, is prayed for by the conscientious and the pious! Learning is inquisitive in the research of phrases to celebrate him who has conferred such blessings, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne! Philosophy, O my friend, has hitherto done little for the social state; and Religion has nearly all her work to do! She too hath but recently washed her hands from blood, and stands neutrally by, yes worse than neutrally, while others shed it. I am convinced that no day of my life will be so censured by my own clergy, as this, the day on which the last hopes of peace have abandoned us, and the only true minister of it is pelted from our shores. Farewell, until better times! may the next generation be wiser! and wiser it surely will be, for the lessons of Calamity are far more impressive than those which repudiated Wisdom would have taught.

Franklin. Folly hath often the same results as Wisdom: but Wisdom would not engage in her school-room so expensive an assistant as Calamity. There are, however, some noisy and unruly children whom she alone has the method of rendering tame and tractable: perhaps it may be by setting them to their tasks both sore and supperless. The ship is getting under weigh. Adieu once more, my most revered and noble friend! Before me in imagination do I see America, beautiful as Leda in her infant smiles, when her father Jove first raised her from the earth; and behind me I leave England, hollow, unsubstantial, and broken, as the shell she burst from.

Shipley. O worst of miseries, when it is impiety to pray that our country may be successful. Farewell! may every good attend you! with as little of evil to endure or to inflict, as national sins can expect from the Almighty.

BLUCHER AND SANDT.

Blucher. Pardon an intrusion ere sunrise. Do not move for me.

Sandt. Sir, I was not seated, nor inclined to be. Sitting is the posture in which a prisoner has a deeper sense of solitude and helplessness. In walking there is the semblance of being free; and in standing there is a preparation for walking. But perhaps these are only the vague ideas of my situation. Many things are true which we do not believe to be true, but more are false which we do not suspect of falsehood.

Blucher. So early a visit, or indeed any, may be unwelcome on such a day.

Sandt. To one unprepared it might be. But we are scarcely so early as you think we are. The walls indeed do not yet bear upon them the pleasant pink hue of sunrise; a rich decoration which (I am sorry to think it) some other cells are per-

haps deprived of; but within a few minutes you will discover the only thing in the apartment not yet visible. Presently you shall see the spider's-web, in the angle there, whiten and wave about. Look! I told you so. Does the sun's ray shake it by striking it? or does the poor laborious weaver of the tissue, by quitting it abruptly?

Blucher. I never thought about the matter.

Sandt. You have not had much leisure then? You never have been idle against your will?

Blucher. No indeed; not until lately. But why have they walled up your chimney? could not they have contracted it, if they feared your escape?

Sandt. Ah! how we puzzle one another with our questions! Do not inquire why they have done it: thank them rather, if you are my friend, thank them with me for sparing to take down the mantelpiece.

Blucher. A narrow slip of lime-washed stone.

Sandt. Wide enough for a cider-glass with a flower in it. I should be unwilling to have a bird so near me just at present; but a flower! I love to have a flower. It leads me back, with its soft cool touch, into the fields and into the garden; it was nurtured by the heavens; it has looked at them in its joyousness; and it leaves all for me! Thou hast been out upon the dew, my little one! thou hast seen everything as I saw it last; thou comest to show me the colours of the dawn, the carelessness of boyhood, the quiet veins and balmy breath of innocence, the brief seclusion and the sound sleep of Sandt.

Are you going?

Blucher. No.

Sandt. You turned away from me. I grew tedious.

Blucher. I have not yet given you time, nor you me. What are you looking at on the naked wall?

Sandt. I was looking at the reflection of the window-bars against it.

Blucher. And yet you appeared to look at them with pleasure and satisfaction.

Sandt. Did I? Perhaps I did. Their milder apparitions have been my daily visitors. Unobtrusive, calm, consolatory, they teach me by their transience and evanescence that imprisonment is merely a shadow, as they are; that life is equally so; that the one can not long detain us; that we can not long detain the other; and that our enlargement and departure are appointed from above. See how indistinct and how wide-open they are become already. I fell into talking about myself; and, what is worse, I now begin to moralise. An invitation to sit down with one condemned, might be offensive.

Blucher. Assure me that I do not offend, and let me assure you I will not be offended. Suspect me, doubt me, interrogate me, and, if you find reason for it, reproach me.

Sandt. I have no right nor will.

Blucher. Then let us sit together at the foot of the pallet. I would not assume the post of honour, to which I have no right, by taking the three-legged stool. And now we are side by side, may I look at you?

Sandt. As you will.

Blucher. I have seen many brave men; I can not see too many.

Sandt. The brave are confined in the fortresses; in places less healthy than this. Somebody has misled you.

Blucher. Confined in the fortresses! in places less healthy than prisons! the landwehr! the restorers . . . Have you slept well? I hope you have; I do think you have; you look composed.

Sandt. Many thanks! I have indeed.

Blucher. Soundly as usual?

Sandt. My sleep was like spring; if inconstant and fitful, yet kindly and refreshing; such as becomes the forerunner of a season more settled and more permanent. It has invigorated me for the journey I am to take: I wait in readiness.

Blucher. Blessings upon you! blessings and glory!

Sandt. Leave me blessings: glory lies within them: where they are not, she is not.

Blucher. If I tell you that I am one of the same society with yourself, one of the same heart in its kind, though smaller and harder, you may doubt me: you may imagine me some privy councillor in his gentleness come to untwine and wheedle your secrets out of you; or some literator, in his zeal for truth, in his affection for science, in his spirit of confraternity, come to catch your words and oil his salad with them.

Sandt. If you are that (but surely you can not be) and poor also, I will answer you enough to produce you, in this moment of public curiosity, a small pittance for your family.

Blucher. You see I am old, and wear an old coat.

Sandt. Go on. I have given my promise, and would yet give it, had I not. We have no time to spare. Let me direct you by the straightest road to your business. I had no accomplice, no instigator, no adviser, in letting fall the acid drop which removed one stain from Germany. Here is enough for your three volumes, three hundred pages each. Yes; I see the holes; and you may put the hand into that rent.

Blucher. It is a coat which many a ball has hissed at, and many a courtier whom I cared as little for.

Sandt. May I serve one man more ere I depart! and may he have been, or live to be, an honest one!

Blucher. Is Blucher?

Sandt. The Kosciusko of Germany, the Washington of Europe.

Blucher. In wishes only.

Sandt. What news about him? Be explicit and expeditious.

Blucher. He passes yet one hour with thee, O saint without arrogance! O patriot without imposture!

Sandt. Where am I?

Blucher. Not yet in heaven, although thy looks express it.

Sandt. But, what is next to heaven, on earth as I yearned to see it, where the desire of good, and the thrusting aside of evil, find their full reward.

Blucher. Reward! What! death?

Sandt. After the embrace of Blucher, are myriads of wrong thoughts worth a single just, or myriads of cruel worth a single kind one? If men were what we could wish them to be, we need not die for them: if they loved us, we might be too contented, and less disposed to set them right. I dare not attempt to penetrate or to question what is inscrutable in the designs of Providence; but without evil, and much of it, and spread widely, the highest part of God's creation would sink lower, by contracting its capacity of reflection, and abating its intensity of exertion.

O general! may it be unsafe for anyone to pour bad counsel into the ear of princes! Let them slumber, heavy and satiated, in their sunny orchards, without the instillation of that fatal poison! May I not perish, may you not live, in vain!

The soldier is the highest or the lowest of mankind. He must be a rescuer or a robber: he can be which he prefers. Illustrious choice! magnificent prerogative! He can say, "My brethren and children, like my carts and oxen, shall be let out for hire, or driven off unpaid:" and he can say, "They shall be free; they shall be Germans." Tell those who will hear and obey you, that what was ever Germany must be Germany again. Tongues are boundaries, rivers and mountains none. Fatherland may never give up the inheritance of his children to a stranger: if force compels him, let them be righted by the nearest of kin, whether of the same generation or not.

Blucher. The politician may expect some trouble in teaching this doctrine.

Sandt. He may expect it first in learning, then in teaching, any lesson in which he encounters the hard word, *honesty*. All evil, on the contrary, finds everywhere pliant scholars and strong-wristed head-masters.

Blucher. France will not loose her hold on Belgium, Alsace, Lorraine, Franche Comtè, and other spoliations made by her glorious monarch, who never gave up anything but his word and his reason.

Sandt. If the panther withdraw not her paw, cut with thy sword and sever it, growl and grin as she may. He who insists on less, is the sower of perennial wars, half driveller, half traitor.

Blucher. I see the necessity: but those who have strong shoulders have weak eyes. Our princes think it easier to raise scaffolds than palisades. The time however is not distant when even they themselves will find virtue in patriotism, and safety nowhere else.

Sandt. Single states are poor props: but who can wrest out Germany?

Blucher. German princes.

Sandt. O thou, direct their choice and exalt their energy! thou who hast resisted so gallantly the great enslaver, the sworn adversary of freedom, truth, and honour, the false god of foul worshippers; thou who hast broken the confederacy of crowns, tied together by him across our provinces, and hast turned adrift the trammelled hawks, with their hoods yet flapping their eyes and their strings entangling their talons. Impotent as they are of themselves, and transitory as I foresee them, they may beat down in their terror those who labor with us to prepare the high-road for deliverance. The slightest and least perceptible of blows will terminate my worst anxieties: you will have many, but withal much glory: I shall be numbered with assassins. What then? But (I foresee it) a few, enthusiastic as myself, may be cast into prison for naming me favorably. This is sad to think of.

Blucher. Never fear it. Victory makes even bad things good, and even bad men glorious. Do not expect the world's approbation for cutting down a ripe thistle, of which the seed would be blown into many a field round about, and again bear other seed like it. If the extinction of a spark prevents a conflagration, may not I trample it down? If there is anywhere in my country that which threatens worse things than conflagration, the expansion of noxious principles, of slavish propensities; that which threatens to deprive every man in a hundred cities of half his strength, stature, and comeliness; never will I seize by the collar the brave fellow who plants his foot on it.

Sandt. Yet the laws must be obeyed.

Blucher. Many actions which we consider the most glorious in antiquity, would have been punished as capital crimes under the mildest laws. For instance, the death of Cæsar by the gallows; the death of Cato by a stake through the body in a cross-road. The same pedagogue applauds both actions equally. We begin with falsehood, continue with falsehood, and never leave falsehood off. Such is the only constancy of man.

Sandt. Our men however are less flexible than others. God never permits a nation to be subjugated while a great genius is existing in it.

Blucher. Was not Greece subjugated by the Macedonian while Demosthenes and Phocion were living?

Sandt. No; not subjugated by him, but united; and united against the common and ancient enemy, the Persian. France indeed has been subjugated by a soldier of fortune, who is nothing more: but in France there are no Alpine highths; there are plenty of little angular gravel stones, glimmering and glittering, and sharp enough to wound the foot that trusts itself upon them. The best man there, writer or statesman, is but an epigrammatist.

Blucher. The generals of France have performed great actions; but they had great means. First of them all was the spirit of Liberty, which played round their helmets, like those brilliant lights the ancients took for Castor or Pollux; signs of victory wherever they appeared. The enthusiasm of Italy threw before them her ancient hoards of

wealth. Superstition had plotted, and Science had toiled, in their service. Princes conspired against freedom, and men trod down princes. Nations rose against cabinets: the tiger gnashed the fox, the ermine, and the sloth. All the crimes were let loose upon one; and first the most ferocious, then the most fraudulent, mounted over myriads of carcases, amid the acclamations of the people. It is impossible for an honest man to be reconciled to dishonesty by time and repetition: on the contrary, his repugnance is exasperated. Now in what country upon earth have falsehood and wrong been so irremediable and so extensive as in France? A nation does not retain for twenty centuries the same character, good or bad, without deserving it. The Persians, now notorious liars, were once described, even by hostile historians, as unwavering lovers of truth: the French never were, by foe or friend. Europe does not detest France because in all ages she has suffered by her slaughters, spoliations and conflagrations; she detests her because she is certain of nothing from her but insecurity. The gamester now speculating in the Palais Royal of the Tuileries has loaded his dice and marked his cards to no purpose. He has not the sense to know that, by continuing in "double or quits," he must lose all at last. No great general ever lost two whole armies: he has lost four: each of veterans, brave men highly disciplined: against troops which, by every calculation, he should have subdued. The first was captured in Egypt, the second was wasted in Hayti, the third surrendered in Spain, the fourth in Portugal.* He has squandered more men and money than ever general squandered yet, and has never done anything with means apparently inadequate; as was done by Hannibal, by Marius, by Sertorius, by Julius Cæsar, by Gustavus Adolphus, by Charles the Twelfth, by Hyder-Ali (the greatest man among the Asiatics, not excepting Mithridates), by Clive, and lastly by our own Frederick. These never abused Good Fortune, and never yielded to bad, but gave her frown for frown, and set her at defiance. She turned and smiled on them.

Blucher. It is easier for Buonaparte to retain what he has won than it is to throw it away; so closely surrounded is it by vigilant and crafty guardians, all having a deep interest in its conservation. But, ever changeable, ever restless, ever intractable, captious, and quarrelsome, he grumbles at Fortune for her tiresome fidelity, calls her smile an importunity and intrusion, and often has been resolute to kick her out of doors. The next time he plays this prank, I trust she will have the spirit to leave him altogether.

A slight puncture will let out all the wind in the bladders that support him. Let him come but once into perplexity, and he will never find his way out again. He trusts his star; and that is not the pole-star, but a false and wandering one, generated by an overheated fancy, and never rising much above the marsh. Nevertheless he was made for those he governs: they must always have the trumpet before or the scourge behind them.

Sandt. It is better not to be remembered than to be remembered for evil actions. But as the flesh that is branded is the last that rots, so it appears that what is most wicked lies longest in the memory.

Blucher. Men at present are in a state of fever and delirium; a flea leaps over the bed-clothes and they fancy it a dragon; I trust they will soon be on their legs again, and shake the flea out of the window.

Sandt. Joy opens the heart to generosity, sorrow shuts it against the world. I thank my God that he has exempted me from it in this captivity, and that, without a thought of my own enlargement, I pant for the emancipation of mankind. What am I? What is my life or death? Whether a grain of dust is blown away in the morning or in the evening, what matter? Censure and praise, I own it, are less indifferent to me than they should be. O sir, I am young, and without my knowing it, I may be vain. While the hair is full and glossy, how pleasant is it to be patted on the head! But, God knows, I feared rather than courted the opinion of thoughtful men upon my deed. I ought not to have cared about it, favorable or unfavorable: but my fear, you see, did not deter me from the execution of my duty. I believed I could render my country a service: may it, may it, be one! All deeds requiring violence are of questionable good. I did question my heart; I opened it before me; I repressed it; I wrung it.

Blucher. Its present rest shows its purity at the bottom. Incomparably more doubtful is that action, extolled in every school and college, which deprived the world of the greatest soldier it ever saw, excepting perhaps Hannibal, and equal to that glorious prodigy of Africa, in conciliating the affections of the ally, of the stranger, and of the conquered. The clement man was betrayed and slaughtered by the partisans of the merciless, of the wretch who had threatened to reduce all Italy to a cinder. Cæsar was defamed by the orator who praises this monster; defamed by him after he had delivered at his footstool the most eloquent of his orations, by which he obtained from the Dictator the pardon of Marcellus. Freedom is allowed to pass without a watchword; and many pass in his name. We think we are broad awake while we fancy we see freedom on the senatorial side. The venal, unjust, oppressive men, whom Cæsar would have driven from their benches, cried out for Brutus and Cassius, his murderers. And so august is the title under which they fought, that no one takes it in hand to dispute it. The generous, the honest, the humane, and even the wise, give them glory for slaying him. If our boyhood, in its first lessons, repeats their exploit with admiration, shall we

* The fifth was frozen in Russia; the sixth cut to pieces at Leipsig; the seventh found no refuge in its retreat from Waterloo. In every extremity he always has abandoned them.

condemn in our maturer age an action in which no malignity can be suspected? Bright is the name of Timoleon; but there is a spot of blood on it. They who would be great in the eyes of nations, are compelled to shed more than their own: and it is not always in our choice to determine whose it shall be.

Sandt. It has been in mine.

Blucher. If there is any country under heaven in which thy name shall bring down punishment on him who praises it, that country is not worth defending. Thy last breath shall be caught by Germany, and shall sink deep into her bosom. Exult, my boy!

Sandt. Composure now becomes me rather than exultation. I may have caused many tears: scarcely then ought I to be gifted with composure: you speak to me of our country, and bestow it. I have removed a petty mass of obstruction from the path of her triumphs. In my heart lies the sum of my recompense: and this hand, O general! which I have a right to kiss, largely overpays me with its manly pressure. Say that you have given it. My wish is that many young men may deserve your esteem, by placing other things above life, of which the breath was lent us for a season to put those other things into action.

Blucher. I will tell them how calm I found thee, how argumentative, how gentle, how unsuspicious, how ready to die courageously.

Sandt. Say not that.

Blucher. Why?

Sandt. Do not ask me.

Blucher. Indeed I must; pray tell me.

Sandt. Nay, do not insist on it.

Blucher. Hast thou any doubt then, any scruple, care, solicitude, which friendship in these few moments can allay?

Sandt. None whatever. But the worst men have died bravely: and, if they had not, why should I assume the merit, or accept it? Say, I neither feared death nor displayed insensibility at its approach: say, I would have lived if the laws allowed it, and if the example I gave could be as effective. Indeed, indeed, I would have spared my life almost as gladly as I would have spared that other: but both were called for.

Blucher. Many have lived longer than thou, none better.

Sandt. Then why look grieved? you did not look so before you showed me reason why we neither of us ought. O sir! should not grey eyelashes be exempt from tears?

Blucher. One of them is enough. The brave extort what the unfortunate should win from me. These are tears in which the sword is tempered.

Sandt. Health to Germany! There spoke her great deliverer. I too have performed one action from which some good may follow: but that one grieved me bitterly; all yours will cheer and strengthen the breast they spring from. Comfort my friends; assure them it grieves me no longer, in the hope that another blow like it will not soon be necessary. For, sir! the slow and timid Sandt . . such he was among his friends, and such he might have been among his enemies . .

Blucher. Never, by heaven!

Sandt. . . had always more hopes than fears.

Blucher. Right! right! I thought so. Adieu, my brave Sandt! I would steal, if I were able, that smile from thee at parting.

Sandt. Every face in Germany must owe to you every smile it wears henceforward. Would you have mine? take it then. It is time to give it up: be it yours, with God's peace, for evermore!

I wish you acquitted me of all blame in what I did. Certainly it was done without malice and without anger.

Blucher. My dear Sandt! it is not German to kill our fellow-men for a diversity of opinion, or for a mere delinquency in politics. Manifest and intentional evil must have sprung up before the sword be drawn, which in our military school has always been thought a better weapon than the dagger. Unfriendly as you are, which every German has reason to be, toward France, I am afraid your mind has retained too long the heat thrown out on every side by the French revolution. Although I hold in contempt the man whose youth was unwarmed by it, I should entertain but a mean opinion of his understanding who perceived not at last the wickedness of its agents, by the conflagrations they excited in all quarters. I have lived long enough, and have read extensively enough, to learn that no good whatsoever hath come at any time, to any part of the world, from France. While Italy gave the model of municipalities, that broad concrete on which a safe, solid, substantial government must be founded; while Germany invented printing; what was the invention, the only one, of France? Her emblematic balloon, the symbol of herself! flimsy, varnished, inflated, restless, wavering, swaggering, and carried away by every current and every gust, in the most opposite directions. It is not for conquering their country, and for imposing the laws and the very name of one among our tribes upon it, that the French hate us: it is for the eternal reproach of our calmness, our consistency, and our probity. In calling us perfidious, like skilful enemies they take up the ground we should be expected to take up against them. Oaths are the produce of the soil, and broken ones lie across it in all directions, like twigs and rushes in the homestead of a basket-maker. The most honest and moderate of their politicians would immerge his country for twenty years in the most calamitous war, to retain his office or to displace another man. It is not by striking the head of the serpent that we can extinguish the animal or shake out its venom; we must also crush down its voluminous risings, cut off its tail, and break it in the middle.

Sandt. Oh life! I am now sorry to lose thee! I shall never see that event! This hand, the last hand I must ever press, accomplishes it.

MACHIAVELLI AND MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

Michel-Angelo. And how do you like my fortification, Messer Nicolo?

Machiavelli. It will easily be taken, Messer Michel-Angelo, because there are other points, Bello-squardo for instance, and the Poggio above Boboli, whence every street and edifice may be cannonaded.

Michel-Angelo. Surely you do not argue with your wonted precision, my good friend. Because the enemy may occupy those positions and cannonade the city, is that a reason why our fort of Samminiato should so easily be surrendered?

Machiavelli. There was indeed a time when such an argument would have been futile: but that time was when Florence was ruled by only her own citizens, and when the two factions that devoured her, started up with equal alacrity from their prey, and fastened on the invader. But it being known to Charles that we have neglected to lay in provisions, more than sufficient for one year, he will allow our courageous citizens to pelt and scratch and bite his men occasionally, for that short time; after which they must surrender. This policy will leave to him the houses and furniture in good condition; and whatsoever fines and taxes may be imposed, will be paid the more easily; while the Florentines will be able to boast of their courage and perseverance, the French of their patience and clemency. It will be a good example for other people to follow: and many historians will praise both parties; all will praise one.

I have given my answer to your question; and I now approve and applaud the skill and solidity with which you construct the works, regretting only that we have neither time to erect the others that are necessary, nor to enroll the countrymen who are equally so for their defence. Charles is a prudent and a patient conqueror, and he knows the temper and the power of each adversary. He will not demolish nor greatly hurt the city. What he can not effect by terror he will effect by time; that miner whom none can countermine. We have brave men among our citizens; men sensible of shame and ignominy in enduring the dictation of a stranger, or the domination of an equal: but we have not many of these, nor have they any weight in our counsels. The rest are far different, and altogether dissimilar to their ancestors. They, whatever was their faction, contended for liberty, for domestic ties, for personal honour, for public approbation; we for pictures, for statues, bronze tripods, and tesselated tables: these, and the transient smiles of dukes and cardinals, are deemed of higher value than our heirloom, worm-eaten, creaking, crazy freedom.

Michel-Angelo. I never thought them so: and yet somewhat of parental love may be supposed to influence me in favour of the fairer, solider, and sounder portion of the things you set before me.

Machiavelli. It is a misfortune to possess what can be retained by servility alone; and the more precious the possession, the greater is the misfortune.

Michel-Angelo. Dukes and cardinals, popes and emperors, can not take away from me the mind and spirit that God has placed immeasurably high above them. If men are become so vile and heartless as to sit down quietly and see pincers and pulleys tear the sinews of their best benefactors, they are not worth the stones and sand we have been piling up for their protection.

Machiavelli. To rail is indecorous; to reason is idle and troublesome. When you seriously intend to lead people back again to their senses, do not call any man wiser or better than the rabble; for this affronts all, and the bad and strong the most; but tell them calmly that the chief difference between the government of a republic and a dukedom is this: in a republic there are more deaths by day than by night; in a dukedom the contrary: that perhaps we see as many taken to prison in a republic; certainly we see more come out.

Michel-Angelo. If any man of reflection needs to be shown the futility and mischief of hereditary power, we Florentines surely may show it to him in the freshest and most striking of examples. Lorenzo de' Medici united a greater number of high and amiable qualities than any other man among his contemporaries; and yet Lorenzo lived in an age which must ever be reckoned most fertile in men of genius and energy. His heart was open to the poor and afflicted: his house, his library, his very baths and bed-rooms, to the philosopher and the poet. What days of my youth have I spent in his society! Even after he was at the head of the commonwealth he had society; for even then he had fellow-citizens. What lessons has he himself given me in everything relating to my studies! in mythology, in architecture, in sculpture, in painting, in every branch and ramification of eloquence! Can I ever forget the hour when he led me by the arm, in the heat of the day, to the eastern door of our baptistery, and said, "Michel-Angelo! this is the only wonder of the world: it rose, like the world itself, out of nothing: its great maker was without an archetype; he drew from the inherent beauty of his soul: venerate here its image." It was then I said, "It is worthy to be the gate of Paradise:" and he replied, "The garden is walled up: let us open a space for the portal." He did it, as far as human ability could do it: and if afterward he took a station which belonged not of right to him, he took it lest it should be occupied by worse and weaker men. His son succeeded to him: what a son! The father thought and told me that no materials were durable enough for my works: perhaps he erred: but how did Piero correct the error? He employed me in making

statues of snow in the gardens of Boboli; statues the emblems at once of his genius and his authority.

Machiavelli. How little foresight have the very wisest of those who invade the liberties of their country! how little true love for their children! how little foresight for their descendants, in whose interest they believe they labour. There neither is nor ought to be any safety for those who clap upon our shoulders their heavy pampered children, and make us carry them whether we will or not. Lorenzo was well versed in history: could he forget, or could he overlook, the dreadful punishments that are the certain inheritance of whoever reaps the harvest of such misdeeds? How many sanguinary deaths by the avenging arm of violated law! how many assassinations from the people! how many poisonings and stabbings from domestics! from guards! from kindred! fratricides, parricides; and that horrible crime for which no language has formed a name, the bloodshed of the son by the parental hand. A citizen may perhaps be happier, for the moment, by so bold and vast a seizure as a principality; but his successor, born to the possession of supremacy, can enjoy nothing of this satisfaction. For him there is neither the charm of novelty nor the excitement of action, nor is there the glory of achievement: no mazes of perplexing difficulty gone safely through, no summit of hope attained. But there is perpetually the same fear of losing the acquisition, the same suspicion of friends, the same certainty of enemies, the same number of virtues shut out, and of vices shut in, by his condition. This is the end obtained, which is usually thought better than the means. And what are the means, than which this end is better! They are such as, we might imagine, no man who had ever spent a happy hour with his equals would employ, even if his family were as sure of advantage by employing them as we have shown that it is sure of detriment. In order that a citizen may become a prince, the weaker are seduced, and the wiser are corrupted: for wisdom on this earth is earthly, and stands not above the elements of corruption. His successor, finding less tractability, works with harder and sharper instruments. The revels are over; the dream is broken; men rise, bestir themselves, and are tied down. Their confessors and wives console them, saying, "You would not have been tied down had you been quiet." The son is warned not to run into the error of his father, by this clear demonstration: "Yonder villa was his, with the farms about it: he sold it and them to pay the fine."

Michel-Angelo. And are these the doctrines our children must be taught? I will have none then. I will avoid the marriage-bed as I would the bed of Procrustes. O that by any exertion of my art I could turn the eyes of my countrymen toward Greece! I wish to excell in painting or in sculpture, partly for my glory, partly for my sustenance, being poor, but greatly more to arouse in their breasts the recollection of what was higher. Then come the questions, whence was it? how was it? Surely, too surely, not by Austrians, French, and Spaniards; all equally barbarous; though the Spaniards were in contiguity with the Moors, and one sword polished the other.

Machiavelli. The only choice left us was the choice of our enslaver: we have now lost even that. Our wealthier citizens make up their old shopkeeping silks into marquis-caps, and tranquilly fall asleep under so soft a coverture. Represent to them what their grandfathers were, and they shake the head with this furred foolery upon it, telling us it is time for the world to go to rest. They preach to us from their new cushions on the sorrowful state of effervescence in our former popular government, and the repose and security to be enjoyed under hereditary princes, chosen from among themselves.

Michel-Angelo. Chosen by whom? and from what? *ourselves?* Well might one of such creatures cry, as Atys did, if like Atys he could recover his senses under a worse and more shameful eviration,

> Ego non quod habuerim;
> Ego Mænas; ego mei pars; ego vir sterilis ero.
> Jam, jam dolet quod egi!

Yes indeed there was all this effervescence. Men spoke loud: men would have their own, although they might have blows with it. And is it a matter of joyance to those wise and sober personages, that the government which reared and nurtured them to all their wisdom and sobriety, and much other more erect and substantial, should be now extinct? Rivers run on and pass away: pools and morasses are at rest for ever. But shall I build my house upon the pool or the morass because it lies so still? or shall I abstain from my recreation by the riverside because the stream runs on? Whatever you have objected to republicanism, may, in its substance a little modified, be objected to royalty, great and small, principalities, and dukedoms. In republics, high and tranquil minds are liable to neglect, and, what is worse, to molestation: but those who molest them are usually grave men or acute ones, and act openly, with fair formalities and professed respect. On the contrary, in such governments as ours was recently, a young commissary of police orders you to appear before him; asks you first whether you know why he called you; and then, turning over his papers at his leisure, puts to you as many other idle questions as come into his head; remands you; calls you back at the door; gives you a long admonition, partly by order (he tells you) of his superiors, partly his own; bids you to be more circumspect in future, and to await the further discretion of his Excellency the President of the *Buon Governo.* O Messer Niccolo! surely the rack you suffered is more tolerable, not merely than the experience, but even than the possibility, of such arrogance and insult.

Machiavelli. Cæsar's head was placed on the neck of the world, and was large enough for it:

but our necks, Messer Michel-Angelo, are grasped, wrung, and contracted, for the heads of geese to surmount them. It was not the kick, it was the ass, that made the sick lion roar and die. Either the state of things which you have been describing is very near its termination, or people are growing low enough to accommodate themselves to their abject fortunes. Some fishes, once of the ocean, lost irretrievably, by following up a contracted and tortuous channel, their pristine form and nature, and became of a size and quality for dead or shallow waters, which narrow and weedy and slimy banks confine. There are stages in the manners of principalities, as there are in human life. Princes at first are kind and affable: their successors are condescending and reserved: the next, indifferent and distant: the last, repulsive, insolent, and ferocious, or, what is equally fatal to arbitrary power, voluptuous and slothful. The cruel have many sympathisers; the selfish, few. These wretches bear heavily on the lower classes, and usually fall as they are signing an edict of famine, or protecting a favourite who enforces it. By one or other of these diseases dies arbitrary power: and much and various purification is necessary, to render the chamber where it has lain salubrious. Democracies may be longer-lived, although they have enemies in most of the rich, in more of the timorous, and nearly in all the wise. The former will pamper them to feed upon them; the latter will kiss them to betray them; the intermediate will slink off and wish them well. Those governments alone can be stable, or are worthy of being so, in which property and intellect keep the machine in right order and regular operation; each being conscious that it is the natural ally and reciprocal protector of the other; that nothing ought to be above them; and that what is below them ought to be as little below as possible; otherwise it never can consistently, steadily, and effectually, support them. None of these considerations seem to have been ever entertained by men who, with more circumspection and prudence, might have effected the regeneration of Italy. The changes they wished to bring about were entirely for their own personal aggrandisement. Cæsar Borgia and Julius the Second would have expelled all strangers from interference in our concerns. But the former, although intelligent and acute, having a mind less capacious than his ambition; and the latter more ambition than any mind, without more instruments, could manage; and neither of them the wish or the thought of employing the only means suitable to the end, their vast loose projects crumbled under them.

Michel-Angelo. Your opinion of Borgia is somewhat high: and I fancied you did not despise Pope Julius.

Machiavelli. Some of you artists ought to regard him with gratitude; but you yourself must despise the frivolous dotard, who, while he should have been meditating and accomplishing the deliverance of Italy, which *he* could have done, and *he* only, was running after you, and breathing at one time caresses, at another time menaces, to bring you back into the Vatican, after your affront and flight. Instead of this grand work of liberation (at least from barbarians) what was he planning? His whole anxiety was about his mausoleum! Now certainly, Messer Michel-Angelo, the more costly a man's monument is, the more manifest, if he himself orders the erection, must be his consciousness that there is much in him which he would wish to be covered over by it, and much which never was his, and which he is desirous of appropriating. But no monument is a bed capacious enough for his froward and restless imbecilities; and any that is magnificent, only shows one the more of them.

Michel-Angelo. He who deserves a mausoleum is not desirous even of a grave-stone. He knows his mother earth; he frets for no fine cradle, but lies tranquilly and composed at her feet. The pen will rise above the pyramid; but those who would build the pyramid would depress the pen. Julius had as little love of true glory as of civil liberty, which never ruler more pertinaciously suppressed. His only passion, if we may call it one, was vanity. Cæsar Borgia had penetration and singleness of aim; the great constituents of a great man. His birth, which raised him many favourers in his ascent to power, raised him more enemies in his highest elevation. He had a greater number of friends than he could create of fortunes: and bees, when no hive is vacant, carry their honey elsewhere.

Machiavelli. Borgia was cruel, both by necessity and by nature: now, no cruel prince can be quite cruel enough: when he is tired of striking, he falls. He who is desirous of becoming a prince should calculate first how many estates can be confiscated. Pompey learned and wrote fairly out this lesson of arithmetic: but Julius Cæsar tore the copybook from his hand and threw it among those behind him, who repeated it in his ear until he gave them the reward of their application.

Michel-Angelo. He alone was able and willing to reform the state. It is well for mankind that human institutions want revisal and repair. Our bodies and likewise our minds require both refreshment and motion: and, unless we attend to the necessities of both, imbecility and dissolution soon ensue. It was as easy, in the middle ages, for the towns of Italy to form themselves into republics, which many did, as it was for the villages of Switzerland; and not more difficult to retain their immunities. We are surely as populous; we are as well armed, we are as strong and active, we are as docile to discipline, we are as rich and flourishing: we want only their moral courage, their resolute perseverance, their public and private virtue, their self-respect and mutual confidence. These are indeed great and many wants, and have always been ill-supplied since the extinction of the Gracchi. The channel that has been dry so many centuries can only be reple-

nished by a great convulsion. Even now, if ever we rise again to the dignity of men and citizens, it must be from under the shield and behind the broadsword of the Switzers.

Machiavelli. Thirty thousand of them, whenever France resumes her arms against the emperor, might be induced to establish our independence and secure their own, by engaging them to oblige the state of Lombardy first, and successively Rome and Naples, to contribute a subsidy, for a certain number of years, on the overthrow of their infirm and cumbrous governments. The beggars, the idle and indigent of those nations, might, beneficially to themselves, be made provisional serfs to our defenders, who on their part would have duties as imperative to perform. In the Neapolitan and papal territories, there is an immensity of land ill cultivated, or not cultivated at all, claimed and occupied as the property of the government: enough for all the paupers of Italy to till and all her defenders to possess. Men must use their hands rightly before they can rightly use their reason: those usually think well who work well. Beside, I would take especial care that they never were in want of religion to instruct and comfort them: they should enjoy a sprinkling of priests and friars, with breviaries and mattocks in the midst of them, and the labourer in good earnest should be worthy of his hire. The feudal system, which fools cry out against, was supremely wise. The truckle bed of Valour and Freedom is not wadded with flosh-silk: there are gnarls without and knots within; and hard is the bolster of these younger Dioscuri. Genoa, on receiving the dominion of Piedmont, would cede to Tuscany the little she possesses on the south of the Trebbia: Venice would retain what she holds: Bologna would be the capital of all the country to the eastward of the Apennines, from the Po to the Ofanto: Rome from the sources of the Nar to the mouth of the Tiber (which still should be a Tuscan river, excepting what is within the walls) and southward as far as the Vulturnus: Naples would be mistress of the rest. These seven republics should send each five deputies yearly, for the first twenty days of March, enjoying the means of living splendidly in the apartments of the Vatican. For without a high degree of splendour no magistrate is at all respected in our country, and slightly anywhere else. The consul, invested with the executive power, should be elected out of the body of legates on the third day of each annual session: he should proceed daily to the hall of deliberation, at the Capitol, in state: the trumpet should sound as he mounts his carriage, drawn by eight horses, and again as he alights: no troops should accompany him, excepting twelve of the civic guard on each side, twelve before and twelve behind, on white chargers richly caparisoned, and appertaining to the consular establishment.

Michel-Angelo. I approve of this; and I should approve as heartily of any means whatsoever by which it might be effected. But it appears to me, Messer Niccolo, that the territories of Rome and Bologna, although the Bolognese would continue to the whole extent of the Apennines, would be less populous than the others.

Machiavelli. Where is the harm of that? A city may be angry and discontented if she can not tear away somewhat from her neighbours. But, in the system I propose, all enjoy equal laws; and as it can not be of the slightest advantage to any town or hamlet to form a portion of a larger state rather than of a smaller, so neither can the smaller state be liable to a disadvantage by any town or hamlet lying out of it. Rome has always been well contented to repose on her ancient glory. She loses nothing by the chain being snapped that held others to her; for it requires no stretch of thought (if it did I would not ask it of her) to recollect that it held *her* as well as *them*. Bologna's territory would begin with Ferrara on the north, and terminate with the Mediterranean on the south; still, excepting the Roman, it would be the least. Her position will not allow her more, and well is it that it will not. For the priesthood has too long made its holes there, running underground from Rome; and you know, Messer Michel-Angelo, the dairy will smell disagreeably where the rats have burrowed lately.

Michel-Angelo. True enough. Let me now make another remark. Apparently you would allow no greater number of legates from the larger states than from the smaller.

Machiavelli. A small community has need for even more to protect its interests than a larger. He who has a strong body has less occasion for a loud voice, and fewer occasions to cry for assistance. Five legates from each republic are sufficient in number, if they are sufficient in energy and information. If they are not, the fault lies with their constituents. The more debaters there are the less business will be done, and the fewer inquiries brought to an issue. In federal states, all having the same obligations and essentially the same form of government, hardly is it possible for any two to quarrel: and the interest of the remainder would require, and compell if necessary, a prompt and a firm reconciliation. No state in Europe, desirous of maintaining a character for probity, will refuse to another the surrender of a criminal or debtor who has escaped to avoid that other's laws. If churches and palaces ought not to be sanctuaries for the protection of crime, surely whole kingdoms ought not. Our republics, by avoiding this iniquity, would obviate the most ordinary and most urgent cause of discord. Mortgaging no little of what is called the property of the church (subtracted partly by fraud from ignorance and credulity, and partly torn by violence from debility and dissension), I would raise the money requisite to obtain the co-operation of Switzerland and the alliance of Savoy, but taking care that our own forces much outnumber the allies, and, in case of war, keeping all the artillery in our hands.

Michel-Angelo. But what would you do with the pope?

Machiavelli. A very important consideration. I would establish him in Venice, where he would enjoy many advantages which Rome herself does not afford him. First, he would be successor to Saint Mark as well as to Saint Peter; secondly, he would enjoy the exercise of his highest authority more frequently, by crowning a prince every year in the person of the Doge (for that title, and every other borne by the chief magistrate of each city, should continue) and a princess in the person of the Adriatic, and moreover of solemnising the ceremony of their nuptials; thirdly, and what is more glorious, he would be within call of the Bosniacs, who, hearing his paternal voice, would surely renounce their errors, abandon their vices, and come over and embrace the faith. The Bull of Indulgences might be a little modified in their favour. Germans had no objection to the bill of fare, but stamped and sweated to see the price of the dishes, which more elegant men in France and Italy, having tasted them all, thought reasonable enough. But in Bosnia they must be reduced a trifle lower; else they will be a stumbling-block to the Neophyte, whose infirmer knees yet totter in mounting the *Santa Scala.*

Michel-Angelo. Do not joke so gravely, Messer Nicolo, for it vexes and saddens me.

Machiavelli. If you dislike my reasons, take some others very different. The nobility and people of Venice have less veneration for the Holy Father than have the rest of us Catholics, and longer opposed his authority. Beside, as they prefer Saint Mark to Saint Peter, there would always be a salutary irritation kept up in the body of Italy, and all the blood would not run into the head.

Michel-Angelo. Its coagulation there has paralysed her.

Machiavelli. Furthermore, the Venetians would take measures that Saint Mark should have fair play, and that his part of the pugilistic ring should be as open and wide as the opposite. And now, in order to obtain your pardon for joking so infelicitously, let me acknowledge it among my many infirmities, that I can not laugh heartily. I experience the same sad constriction as those who can not bring out a sneeze, or anything else that would fain have its way. You however have marvellously well performed the operation; and now the ripples on lip and cheek, on beard and whisker, have subsided, let me tell you, Messer Michel-Angelo, we form our wisest thoughts and projects on the depth and density of men's ignorance; our strength rises from the vast arena of their weaknesses. I know not when my scheme will be practicable: but it has been; and it may be again.

Michel-Angelo. Finally, what is to become of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica?

Machiavelli. I would place these islands at the emperor's disposal, to conciliate him.

Michel-Angelo. It would exasperate France.

Machiavelli. Let him look to that: it would be worth his while. Exasperated or not, France never can rest quiet. Her activity is only in her pugnacity: trade, commerce, agriculture, are equally neglected.* Indifferent to the harvests on the earth before her, she springs on the palm-tree for its scanty fruit.

Michel-Angelo. She would not be pleased at your allusion.

Machiavelli. I wish she would render it inapplicable. Italy, in despite of her, would become once more the richest and most powerful of nations, the least liable to attacks, and the least interested in disturbing her neighbours. Were she one great kingdom, as some men and all boys desire, she would be perpetually at variance with Hungary, Germany, France, and Spain. The confederacies and alliances of republics are always conducive to freedom, and never are hurtful to independence: those of princes are usually injurious to the liberty of the subject, and often the origin of wars. Federal republics give sureties for the maintenance of peace, in their formation and their position: even those states with which any of them is confederated, are as much interested in impeding it from conquests as from subjection. In kingdoms the case is widely different. Many pestilences grow weaker by length of time and extent of action; but the pestilence of kingly power increases in virulence at every stride and seizure, and expires in the midst of its victims by the lethargy of repletion. At no period of my life have I neglected to warn my fellow-citizens of the fate impending over them. Only a few drops of the sultry and suffocating storm have yet fallen: we stop on the road, instead of pushing on: and whenever we raise our heads it will be in the midst of the inundation.

Michel-Angelo. I do believe that Lorenzo would have covered the shame of his parent state, rather than have wantoned with its inebriety.

Machiavelli. He might, by his example and authority, have corrected her abuses; and by his wealth, united to ours, have given work to the poor and idle, in the construction of roads, and the excavation of canals through the Maremma.

Michael-Angelo. It was easier to kill Antæus than to lift him from the ground. Lorenzo was unable to raise or keep up Tuscany: he therefore sought the less glorious triumph of leading her captive, laden with all his jewels, and escorted by men of genius in the garb of sycophants and songsters.

Machiavelli. In fact, Messer Michel-Angelo,

* The population of France, at this time, amounted to scarcely fourteen millions; Franche-comte, Lorraine, Alsace, and several cities on the borders of the Netherlands, not being yet annexed. Her incessant wars, of late generally disastrous, had depopulated her provinces, and there was less industry than in any other great nation round about her, not excepting the Spanish. Italy was supreme in civilisation, commerce, and the fine arts, and was at least as populous as at present.

we had borne too long and too patiently the petulance and caprices of a brawling and impudent democracy. We received instructions from those to whom we should have given them, and we gave power to those from whom we should have received it. Republican as I have lived, and shall die, I would rather any other state of social life, than naked and rude democracy; because I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful, and more ferocious; above all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance, and corruption. Let Democracy live among the mountains, and regulate her village, and enjoy her châlet; let her live peacefully and contentedly amid her flocks and herds; never lay her rough hand on the balustrade of the council-chamber; never raise her boisterous voice among the images of liberators and legislators, of philosophers and poets.

Michel-Angelo. In the course of human things you can not hinder her. All governments run ultimately into the great gulf of despotism, widen or contract them, straighten or divert them, as you will. From this gulf, the Providence that rules all nature, liberates them. Again they return, to be again absorbed, at periods not foreseen or calculable. Every form of government is urged onward by another, and a different one. The great receptacle, in which so many have perished, casts up the fragments, and indefatigable man refits them.

Machiavelli. Other forms may take the same direction as democracy, but along roads less miry, and infested with fewer thieves.

Michel-Angelo. Messer Niccolo, you have spoken like a secretary and a patrician; I am only a mere mason, as you see, and (by your appointment) an engineer. You indeed have great reason to condemn the levity, the stupidity, and the ingratitude of the people. But if they prefer worse men to better, the fault carries the punishment with it, or draws it after; and the graver the fault, the severer the punishment. Neither the populace nor the prince ever chooses the most worthy of all, who indeed, if there were any danger of their choosing him, would avoid the nomination: for it is only in such days as these that men really great come spontaneously forward, and move with the multitude from the front, stilling the voice of the cryer, and scattering the plumes of the impostor. In ordinary times less men are quite sufficient, and are always ready. In a democracy the bad may govern when better are less required; but if they govern injudiciously, the illusion under which they were elected vanishes, the harm they do is brief, and attended by more peril to themselves than to their country. Totally the reverse with hereditary princes. Being farther from the mass of the community, they know and care little about us; they do not want our votes; they would be angry if we talked of our esteem for them; and, if ever they treat us well, their security, not their sympathy, is the motive. I agree with you, Messer Niccolo, that never were there viler slaves than our populace, except our nobles, and those mongrels and curs intermediate, who lean indolently on such sapless trunks, and deem it magnificent to stand one palm higher than the prostrate.

Machiavelli. A fine picture have you been drawing! another *Last Judgment!*

Michel-Angelo. Your nobility, founded in great measure on yourself, is such, that you would accept from me no apology for my remarks on that indiscriminately lavished, by our enslavers, among later families. None in Tuscany, few in Europe, can contend in dignity with yours, which has given to our republic thirteen chief magistrates. The descendants of a hunter from an Alpine keep in Switzerland can offer no pretence to anything resembling it. Yet these are they who bind and bruise us! these are they who impose on us as governors men whom we expunge as citizens.

Machiavelli. In erecting your fortification, you oppose but a temporary obstacle to the insult. My proposal, many years ago, was the institution of national guards, from which service no condition whatever, no age, from adolescence to decreptitude, should be exempt. But Italy must always be in danger of utter servitude, unless her free states, which are still rich and powerful, enter into a cordial and strict alliance against all arbitrary rule, instead of undermining or beating down each other's prosperity. While one great city holds another great city in subjection, as Venice does with Padua and Verona, as Florence with Siena and Pisa, the subdued will always rejoice in the calamities of the subduer, and empty her cup of bitterness into them when she can, although without the prospect or hope of recovering her independence. For there are more who are sensible to affronts than there are who are sensible to freedom; and vindictiveness, in many breasts the last cherished relic of justice, is in some the only sign of it.

Michel-Angelo. Small confederate republics are the most free, the most happy, the most productive of emulation, of learning, of genius, of glory, in every form and aspect. They also, for the reason you have given, are stronger and more durable than if united under one principality. This is proved too in the history of ancient Tuscany, which, under her Lucumons, resisted for many centuries the violent and vast irruptions of the Gauls, and the systematic encroachments of the wilier Romans. But the governors of no country possess so much wisdom as shall teach them to renounce a portion of immediate authority, for the future benefit of those they govern; much less for any advantage to those who lie beyond their jurisdiction.

Machiavelli. Italy, and Europe in general,

would avoid the most frequent and the worst calamities by manifold and just federation, to the exclusion of all princes, ecclesiastical and secular. Spain, in the multitude of her municipalities, is divided into republics, but jealous and incoherent. Wiser Germany possesses in many parts the same advantages, and uses them better; but the dragon's teeth, not sown by herself, shoot up between her cities. Switzerland rears among her snows little fresh and stout republics. Italy in particular is formed for them; many of her cities being free; all bearing within them the memory, most the desire, of freedom. No pontiff, no despot, can ever be friendly to science; least of all to that best of sciences, which teaches us that liberty and peace are the highest of human blessings. And I wonder that the ministers of religion (at least all of them who believe in it) do not strenuously insist on this truth; essentially divine, since the founder of Christianity came on earth on purpose to establish peace; and peace can not exist, and ought not, without liberty. But this blessing is neither the produce nor the necessity of one soil only. How different is the condition of the free cities in Germany from that of territories under the sceptre of princes. If seven or eight are thus flourishing, with such obstacles on every side, why might not the rest without any? What would they all be when hindrances were removed, when mutual intercourse, mutual instruction, mutual advantages of every kind, were unrestricted? Why should not all be as free and happy as the few? They will be, when learning has made way for wisdom; when those for whom others have thought begin to think for themselves. The intelligent and the courageous should form associations everywhere; and little trust should be reposed on the goodwill of even good men accustomed to authority and dictation. I venerate the arts almost to the same degree as you do; for ignorance is nowhere an obstacle to veneration; but I venerate them because, above them, I see the light separating from the darkness.

Michel-Angelo. The Arts cannot long exist without the advent of Freedom. From every new excavation whence a statue rises, there rises simultaneously a bright vision of the age that produced it; a strong desire to bring it back again; a throbbing love, an inflaming regret, a resolute despair, beautiful as Hope herself: and Hope comes too behind.

Men are not our fellow-creatures because hands and articulate voices belong to them in common with us: they are then, and then only, when they precede us, or accompany us, or follow us, contemplating one grand luminary, periodically obscured, but eternally existent in the highest heaven of the soul, without which all lesser lights would lose their brightness, their station, their existence.

If these things should ever come to pass, how bold shall be the step, how exalted the head, of Genius. Clothed in glorified bodies of living marble, instructors shall rise out of the earth, deriders of Barbarism, conquerors of Time, heirs and coequals of Eternity. Led on by these, again shall man mount the ladder that touches heaven; again shall he wrestle with the angels.

Machiavelli. You want examples of the arts in their perfection: few models are extant. Apollo, Venus, and three or four beside, are the only objects of your veneration; and although I do not doubt of its sincerity, I much doubt of its enthusiasm, and the more the oftener I behold them. Perhaps the earth holds others in her bosom more beautiful than the *Mother of Love*, more elevated than the *God of Day*. Nothing is existing of Phidias, nothing of Praxiteles, nothing of Scopas. Their works, collected by Nero, and deposited by him in his Golden Palace, were broken by the populace, and their fragments cast into the Tiber.

Michel-Angelo. All? surely not all?

Machiavelli. Every one, too certainly. For such was the wealth, such the liberality, of this prince, and so solicitous were all ranks, and especially the higher, to obtain his favour, I entertain no doubt that every work of these consummate masters, was among the thousands in his vast apartments. Defaced and fragmentary as they are, they still exist under the waters of the Tiber.

Michel-Angelo. The nose is the part most liable to injury. I have restored it in many heads, always of marble. But it occurs to me, at this instant, for the first time, that wax would serve better, both in leaving no perceptible line, and in similarity of colour. The Tiber, I sadly fear, will not give up its dead until the last day; but do you think the luxurious cities of Sibaris and Croton hide no treasures of art under their ruins? And there are others in Southern Italy of Greek origin, and rich (no doubt) in similar divine creations. Sculpture awaits but the dawn of Freedom to rise up before new worshippers in the fulness of her glory. Meanwhile I must work incessantly at our fortress here, to protect my poor clay models from the Germans.

Machiavelli. And from the Italians; although the least ferocious, in either army, would rather destroy a thousand men than the graven image of one.

SOUTHEY AND LANDOR.

Southey. Of all the beautiful scenery round King's-weston, the view from this terrace, and especially from this sundial, is the pleasantest.

Landor. The last time I ever walked hither in company (which, unless with ladies, I rarely have done anywhere) was with a just, a valiant, and a memorable man, Admiral Nichols, who usually spent his summer months at the village of Shire-hampton, just below us. There, whether in the morning or evening, it was seldom I found him otherwise engaged than in cultivating his flowers.

Southey. I never had the same dislike to company in my walks and rambles as you profess to have, but of which I perceived no sign whatever when I visited you, first at Lantony Abbey, and afterward on the Lake of Como. Well do I remember our long conversations in the silent and solitary church of Sant' Abondio (surely the coolest spot in Italy), and how often I turned back my head toward the open door, fearing lest some pious passer-by, or some more distant one in the wood above, pursuing the pathway that leads to the tower of Luitprand, should hear the roof echo with your laughter, at the stories you had collected about the brotherhood and sisterhood of the place.

Landor. I have forgotten most of them, and nearly all: but I have not forgotten how we speculated on the possibility that Milton might once have been sitting on the very bench we then occupied, although we do not hear of his having visited that part of the country. Presently we discoursed on his poetry; as we propose to do again this morning.

Southey. In that case, it seems we must continue to be seated on the turf.

Landor. Why so?

Southey. Because you do not like to walk in company: it might disturb and discompose you: and we never lose our temper without losing at the same time many of our thoughts, which are loth to come forward without it.

Landor. From my earliest days I have avoided society as much as I could decorously, for I received more pleasure in the cultivation and improvement of my own thoughts than in walking up and down among the thoughts of others. Yet, as you know, I never have avoided the intercourse of men distinguished by virtue and genius; of genius, because it warmed and invigorated me by my trying to keep pace with it; of virtue, that if I had any of my own it might be called forth by such vicinity. Among all men elevated in station who have made a noise in the world (admirable old expression!) I never saw any in whose presence I felt inferiority, excepting Kosciusco. But how many in the lower paths of life have exerted both virtues and abilities which I never exerted, and never possessed! what strength and courage and perseverance in some, in others what endurance and forbearance! At the very moment when most, beside yourself, catching up half my words, would call and employ against me in its ordinary signification what ought to convey the most honorific, the term *self-sufficiency*, I bow my head before the humble, with greatly more than their humiliation. You are better tempered than I am, and are readier to converse. There are half-hours when, although in good-humour and good spirits, I would not be disturbed by the necessity of talking, to be the possessor of all the rich marshes we see yonder. In this interval there is neither storm nor sunshine of the mind, but calm and (as the farmer would call it) *growing* weather, in which the blades of thought spring up and dilate insensibly. Whatever I do, I must do in the open air, or in the silence of night: either is sufficient: but I prefer the hours of exercise, or, what is next to exercise, of field-repose. Did you happen to know the admiral?

Southey. Not personally: but I believe the terms you have applied to him are well merited. After some experience, he contended that public men, public women, and the public press, may be all designated by one and the same trisyllable. He is reported to have been a strict disciplinarian. In the mutiny at the Nore he was seized by his crew, and summarily condemned by them to be hanged. Many taunting questions were asked him, to which he made no reply. When the rope was fastened round his neck, the ringleader cried, "Answer this one thing, however, before you go, sir! What would you do with any of us, if we were in your power as you are now in ours?" The admiral, then captain, looked sternly and contemptuously, and replied, "Hang you, by God!" Enraged at this answer, the mutineer tugged at the rope: but another on the instant rushed forward, exclaiming "No, captain!" (for thus he called the fellow) "he has been cruel to us, flogging here and flogging there, but before so brave a man is hanged like a dog, you heave me overboard." Others among the most violent now interceded: and an old seaman, not saying a single word, came forward with his knife in his hand, and cut the noose asunder. Nichols did not thank him, nor notice him, nor speak: but, looking round at the other ships, in which there was the like insubordination, he went toward his cabin slow and silent. Finding it locked, he called to a midshipman, "Tell that man with a knife to come down and open the door." After a pause of a few minutes, it was done: but he was confined below until the quelling of the mutiny.

Landor. His conduct as Controller of the Navy was no less magnanimous and decisive. In this office he presided at the trial of Lord Melville. His lordship was guilty, we know, of all the charges brought against him; but, having

more patronage than ever minister had before, he refused to answer the questions which (to repeat his own expression) might incriminate him. And his refusal was given with a smile of indifference, a consciousness of security. In those days, as indeed in most others, the main use of power was promotion and protection: and *honest man* was never in any age among the titles of nobility, and has always been the appellation used toward the feeble and inferior by the prosperous. Nichols said on the present occasion, "If this man is permitted to skulk away under such pretences, trial is here a mockery." Finding no support, he threw up his office as Controller of the Navy, and never afterward entered the House of Commons. Such a person, it appears to me, leads us aptly and becomingly to that stedfast patriot on whose writings you promised me your opinion; not incidentally, as before, but turning page after page. It would ill beseem us to treat Milton with generalities. Radishes and salt are the *pic-nic* quota of slim spruce reviewers: let us hope to find somewhat more solid and of better taste. Desirous to be a listener and a learner when you discourse on his poetry, I have been more occupied of late in examining the prose.

Southey. Do you retain your high opinion of it?

Landor. Experience makes us more sensible of faults than of beauties. Milton is more correct than Addison, but less correct than Hooker, whom I wish he had been contented to receive as a model in style, rather than authors who wrote in another and a poorer language; such, I think, you are ready to acknowledge is the Latin.

Southey. This was always my opinion.

Landor. However, I do not complain that in oratory and history his diction is sometimes poetical.

Southey. Little do I approve of it in prose on any subject. Demosthenes and Æschines, Lisias and Isæus, and finally Cicero, avoided it.

Landor. They did: but Chatham and Burke and Grattan did not; nor indeed the graver and greater Pericles; of whom the most memorable sentence on record is pure poetry. On the fall of the young Athenians in the field of battle, he said, "The year hath lost its spring." But how little are these men, even Pericles himself, if you compare them as men of genius with Livy! In Livy, as in Milton, there are bursts of passion which can not by the nature of things be other than poetical, nor (being so) come forth in other language. If Milton had executed his design of writing a history of England, it would probably have abounded in such diction, especially in the more turbulent scenes and in the darker ages.

Southey. There are quiet hours and places in which a taper may be carried steadily, and show the way along the ground; but you must stand a-tiptoe and raise a blazing torch above your head, if you would bring to our vision the obscure and time-worn figures depicted on the lofty vaults of antiquity. The philosopher shows everything in one clear light; the historian loves strong reflections and deep shadows, but, above all, prominent and moving characters. We are little pleased with the man who disenchants us: but whoever can make us wonder, must himself (we think) be wonderful, and deserve our admiration.

Landor. Believing no longer in magic and its charms, we still shudder at the story told by Tacitus, of those which were discovered in the mournful house of Germanicus.

Southey. Tacitus was also a great poet, and would have been a greater, had he been more contented with the external and ordinary appearances of things. Instead of which, he looked at a part of his pictures through a prism, and at another part through a *camera obscura.* If the historian were as profuse of moral as of political axioms, we should tolerate him less: for in the political we fancy a writer is but meditating; in the moral we regard him as declaiming. In history we desire to be conversant with only the great, according to our notions of greatness: we take it as an affront, on such an invitation, to be conducted into the lecture-room, or to be desired to amuse ourselves in the study.

Landor. Pray go on. I am desirous of hearing more.

Southey. Being now alone, with the whole day before us, and having carried, as we agreed at breakfast, each his Milton in his pocket, let us collect all the graver faults we can lay our hands upon, without a too minute and troublesome research; not in the spirit of Johnson, but in our own.

Landor. That is, abasing our eyes in reverence to so great a man, but without closing them. The beauties of his poetry we may omit to notice, if we can: but where the crowd claps the hands, it will be difficult for us always to refrain. Johnson, I think, has been charged unjustly with expressing too freely and inconsiderately the blemishes of Milton. There are many more of them than he has noticed.

Southey. If we add any to the number, and the literary world hears of it, we shall raise an outcry from hundreds who never could see either his excellences or his defects, and from several who never have perused the noblest of his writings.

Landor. It may be boyish and mischievous, but I acknowledge I have sometimes felt a pleasure in irritating, by the cast of a pebble, those who stretch forward to the full extent of the chain their open and frothy mouths against me. I shall seize upon this conjecture of yours, and say everything that comes into my head on the subject. Beside which, if any collateral thoughts should spring up, I may throw them in also; as you perceive I have frequently done in my *Imaginary Conversations,* and as we always do in real ones.

Southey. When we adhere to one point, whatever the form, it should rather be called a disquisition than a conversation. Most writers of dialogue take but a single stride into questions the most abstruse, and collect a heap of arguments to

be blown away by the bloated whiffs of some rhetorical charlatan, tricked out in a multiplicity of ribbons for the occasion.

Before we open the volume of poetry, let me confess to you I admire his prose less than you do.

Landor. Probably because you dissent more widely from the opinions it conveys: for those who are displeased with anything are unable to confine the displeasure to one spot. We dislike everything a little when we dislike anything much. It must indeed be admitted that his prose is often too latinized and stiff. But I prefer his heavy cut velvet, with its ill-placed Roman fibula, to the spangled gauze and gummed-on flowers and puffy flounces of our present street-walking literature. So do you, I am certain.

Southey. Incomparably. But let those who have gone astray, keep astray, rather than bring Milton into disrepute by pushing themselves into his company and imitating his manner. As some men conceive that if their name is engraven in gothic letters, with several superfluous, it denotes antiquity of family, so do others that a congestion of words swept together out of a corner, and dry chopped sentences which turn the mouth awry in reading, make them look like original thinkers. Milton is none of these: and his language is never a patchwork. We find daily, in almost every book we open, expressions which are not English, never were, and never will be: for the writers are by no means of sufficiently high rank to be masters of the mint. To arrive at this distinction, it is not enough to scatter in all directions bold, hazardous, undisciplined thoughts: there must be lordly and commanding ones, with a full establishment of well-appointed expressions adequate to their maintenance.

Occasionally I have been dissatisfied with Milton, because in my opinion that is ill said in prose which can be said more plainly. Not so in poetry: if it were, much of Pindar and Æschylus, and no little of Dante, would be censurable.

Landor. Acknowledge that he whose poetry I am holding in my hand is free from every false ornament in his prose, unless a few bosses of latinity may be called so; and I am ready to admit the full claims of your favourite South. Acknowledge that, heading all the forces of our language, he was the great antagonist of every great monster which infested our country; and he disdained to trim his lion-skin with lace. No other English writer has equalled Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton, in the loftier parts of their works.

Southey. But Hooker and Milton, you allow, are sometimes pedantic. In Hooker there is nothing so elevated as there is in Raleigh.

Landor. Neither he, however, nor any modern, nor any ancient, has attained to that summit on which the sacred ark of Milton strikes and rests. Reflections, such as we indulged in on the borders of the Larius, come over me here again. Perhaps from the very sod where you are sitting, the poet in his youth sate looking at the Sabrina he was soon to celebrate. There is pleasure in the sight of a glebe which never has been broken; but it delights me particularly in those places where great men have been before. I do not mean warriors: for extremely few among the most remarkable of them will a considerate man call great: but poets and philosophers and philanthropists, the ornaments of society, the charmers of solitude, the warders of civilisation, the watchmen at the gate which Tyranny would batter down, and the healers of those wounds which she left festering in the field. And now, to reduce this demon into its proper toad-shape again, and to lose sight of it, open your *Paradise Lost.*

Southey. Shall we begin with it immediately? or shall we listen a little while to the woodlark? He seems to know what we are about; for there is a sweetness, a variety, and a gravity in his cadences, befitting the place and theme. Another time we might afford the whole hour to him.

Landor. The woodlark, the nightingale, and the ringdove, have made me idle for many, even when I had gone into the fields on purpose to gather fresh materials for composition. A little thing turns me from one idleness to another. More than once, when I have taken out my pencil to fix an idea on paper, the smell of the cedar, held by me unconsciously across the nostrils, hath so absorbed the senses, that what I was about to write down has vanished, altogether and irrecoverably. This vexed me; for although we may improve a first thought, and generally do, yet if we lose it, we seldom or never can find another so good to replace it. The latter-math has less substance, succulence, and fragrance, than the summer crop. I dare not trust my memory for a moment with anything of my own: it is more faithful in storing up what is another's. But am I not doing at this instant something like what I told you about the pencil? If the loss of my own thoughts vexed me, how much more will the loss of yours! Now pray begin in good earnest.

Southey. Before we pursue the details of a poem, it is customary to look at it as a whole, and to consider what is the scope and tendency, or what is usually called the moral. But surely it is a silly and stupid business to talk mainly about the moral of a poem, unless it professedly be a fable. A good epic, a good tragedy, a good comedy, will inculcate several. Homer does not represent the anger of Achilles as being fatal or disastrous to that hero; which would be what critics call poetical justice. But he demonstrates in the greater part of the *Iliad* the evil effects of arbitrary power, in alienating an elevated soul from the cause of his country. In the *Odyssea* he shows that every obstacle yields to constancy and perseverance: yet he does not propose to show it: and there are other morals no less obvious. Why should the machinery of the longest poem be drawn out to establish an obvious truth, which a single verse would exhibit more plainly, and impress more memorably? Both in epic and dramatic poetry it is action, and not moral, that is first

demanded. The feelings and exploits of the principal agent should excite the principal interest. The two greatest of human compositions are here defective: I mean the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*. Agamemnon is leader of the confederate Greeks before Troy, to avenge the cause of Menelaus: yet not only Achilles and Diomed on his side, but Hector and Sarpedon on the opposite, interest us more than the 'king of men,' the avenger, or than his brother, the injured prince, about whom they all are fighting. In the *Paradise Lost* no principal character seems to have been intended. There is neither truth nor wit however in saying that Satan is hero of the piece, unless, as is usually the case in human life, he is the greatest hero who gives the widest sway to the worst passions. It is Adam who acts and suffers most, and on whom the consequences have most influence. This constitutes him the main character; although Eve is the more interesting, Satan the more energetic, and on whom the greater force of poetry is displayed. The Creator and his angels are quite secondary.

Landor. Must we not confess that every epic hitherto has been defective in plan; and even that each, until the time of Tasso, was more so than its predecessor? Such stupendous genius, so much fancy, so much eloquence, so much vigour of intellect, never were united as in *Paradise Lost*. Yet it is neither so correct nor so varied as the *Iliad*, nor, however important the action, so interesting. The moral itself is the reason why it wearies even those who insist on the necessity of it. Founded on an event believed by nearly all nations, certainly by all who read the poem, it lays down a principle which concerns every man's welfare, and a fact which every man's experience confirms; that great and irremediable misery may arise from apparently small offences. But will any one say that, in a poetical view, our certainty of moral truth in this position is an equivalent for the uncertainty *which* of the agents is what critics call the hero of the piece?

Southey. We are informed in the beginning of the *Iliad* that the poet, or the Muse for him, is about to sing the anger of Achilles, with the disasters it brought down on the Greeks. But these disasters are of brief continuance, and this anger terminates most prosperously? Another fit of anger, from another motive, less ungenerous and less selfish, supervenes; and Hector falls because Patroclus had fallen. The son of Peleus, whom the poet in the beginning proposed for his hero, drops suddenly out of sight, abandoning a noble cause from an ignoble resentment. Milton, in regard to the discontinuity of agency, is in the same predicament as Homer.

Let us now take him more in detail. He soon begins to give the learned and less obvious signification to English words. In the sixth line,

> That on the secret top, &c.

Here *secret* is in the same sense as Virgil's

> *Secretosque* pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

Would it not have been better to omit the fourth and fifth verses, as incumbrances, and deadeners of the harmony? and for the same reason, the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth?

> That with no middle flight intends to soar
> Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
> Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Landor. Certainly much better: for the harmony of the sentence is complete without them, and they make it gasp for breath. Supposing the fact to be true, the mention of it is unnecessary and unpoetical. Little does it become Milton to run in debt with Ariosto for his

> Cose non dette mai nè in prosa o in rima.

Prosaic enough in a rhymed romance, for such is the *Orlando* with all its spirit and all its beauty, and far beneath the dignity of the epic.

Southey. Beside, it interrupts the intensity of the poet's aspiration in the words,

> And chiefly thou, O Spirit!

Again: I would rather see omitted the five which follow that beautiful line,

> Dovelike satst brooding on the vast abyss.

Landor. The ear, however accustomed to the rhythm of these sentences, is relieved of a burden by rejecting them: and they are not wanted for anything they convey.

Southey. I am sorry that Milton (V. 34) did not always keep separate the sublime Satan and "the infernal Serpent." The thirty-eighth verse is the first hendecasyllabic in the poem. It is much to be regretted, I think, that he admits this metre into epic poetry. It is often very efficient in the dramatic, at least in Shakspeare, but hardly ever in Milton. He indulges in it much less fluently in the *Paradise Lost* than in the *Paradise Regained*. In the seventy-third verse he tells us that the rebellious angels are

> As far removed from God and light of heaven
> As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

Not very far for creatures who could have measured all that distance, and a much greater, by a single act of the will.

V. 188 ends with the word *repair;* 191 with *despair*.

> V. 335. Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
> *In which they were.*

Landor. We are oftener in such *evil plight* of foundering in the prosaic slough about your neighbourhood than in Bunhill Fields.

> V. 360. And Powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones.

Excuse my asking why you, and indeed most poets in most places, make a monosyllable of *heaven?* I observe you treat *spirit* in the same manner; and although not *peril*, yet *perilous*. I would not insist at all times on an iambic foot, neither would I deprive these words of their right to a participation in it.

Southey. I have seized all fair opportunities of introducing the tribrachys, and these are the words that most easily afford one. I have turned

over the leaves as far as verse 534, where I wish he had written *Damascus* (as he does elsewhere) for *Damasco*, which never was the English appellation. Beside, he sinks the last vowel in Meröe in *Paradise Regained*, which follows; and should consistently have done the same in Damasco, following the practice of the Italian poets, which certainly is better than leaving the vowels open and gaping at one another.

V. 550. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood.

Thousands of years before there were phalanxes, schools of music, or Dorians.

Landor. Never mind the Dorians, but look at Satan:

V. 571. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
Glories!

What an admirable pause is here. I wish he had not ended one verse with "*his* heart," and the next with "*his* strength."

Southey. What think you of

V. 585. *That small infantry*
Warred on by cranes.

Landor. I think he might easily have turned the flank of *that small infantry.* He would have done much better by writing, not

For never since created man
Met such imbodied force as *named with these*
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes, though all the giant-brood, &c.

but leaving behind him also these heavy and unserviceable tumbrils, it would have been enough to have written,

Never since created man,
Met such imbodied force; though all the brood
Of Phlegra with the Heroic race were joined.

But where, in poetry or painting, shall we find anything that approaches the sublimity of that description, which begins v. 589 and ends in v. 620? What an admirable pause at

Tears such as angels weep, burst forth!

V. 542. But *tempted* our *attempt.* Such a play on words would be unbecoming in the poet's own person, and even on the lightest subject, but is most injudicious and intolerable in the mouth of Satan, about to assail the Almighty.

V. 673. *Undoubted* sign
That in *his* womb was hid metallic ore.

I know not exactly which of these words induces you to raise your eyes above the book and cast them on me: perhaps both. It was hardly worth his while to display in this place his knowledge of mineralogy, or his recollection that Virgil, in the wooden horse before Troy, had said,

Uterumque armato milite complent.

and that some modern poets had followed him.

Southey.

V. 675. As when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe armed,
Fore-run the royal camp to trench a field
Or cast a rampart.

Nothing is gained to the celestial host by comparing it with the terrestrial. Angels are not promoted by brigading with sappers and miners. Here we are entertained (V. 722) with

Dulcet symphonies . . and voices *sweet*,

among "pilasters and *Doric* pillars."

V. 745 is that noble one on Vulcan, who

Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.

Landor. The six following are quite superfluous. Instead of stopping where the pause is so natural and so necessary, he carries the words on,

Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he, with this rebellious rout,
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heaven high towers, nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong *sent*
With his *industrious* crew to build in hell.

My good Milton! why in a passion? If he was sent to build in hell, and *did* build there, give the Devil his due, and acknowledge that on this one occasion he ceased to be rebellious.

Southey. The verses are insufferable stuff, and would be ill placed anywhere.

Landor. Let me remark that in my copy I find a hyphen before the first letter in *scape.*

Southey. The same in mine.

Landor. Scaped is pointed in the same manner at the beginning of the fourth book. But Milton took the word directly from the Italian *scappare*, and committed no mutilation. We do not always think it necessary to make the sign of an elision in its relatives, as appears by *scape-grace.* In v. 752 what we write *herald* he more properly writes *harald;* in the next *sovran* equally so, following the Italian rather than the French.

Southey. At verse 769 we come to a series of twenty lines, which, excepting the metamorphosis of the Evil Angels, would be delightful in any other situation. The poem is much better without these. And in these verses I think there are two whole ones and two hemistics which you would strike out:

As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothened plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd, &c.

Landor. I should be sorry to destroy the suburb of the straw-built citadel, or even to remove the smoothened plank, if I found them in any other place. Neither the harmony of the sentence, nor the propriety and completeness of the simile, would suffer by removing all between "*to and fro,*" and "*so thick,*" &c. But I wish I had not been called upon to "*Behold a wonder.*"

Southey. (Book II.)

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, &c.

Are not Ormus and Ind within the gorgeous East? If so, would not the sense be better if he

had written, instead of "*Or* where," "*There* where."

Landor. Certainly.

Southey. Turn over, if you please, another two or three pages, and tell me whether in your opinion the 150th verse,

> In the wide womb of uncreated night,

might not also have been omitted advantageously.

Landor. The sentence is long enough and full enough without it, and the omission would cause no visible gap.

Southey.

> V. 226. Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
> Counsel'd *ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,*
> *Not peace.*

These words are spoken by the poet in his own person; very improperly: they would have suited the character of any fallen angel; but the reporter of the occurrence ought not to have delivered such a sentence.

> V. 299. Which when Beelzebub perceived (than whom,
> Satan except, none higher sat) with grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
> A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat and public care;
> And princely counsel in his face yet shone
> Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood,
> With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies.

Often and often have these verses been quoted, without a suspicion how strangely the corporeal is substituted for the moral. However Atlantean his shoulders might be, the weight of monarchies could no more be supported by them than by the shoulders of a grasshopper. The verses are sonorous, but they are unserviceable as an incantation to make a stout figure look like a pillar of state.

Landor. We have seen pillars of state which made no figure at all, and which are quite as misplaced as Milton's. But seriously; the pillar's representative, if any figure but a metaphorical one could represent him, would hardly be brought to represent the said pillar by *rising* up; as,

> Beelzebub in his *rising* seem'd, &c.

His fondness for latiniams induces him to write,

> V. 329. *What* sit we then projecting peace and war?

For "*Why sit we?*" as *quid* for *cur*. To my ear *What sit* sounds less pleasingly than *why sit*.

I have often wished that Cicero, who so delighted in harmonious sentences, and was so studious of the closes, could have heard,

> V. 353. So was his will
> Pronounced among the Gods, and, by an oath
> *That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.*

Although in the former part of the sentence two cadences are the same.

> So was his will,
> And by an oath.

This is unhappy. But at 402 bursts forth again such a torrent of eloquence as there is nowhere else in the regions of poetry, although *strict* and *thick*, in v. 402, sound unpleasantly.

> V. 594. The parching wind
> Burns frore, *and cold performs the effect of fire!*

The latter part of this verse is redundant, and ruinous to the former.

Southey. Milton, like Dante, has mixed the Greek mythology with the Oriental. To hinder the damned from tasting a single drop of the *Lethe* they are *ferried* over,

> V. 604. *Medusa* with Gorgonian terror guards
> The ford.

It is strange that until now they never had explored the banks of the other four infernal rivers.

Landor. It appears to me that his imitation of Shakspeare,

> From beds of raging fire to starve in ice,

is feeble. Never was poet so little made to imitate another. Whether he imitates a good or a bad one, the offence of his voluntary degradation is punished in general with ill success. Shakspeare, on the contrary, touches not even a worthless thing but he renders it precious.

Southey. To continue the last verse I was reading,

> And of itself the water flies
> All taste of living wight, as *once* it fled
> The lip of Tantalus.

No living wight had ever attempted to taste it; nor was it *this* water that fled the lip of Tantalus at any time; least of all can we imagine that it had already fled it. In the description of Sin and Death, and Satan's interview with them, there is a wonderful vigour of imagination and of thought, with such sonorous verse as Milton alone was capable of composing. But there is also much of what is odious and intolerable. The terrific is then sublime, and then only, when it fixes you in the midst of all your energies, and not when it weakens, nauseates, and repels you.

> V. 678. God and his son except,
> Created thing not valued he.

This is not the only time when he has used such language, evidently with no other view than to defend it by his scholarship. But no authority can vindicate what is false, and no ingenuity can explain what is absurd. You have remarked it already in the *Imaginary Conversations*, referring to

> *The fairest of her daughters, Eve.*

There is something not dissimilar in the form of expression, when we find on a sepulchral stone the most dreadful of denunciations against any who should violate it.

> Ultimus suum moriatur.

Landor. I must now be the reader. It is impossible to refuse the ear its satisfaction at

> Thus roving on
> In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands
> With shuddering horror pale and eyes aghast,
> View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
> No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
> They past, and many a region dolorous;

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death.

Now who would not rather have forfeited an estate, than that Milton should have ended so deplorably,

Which God by curse
Created evil, *for evil only good,*
Where all life dies, death lives.

Southey. How Ovidian! This book would be greatly improved, not merely by the rejection of a couple such as these, but by the whole from verse 647 to verse 1007. The number would still be 705; fewer by only sixty-four than the first would be after its reduction.

Verses 1088 and 1089 could be spared. Satan but little encouraged his followers by reminding them that, if they took the course he pointed out, they were

So much the nearer danger,

nor was it necessary to remind them of the obvious fact by saying,

Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.

Landor. In the third book the Invocation extends to fifty-five verses; of these however there are only two which you would expunge. He says to the *Holy Light,*

But thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that toil in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,
So thick a *drop serene* hath quencht their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more, &c.

The fantastical Latin expression *gutta serena,* for amaurosis, was never received under any form into our language, and a *thick drop serene* would be nonsense in any. I think every reader would be contented with

To find thy piercing ray. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt, &c.

Southey. Pope is not highly reverent to Milton, or to God the Father, whom he calls a *school divine.* The doctrines, in this place (V. 80) more scripturally than poetically laid down, are apostolic. But Pope was unlikely to know it; for while he was a papist he was forbidden to read the Holy Scriptures, and when he ceased to be a papist, he threw them overboard and clung to nothing. The fixedness of his opinions may be estimated by his having written at the commencement of his *Essay,* first,

A mighty maze, a maze without a plan,

And then,

A mighty maze, *but not* without a plan.

After the seventy-sixth verse I wish the poet had abstained from writing all the rest until we come to 345: and that after the 382d from all that precede the 418th. Again, all between 462 and 497. This about the Fool's Paradise,

The indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,

is too much in the manner of Dante, whose poetry, admirable as it often is, is at all times very far removed from the dramatic and the epic.

Landor. Verse 586 is among the few inharmonious in this poem.

Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep.

There has lately sprung up among us a Vulcan-descended body of splay-foot poets, who, unwilling

Incudi reddere versus,

or unable to hammer them into better shape and more solidity, tell us how necessary it is to shovel in the dust of a discord now and then. But Homer and Sophocles and Virgil could do without it.

What a beautiful expression is there in v. 546, which I do not remember that any critic has noticed,

Obtains the brow of some *high-climbing* hill.

Here the hill itself is instinct with life and activity.

V. 574. "*But up or down*" in "*longitude*" are not worth the parenthesis.

V. 109.

Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.

Nothing more surprises me in Milton than that his ear should have endured this verse.

Southey. How admirably contrasted with the malignant spirit of Satan, in all its intensity, is the scene of Paradise which opens at verse 131. The change comes naturally and necessarily to accomplish the order of events.

The Fourth Book contains several imperfections. The six verses after 166 efface the delightful impression we had just received.

At one slight *bound* high overleapt all *bound.*

Such a play on words, so grave a pun, is unpardonable; and such a prodigious leap is ill represented by the feat of a wolf in a sheepfold; and still worse by

A thief bent to unhoard the *cash*
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles.

Landor. This "in at the window" is very unlike the "bound high above all bound:" and *climbing* "o'er the tiles" is the practice of a more deliberate burglar.

So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.

I must leave the lewd hirelings where I find them; they are too many for me. I would gladly have seen omitted all between v. 160 and 205.

Southey.

Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb.

There had not yet been time for flocks, or even for one flock.

Landor. At two hundred and ninety-seven commences a series of verses so harmonious, that my ear is impatient of any other poetry for several days after I have read them. I mean those which begin,

For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,

and ending with,

And sweet, reluctant, amorous, delay.

Southey. Here indeed is the triumph of our language, and I should say of our poetry, if, in your preference of Shakspeare, you could endure my saying it. But, since we seek faults rather than beauties this morning, tell me whether you are quite contented with,

> She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
> Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
> As the vine curls her tendrils; *which implied*
> *Subjection, but required with gentle sway,*
> *And by her yielded, by him best received.*

Landor. Stopping there, you break the link of harmony just above the richest jewel that Poetry ever wore:

> Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet, reluctant, amorous, delay.

I would rather have written these two lines than all the poetry that has been written since Milton's time in all the regions of the earth. We shall see again things equal in their way to the best of them: but here the sweetest of images and sentiments is seized and carried far away from all pursuers. Never tell me, what I think is already on your lips, that the golden tresses in their wanton ringlets implied nothing like subjection. Take away, if you will,

> And by her yielded, by him best received,

and all until you come to,

> Under a tuft of shade.

Southey. In verse 388 I wish he had employed some other epithet for *innocence* than *harmless.*

Verses 620 and 621 might be spared.

> While other animals *inactive* range,
> *And of their doings God takes no account.*

V. 660. Daughter of God and *man*, accomplisht Eve!

Surely she was not daughter of *man:* and of all the words that Milton has used in poetry or prose, this *accomplisht* is the worst. In his time it had already begun to be understood in the sense it bears at present.

Verse 674. "*These, then, tho'*" . . harsh sounds so near together.

V. 700.

> *Mosaic;* underfoot the violet,
> Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
> *Broidered* the ground, more coloured than with stone
> Of costliest emblem.

The *broidery* and *mosaic* should not be set quite so closely and distinctly before our eyes. I think the passage might be much improved by a few defalcations. Let me read it:

> The roof
> Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
> Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
> Of firm and fragrant leaf; the violet,
> Crocus, and hyacinth.

I dare not handle the embroidery. Is not this sufficiently verbose?

Landor. Quite.

Southey. Yet, if you look into your book again, you will find a gap as wide as the bank on either side of it:

> On either side
> Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
> *Fenced up* the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
> Iris all hues, roses and jessamin
> Reared *high* their *flourished* heads between, and *wrought*
> *Mosaic.*

He had before told us that there was every tree of *fragrant* leaf: we wanted not "each *odorous* shrub;" nor can we imagine how it *fenced up* a verdant wall: it constituted one itself; one very unlike anything else in Paradise, and more resembling the topiary artifices which had begun to flourish in France. Here is indeed an exuberance, and "a wanton growth that mocks our scant manuring."

> In shadier bower
> More sacred and sequestered, *though but feign'd,*
> Pan or Sylvanus never slept. V. 705.

He takes especial heed to guard us against the snares of Paganism, at the expense of his poetry. In Italian books, as you remember, where Fate, Fortune, Pan, Apollo, or any mythological personage is named incidentally, notice is given at the beginning that no harm is intended thereby to the Holy Catholic-Apostolic religion. But harm is done on this occasion, where it is intended just as little.

> On him *who had stole* Jove's authentic fire.

This is a very weak and unsatisfactory verse. By one letter it may be much improved . . *stolen,* which also has the advantage of rendering it grammatical. The word *who* coalesces with *had.* Of such coalescences the poetry of Milton is full. In five consecutive lines you find three.

> Thee only extolled, son of thy father's might
> To execute his vengeance on his foes,
> Not so on man; him through their malice fallen.
> Father of mercy and grace thou didst not doom
> So strictly, but much more to pity inclined.

V. 722.

> The God that made *both* sky, air, earth, and heaven.

Both must signify two things or persons, and never can signify more.

From v. 735 I would willingly see all removed until we come to,

> Hail wedded love!

After these eight I would reject thirteen.

In v. 73 and 74 there is an unfortunate recurrence of sound:

> The flowery roof
> Showered roses which the morn *repaired.* Sleep on
> Blest *pair!*

and somewhat worse in the continuation,

> And O yet happiest, if ye seek
> *No* happier state, and *know* to *know no more.*

Five similar sounds in ten syllables, beside the affectation of "know to know."

> V. 780. To their night watches in warlike parade.

Is not only a slippery verse in the place where it stands, but is really a verse of quite another metre. And I question whether you are better satisfied with the word *parade.*

> V. 813. As when a spark
> Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, *laid*
> *Fit for the tun, some magazine to store*
> Against a rumoured war.

Its fitness for the tun and its convenience for

the magazine, adapt it none the better to poetry. Would there be any detriment to the harmony or the expression if we skip over that verse, reading,

> Stored
> Against a rumoured war?

Landor. No harm to either. The verses 333 and 334 I perceive have the same cesura, and precisely that which rhyme chooses in preference, and Milton in his blank verse admits the least frequently.

> A faithful leader, not to hazard all,
> Through ways of danger by himself untried.

Presently what a flagellation he inflicts on the traitor Monk!

> To say and straight unsay, pretending first
> Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
> Argues no leader, *but a liar traced.*

When he loses his temper he loses his poetry, in this place and most others. But such coarse hemp and wire were well adapted to the stript shoulders they scourged.

> Satan! and couldst thou *faithful* add? O name!
> O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
> Faithful! to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
> Army of fiends, fit body to fit head,
> Was this your discipline and faith engaged?
> Your military obedience, to dissolve
> Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?
> And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
> Patron of liberty, who more than thou
> Once fawned and cringed?

You noticed the rhyme of *supreme* and *seem.* Great heed should be taken against this grievous fault, not only in the final syllables of blank verse, but also in the cesuras. In our blank verse it is less tolerable than in the Latin heroic, where Ovid and Lucretius, and Virgil himself, are not quite exempt from it.

Southey. It is very amusing to read Johnson for his notions of harmony. He quotes these exquisite verses, and says, "There are two lines in this passage more remarkably inharmonious."

> This delicious place,
> For us too large, *where thy* abundance wants
> Partakers, and uncropt *falls to* the ground.

There are few so dull as to be incapable of perceiving the beauty of the rhythm in the last. Johnson goes out of his way to censure the best thought and the best verse in Cowley.

> And the soft wings of Peace *cover him* round.

Certainly it is not iambic where he wishes it to be. Milton, like the Italian poets, was rather too fond of this cadence, but in the instances which Johnson has pointed out for reprobation, it produces a fine effect. So in the verse,

> Not Typhon huge, ending in smoky wire.

It does the same in Samson Agonistes:

> Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
> This unfrequented place, to find some ease,
> Ease to the body some, *none to* the mind.

Johnson tells us that the third and seventh are weak syllables, and that the period leaves the ear unsatisfied. Milton's ear happened to be satisfied by these pauses; and so will any ear be that is not (or was not intended by nature to be) nine fair inches long. Johnson is sensible of the harmony which is produced by the pause on the sixth syllable; but commends it for no better reason than because it forms a complete verse of itself. There can be no better reason against it.

In regard to the pause at the third syllable, it is very singular and remarkable that Milton never has paused for three lines together on any other. In the 327th, 328th, and 329th of *Paradise Lost* are these.

> His swift pursuers from heaven's gates pursue
> The advantage, and descending tread us down,
> Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
> Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Another, whose name I have forgotten, has censured in like manner the defection and falling off in the seventh syllable of that very verse, which I remember your quoting as among the innumerable proofs of the poet's exquisite sensibility and judgment,

> And toward the gate *rolling* her bestial train,

where another would have written

> And rolling toward the gate, &c.

On the same occasion you praised Thomson very highly for having once written a most admirable verse where an ordinary one was obvious.

> And tremble every feather with desire.

Pope would certainly have preferred

> And every feather trembles with desire.

So would Dryden probably. Johnson, who censures some of the most beautiful lines in Milton, praises one in Virgil with as little judgment. He says, "We hear the passing arrow"

> Et fugit *horrendùm stridens* elapsa sagitta.

Now there never was an arrow in the world that made a *horrible stridor* in its course. The only sound is a very slight one occasioned by the feather. Homer would never have fallen into such an incongruity.

How magnificent is the close of this fourth book, from,

> Then when I am thy captive.

Landor. I do not agree to the use of golden scales, not figurative but real jewellers' gold, for weighing events,

> *Battles* and realms. In these he put two *weights,*
> The sequel each of parting and of fight;
> The latter *quick* up-flew and *kicked* the beam.

To pass over the slighter objection of *quick* and *kick* as displeasing to the ear, the vulgarity of *kicking the beam* is intolerable: he might as well, among his angels, and among sights and sounds befitting them, talk of *kicking the bucket.* Here again he pays a penalty for trespassing.

Southey. I doubt whether (Fifth Book) there ever was a poet in a warm or temperate climate, who at some time or other of his life has not written about the nightingale. But no one rivals or approaches Milton in his fondness or his success. However, at the beginning of this book, in a passage full of beauty, there are two expressions, and

the first of them relates to the nightingale, which I disapprove.

> Tunes sweetest his *love-laboured* song. V. 41.

In *love-laboured*, the ear is gained over by the sweetness of the sound: but in the nightingale's song there is neither the reality nor the appearance of labour.

> *Sets off* the face of things. V. 43,

is worthier of Addison than of Milton.

> But know that in the soul, &c. V. 100.

This philosophy on dreams, expounded by Adam, could never have been hitherto the fruit of his experience or his reflection.

Landor.

> These are thy glorious works, &c. V. 152.

Who could imagine that Milton, who translated the Psalms worse than any man ever translated them before or since, should in this glorious hymn have made the 148th so much better than the original? But there is a wide difference between being bound to the wheels of a chariot and guiding it. He has ennobled that more noble one,

> O all ye works of the Lord, &c.

But in

> Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
> From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
> Till the sun *paint* your fleecy skirts with *gold*, &c.

Such a verse might be well ejected from any poem whatsoever: but here its prettiness is quite insufferable. Adam never knew anything either of paint or gold. But, casting out this devil of a verse, surely so beautiful a psalm or hymn never rose to the Creator.

Southey. "No fear lest dinner cool," v. 396, might as well never have been thought of: it seems a little too jocose. The speech of Raphael to Adam, on the subject of eating and drinking and the consequences, is neither angelic nor poetical: but the Sun *supping* with the Ocean is at least Anacreontic, and not very much debased by Cowley.

> So *down they sat*
> And to their viands *fell*.

Landor.

> Meanwhile the eternal eye, whose sight discerns
> Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
> And from within the golden lamps that burn
> Nightly before him, saw without their light
> Rebellion rising, &c.
> And smiling to his only son thus said, &c. V. 711.

Bentley, and several such critics of poetry, are sadly puzzled, perplexed, and irritated at this. One would take refuge with the first grammar he can lay hold on, and cry *pars pro toto*: another strives hard for another suggestion. But if Milton by accident had written both *Eternal* and *Eye* with a capital letter at the beginning, they would have perceived that he had used a noble and sublime expression for the Deity. No one is offended at the words. "It is the will of Providence," or, "It is the will of the Almighty;" yet Providence is that which *sees before*; and *will* is different from *might*. True it is that Providence and Almighty are qualities converted into appellations, and are well known to signify the Supreme Being: but, if the Eternal Eye is less well known to signify him, or not known at all, that is no reason why it should be thought inapplicable. It might be used injudiciously: for instance, the *right hand* of the Eternal Eye would be singularly so; but *smiles* not. The Eternal Eye *speaks* to his only Son. This is more incomprehensible to the critics than the preceding. And truly if that eye were like ours, and the organ of speech like ours also, it might be strange. Yet the very same good people have often heard without wonder of a *speaking* eye in a very ordinary person, and are conversant with poets who precede an expostulation, or an entreaty for a reply, with "*Lux* mea." There is a much greater fault, which none of them has observed, in the beginning of the speech.

> Son! thou in whom my glory I behold
> In full resplendence! *heir* of all my might.

Now an *heir* is the future and not the present possessor; and he to whom he is heir must be extinct before he comes into possession. But this is nothing if you compare it with what follows, a few lines below:

> Let us advise and to this hazard draw
> With speed what force is left, and all employ
> In our defence, *lest unawares we lose*
> *This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.*

Such expressions of derision are very ill applied, and derogate much from the majesty of the Father. We may well imagine that far different thoughts occupied the Divine Mind at the defection of innumerable angels, and their inevitable and everlasting punishment.

Southey. The critics do not agree on the meaning of the words,

> Much less for *this* to be our Lord. V. 799.

Nothing I think can be clearer, even without the explanation which is given by Abdiel in v. 813:

> Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
> The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn
> That to *his only Son*, by right endued
> With royal sceptre, every soul in heaven
> *Shall bend the knee?*

V. 860. There are those who can not understand the plainest things, yet who can admire every fault that any clever man has committed before. Thus, *beseeching* or *besieging*, spoken by an angel, is thought proper, and perhaps beautiful, because a quibbler in a Latin comedy says, *amentium haud amantium*. It appears then on record that the first overt crime of the refractory angels was *punning*: they fell rapidly after that.

Landor.

> *These tidings carry to the anointed king.* V. 870.

Whatever *anointing* the kings of the earth may have undergone, the King of Heaven had no occasion for it. Who anointed him? When did his reign commence?

> *Through the infinite host.* V. 874.

Although our poet would have made no difficulty of accenting "infinite" as we do, and as he himself

has done in other places, I am inclined to think that the accent is here on the second syllable. He does not always accentuate the same word in the same place. In v. 889 Bentley and the rest are in a bustle about,

> *Well didst thou advise;*
> *Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly*
> *These wicked hosts devoted, lest the wrath, &c.*

One suggests one thing, another another; but nothing is more simple and easy than the construction, if you put a portion of the second verse in a parenthesis, thus,

> Yet (not for thy advice or threats), &c.

Southey. The archangel Michael is commanded (Book vi., v. 44,) to do what the Almighty, who commands it, gave him not strength to do, as we find in the sequel, and what was reserved for the prowess of the Messiah.

Landor. V. 115. "Whose faith and realty," &c. Bentley, more unlucky than ever, here would substitute *fealty*, as if there were any difference between *fealty* and *faith*: *reale* and *leale* are the same in Italian.

Southey.

> Before thy fellows, ambitious to win, &c. V. 160.

Surely this line is a very feeble one, and where so low a tone is not requisite for the harmony or effect of the period. But the battle of Satan and Michael is worth all the battles in all other poets. I wish however I had not found

> A stream of *nectarous* humour issuing.

The *ichor* of Homer has lost its virtue by exposure and application to ordinary use. Yet even this would have been better:

> Forthwith on all sides to his aid *was run*
> By angels.

This Latinism is inadmissible; there is no loophole in our language for its reception. He once uses the same form in his History. "Now was fought eagerly on both sides." Even here the word *it* should have preceded: and the phrase would still remain a stiff intractable Latinism. In the remainder of this book there are much graver faults, amid highest beauty. Surely it was unworthy of Milton to follow Ariosto, and Spenser, and many others, in dragging up his cannon from hell, although it is not, as in the *Faery Queen*, represented to us distinctly,

> *Ram'd with bullets round.*

Landor. I wish he had omitted all from v. 483.

> Which into hollow engines, *long and round*
> Thick ramm'd at *the other bore*,

down to 525: and again from 545, "barbed with fire," to v. 627, where the wit, which Milton calls the *pleasant vein*, is worthy of newly-made devils who never had heard any before, and falls as foul on the poetry as on the antagonist.

> Their *armour* helpt their *harm*.

Here *helpt* means *increased*. A few lines above, we find "*Light* as the *lightning* glimpse." We should have quite enough of this description if at v. 628 we substituted *but* for *so*, and continued to v. 644, "They pluckt the seated hills," skipping over all until we reach 654,

> Which in the air, &c.

Southey. I think I would go much farther, and make larger defalcations. I would lop off the whole from "Spirits of purest light," v. 661, to 831; then (for *He*) reading "God on his impious foes," as far as 843, "his ire." Again, omitting nine verses, to "yet half his strength." The 866th line is not a verse: it is turned out of an Italian mould, but in a state too fluid and incohesive to stand in English. This book should close with,

> Hell at last
> Yearning received them whole, and on them closed.

Landor. The poem would indeed be much the better for all the omissions you propose; if you could anywhere find room for those verses which begin at the 760th, "He in celestial panoply," and end with that sublime,

> He onward came: far off his coming shone.

The remainder, both for the subject and the treatment of it, may be given up without a regret. The last verse of the book falls "succiso poplite,"

> Remember; *and fear to transgress.*

Beautiful as are many parts of the Invocation at the commencement of the Seventh Book, I should more gladly have seen it without the first forty lines, and beginning,

> The affable archangel.

Southey.

> But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
> Her temperance over appetite.

He might have ended here: he goes on thus:

> To know
> In measure what the mind may well contain.

Even this does not satisfy him: he adds,

> Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
> Wisdom to folly, as *nourishment to wind.*

Now certainly Adam could never yet have known anything about the meaning of surfeit, and we may suspect that the angel himself must have been just as ignorant on a section of physics which never had existed in the world below, and must have been without analogy in the world above.

Landor. His supper with Adam was unlikely to produce a surfeit.

> *At least* our envious foe hath fall'd. V. 139.

There is no meaning in *at least*; "at *last*" would be little better. I would not be captious nor irreverent; but surely the words which Milton gives as spoken by the Father to the Son, bear the appearance of boastfulness and absurdity. The Son must already have known both the potency and will of the Father. How incomparably more judicious, after five terrific verses, comes at once, without any intervention,

> Silence, ye troubled waves! and thou, deep, peace.

If we can imagine any thought or expression at all worthy of the Deity, we find it here. In

v. 242 we have another specimen of Milton's consummate art:

And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

Unhappily he permitted his learning to render him verbose immediately after:

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep.

The intermediate verse is useless and injurious; beside, according to his own account, light was not "first of things." He represents it springing from "the deep" after the earth had "hung on her centre," and long after the waters had been apparent. We do not want philosophy in the poem, we only want consistency.

Southey. There is no part of Milton's poetry where harmony is preserved, together with conciseness, so remarkably as in the verses beginning with 312, and ending at 338: but in the midst of this beautiful description of the young earth, we find

The bush with *frizzled* hair *implicit.*

But what poet or painter ever in an equal degree has raised our admiration of beasts, fowls, and fish? I know you have objected to the repetition of *shoal* in the word *scull.*

Landor. Shoal is a corruption of *scull,* which ought to be restored, serving the other with an ejectment to another place. Nor do I like *fry.* But the birds never looked so beautiful since they left Paradise. Let me read however three or four verses in order to offer a remark.

Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast: the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet, yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower, &c.

Frequently as the great poet pauses at the ninth syllable, it is incredible that he should have done it thrice in the space of five verses. For which reason, and as nothing is to be lost by it, I would place the comma after *mantling.* No word in the whole compass of our language has been so often ill applied or misunderstood by the poet as this.

Southey.

Speed to describe whose swiftness number fails.
Book 8, v. 38.

Adam could have had no notion of swiftness in the heavenly bodies or the earth: it is among the latest and most wonderful of discoveries.

Landor. Let us rise to Eve, and throw aside our algebra. The great poet is always greatest at this beatific vision. I wish however he had omitted the 46th and 47th verses, and also the 60th, 61st, 62nd, and 63d. There is a beautiful irregularity in the 62d,

And from about her shot darts of desire

But when he adds, "Into *all* eyes," as there were but four, we must except the angel's two: the angel had no occasion for wishing to see what he was seeing.

He his fabric of the heavens
Hath left to their disputes, *perhaps to move*
His laughter.

I can not well entertain this opinion of the Creator's risible faculties and propensities. Milton here carries his anthropomorphism much farther than the poem (which needed a good deal of it) required.

Southey. I am sorry to find a verse of twelve syllables in 216. I mean to say where no syllables coalesce; in which case there are several which contain that number unobjectionably.

Landor. In my opinion a greater fault is to be found in the passage beginning at 286.

There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state,
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.

How could he think he was passing into a state of which, at that time, he knew nothing?

Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve! V. 291.

Magnificent verse, and worthy of Milton in his own person: but Adam, in calling her thus, is somewhat too poetical, and too presumptuous: for what else does he call her, but "daughter of God and *me*?" Now, the idea of *daughter* could never, by any possibility, have yet entered his mind.

Affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself. V. 338.

The word *affront* is to be taken in its plain English sense, not in its Italian: but what a jingle and clash and clumsy play of words! In v. 353, I find, "But bid her well be ware," and *be ware* is very properly in two words: so should *be gone,* and *can not.*

To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared. V. 358.

This verse is too slippery, too Italian.

What thinkest thou then of me and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness or not, who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less. V. 403.

This comes with an ill grace, after the long consultation which the Father had holden with the Son, equal (we are taught to believe) in the godhead.

Southey.

And through *all numbers absolute,* though one. V. 421.

I wish he had had the courage to resist this pedantic quibbling Latinism. Our language has never admitted the phrase, and never will admit it.

Landor. I have struck it out, you see, and torn the paper in doing so. In verse 576,

Made so *adorn,* &c.

I regret that we have lost this beautiful adjective, which was well worth bringing from Italy. Here follows some very bad reasoning on love, which (being human love) the angel could know nothing about, and speaks accordingly. He adds,

In loving thou dost well, in passion not.

Now love, to be perfect, should consist of passion and sentiment, in parts as nearly equal as possible, with somewhat of the material to second them.

Southey. We are come to the Ninth Book, from which I would cast away the first forty-seven verses.

Landor. Judiciously. In the eighty-first you will find a verb singular for two substantives, "the land where flows Ganges and Indus." The small fry will carp at this, which is often an elegance, but oftener in Greek than in Latin, in Latin than in French, in French than in English. Here follow some of the dullest lines in Milton.

> Him, after long debate irresolute
> Of thoughts resolved, his final sentence chose
> Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
> To enter, and his dark suggestion hide
> From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake
> Whatever sleights, *none* would suspicious mark,
> As from his wit and native subtilty
> Proceeding, which in other beasts observed,
> Doubt might beget of diabolic power
> Active within, beyond the sense of brute.

Not to insist on the prosaic of the passage, we may inquire who could be suspicious, or who could know anything about his wit and subtilty? He had been created but a few days, and probably no creature, (brute, human, or angelic,) had ever taken the least notice of him, or heard anything of his propensities. "*Diabolic* power" had taken no such direction: and the serpent was so obscure a brute, that the devil himself knew scarcely where to find him. When however he did find him,

> In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
> His head the midst, *well stored with subtile wiles,*

he made the most of him. But why had he hitherto borne so bad a character? Who had ever yet been a sufferer by his wit and subtilty? In the very next verses, the poet says he was

> Not nocent yet; but on the grassy herb
> Fearless, unfear'd, he slept.

Southey. These are the contradictions of a dreamer. Horace has said of Homer, "aliquando bonus *dormitat.*" This really is no napping; it is heavy snoring. But how fresh and vigorous he rises the next moment. And we are carried by him, we know not how, into the presence of Eve, and help her to hold down the strong and struggling woodbine for the arbour. I wish Milton had forgotten the manner of Euripides in his dull reflections, and had not forced into Adam's mouth,

> For nothing lovelier can be found
> In woman than to *study household good,*
> And good works in her husband to promote.

All this is very true, but very tedious, and very out of place.

Landor. Let us come into the open air again with her. I wish she had not confessed such a predilection for,

> The smell of sweetest *fennel.* V. 581;

for although it is said to be very pleasant to serpents, no serpent had yet communicated any of his tastes to womankind. Again, I suspect you would wish our good Milton a little farther from the schools, when he tells Eve that

> The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
> Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
> Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

But how fully and nobly he compensates the inappropriate thought by the most appropriate!

> Just then return'd *at shut of evening flowers.*

Southey.

> To whom the wily *adder,* blythe and glad. V. 625.

I strongly object to the word *adder,* which reduces the grand serpent to very small dimensions. It never is, or has been, applied to any other species than the little ugly venomous viper of our country. Of such a reptile it never could be said that,

> He *swiftly* roll'd
> In *tangles,*

Nor that

> Hope elevates, and joy
> Brightens his crest.

Here again Homer would have run into no such error. But error is more pardonable than wantonness, such as he commits in verse 648.

> *Fruitless* to me, though *fruit* be here to excess.

Landor. You have often, no doubt, repeated in writing a word you had written just before. Milton has done it inadvertently in

> While each part,
> Motion, *each* act, won audience ere the tongue, &c. V. 674.

Evidently *each* should be *and.* Looking at the tempter in the shape of an *adder,* as he is last represented to us, there is something which prepares for a smile on the face of Eve, when he says,

> *Look on me,*
> Me, who have touch't and tasted, yet both *live*
> And life more perfect have attained than fate
> Meant me.

Now certainly the adder was the most hideous creature that ever had crossed her path, and she had no means of knowing, unless by taking his own word for it, that he was a bit wiser than the rest. Indeed she had heard the voices of many long before she had heard his, and as they all excelled him in stateliness, she might well imagine they were by no means inferior to him in intellect, and were more likely by their conformation to have reached and eaten the apple, although they held their tongues. In verse 781,

> She pluckt, she *eat.*
> Earth felt the wound, and nature from her *seat,* &c.

Surely he never wrote *eat* for *ate;* nor would he admit a rhyme where he could at least palliate it. But although we met together for the purpose of plucking out the weeds and briars of this boundless and most glorious garden, and not of overlauding the praises of others, we must admire the wonderful skill of Milton in this section of his work. He represents Eve as beginning to be deceitful and audacious; as ceasing to fear, and almost as ceasing to reverence the Creator; and shuddering not at extinction itself, until she thinks

> Of Adam wedded to another Eve.

Southey. We shall lose our dinner, our supper,

and our sleep, if we expatiate on the innumerable beauties of the volume: we have scarcely time to note the blemishes. Among these,

> In her face excuse
> Came prologue and apology less prompt.

There is a levity and impropriety in thus rushing on the stage. I think the vv. 957, 958, and 959, superfluous, and somewhat dull; beside that they are the repetition of 915 and 916, in his soliloquy.

Landor. I wish that after 1003,

> Wept at completing of the mortal sin,

every verse were omitted, until we reach the 1821st.

> They sat them down to weep.

A very natural sequence. We should indeed lose some fine poetry; in which however there are passages which even the sanctitude of Milton is inadequate to veil decorously. At all events, we should get fairly rid of "*Herculean* Sampson." V. 1060.

Southey. But you would also lose such a flood of harmony as never ran on earth beyond that Paradise. I mean,

> How shall I behold the face
> Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
> And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes
> Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze,
> Insufferably bright. O! might I here
> In solitude live savage! in some glade
> Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
> To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
> And brown as evening. Cover me, ye pines,
> Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs,
> Hide me, where I may never see them more.

Landor. Certainly, when we read these verses, the ear is closed against all others, for the day, or even longer. It sometimes is a matter of amusement to hear the sillinesses of good men conversing on poetry; but when they lift up some favourite on their shoulders, and tell us to look at one equal in height to Milton, I feel strongly inclined to scourge the more prominent fool of the two, the moment I can discover which it is.

Southey.

> Long they sat, as *strucken mute.* V. 104.

Stillingfleet says, "This vulgar expression may owe its origin to the stories in romances, of the effect of the magical wand." Nothing more likely. How many modes of speech are called vulgar, in a contemptuous sense, which, because of their propriety and aptitude, strike the senses of all who hear them, and remain in the memory during the whole existence of the language. This is one, and although of daily parlance, it is highly poetical, and among the few flowers of romance that retain their freshness and odour.

Landor.

> For what can 'scape the eye, &c. Book 10, v. 5.

When we find in Milton such words as *'scape*, *'edain*, &c., with the sign of elision in front of them, we may attribute such a sign to the wilfulness of the printer, and the indifference of the author in regard to its correction. He wrote both words without it, from the Italian *scappare* and *edegnare*. In v. 19,

> *Made* haste to *make* appear,

is negligence or worse: but incomparably worse still is,

> And usher in
> The evening cool, when he from wrath *more cool.* V. 28.

Southey. In 120, he writes *revile* (a substantive) for *rebuke*. In 100 and 131 are two verses of similar pauses in the same place.

> I should conceal, and not expose to blame
> By my complaint.

The worst of it is, that the words become a verse, and a less heavy one, by tagging the two pieces together.

> And not expose to blame by my complaint.

I agree with you that, in blank verse, the pause, after the fourth syllable, which Pope and Johnson seem to like the best, is very tiresome if often repeated; and Milton seldom falls into it. But he knew where to employ it with effect: for example, in this sharp reproof, twice over. Verses 143 and 146.

> Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
> Before his voice?

In v. 155 he represents the Almighty using a most unseemly metaphor.

> Which was thy part
> And person.

A metaphor taken from the masks of the ancient stage certainly ill suits "His part and person."

Landor. Here are seven (v. 175) such vile verses, and forming so vile a sentence, that, it appears to me, a part of God's malediction must have fallen on them on their way from *Genesis.* In 195, he says,

> Children thou shalt bring
> In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
> Thine shall submit: he over thee shall rule.

The Deity had commanded the latter part from the beginning: it now comes as the completion of the curse.

V. 198 is no verse at all.

> Because thou hast *harkened* to the voice of thy wife.

There are very few who have not done this, *bon-gré mal-gré*, and many have thought it curse enough of itself; poor Milton, no doubt, among the rest.

Southey. I suspect you will abate a little of your hilarity, if you continue to read from v. 220 about a dozen: they are most oppressive.

> I shall not lag behind, nor err
> The way thou leading.

Such is the punctuation; wrong, I think. I would read,

> I shall not lag behind nor err,
> The way thou leading.

Landor. He was very fond of this Latinism: but to *err a way* is neither Latin idiom nor English. From 292 to 316, what a series of verses! a structure more magnificent and wonderful than the terrific bridge itself, the construction of which

required the united work of the two great vanquishers of all mankind.

Southey. Pity that he could not abstain from a pun at the bridge-foot, "by wondrous art *pontifical*." In v. 348 he recurs to the word *pontifice*. A few lines above, I mean v. 315, there must be a parenthesis. The verses are printed,

> Following the track
> Of Satan to the self-same place where he
> First lighted from his wing and landed safe
> From out of chaos, to the outside bare
> Of this round world.

I would place all the words after "Satan," including *chaos*, in a parenthesis; else we must alter the second *to* for *on*; and it is safer and more reverential to correct the punctuation of a great poet than the slightest word. Bentley is much addicted to this impertinence.

Landor. In his emendations, as he calls them, both of Milton and of Horace, for one happy conjecture, he makes at least twenty wrong, and ten ridiculous. In the Greek poets, and sometimes in Terence, he, beyond the rest of the pack, was often brought into the trail by scenting an unsoundness in the metre. But let me praise him where few think of praising him, or even of suspecting his superiority. He wrote better English than his adversary Middleton, and established for his university that supremacy in classical literature which it still retains.

In v. 369 I find, "Thou us empower*ed*." This is ungrammatical: it should be empower*edst*, since it relates to time past: had it related to time present, it would still be wrong; it should then be empower*est*. I wonder that Bentley has not remarked this, for it lay within his competence.

Southey. That is no reason why he omitted to remark it. I like plain English so much that I can not refrain from censuring the phraseology of v. 345, "With joy and tidings fraught," meaning *joyful tidings*, and defended by Virgil's *munera lætitiamque dei*. Phrases are not good, whether in Latin or English, which do not convey their meaning unbroken and unobstructed. The best understanding would with difficulty master such expressions, of which the signification is traditional from the grammarians, but beyond the bounds of logic, or even the liberties of speech. You, who have ridiculed Virgil's *odor attulit æras*, and many similar foolish tricks committed by him, will pardon my animadversion on a smaller (though no small) fault in Milton.

Landor. Right. Again I go forward to punctuation. Bentley is puzzled again at v. 368. It is printed with the following:

> Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
> Within hell-gates till now; thou us empower'd
> To fortify thus far, and overlay
> With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.

The punctuation should be,

> Thou hast achieved our liberty: confined
> Within hell-gates till now, thou us empowered*st*, &c.

I wonder that Milton should a second time have committed so grave a grammatical fault as he does in writing "thou empower*ed*," instead of empower*edst*. Ver. 380,

> Parted by the empyreal bounds,
> His *quadrature*, from thy orbicular world.

Again the schoolmen, and the crazy philosophers who followed them. It was believed that the empyrean is a quadrangle, because in the *Revelations* the *Holy City* is square. It is lamentable that Milton should throw overboard such prodigious stores of poetry and wisdom, and hug with such pertinacity the ill-tied bladders of crude learning. But see him here again in all his glory. I wish indeed he had rejected "the plebeian angel militant," and that we might read, missing four verses,

> He through the midst *unmaskt*
> Ascended his high throne.

What noble verses, fifteen together!

Southey. It is much to be regretted that most of the worst verses and much of the foulest language are put into the mouth of the Almighty. For instance, v. 630, &c. I am afraid you will be less tolerant here than you were about the quadrature.

> My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth . . .
> . . till crammed and gorged, nigh burst . .
> With suckt and glutted offal.

We are come

> To the other five,
> Their planetary motions and aspects,
> In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite . . . .
> Like change on sea and land; *sideral* blast. V. 693.

Although he is partial to this scansion, I am inclined to believe that here he wrote *sidereal*; because the same scansion as *sideral* recurs in the close of the verse next but one:

> Now *from the* north.

And, if it is not too presumptuous, I should express a doubt whether the poet wrote

> Is his wrath also? Be it: man is not so.

Not so and *also*, in this position are disagreeable to the ear; which might have been avoided by omitting the unnecessary *so* at the close.

Landor. You are correct. "*Ay me.*" So I find it spelt (v. 813), not *ah me!* as usually. It is wonderful that, of all things borrowed, we should borrow the expression of grief. One would naturally think that every nation had its own, and indeed every man his. *Ay me!* is the *ahime!* of the Italians. *Ahi lasso!* is also theirs. Our *gadso*, less poetical and sentimental, comes also from them: we need not look for the root.

Southey. Again I would curtail a long and somewhat foul excrescence, terminating with coarse invectives against the female sex, and with reflections more suitable to the character and experience of Milton than of Adam. I would insert my pruning-knife at v. 871,

> To warn all creatures from thee . .

and cut clean through, quite to "household peace confound," v. 908.

Landor. The reply of Eve is exquisitely beautiful, especially

> Both have sinned, but thou
> Against God only, I against God and thee.

At last her voice fails her,

> Me, me only, just object of his ire.

Bentley, and thousands more, would read, "Me, only me!" But Milton did not write for Bentley, nor for those thousands more. Similar, in the trepidation of grief, is Virgil's, "Me, me, adsum qui feci," &c.

> Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
> That show no end but death, and have the power
> Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
> Destruction with destruction to destroy. V. 1003, &c.

This punctuation is perhaps the best yet published: but, after all, it renders the sentence little better than nonsense. Eve, according to this, talks at once of hesitation and of choice, "shivering under fears," and both of them "choosing the shortest way," yet she expostulates with Adam why he is not ready to make the choice. The perplexity would be solved by writing thus:

> Why stand we longer shivering under fears
> That show no end but death? and have the power
> Of many ways to die! the shortest choose . .
> Destruction with destruction to destroy.

If we persist in retaining the participle *choosing*, instead of the imperative *choose*, grammar, sense, and spirit, all escape us. I am convinced that it was an oversight of the transcriber: and we know how easily, in our own works, faults to which the eye and ear are accustomed, escape our detection, and we are surprised when they are first pointed out to us.

Southey. I wish you could mend as easily,

> On me the curse aslope
> *Glanced on the ground:* with labour I must earn, &c.
> V. 1053.

Landor. In the very first verse of the Eleventh Book, Milton is resolved to display his knowledge of the Italian idiom. We left Adam and Eve *prostrate;* and prostrate he means that they should still appear to us, although he writes,

> Thus they, in loneliest plight, repentant *stood*
> Praying.

Stavano pregando would signify *they continued praying.* The Spaniards have the same expression: the French, who never stand still on any occasion, are without it.

Southey. It is piteous that Milton, in all his strength, is forced to fall back on the old fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha. And the prayers which the son of God presents to the Father in a "golden censer, mixed with incense," had never yet been offered to the Mediator, and required no such accompaniment or conveyance. There are some noble lines beginning at 72; but one of them is prosaic in itself, and its discord is profitless to the others. In v. 86,

> Of that *defended* fruit.

I must remark that Milton is not quite exempt from the evil spirit of saying things for the mere pleasure of defending them. Chaucer used the word *defend* as the English of education then used it, in common with the French. It was obsolete in that sense when Milton wrote; so it was even in the age of Spenser, who is forced to employ it for the rhyme.

Landor. This evil spirit which you find hanging about Milton, fell on him from two school-rooms, both of which are now become much less noisy and somewhat more instructive, although Phillpots is in the one, and although Brougham is in the other; I mean the school-rooms of theology and criticism.

Southey. You will be glad that he accents *contrite* (v. 90) on the last syllable, but the gladness will cease at the first of *rèceptacle*, v. 123.

Landor. I question whether he pronounced it so. My opinion is, that he pronounced it *receptàcle*, Latinizing as usual, and especially in B. 8, v. 574,

> By *attributing* overmuch to things, &c.

We are strange perverters of Latin accentuations. From *irrĭto* we make *irrĭtate;* from *excĭto, excĭte.* But it must be conceded that the latter is much for the better, and perhaps the former also. You will puzzle many good Latin scholars in England, and nearly all abroad, if you make them read any sentence containing *irrĭto* or *excĭto* in any of their tenses. I have often tried it; and nearly all, excepting the Italians, have pronounced both words wrong.

Southey.

> Watchful cherubim, four faces each
> Had, *like a double Janus.*

Better left this to the imagination: double Januses are queer figures. He continues,

> All their shape
> *Spangled* with eyes, more numerous than those
> Of Argus.

At the restoration of learning it was very pardonable to seize on every remnant of antiquity, and to throw together into one great store-room whatever could be collected from all countries, and from all authors, sacred and profane. Dante has done it; sometimes rather ludicrously. Milton here copies his *Argus.* And four lines farther on, he brings forward *Leucothoë*, in her own person, although she had then no existence.

Landor. Nor indeed had *subscriptions*, to articles or anything else: yet we find "but Fate *subscribed* not," v. 182. And within three more lines, "The bird of *Jove.*" Otherwise the passage is one of exquisite beauty. Among the angels, and close at the side of the archangel, "*Iris* had dipt her woof." Verse 267, *retire* is a substantive, from the Italian and Spanish.

How divinely beautiful is the next passage! It is impossible not to apply to Milton himself the words he has attributed to Eve:

> From thee
> How shall I part? and whither wander down
> Into a lower world?

My ear, I confess it, is dissatisfied with everything, for days and weeks after the harmony of *Paradise Lost.* Leaving this magnificent temple,

I am hardly to be pacified by the fairy-built chambers, the rich cupboards of embossed plate, and the omnigenous images of Shakspeare.

Southey. I must interrupt your transports.

> His *eye* might there command where-ever stood
> City of old or modern fame.

Here are twenty-five lines describing cities to exist long after, and many which his *eye* could not have commanded even if they existed then, because they were situated on the opposite side of the globe. But some of them, the poet reminds us afterward, Adam might have seen in spirit. Diffuse as he is, he appears quite moderate in comparison with Tasso on a similar occasion, who expatiates not only to the length of five-and-twenty lines, but to between four and five hundred.

Landor. At v. 480 there begins a catalogue of diseases, which Milton increased in the second edition of the poem. He added,

> Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
> And moonstruck madness, pining atrophy,
> Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence!

There should be no comma after "melancholy," as there is in my copy.

Southey. And in mine too. He might have afforded to strike out the two preceding verses when these noble ones were presented.

> Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,

are better to be understood than to be expressed. His description of old age is somewhat less sorrowful and much less repulsive. It closes with

> In thy blood will reign
> A melancholy *damp* of cold and *dry*.

Nobody could understand this who had not read the strange notions of physicians, which continued down to the age of Milton, in which we find such nonsense as "*adust* humours." I think you would be unreluctant to expunge vv. 624, 625, 626, 627.

Landor. Quite: and there is also much verbiage about the giants, and very perplexed from v. 88 to 97. But some of the heaviest verses in the poem are those on Noah, from 717 to 737. In the following we have "*vapour* and *exhalation*," which signify the same.

> Sea covered sea,
> Sea without shore. V. 750.

This is very sublime: and indeed I could never heartily join with those who condemn in Ovid

> Omnia pontus erant; deerant quoque litora ponto.

It is true, the whole fact is stated in the first hemistych; but the mind's eye moves from the centre to the circumference, and the pleonasm carries it into infinity. If there is any fault in this passage of Ovid, Milton has avoided it, but he frequently falls into one vastly more than Ovidian, and after so awful a pause as is nowhere else in all the regions of poetry.

> How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
> The end of all thy offspring! end so sad!
> Depopulation!
>
> *Thee another flood,*
> *Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drowned,*
> *And sank thee as thy sons.*

It is wonderful how little reflection on many occasions, and how little knowledge on some very obvious ones, is displayed by Bentley. To pass over his impudence in pretending to correct the words of Milton (whose hand-writing was extant) just as he would the corroded or corrupt text of any ancient author, here in v. 895. "To drown the world with man therein, or *beast*;" he tells us that *birds are forgot*, and would substitute "With man or beast or *fowl*." He might as well have said that *fleas* are *forgot*. Beast means everything that is not man. It would be much more sensible to object to such an expression as *men and animals*, and to ask, are not men animals? and even more so than the rest, if *anima* has with men a more extensive meaning than with other creatures. Bentley in many things was very acute; but his criticisms on poetry produce the same effect as the water of a lead mine on plants. He knew no more about it than Hallam knows, in whom acuteness is certainly not blunted by such a weight of learning.

Southey. We open the Twelfth Book: we see land at last.

Landor. Yes, and dry land too. Happily the twelfth is the shortest. In a continuation of six hundred and twenty-five flat verses, we are prepared for our passage over several such deserts of almost equal extent, and still more frequent, in *Paradise Regained*. But at the close of the poem now under our examination, there is a brief union of the sublime and the pathetic for about twenty lines, beginning with "All in bright array."

We are comforted by the thought that Providence had not abandoned our first parents, but was still their guide; that, although they had lost Paradise, they were not debarred from Eden; that, although the angel had left them solitary and sorrowing, he left them "yet in peace." The termination is proper and complete.

In Johnson's estimate I do not perceive the unfairness of which many have complained. Among his first observations is this: "Scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the main action." This is untrue: were it true, why remark, as he does subsequently, that the poem is mostly read as a duty; not as a pleasure. I think it unnecessary to say a word on the moral or the subject; for it requires no genius to select a grand one. The heaviest poems may be appended to the loftiest themes. Andreini and others, whom Milton turned over and tossed aside, are evidences. It requires a large stock of patience to travel through Vida; and we slacken in our march, although accompanied with the livelier sing-song of Sannazar. Let any reader, who is not by many degrees more pious than poetical, be asked whether he felt a very great interest in the greatest actors of *Paradise Lost*, in what is either said or done by the angels or the Creator; and whether the humblest and weakest does not most attract him. Johnson's remarks on the allegory of Milton are just and wise; so are those on the non-materiality or non-immateriality of Satan. These

faults might have been easily avoided: but Milton, with all his strength, chose rather to make Antiquity his shield-bearer, and to come forward under a protection which he might proudly have disdained.

Southey. You will not countenance the critic, nor Dryden whom he quotes, in saying that Milton "saw Nature through the spectacles of books."

Landor. Unhappily both he and Dryden saw Nature from between the houses of Fleet-street. If ever there was a poet who knew her well, and described her in all her loveliness, it was Milton. In the *Paradise Lost* how profuse in his descriptions, as became the time and place! in the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, how exquisite and select!

Johnson asks, "What Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish, in some degree, the honour of our country!" I hope the honour of our country will always rest on truth and justice. It is not by concealing what is wrong that anything right can be accomplished. There is no pleasure in transcribing such passages, but there is great utility. Inferior writers exercise no interest, attract no notice, and serve no purpose. Johnson has himself done great good by exposing great faults in great authors. His criticism on Milton's highest work is the most valuable of all his writings. He seldom is erroneous in his censures, but he never is sufficiently excited to admiration of what is purest and highest in poetry. He has this in common with common minds (from which however his own is otherwise far remote), to be pleased with what is nearly on a level with him, and to drink as contentedly a heady beverage with its discoloured froth, as what is of the best vintage. He is morbid, not only in his weakness, but in his strength. There is much to pardon, much to pity, much to respect, and no little to admire in him.

After I have been reading the *Paradise Lost*, I can take up no other poet with satisfaction. I seem to have left the music of Handel for the music of the streets, or at best for drums and fifes. Although in Shakspeare there are occasional bursts of harmony no less sublime, yet, if there were many such in continuation, it would be hurtful, not only in comedy, but also in tragedy. The greater part should be equable and conversational. For, if the excitement were the same at the beginning, the middle, and the end; if consequently (as must be the case) the language and versification were equally elevated throughout; any long poem would be a bad one, and, worst of all, a drama. In our English heroic verse, such as Milton has composed it, there is a much greater variety of feet, of movement, of musical notes and bars, than in the Greek heroic; and the final sounds are incomparably more diversified. My predilection in youth was on the side of Homer; for I had read the *Iliad* twice, and the *Odyssea* once, before the *Paradise Lost*. Averse as I am to everything relating to theology, and especially to the view of it thrown open by this poem, I recur to it incessantly as the noblest specimen in the world of eloquence, harmony, and genius.

Southey. Learned and sensible men are of opinion that the *Paradise Lost* should have ended with the words "Providence their guide." It might very well have ended there; but we are unwilling to lose sight all at once of our first parents. Only one more glimpse is allowed us: we are thankful for it. We have seen the natural tears they dropped; we have seen that they wiped them *soon*. And why was it? Not because the world was all before them, but because there still remained for them, under the guidance of Providence, not indeed the delights of Paradise, now lost for ever, but the genial clime and calm repose of Eden.

Landor. It has been the practice in late years to supplant one dynasty by another, political and poetical. Within our own memory no man had ever existed who preferred Lucretius, on the whole, to Virgil, or Dante to Homer. But the great Florentine, in these days, is extolled high above the Grecian and Milton. Few, I believe, have studied him more attentively or with more delight than I have; but beside the prodigious disproportion of the bad to the good, there are fundamental defects which there are not in either of the other two. In the *Divina Commedia* the characters are without any bond of union, any field of action, any definite aim. There is no central light above the Bolge; and we are chilled in Paradise even at the side of Beatrice.

Southey. Some poetical Perillus must surely have invented the *terza rima*. I feel in reading it as a school-boy feels when he is beaten over the head with a bolster.

Landor. We shall hardly be in time for dinner. What should we have been if we had repeated with just eulogies all the noble things in the poem we have been reading?

Southey. They would never have weaned you from the *Mighty Mother* who placed her turreted crown on the head of Shakspeare.

Landor. A rib of Shakspeare would have made a Milton: the same portion of Milton, all poets born ever since.

RHADAMISTUS AND ZENOBIA.

Zenobia. My beloved! my beloved! I can endure the motion of the horse no longer; his weariness makes his pace so tiresome to me. Surely we have ridden far, very far from home; and how shall we ever pass the wide and rocky stream, among the whirlpools of the rapid and the deep Araxes? From the first sight of it, O my husband! you have been silent: you have looked at me at one time intensely, at another wildly: have you mistaken the road? or the ford? or the ferry?

Rhadamistus. Tired, tired! did I say? ay, thou must be. Here thou shalt rest: this before us is the place for it. Alight; drop into my arms: art thou within them?

Zenobia. Always in fear for me, my tender thoughtful Rhadamistus!

Rhadamistus. Rhadamistus then once more embraces his Zenobia!

Zenobia. And presses her to his bosom as with the first embrace.

Rhadamistus. What is the first to the last!

Zenobia. Nay, this is not the last.

Rhadamistus. Not quite, (O agony!) not quite; once more.

Zenobia. So: with a kiss: which you forget to take.

Rhadamistus (*aside*). And shall this shake my purpose? it may my limbs, my heart, my brain; but what my soul so deeply determined, it shall strengthen: as winds do trees in forests.

Zenobia. Come, come! cheer up. How good you are to be persuaded by me: back again at one word! Hark! where are those drums and bugles? on which side are these echoes?

Rhadamistus. Alight, dear, dear Zenobia! And does Rhadamistus then press thee to his bosom? Can it be!

Zenobia. *Can it cease to be?* you would have said, my Rhadamistus! Hark! again those trumpets? on which bank of the water are they? Now they seem to come from the mountains, and now along the river. Men's voices too! threats and yells! You, my Rhadamistus, could escape.

Rhadamistus. Wherefore? with whom? and whither in all Asia?

Zenobia. Fly! there are armed men climbing up the cliffs.

Rhadamistus. It was only the sound of the waves in the hollows of them, and the masses of pebbles that rolled down from under you as you knelt to listen.

Zenobia. Turn round; look behind! is it dust yonder, or smoke? and is it the sun, or what is it, shining so crimson? not shining any longer now, but deep and dull purple, embodying into gloom.

Rhadamistus. It is the sun, about to set at mid-day; we shall soon see no more of him.

Zenobia. Indeed! what an ill omen! but how can you tell that? Do you think it? I do not. Alas! alas! the dust and the sounds are nearer.

Rhadamistus. Prepare then, my Zenobia!

Zenobia. I was always prepared for it.

Rhadamistus. What reason, O unconfiding girl! from the day of our union, have I ever given you, to accuse, or to suspect me?

Zenobia. None, none: your love, even in these sad moments, raises me above the reach of fortune. How can it pain me so? Do I repine? Worse may it pain me; but let that love never pass away!

Rhadamistus. Was it then the loss of power and kingdom for which Zenobia was prepared?

Zenobia. The kingdom was lost when Rhadamistus lost the affection of his subjects. Why did they not love you? how could they not? Tell me so strange a thing.*

Rhadamistus. Fables, fables! about the death of Mithridates and his children: declamations, outcries: as if it were as easy to bring men to life again as . . I know not what . . to call after them.

Zenobia. But about the children?

Rhadamistus. In all governments there are secrets.

Zenobia. Between us?

Rhadamistus. No longer: time presses: not a moment is left us, not a refuge, not a hope!

Zenobia. Then why draw the sword?

Rhadamistus. Wanted I courage? did I not fight as becomes a king?

Zenobia. True, most true.

Rhadamistus. Is my resolution lost to me? did I but dream I had it?

Zenobia. Nobody is very near yet; nor can they cross the dell where we did. Those are fled who could have shown the pathway. Think not of defending me. Listen! look! what thousands are coming. The protecting blade above my head can only provoke the enemy. And do you still keep it there? You grasp my arm too hard. Can you look unkindly? Can it be? O think again and spare me, Rhadamistus! From the vengeance of man, from the judgments of heaven, the unborn may preserve my husband.

Rhadamistus. We must die! They advance; they see us; they rush forward!

Zenobia. Me, me would you strike? Rather let me leap from the precipice.

Rhadamistus. Hold! Whither would thy desperation? Art thou again within my grasp?

Zenobia. O my beloved! never let me call you cruel! let me love you in the last hour of seeing you as in the first. I must, I must . . and be it my thought in death that you love me so! I would have cast away my life to save you from

* From the seclusion of the Asiatic women, Zenobia may be supposed to have been ignorant of the crimes Rhadamistus had committed.

remorse: it may do that and more, preserved by you. Listen! listen! among those who pursue us there are many fathers; childless by his own hand, none. Do not kill our baby . . the best of our hopes when we had many . . the baby not yet ours! Who shall then plead for you, my unhappy husband?

Rhadamistus. My honour; and before me, sole arbiter and sole audience of our cause. Bethink thee, Zenobia, of the indignities . . not bearing on my fortunes . . but imminent over thy beauty! What said I? did I bid thee think of them? Rather die than imagine, or than question me, what they are! Let me endure two deaths before my own, crueller than wounds or than age or than servitude could inflict on me, rather than make me name them.

Zenobia. Strike! Lose not a moment so precious! Why hesitate now my generous brave defender?

Rhadamistus. Zenobia! dost thou bid it?

Zenobia. Courage is no longer a crime in you. Hear the shouts, the threats, the imprecations! Hear them, my beloved! let *me* no more!

Rhadamistus. Embrace me not, Zenobia! loose me, loose me!

Zenobia. I can not: thrust me away! Divorce . . but with death . . the disobedient wife, no longer your Zenobia. (*He strikes*). Oh! oh! one innocent head . . in how few days . . should have reposed . . no, not upon this blood. Swim across! is there a descent . . an easy one, a safe one, anywhere? I might have found it for you! ill-spent time! heedless woman!

Rhadamistus. An arrow hath pierced me: more are showering round us. Go, my life's flower! the blighted branch drops after. Away! forth into the stream! strength is yet left me for it. (*He throws her into the river*). She sinks not! O last calamity! She sinks! she sinks! Now both are well, and fearless! One look more! grant one more look! On what? where was it? which whirl? which ripple? they are gone too. How calm is the haven of the most troubled life! I enter it! Rebels! traitors! slaves! subjects! why gape ye? why halt ye? On, on, dastards! Oh that ye dared to follow! (*He plunges armed into the Araxes*).

ELDON AND ENCOMBE.

Eldon. Encombe! why do you look so grave and sit so silent?

Encombe. To confess the truth, I played last evening, and lost.

Eldon. You played? Do you call it playing, to plunder your guest and over-reach your friends? Do you call it playing, to be unhappy if you can not be a robber, happy if you can be one? The fingers of a gamester reach farther than a robber's or a murderer's, and do more mischief. Against the robber or murderer the country is up in arms at once: to the gamester every bosom is open, that he may contaminate or stab it.

Encombe. Certainly I have neither stabbed nor contaminated; I have neither plundered nor over-reached.

Eldon. If you did not fancy you had some advantages over your adversary, you would never have tried your fortune with him. I am not sorry you lost; it will teach you better.

Encombe. My dear father! if you could but advance me the money!

Eldon. Your next quarter, the beginning of April, is nigh at hand. However, a part, a moiety, forty days after date . . who knows!

Encombe. My loss, I am sorry to say, is heavy.

Eldon. Then wait.

Encombe. Losers would willingly: winners have always a spur against the flank.

Eldon. Tell me the amount of the debt.

Encombe. Two thousand pounds.

Eldon. Two . . . what! thousand . . . pounds! Pounds did you say? pounds sterling? incredible!

Encombe. Too true!

Eldon. O my son Encombe! O Encombe, my son, my son!

Encombe. I now perceive you pity my condition, and I grieve to have given so tender-hearted a parent so much uneasiness. Those blessed words remind me of the royal psalmist's.

Eldon. I am very near in my misfortunes at least, although God forbid that I should liken myself in wisdom or piety to that good old king, that king after God's own heart, of whom I can discover no resemblance among men, excepting our own most gracious sovran George the Fourth.

Encombe. Filial love suggests to me some advantages of yours over that early light of the gentiles. You never were guilty of idolatry nor adultery, nor ever kept (*aside*) anything but his money.

Eldon. The Lord exempted me from so horrible a sin as idolatry, by placing me in the happiest and most enlightened (as indeed it was lately) of all the countries upon earth. Adultery and concubinage did you mention! Another vorago, two voragoes, Scylla and Charybdis, of national wealth.

Encombe. Not national, my dear father, but private . . unless he must pay for . . .

Eldon. Hold! hold! No indecent reflections! Son Encombe! do begin to talk more discreetly and more nobly, and call everything private, *national*.

Encombe. Better so, than to make everything national private.

Eldon. The laws will not allow that. A certain latitude, a liberal construction, a privilege here, a perquisite there . . these are things which only the malignant would carp at: the wiser of both parties take the same view of them, and shake

their heads, leaving such trifles as they found them.

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

But, son Encombe, I have often had occasion to remark, that persons who have thrown themselves under tribulation by their extravagancies, roll themselves up in a new morality with all the nap upon it, and are profuse in the loan of sympathies. They are furnished with every sort of morality but that particular one which pinched them; and, when they have done an infinity of private mischief, they are inflamed with a marvellous passion for the public good. Is not this somewhat like a man who has the plague about him offering to cure a patient of the hiccup. Another set of them is still more censurable, and, I am sorry to say, a remark of yours reminded me of the offence whereof they are habitually guilty. Draw distinctions, draw distinctions, Encombe! One of the errors to which you alluded in the mention of king David, if indeed it was one, as perhaps it may appear at first sight, was the error of the times and of the country. We can pretend to no positive proof that he cohabited with more than one of his handmaidens, and possibly it was not without some injunction from above, for purposes beyond our reach and unbecoming our discussion. We must close our eyes on those who are under God's guidance; I mean his more especial guidance, for under it we are all, weak and ignorant creatures as we are.

Encombe. I wish I had been rather more especially so; then I should not have come upon you in this disagreeable business.

Eldon. Don't mind that, Encombe! you come not upon me; I step aside from it. The business may be disagreeable to you, and those who played with you. I grieve at the propensity, but I will avert the ruin.

Encombe. My dear father! do not grieve at it, only pay the money.

Eldon. Only pay the money! only pay two thousand pounds! All the moments of my frail life, nearly worn to nothing in the public service, would scarcely suffice me for counting out the sum.

Encombe. Never fear; only give the order: the banker's clerks are clever fellows, and have life enough before them without encroachment upon yours. I know you will pay it, my noble-minded father, you look so relenting and generous.

Eldon. I would not abuse the time of those worthy clerks. The hours we deduct from youth can never be added to age. Time and virtue are the only losses that are irrecoverable.

Encombe. And sometimes two thousand pounds.

Eldon. Ha! you make me laugh. Pity, that with so much ready wit you should not also keep about you a little ready money. Well, now we have recovered our spirits, we will dismiss all further thought about these little pecuniary matters. I promise you, Encombe, you shall hear no more from me about them, justly as I might reprove a moment's indiscretion, which, were you not insolvent, would be serious.

Encombe. One line then.

Eldon. The clever clerks you mention have all got into parliament. A brace or leash of them have been tossed up to the ticking of my woolsack.

Encombe. There are others as clever as they, and left behind. Let me bring the ink.

Eldon. Youths of business in these days will bring their weight in gold, provided they have words as well as figures at their disposal. I would die with the reputation of having been a just and frugal man. You, who have studied the classics, know the value they entertained for the *homo frugi*, and how many virtues that term included. In conscience, in rectitude, I can not do for you what a sense of paternal propriety forced me to refuse your sister. Relying on the benefices in my gift as chancellor, and venturing to fall in love with a clergyman who had nothing, what does she but marry! No other way was left of showing her the imprudence she had committed, than withholding all supplies. Nothing had she from me for the whole year. The bonds of compassion will yearn, Encombe. Fifteen months, scarcely fifteen months, had elapsed, when Lady Eldon made for the baby two flannel dresses, much longer than itself; and, with very few reproaches, very few indeed, I sent her myself a check for twenty pounds, payable at sight. *Bis dat qui cito dat:* so you may say forty. It was worth as much to her who was starving.

His Majesty in consideration of my infirmities and in commiseration of my afflictions, has been graciously pleased to send me a most noble breast of mutton. The donation would have been more royal had there been capers and crumbs of bread with it. I have enemies, my son! I have enemies who intercepted the fulness of the royal bounty. However, with God's blessing, here is enough for ourselves and the servants on Christmas day; and the superfluity of fat, discreetly husbanded, may light the house until new year's: indeed the evening of that joyous day may be enlivened by it.

If there is anything in phrenology, my dear Encombe, you must surely have a mountainous boss of destructiveness on your cranium.

Encombe. I, my Lord! Why?

Eldon. Otherwise you would never have crumpled so that admirable piece of parchment. It came but this morning, a ticket to a hare. None such is fabricated in our days: it would have served for letters patent to a dukedom, and would have borne wax enough for the great seal. Now! now! now! do discontinue such childishness. Can not you leave entire even the list that was about the hinder legs! I laid it aside for the fruit-trees against the south-wall. Remember, the loss is yours, if you have fewer and smaller apricots. All I can say is, list is exorbitant: neither they who make the liveries, nor they who

sell the cloth, throw any in; they have the meanness to think of selling it. Nothing but selling! selling! We are become much too mercantile.

Encombe. I must interrupt once more the wisdom of your experience and reflections. The matter is really urgent.

Eldon. Who is the creditor?

Encombe. The Marquis of Selborough.

Eldon. Tell him I have made up my mind never to pay a gambling debt.

Encombe. Would you wish him to shoot me?

Eldon. Shoot you!

Encombe. Yes, by all that is sacred!

Eldon. I am shocked at your impiety. He dares not shoot you; and no action will lie. Give him my opinion.

Encombe. He would give me his in return, and we should be just where we stood before.

Eldon. This horrid duelling! I have been thinking of our fine walnut-tree. I did indeed hope to derive some advantage from it in my declining years, little as I apprehended they would be obscured and chilled by the eclipse of dignity and the storms of fortune. It was valued at forty pounds: providential if it produce me thirty at present.

Encombe. It will produce you walnuts.

Eldon. My double teeth are gone, and scarcely any two meet of the single. They are like friends to persons out of place: they stand apart and look shy, and only wish they could serve us.

Encombe. Well, my dear father, let us rather think about the payment of the money than about this melancholy matter.

Eldon. Encombe! Encombe! take care of your teeth. In youth we know not the real value of anything; age instructs us. If you lose a finger, the rest remain; if you lose a tooth, believe me you hold the remainder on no valid security. A dissolute life, care, loss of money, late hours, hot liquors, rich gravies, many dishes, French and Rhenish wines, excursions on the sea in yachts, the sea-coast in crowded places, and, above all, the breath of horses on the race-course, are prejudicial to the duration of teeth. Divine Providence gives us two sets, and makes us suffer acutely at each gift, in order that we may remember it and prize it. Should you happen to hear of anyone desirous to purchase a fine walnut-tree, particularly adapted to duelling pistol stocks, you may tell him of ours near the house, where dear Lady Eldon loves to sit and amuse herself in the summer evenings, and where we enjoy together the sweet reflection of a well-spent life. It might not be amiss to mention that our favourite tree was valued by admeasurement at forty pounds or upward. Mark me, say *or upward*. The virtuous man is observant of truth, even to his serious loss and detriment. There is much envy, much malignity, in the world we live in. It is by no means clear to me (indeed I am inclined to think the contrary) that there was ever a more general or a more intense hostility toward men in office than at present; especially if, by the appointment of the Almighty they have the honour and happiness to be in the confidence of his Majesty. Seeing this, it would not at all surprise me if some wicked wretch or other, desirous of bringing me and the laws of England into contempt, should insinuate that I would aid and abet, and lend my hand to, the practice of duelling. Could he but see my heart; could he but hear this conversation! God is my judge; I wish only, as a conscientious man, upright in all my dealings, to sell my walnut-tree. I know not whether, if the offer should come through a third party, it might be useful to remark that Lord Chancellor Eldon was in the habit of meditating under this walnut-tree some of his most important decrees, twenty years together. Shakspeare's mulberry was cut up into snuff-boxes, and a guinea has been given for three inches square. I have drawn as many tears as ever he did, and all in the line of duty, and by law. Perhaps I may be remembered a shorter time among men. Certain great ones, to whom the services of my whole life were devoted, seem to have forgotten me already. But fidelity to our word, to our wives, to our God, and to our king, ensures my happiness here and hereafter.

Encombe. Nevertheless, my dear father, your tone and manner are excessively despondent.

Eldon. Not at all, not at all. Another would be vexed at seeing a mere child take his chair in the Court of Chancery: another would tremble at the probable consequences of such inexperience... Well, well! they may want me yet, and may not have me.

Encombe. Could you be insensible to the call of king and country? You shed tears at the very thought: I have touched the tender point, the nerve of patriotism.

Eldon. Lend me your pocket-handkerchief; for mine is a clean one. Thank you; I am truly grateful for your sympathy and attention.. Are you mad, Encombe? why, yours is clean too. Take it back: I must go upstairs for my last. Who is that man at the hall-door?

Encombe. Apparently a beggar.

Eldon. Go away, go away; beggary is contrary to law. I pity you, my good friend, from the bottom of my heart.

Beggar. What a cold place his pity comes from! No wonder it has caught the cramp, and limps.

Eldon. George the Third, of happy memory, stood forward a bright example to all future kings. But I am not about to cite him in that high station. By God's appointment he also shone a burning light for the guidance of parents. Being the natural guardian of his blessed Majesty now reigning, he received on his behalf the proceeds of the duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, together with certain proceeds from the principality of Wales. In twenty-one years, with compound interest of five per cent, his Royal Highness, then prince of Wales, at present our

most gracious sovran, might have imbursed, at the hands of his august parent, from the said proceeds, some nine hundred thousand pounds. But, knowing that a virtuous and a religious education is more pleasing to the eyes of our Maker, and more beneficial to the subject, he expended the whole sum on his royal son's education.

Encombe. Nine hundred thousand pounds?

Eldon. A fraction more or less.

Encombe. Impossible!

Eldon. His Majesty himself declared it. Remember, the tutors of princes are lords temporal and spiritual.

Encombe. Oh then, in that case, his Majesty's word may be relied on.

Eldon. I likewise have bestowed on you, son Encombe, an education such as was suitable to your future rank in society. It is beyond my power to throw you back on Parliament. The Houses would not accept my recommendation for your relief.

Encombe. Indeed I am not so mad as to expect it.

Eldon. It is worse madness to expect it from me. The one has a precedent, the other none. But my bowels yearn for you, although you have brought a whole Vesuvius of ashes on my grey hairs.

Encombe. Even our most gracious Regent has played at cards and lost.

Eldon. Cards were invented for the diversion of a king, and therefore of right do belong to kings. Well we know, Encombe, that our most gracious ruler is the least addicted to light and frivolous pleasures: and fairly may we infer that, if he played and lost at cards, it could only be to countenance the subject. Perhaps to encourage the conversion of rags into paper. The colourman, the glue-man, entered (no doubt) into his calculation. The money he graciously lost was probably won by some faithful old servant, whose family was in poverty and affliction. Delicate as he is in all things, he could not act more delicately in any than in this. That he is the most abstinent of mankind, not only his household, but all around, have incontestable proofs before their eyes. By the sagacity and sound discretion of his royal father, of happy memory, he was precluded from these proceeds of which we already have largely spoken, and consequently he is reported to have incurred sundry debts. In order to defray them, he took a consort.

Encombe. Being, in the eye of God, married already.

Eldon. No, son Encombe, no; emphatically *no.*

Encombe. My dear father, you always lay the strongest emphasis on that word, especially when, as now . .

Eldon. Encombe! I can not but rejoice and smile at your ready wit. Your uncle Stowell has it also. It lies deeply seated in the family: my mine has never yet been worked: it might not answer. But let me correct your error of judgment, and inform you that what is not in the eye of the law can not be in the eye of God. For God is law, is order, economy, and perfection. Blessed be his holy name! I shall hardly be accused of flattery in reverting from God to God's vice-gerent; more especially when my aim is solely your admonition. Imitate him, Encombe, imitate him!

Encombe. I was apprehensive I had imitated him too closely.

Eldon. Take a wife of some substance.

Encombe. He certainly has done that: but I am unambitious of so large a dominion.

Eldon. His royal highness was singularly abstemious and patriotic in his union. The instant that, by possibility, the hopes of his people were accomplished, he was as chaste toward his consort as his predecessor Edward the Confessor.

Encombe. In consequence of which abstemiousness . . .

Eldon. Hold! hold! We mortals are short-sighted. God delivered the lady from her perils. Reluctantly should I have pronounced a sentence of blood. But God, in some cases, hath ordained that the axe separate the impure from the pure.

Encombe. Both parties were equally safe, if such be his ordinance.

Eldon. Furthermore, you have the authority of your sovran for denying the validity of lawless obligations. His Majesty, by right, took possession of the Duke of York's effects. His creditors claimed them, pretending not only that they were unpaid for, but also that they existed on the premises at the Duke's decease. Yet his Majesty demurred. The creditors may bring their action: it will lie.

Encombe. For ever.

TANCREDI* AND CONSTANTIA.

Constantia. Is this in mockery, sir? Do you place me under a canopy, and upon what (no doubt) you presume to call a throne, for derision?

Tancredi. Madonna! if it never were a throne before, henceforward let none approach it but with reverence. The greatest, the most virtuous, of queens and empresses (it were indecorous in such an inferior as I am to praise in your presence aught else in you that raises men's admiration) leaves a throne for homage wherever she has rested.

Constantia. Count Tancredi! your past con-

* Tancredi was crowned 1190, and died of grief at the loss of his only son, 1194. Constantia, daughter of William II. of Sicily, was married to the Emperor Henry VI.

duct ill accords with your present speech. Your courtesy, great as it is, would have been much greater, if you yourself had taken me captive, and had not turned your horse and rode back, on purpose that villanous hands might seize me.

Tancredi. Knightly hands (I speak it with all submission) are not villanous. I could not in my heart command you to surrender; and I would not deprive a brave man, a man distinguished for deference and loyalty, of the pleasure he was about to enjoy in encountering your two barons. I am confident he never was discourteous.

Constantia. He was; he took my horse's bridle by the bit, turned his back on me, and would not let me go.

Tancredi. War sometimes is guilty of such enormities, and even worse.

Constantia. I would rather have surrendered myself to the most courageous knight in Italy.

Tancredi. Which may that be?

Constantia. By universal consent, Tancredi, Count of Lecce.

Tancredi. To possess the highest courage, is but small glory; to be without it, is a great disgrace.

Constantia. Loyalty, not only to ladies, but to princes, is the true and solid foundation of it. Count of Lecce! am I not the daughter of your king?

Tancredi. I recognise in the Lady Constantia the daughter of our late sovran lord, King William, of glorious memory.

Constantia. Recognise then your queen.

Tancredi. Our laws, and the supporters of these laws, forbid it.

Constantia. Is that memory a glorious one, as you call it, which a single year is sufficient to erase? And did not my father nominate me his heir?

Tancredi. A kingdom is not among the chattels of a king: a people is paled within laws, and not within parks and chases: the powerfullest have no privilege to sport in that inclosure. The barons of the realm and the knights and the people assembled in Palermo, and there by acclamation called and appointed me to govern the state. Certainly the Lady Constantia is nearer to the throne in blood, and much worthier: I said so then. The unanimous reply was that Sicily should be independent of all other lands, and that neither German Kings nor Roman Emperors should controll her.

Constantia. You must be aware, sir, that an armed resistance to the Emperor is presumptuous and traitorous.

Tancredi. He has carried fire and sword into my country, and has excited the Genoese and Pisans, men speaking the same language as ourselves, to debark on our coasts, to demolish our villages, and to consume our harvests.

Constantia. Being a sovran, he possesses the undoubted right.

Tancredi. Being a Sicilian, I have no less a right to resist him.

Constantia. Right? Do rights appertain to vassals?

Tancredi. Even to them; and this one particularly. Were I still a vassal, I should remember that I am a king by election, by birth a Sicilian, and by descent a Norman.

Constantia. All these fine titles give no right whatever to the throne, from which an insuperable bar precludes you.

Tancredi. What bar can there be which my sword and my people's love are unable to bear down?

Constantia. Excuse my answer.

Tancredi. Deign me one, I entreat you, Madonna! although the voice of my country may be more persuasive with me even than yours.

Constantia. Count Lecce! you are worthy of all honour, excepting that alone which can spring only from lawful descent.

Tancredi. My father was the first-born of the Norman conqueror, king of Sicily: my mother, in her own right, countess of Lecce. I have no reason to blush at my birth; nor did ever the noble breast which gave me nourishment heave with a sense of ignominy as she pressed me to it. She thought the blessing of the poor equivalent to the blessing of the priest.

Constantia. I would not refer to her ungently: but she by her alliance set at nought our Holy Father.

Tancredi. In all her paths, in all her words and actions, she obeyed him.

Constantia. Our Holy Father?

Tancredi. Our holiest, our only holy one, "our Father which is in heaven." She wants no apology: precedent is nothing: but remember our ancestors: I say *ours;* for I glory in the thought that they are the same, and so near. Among the early dukes of Normandy, vanquishers of France, and (what is greater) conquerors of England, fewer were born within the pale of wedlock than without. Nevertheless the ladies of our nation were always as faithful to love and duty, as if hoods and surplices and psalms had gone before them, and the church had been the vestibule to the bedchamber.

Constantia. My cousin the countess was irreproachable, and her virtues have rendered you as popular as your exploits.

Who is this pretty boy who holds down his head so, with the salver in his hand?

Tancredi. He is my son.

Constantia. Why then does he kneel before me?

Tancredi. To teach his father his duty.

Constantia. You acknowledge the rights of my husband?

Tancredi. To a fairer possession than fair Sicily.

Constantia. I must no longer hear this language.

Tancredi. I utter it from the depths of a heart as pure as the coldest.

Constantia (to the boy). Yes, my sweet child! I accept the refreshments you have been holding so patiently and present so gracefully. But

you should have risen from your knees; such a posture is undue to a captive.

Boy. Papa! what did the lady say? Do you ever make ladies captives?

(To Constantia). Run away: I will hold his hands for him.

Constantia. I intend to run away; but you are quite as dangerous as your father. Count! you must name my ransom.

Tancredi. Madonna, I received it when you presented your royal hand to my respectful homage. The barons who accompanied you are mounted at the door, in order to reconduct you; and the most noble and the most venerable of mine will be proud of the same permission.

Constantia. I also am a Sicilian, Tancredi! I also am sensible to the glories of the Norman race. Never shall my husband, if I have any influence over him, be the enemy of so courteous a knight. I could almost say, prosper! prosper! for the defence, the happiness, the example, of our Sicily.

Tancredi. We may be deprived of territory and power; but never of knighthood. The brave alone can merit it, the brave alone can confer it, the recreant alone can lose it. So long as there is Norman blood in my veins I am a knight: and our blood and our knighthood are given us to defend the sex. Insensate! I had almost said the weaker! and with your eyes before me!

Constantia. He can not be a rebel, nor a false bad man.

Tancredi. Lady! the sword which I humbly lay at your feet was, a few years ago, a black misshapen mass of metal: the gold that surrounds it, the jewel that surmounts it, the victories it hath gained, constitute now its least value; it owes the greatest to its position.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI AND POPE EUGENIUS THE FOURTH.

Eugenius. Filippo! I am informed by my son Cosimo de' Medici of many things relating to thy life and actions, and among the rest, of thy throwing off the habit of a friar. Speak to me as to a friend. Was that well done?

Filippo. Holy Father! it was done most unadvisedly.

Eugenius. Continue to treat me with the same confidence and ingenuousness; and, beside the remuneration I intend to bestow on thee for the paintings wherewith thou hast adorned my palace, I will remove with my own hand the heavy accumulation of thy sins, and ward off the peril of fresh ones, placing within thy reach every worldly solace and contentment.

Filippo. Infinite thanks, Holy Father! from the innermost heart of your unworthy servant, whose duty and wishes bind him alike and equally to a strict compliance with your paternal commands.

Eugenius. Was it a love of the world and its vanities that induced thee to throw aside the frock?

Filippo. It was indeed, Holy Father! I never had the courage to mention it in confession among my manifold offences.

Eugenius. Bad! bad! Repentance is of little use to the sinner, unless he pour it from a full and overflowing heart into the capacious ear of the confessor. Ye must not go straightforward and bluntly up to your Maker, startling him with the horrors of your guilty conscience. Order, decency, time, place, opportunity, must be observed.

Filippo. I have observed the greater part of them: time, place, and opportunity.

Eugenius. That is much. In consideration of it, I hereby absolve thee.

Filippo. I feel quite easy, quite new-born.

Eugenius. I am desirous of hearing what sort of feelings thou experiencest, when thou givest loose to thy intractable and unruly wishes. Now, this love of the world, what can it mean? A love of music, of dancing, of riding? What in short is it in thee?

Filippo. Holy Father! I was ever of a hot and amorous constitution.

Eugenius. Well, well! I can guess, within a trifle, what that leads unto. I very much disapprove of it, whatever it may be. And then? and then? Prythee go on: I am inflamed with a miraculous zeal to cleanse thee.

Filippo. I have committed many follies, and some sins.

Eugenius. Let me hear the sins; I do not trouble my head about the follies; the Church has no business with them. The state is founded on follies, the Church on sins. Come then, unsack them.

Filippo. Concupiscence is both a folly and a sin. I felt more and more of it when I ceased to be a monk, not having (for a time) so ready means of allaying it.

Eugenius. No doubt. Thou shouldst have thought again and again before thou strippedst off the cowl.

Filippo. Ah! Holy Father! I am sore at heart. I thought indeed how often it had held two heads together under it, and that stripping it off was double decapitation. But compensation and contentment came, and we were warm enough without it.

Eugenius. I am minded to reprove thee gravely. No wonder it pleased the Virgin, and the saints about her, to permit that the enemy of our faith should lead thee captive into Barbary.

Filippo. The pleasure was all on their side.

Eugenius. I have heard a great many stories both of males and females who were taken by Tunisians and Algerines: and although there is a sameness in certain parts of them, my especial

benevolence toward thee, worthy Filippo, would induce me to lend a vacant ear to thy report. And now, good Filippo, I could sip a small glass of muscatel or Orvieto, and turn over a few bleached almonds, or essay a smart dried apricot at intervals, and listen while thou relatest to me the manners and customs of that country, and particularly as touching thy own adversities. First, how wast thou taken?

Filippo. I was visiting at Pesaro my worshipful friend the canonico Andrea Paccone, who delighted in the guitar, played it skilfully, and was always fond of hearing it well accompanied by the voice. My own instrument I had brought with me, together with many gay Florentine songs, some of which were of such a turn and tendency, that the canonico thought they would sound better on water, and rather far from shore, than within the walls of the canonicate. He proposed then, one evening when there was little wind stirring, to exercise three young abbates* on their several parts, a little way out of hearing from the water's edge.

Eugenius. I disapprove of exercising young abbates in that manner.

Filippo. Inadvertently, O Holy Father! I have made the affair seem worse than it really was. In fact, there were only two genuine abbates; the third was Donna Lisetta, the good canonico's pretty niece, who looks so archly at your Holiness when you bend your knees before her at bed-time.

Eugenius. How? Where?

Filippo. She is the angel on the right-hand side of the Holy Family, with a tip of amethyst-coloured wing over a basket of figs and pomegranates. I painted her from memory: she was then only fifteen, and worthy to be the niece of an archbishop. Alas! she never will be: she plays and sings among the infidels, and perhaps would eat a landrail on a Friday as unreluctantly as she would a roach.

Eugenius. Poor soul! So this is the angel with the amethyst-coloured wing? I thought she looked wanton: we must pray for her release . . from the bondage of sin. What followed in your excursion?

Filippo. Singing, playing, fresh air, and plashing water, stimulated our appetites. We had brought no eatable with us but fruit and thin *marzopane*, of which the sugar and rose-water were inadequate to ward off hunger; and the sight of a fishing-vessel between us and Ancona, raised our host's immoderately. "Yonder smack," said he, "is sailing at this moment just over the very best sole-bank in the Adriatic. If she continues her course and we run toward her, we may be supplied, I trust in God, with the finest fish in Christendom. Methinks I see already the bellies of those magnificent soles bestar the deck, and emulate the glories of the orient sky." He gave his orders with such a majestic air, that he looked rather like an admiral than a priest.

* Little boys, wearing clerical habits, are often called *abbati*.

Eugenius. How now, rogue! Why should not the churchman look majestically and courageously? I myself have found occasion for it, and exerted it.

Filippo. The world knows the prowess of your Holiness.

Eugenius. Not mine, not mine, Filippo! but His who gave me the sword and the keys, and the will and the discretion to use them. I trust the canonico did not misapply his station and power, by taking the fish at any unreasonably low price; and that he gave his blessing to the remainder, and to the poor fishermen and to their nets.

Filippo. He was angry at observing that the vessel, while he thought it was within hail, stood out again to sea.

Eugenius. He ought to have borne more manfully so slight a vexation.

Filippo. On the contrary, he swore bitterly he would have the master's ear between his thumb and forefinger in another half-hour, and regretted that he had cut his nails in the morning lest they should grate on his guitar. "They may fish well," cried he, "but they can neither sail nor row; and, when I am in the middle of that tub of theirs, I will teach them more than they look for." Sure enough he was in the middle of it at the time he fixed: but it was by aid of a rope about his arms, and the end of another laid lustily on his back and shoulders. "Mount, lazy long-chined turnspit, as thou valuest thy life," cried Abdul the corsair, "and away for Tunis." If silence is consent, he had it. The captain, in the Sicilian dialect, told us we might talk freely, for he had taken his siesta. "Whose guitars are those?" said he. As the canonico raised his eyes to heaven and answered nothing, I replied, "Sir, one is mine: the other is my worthy friend's there." Next he asked the canonico to what market he was taking those young slaves, pointing to the abbates. The canonico sobbed and could not utter one word. I related the whole story; at which he laughed. He then took up the music, and commanded my reverend guest to sing an air peculiarly tender, invoking the compassion of a nymph, and calling her cold as ice. Never did so many or such profound sighs accompany it. When it ended, he sang one himself in his own language, on a lady whose eyes were exactly like the scymeters of Damascus, and whose eyebrows met in the middle like the cudgels of prize-fighters. On the whole she resembled both sun and moon, with the simple difference that she never allowed herself to be seen, lest all the nations of the earth should go to war for her, and not a man be left to breathe out his soul before her. This poem had obtained the prize at the University of Fez, had been translated into the Arabic, the Persian, and the Turkish languages, and was the favourite lay of the corsair. He invited me lastly to try my talent. I played the same air on the guitar, and apologised for omitting the words, from my utter ignorance of the Moorish. Abdul was much

pleased, and took the trouble to convince me that the poetry they conveyed, which he translated literally, was incomparably better than ours. "Cold as ice!" he repeated, scoffing: "anybody might say that who had seen Atlas: but a genuine poet would rather say, "Cold as a lizard or a lobster." There is no controverting a critic who has twenty stout rowers and twenty well-knotted rope-ends. Added to which, he seemed to know as much of the matter as the generality of those who talk about it. He was gratified by my attention and edification, and thus continued: "I have remarked in the songs I have heard, that these wild woodland creatures of the west, these nymphs, are a strange fantastical race. But are your poets not ashamed to complain of their inconstancy? whose fault is that? If ever it should be my fortune to take one, I would try whether I could not bring her down to the level of her sex; and if her inconstancy caused any complaints, by Allah! they should be louder and shriller than ever rose from the throat of Abdul." I still thought it better to be a disciple than a commentator.

Eugenius. If we could convert this barbarian and detain him awhile at Rome, he would learn that women and nymphs (and inconstancy also) are one and the same. These cruel men have no lenity, no suavity. They who do not as they would be done by, are done by very much as they do. Women will glide away from them like water; they can better bear two masters than half one; and a new metal must be discovered before any bars are strong enough to confine them. But proceed with your narrative.

Filippo. Night had now closed upon us. Abdul placed the younger of the company apart, and after giving them some boiled rice, sent them down into his own cabin. The sailors, observing the consideration and distinction with which their master had treated me, were civil and obliging. Permission was granted me, at my request, to sleep on deck.

Eugenius. What became of your canonico?

Filippo. The crew called him a conger, a priest, and a porpoise.

Eugenius. Foul-mouthed knaves! could not one of these terms content them? On thy leaving Barbary was he left behind?

Filippo. Your Holiness consecrated him, the other day, Bishop of Macerata.

Eugenius. True, true; I remember the name, Saccone. How did he contrive to get off?

Filippo. He was worth little at any work; and such men are the quickest both to get off and to get on. Abdul told me he had received three thousand crowns for his ransom.

Eugenius. He was worth more to him than to me. I received but two first-fruits, and such other things as of right belong to me by inheritance. The bishopric is passably rich: he may serve thee.

Filippo. While he was a canonico he was a jolly fellow; not very generous; for jolly fellows are seldom that; but he would give a friend a dinner, a flask of wine or two in preference, and a piece of advice as readily as either. I waited on Monsignor at Macerata, soon after his elevation.

Eugenius. He must have been heartily glad to embrace his companion in captivity, and the more especially as he himself was the cause of so grievous a misfortune.

Filippo. He sent me word he was so unwell he could not see me. "What! said I to his valet, "is Monsignor's complaint in his eyes?" The fellow shrugged up his shoulders and walked away. Not believing that the message was a refusal to admit me, I went straight up-stairs, and finding the door of an ante-chamber half open, and a chaplain milling an egg-posset over the fire, I accosted him. The air of familiarity and satisfaction he observed in me, left no doubt in his mind that I had been invited by his patron. "Will the man never come?" cried his lordship. "Yes, Monsignor!" exclaimed I, running in and embracing him; "behold him here!" He started back, and then I first discovered the wide difference between an old friend and an egg-posset.

Eugenius. Son Filippo! thou hast seen but little of the world, and art but just come from Barbary. Go on.

Filippo. "Fra Filippo!" said he gravely, "I am glad to see you. I did not expect you just at present: I am not very well: I had ordered a medicine and was impatient to take it. If you will favour me with the name of your inn, I will send for you when I am in a condition to receive you; perhaps within a day or two." "Monsignor!" said I, "a change of residence often gives a man a cold, and oftener a change of fortune. Whether you caught yours upon deck (where we last saw each other), from being more exposed than usual, or whether the mitre holds wind, is no question for me, and no concern of mine."

Eugenius. A just reproof, if an archbishop had made it. On uttering it, I hope thou kneeledst and kissedst his hand.

Filippo. I did not indeed.

Eugenius. O! there wert thou greatly in the wrong. Having, it is reported, a good thousand crowns yearly of patrimony, and a canonicate worth six hundred more, he might have attempted to relieve thee from slavery, by assisting thy relatives in thy redemption.

Filippo. The three thousand crowns were the uttermost he could raise, he declared to Abdul, and he asserted that a part of the money was contributed by the inhabitants of Pesaro. "Do they act out of pure mercy?" said he. "Ay, they must, for what else could move them in behalf of such a lazy unserviceable street-fed cur?" In the morning, at sunrise, he was sent a-board. And now, the vessel being under weigh, "I have a letter from my lord Abdul," said the master, "which, being in thy language, two fellow slaves shall read unto thee publicly." They came forward and began the reading. "Yesterday I purchased these two slaves from a cruel unrelenting master, under whose lash

they have laboured for nearly thirty years. I hereby give orders that five ounces of my own gold be weighed out to them." Here one of the slaves fell on his face; the other lifted up his hands, praised God, and blessed his benefactor.

Eugenius. The pirate? the unconverted pirate?

Filippo. Even so. "Here is another slip of paper for thyself to read immediately in my presence," said the master. The words it contained were, "Do thou the same, or there enters thy lips neither food nor water until thou landest in Italy. I permit thee to carry away more than double the sum: I am no suttler: I do not contract for thy sustenance." The canonico asked of the master whether he knew the contents of the letter; he replied, no. "Tell your master, lord Abdul, that I shall take them into consideration." "My lord expected a much plainer answer, and commanded me, in case of any such as thou hast delivered, to break this seal." He pressed it to his forehead and then broke it. Having perused the characters reverentially, "Christian! dost thou consent?" The canonico fell on his knees, and overthrew the two poor wretches who, saying their prayers, had remained in the same posture before him quite unnoticed. "Open thy trunk and take out thy money-bag, or I will make room for it in thy bladder." The canonico was prompt in the execution of the command. The master drew out his scales, and desired the canonico to weigh with his own hand five ounces. He groaned and trembled: the balance was unsteady. "Throw in another piece: it will not vitiate the agreement," cried the master. It was done. Fear and grief are among the thirsty passions, but add little to the appetite. It seemed however as if every sigh had left a vacancy in the stomach of the canonico. At dinner the cook brought him a salted bonito, half an ell in length; and in five minutes his Reverence was drawing his middle finger along the white back-bone, out of sheer idleness, until were placed before him some as fine dried locusts as ever provisioned the tents of Africa, together with olives the size of eggs and colour of bruises, shining in oil and brine. He found them savoury and pulpy, and, as the last love supersedes the foregoing, he gave them the preference, even over the delicate locusts. When he had finished them, he modestly requested a can of water. A sailor brought a large flask, and poured forth a plentiful supply. The canonico engulfed the whole, and instantly threw himself back in convulsive agony. "How is this?" cried the sailor. The master ran up and, smelling the water, began to buffet him, exclaiming, as he turned round to all the crew, "How came this flask here?" All were innocent. It appeared however that it was a flask of mineral water, strongly sulphureous, taken out of a Neapolitan vessel, laden with a great abundance of it for some hospital in the Levant. It had taken the captor by surprise in the same manner as the canonico. He himself brought out instantly a capacious stone jar covered with dew, and invited the sufferer into the cabin. Here he drew forth two richly-cut wine-glasses, and, on filling one of them, the outside of it turned suddenly pale, with a myriad of indivisible drops, and the senses were refreshed with the most delicious fragrance. He held up the glass between himself and his guest, and looking at it attentively, said, "Here is no appearance of wine; all I can see is water. Nothing is wickeder than too much curiosity: we must take what Allah sends us, and render thanks for it, although it fall far short of our expectations. Beside, our prophet would rather we should even drink wine than poison." The canonico had not tasted wine for two months: a longer abstinence than ever canonico endured before. He drooped: but the master looked still more disconsolate. "I would give whatever I possess on earth rather than die of thirst," cried the canonico. "Who would not?" rejoined the captain, sighing and clasping his fingers. "If it were not contrary to my commands, I could touch at some cove or inlet." "Do, for the love of Christ!" exclaimed the canonico. "Or even sail back," continued the captain. "O Santa Vergine!" cried in anguish the canonico. "Despondency," said the captain, with calm solemnity, "has left many a man to be thrown overboard: it even renders the plague, and many other disorders, more fatal. Thirst too has a powerful effect in exasperating them. Overcome such weaknesses, or I must do my duty. The health of the ship's company is placed under my care; and our lord Abdul, if he suspected the pest, would throw a Jew, or a Christian, or even a bale of silk, into the sea: such is the disinterestedness and magnanimity of my lord Abdul." "He believes in fate; does he not?" said the canonico. "Doubtless: but he says it is as much fated that he should throw into the sea a fellow who is infected, as that the fellow should have ever been so." "Save me, O save me!" cried the canonico, moist as if the spray had pelted him. "Willingly, if possible," answered calmly the master. "At present I can discover no certain symptoms; for sweat, unless followed by general prostration, both of muscular strength and animal spirits, may be cured without a hook at the heel." "Giesu-Maria!" ejaculated the canonico.

Eugenius. And the monster could withstand that appeal?

Filippo. It seems so. The renegade who related to me, on my return, these events as they happened, was very circumstantial. He is a Corsican, and had killed many men in battle, and more out; but is (he gave me his word for it) on the whole an honest man.

Eugenius. How so? honest? and a renegade?

Filippo. He declared to me that, although the Mahomedan is the best religion to live in, the Christian is the best to die in; and that, when he has made his fortune, he will make his confession, and lie snugly in the bosom of the Church.

Eugenius. See here the triumphs of our holy faith! The lost sheep will be found again.

Filippo. Having played the butcher first.

Eugenius. Return we to that bad man, the master or captain, who evinced no such dispositions.

Filippo. He added, "The other captives, though older men, have stouter hearts than thine." "Alas! they are longer used to hardships," answered he. "Dost thou believe, in thy conscience," said the captain, "that the water we have aboard would be harmless to them? for we have no other; and wine is costly; and our quantity might be insufficient for those who can afford to pay for it." "I will answer for their lives," replied the canonico. "With thy own?" interrogated sharply the Tunisian. "I must not tempt God," said, in tears, the religious man. "Let us be plain," said the master. "Thou knowest thy money is safe: I myself counted it before thee when I brought it from the scrivener's: thou hast sixty broad gold pieces: wilt thou be answerable, to the whole amount of them, for the lives of thy two countrymen if they drink this water?" "O Sir! said the canonico, "I will give it, if, only for these few days of voyage, you vouchsafe me one bottle daily of that restorative wine of Bordeaux. The other two are less liable to the plague: they do not sorrow and sweat as I do. They are spare men. There is enough of me to infect a fleet with it; and I can not bear to think of being anywise the cause of evil to my fellow-creatures." "The wine is my patron's," cried the Tunisian; "he leaves everything at my discretion: should I deceive him?" "If he leaves everything at your discretion," observed the logician of Pesaro, "there is no deceit in disposing of it." The master appeared to be satisfied with the argument. "Thou shalt not find me exacting," said he; "give me the sixty pieces, and the wine shall be thine." At a signal, when the contract was agreed to, the two slaves entered, bringing a hamper of jars. "Read the contract before thou signest," cried the master. He read. "How is this? how is this? *Sixty golden ducats to the brothers Antonio and Bernabo Panini, for wine received from them?*" The aged men tottered under the stroke of joy; and Bernabo, who would have embraced his brother, fainted.

On the morrow there was a calm, and the weather was extremely sultry. The canonico sat in his shirt on deck, and was surprised to see, I forget which of the brothers, drink from a goblet a prodigious draught of water. "Hold!" cried he angrily; "you may eat instead; but putrid or sulphureous water, you have heard, may produce the plague, and honest men be the sufferers by your folly and intemperance." They assured him the water was tasteless, and very excellent, and had been kept cool in the same kind of earthen jars as the wine. He tasted it, and lost his patience. It was better, he protested, than any wine in the world. They begged his acceptance of the jar containing it. But the master, who had witnessed at a distance the whole proceeding, now advanced, and, placing his hand against it, said sternly, "Let him have his own." Usually, when he had emptied the second bottle, a desire of converting the Mahometans came over him: and they showed themselves much less obstinate and refractory than they are generally thought. He selected those for edification who swore the oftenest and the loudest by the Prophet; and he boasted in his heart of having overcome, by precept and example, the stiffest tenet of their abominable creed. Certainly they drank wine, and somewhat freely. The canonico clapped his hands, and declared that even some of the apostles had been more pertinacious recusants of the faith.

Eugenius. Did he so? Cappari! I would not have made him a bishop for twice the money if I had known it earlier. Could not he have left them alone? Suppose one or other of them did doubt and persecute, was he the man to blab it out among the heathen?

Filippo. A judgment, it appears, fell on him for so doing. A very quiet sailor, who had always declined his invitations, and had always heard his arguments at a distance and in silence, being pressed and urged by him, and reproved somewhat arrogantly and loudly, as less docile than his messmates, at last lifted up his leg behind him, pulled off his right slipper, and counted deliberately and distinctly thirty-nine sound strokes of the same, on the canonico's broadest tablet, which (please your holiness) might be called, not inaptly, from that day, the tablet of memory. In vain he cried out. Some of the mariners made their moves at chess and waved their left-hands as if desirous of no interruption; others went backward and forward about their business, and took no more notice than if their messmate was occupied in caulking a seam or notching a flint. The master himself, who saw the operation, heard the complaint in the evening, and lifted up his shoulders and eyebrows, as if the whole were quite unknown to him. Then, acting as judge-advocate, he called the young man before him and repeated the accusation. To this the defence was purely interrogative. "Why would he convert me? I never converted him." Turning to his spiritual guide, he said, "I quite forgive thee: nay, I am ready to appear in thy favour, and to declare that, in general, thou hast been more decorous than people of thy faith and profession usually are, and hast not scattered on deck that inflammatory language which I, habited in the dress of a Greek, heard last Easter. I went into three churches; and the preachers in all three denounced the curse of Allah on every soul that differed from them a tittle. They were children of perdition, children of darkness, children of the devil, one and all. It seemed a matter of wonder to me, that, in such numerous families and of such indifferent parentage, so many slippers were kept under the heel. Mine, in an evil hour, escaped me: but I quite forgive thee. After this free pardon I will indulge thee with a short specimen of my preaching. I will call none of you a generation of vipers, as ye call one another; for vipers neither bite nor eat

during many months of the year: I will call none of you wolves in sheep's clothing; for if ye are, it must be acknowledged that the clothing is very clumsily put on. You priests, however, take people's souls aboard whether they will or not, just as we do your bodies: and you make them pay much more for keeping these in slavery, than we make you pay for setting you free body and soul together. You declare that the precious souls, to the especial care of which Allah has called and appointed you, frequently grow corrupt, and stink in his nostrils. Now, I invoke thy own testimony to the fact: thy soul, gross as I imagine it to be from the greasy wallet that holds it, had no carnal thoughts whatsoever, and that thy carcase did not even receive a fly-blow, while it was under my custody. Thy guardian angel (I speak it in humility) could not ventilate thee better. Nevertheless, I should scorn to demand a single maravedi for my labour and skill, or for the wear and tear of my pantoufle. My reward will be in Paradise, where a Houri is standing in the shade, above a vase of gold and silver fish, with a kiss on her lip, and an unbroken pair of green slippers in her hand for me." Saying which, he took off his foot again the one he had been using, and showed the sole of it, first to the master, then to all the crew, and declared it had become (as they might see) so smooth and oily by the application, that it was dangerous to walk on deck in it.

Eugenius. See! what notions these creatures have, both of their fool's paradise and of our holy faith! The seven sacraments, I warrant you, go for nothing! Purgatory, purgatory itself, goes for nothing!

Filippo. Holy Father! we must stop thee. *That* does not go for nothing, however.

Eugenius. Filippo! God forbid I should suspect thee of any heretical taint; but this smells very like it. If thou hast it now, tell me honestly. I mean, hold thy tongue. Florentines are rather lax. Even Son Cosimo might be stricter: so they say: perhaps his enemies. The great always have them abundantly, beside those by whom they are served, and those also whom they serve. Now would I give a silver rose with my benediction on it, to know of a certainty what became of those poor creatures the abbates. The initiatory rite of Mahometanism is most diabolically malicious. According to the canons of our catholic Church, it disqualifies the neophyte for holy orders, without going so far as adapting him to the choir of the pontifical chapel. They limp; they halt.

Filippo. Beatitude! which of them?

Eugenius. The unbelievers: they surely are found wanting.

Filippo. The unbelievers too?

Eugenius. Ay, ay, thou half renegade! Couldst not thou go over with a purse of silver, and try whether the souls of these captives be recoverable? Even if they should have submitted to such unholy rites, I venture to say they have repented.

Filippo. The devil is in them if they have not.

Eugenius. They may become again as good Christians as before.

Filippo. Easily, methinks.

Eugenius. Not so easily; but by aid of Holy Church in the administration of indulgences.

Filippo. They never wanted those, whatever they want.

Eugenius. The corsair then is not one of those ferocious creatures which appear to connect our species with the lion and panther.

Filippo. By no means, Holy Father! He is an honest man; so are many of his countrymen, bating the sacrament.

Eugenius. Bating! poor beguiled Filippo! Being unbaptised, they are only as the beasts that perish: nay worse: for the soul being imperishable, it must stick to their bodies at the last day, whether they will or no, and must sink with it into the fire and brimstone.

Filippo. Unbaptised! why, they baptise every morning.

Eugenius. Worse and worse! I thought they only missed the stirrup; I find they overleap the saddle. Obstinate blind reprobates! of whom it is written . . of whom it is written . . of whom, I say, it is written . . as shall be manifest before men and angels in the day of wrath.

Filippo. More is the pity! for they are hospitable, frank, and courteous. It is delightful to see their gardens, when one has not the weeding and irrigation of them. What fruit! what foliage! what trellises! what alcoves! what a contest of rose and jessamine for supremacy in odour! of lute and nightingale for victory in song! And how the little bright ripples of the docile brooks, the fresher for their races, leap up against one another, to look on! and how they chirrup and applaud, as if they too had a voice of some importance in these parties of pleasure that are loth to separate.

Eugenius. Parties of pleasure! birds, fruits, shallow-running waters, lute-players and wantons! Parties of pleasure! and composed of these! Tell me now, Filippo, tell me truly, what complexion in general have the discreeter females of that hapless country.

Filippo. The colour of an orange-flower, on which an over-laden bee has left a slight suffusion of her purest honey.

Eugenius. We must open their eyes.

Filippo. Knowing what excellent hides the slippers of this people are made of, I never once ventured on their less perfect theology, fearing to find it written that I should be a-bed on my face the next fortnight. My master had expressed his astonishment that a religion so admirable as ours was represented, should be the only one in the world the precepts of which are disregarded by all conditions of men. "Our Prophet," said he, "our Prophet ordered us to go forth and conquer; we did it: yours ordered you to sit quiet and forbear; and, after spitting in his face, you threw the order back into it, and fought like devils."

Eugenius. The barbarians talk of our Holy Scriptures as if they understood them perfectly. The impostor they follow has nothing but fustian and rhodomantade in his impudent lying book from beginning to end. I know it, Filippo, from those who have contrasted it, page by page, paragraph by paragraph, and have given the knave his due.

Filippo. Abdul is by no means deficient in a good opinion of his own capacity and his Prophet's all-sufficiency, but he never took me to task about my faith or his own.

Eugenius. How wert thou mainly occupied?

Filippo. I will give your Holiness a sample both of my employments and of his character. He was going one evening to a country-house, about fifteen miles from Tunis; and he ordered me to accompany him. I found there a spacious garden, overrun with wild-flowers and most luxuriant grass, in irregular tufts, according to the dryness or the humidity of the spot. The clematis overtopped the lemon and orange-trees; and the perennial pea, sent forth here a pink blossom, here a purple, here a white one, and, after holding (as it were) a short conversation with the humbler plants, sprang up about an old cypress, played among its branches, and mitigated its gloom. White pigeons, and others in colour like the dawn of day, looked down on us and ceased to coo, until some of their companions, in whom they had more confidence, encouraged them loudly from remoter boughs, or alighted on the shoulders of Abdul, at whose side I was standing. A few of them examined me in every position their inquisitive eyes could take; displaying all the advantages of their versatile necks, and pretending querulous fear in the midst of petulant approaches.

Eugenius. Is it of pigeons thou art talking, O Filippo? I hope it may be.

Filippo. Of Abdul's pigeons. He was fond of taming all creatures; men, horses, pigeons, equally: but he tamed them all by kindness. In this wilderness is an edifice not unlike our Italian chapter-houses built by the Lombards, with long narrow windows, high above the ground. The centre is now a bath, the waters of which, in another part of the inclosure, had supplied a fountain, at present in ruins, and covered by tufted canes, and by every variety of aquatic plants. The structure has no remains of roof: and, of six windows, one alone is unconcealed by ivy. This had been walled up long ago, and the cement in the inside of it was hard and polished. "Lippi!" said Abdul to me, after I had long admired the place in silence, "I leave to thy superintendence this bath and garden. Be sparing of the leaves and branches: make paths only wide enough for me. Let me see no mark of hatchet or pruning-hook, and tell the labourers that whoever takes a nest or an egg shall be impaled."

Eugenius. Monster! so then he would really have impaled a poor wretch for eating a bird's egg! How disproportionate is the punishment to the offence!

Filippo. He efficiently checked in his slaves the desire of transgressing his command. To spare them as much as possible, I ordered them merely to open a few spaces, and to remove the weaker trees from the stronger. Meanwhile I drew on the smooth blank window the figure of Abdul and of a beautiful girl.

Eugenius. Rather say handmaiden: choicer expression; more decorous.

Filippo. Holy Father! I have been lately so much out of practice, I take the first that comes in my way. Handmaiden I will use in preference for the future.

Eugenius. On then! and God speed thee!

Filippo. I drew Abdul with a blooming handmaiden. One of his feet is resting on her lap, and she is drying the ancle with a saffron robe, of which the greater part is fallen in doing it. That she is a bondmaid is discernible, not only by her occupation, but by her humility and patience, by her loose and flowing brown hair, and by her eyes expressing the timidity at once of servitude and of fondness. The countenance was taken from fancy, and was the loveliest I could imagine: of the figure I had some idea, having seen it to advantage in Tunis. After seven days Abdul returned. He was delighted with the improvement made in the garden. I requested him to visit the bath. "We can do nothing to that," answered he impatiently. "There is no sudatory, no dormitory, no dressing-room, no couch. Sometimes I sit an hour there in the summer, because I never found a fly in it; the principal curse of hot countries, and against which plague there is neither prayer nor amulet, nor indeed any human defence." He went away into the house. At dinner he sent me from his table some quails and ortolans, and tomatas and honey and rice, beside a basket of fruit covered with moss and bay-leaves, under which I found a verdino fig, deliciously ripe, and bearing the impression of several small teeth, but certainly no reptile's.

Eugenius. There might have been poison in them, for all that.

Filippo. About two hours had passed, when I heard a whirr and a crash in the windows of the bath (where I had dined and was about to sleep), occasioned by the settling and again the flight of some pheasants. Abdul entered. "Beard of the Prophet! what hast thou been doing? That is myself! No, no, Lippi! thou never canst have seen her: the face proves it: but those limbs! thou hast divined them aright: thou hast had sweet dreams then! Dreams are large possessions: in them the possessor may cease to possess his own. To the slave, O Allah! to the slave is permitted what is not his! . . I burn with anguish to think how much . . yea, at that very hour. I would not another should, even in a dream . . But, Lippi! thou never canst have seen above the sandal?" To which I answered, "I never have allowed my eyes to look even on that. But if anyone of my lord Abdul's fair slaves resembles, as they surely must all do, in duty and docility, the figure I have represented, let it express to

him my congratulation on his happiness." "I believe," said he, "such representations are forbidden by the Koran; but as I do not remember it, I do not sin. There it shall stay, unless the angel Gabriel comes to forbid it." He smiled in saying so.

Eugenius. There is hope of this Abdul. His faith hangs about him more like oil than pitch.

Filippo. He inquired of me whether I often thought of those I loved in Italy, and whether I could bring them before my eyes at will. To remove all suspicion from him, I declared I always could, and that one beautiful object occupied all the cells of my brain by night and day. He paused and pondered, and then said, "Thou dost not love deeply." I thought I had given the true signs. "No, Lippi! we who love ardently, we, with all our wishes, all the efforts of our souls, can not bring before us the features which, while they were present, we thought it impossible we ever could forget. Alas! when we most love the absent, when we most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are changed into less lovely."

Eugenius. What figures now have these unbelievers?

Filippo. Various in their combinations as the letters or the numerals; but they all, like these, signify something. Almeida (did I not inform your Holiness?) has large hazel eyes . .

Eugenius. Has she? thou never toldest me that. Well, well! and what else has she? Mind! be cautious! use decent terms.

Filippo. Somewhat pouting lips.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! What did they pout at?

Filippo. And she is rather plump than otherwise.

Eugenius. No harm in that.

Filippo. And moreover is cool, smooth, and firm as a nectarine gathered before sunrise.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! do not remind me of nectarines. I am very fond of them; and this is not the season! Such females as thou describest, are said to be among the likeliest to give reasonable cause for suspicion. I would not judge harshly, I would not think uncharitably; but, unhappily, being at so great a distance from spiritual aid, peradventure a desire, a suggestion, an inkling . . ay? If she, the lost Almeida, came before thee when her master was absent . . which I trust she never did. . . But those flowers and shrubs and odours and alleys and long grass and alcoves, might strangely hold, perplex, and entangle, two incautious young persons . . ay?

Filippo. I confessed all I had to confess in this matter, the evening I landed.

Eugenius. Ho! I am no candidate for a seat at the rehearsal of confessions: but perhaps my absolution might be somewhat more pleasing and unconditional. Well! well! since I am unworthy of such confidence, go about thy business . . paint! paint!

Filippo. Am I so unfortunate as to have offended your Beatitude?

Eugenius. Offend *me*, man! who offends *me?* I took an interest in thy adventures, and was concerned lest thou mightest have sinned; for by my soul! Filippo! those are the women that the devil hath set his mark on.

Filippo. It would do your Holiness's heart good to rub it out again, wherever he may have had the cunning to make it.

Eugenius. Deep! deep!

Filippo. Yet it may be got at; she being a Biscayan by birth, as she told me, and not only baptised, but going by sea along the coast for confirmation, when she was captured.

Eugenius. Alas! to what an imposition of hands was this tender young thing devoted! Poor soul!

Filippo. I sigh for her myself when I think of her.

Eugenius. Beware lest the sigh be mundane, and lest the thought recur too often. I wish it were presently in my power to examine her myself on her condition. What thinkest thou? Speak.

Filippo. Holy Father! she would laugh in your face.

Eugenius. So lost!

Filippo. She declared to me she thought she should have died, from the instant she was captured until she was comforted by Abdul: but that she was quite sure she should if she were ransomed.

Eugenius. Has the wretch then shaken her faith?

Filippo. The very last thing he would think of doing. Never did I see the virtue of resignation in higher perfection than in the laughing light-hearted Almeida.

Eugenius. Lamentable! Poor lost creature! lost in this world and in the next.

Filippo. What could she do? how could she help herself?

Eugenius. She might have torn his eyes out, and have died a martyr.

Filippo. Or have been bastinaded, whipped, and given up to the cooks and scullions for it.

Eugenius. Martyrdom is the more glorious the greater the indignities it endures.

Filippo. Almeida seems unambitious. There are many in our Tuscany who would jump at the crown over those sloughs and briars, rather than perish without them: she never sighs after the like.

Eugenius. Nevertheless, what must she witness! what abominations! what superstitions!

Filippo. Abdul neither practises nor exacts any other superstition than ablutions.

Eugenius. Detestable rites! without our authority. I venture to affirm that, in the whole of Italy and Spain, no convent of monks or nuns contains a bath; and that the worst inmate of either would shudder at the idea of observing such a practice in common with the unbeliever. For

the washing of the feet indeed we have the authority of the earlier Christians; and it may be done; but solemnly and sparingly. Thy residence among the Mahometans, I am afraid, hath rendered thee more favourable to them than beseems a Catholic, and thy mind, I do suspect, sometimes goes back into Barbary unreluctantly.

Filippo. While I continued in that country, although I was well treated, I often wished myself away, thinking of my friends in Florence, of music, of painting, of our villegiatura at the vintage-time; whether in the green and narrow glades of Pratolino, with lofty trees above us, and little rills unseen, and little bells about the necks of sheep and goats, tinkling together ambiguously; or amid the grey quarries or under the majestic walls of ancient Fiesole; or down in the woods of the Doccia, where the cypresses are of such a girth that, when a youth stands against one of them, and a maiden stands opposite, and they clasp it, their hands at the time do little more than meet. Beautiful scenes, on which Heaven smiles eternally, how often has my heart ached for you! He who hath lived in this country, can enjoy no distant one. He breathes here another air; he lives more life; a brighter sun invigorates his studies, and serener stars influence his repose. Barbary hath also the blessing of climate; and although I do not desire to be there again, I feel sometimes a kind of regret at leaving it. A bell warbles the more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth. In like manner the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality; what is harsh is dropped in the space between. There is in Abdul a nobility of soul on which I often have reflected with admiration. I have seen many of the highest rank and distinction, in whom I could find nothing of the great man, excepting a fondness for low company, and an aptitude to shy and start at every spark of genius or virtue that sprang up above or before them. Abdul was solitary, but affable: he was proud, but patient and complacent. I ventured once to ask him, how the master of so rich a house in the city, of so many slaves, of so many horses and mules, of such corn-fields, of such pastures, of such gardens, woods, and fountains, should experience any delight or satisfaction in infesting the open sea, the high-road of nations? Instead of answering my question, he asked me in return, whether I would not respect any relative of mine who avenged his country, enriched himself by his bravery, and endeared to him his friends and relatives by his bounty? On my reply in the affirmative, he said that his family had been deprived of possessions in Spain, much more valuable than all the ships and cargoes he could ever hope to capture, and that the remains of his nation were threatened with ruin and expulsion. "I do not fight," said he, "whenever it suits the convenience, or gratifies the malignity, or the caprice, of two silly quarrelsome princes, drawing my sword in perfectly good-humour, and sheathing it again at word of command, just when I begin to get into a passion. No; I fight on my own account; not as a hired assassin, or still baser journeyman."

Eugenius. It appears then really that the Infidels have some semblances of magnanimity and generosity?

Filippo. I thought so when I turned over the many changes of fine linen; and I was little short of conviction when I found at the bottom of my chest two hundred Venetian zecchins.

Eugenius. Corpo di Bacco! Better things, far better things, I would fain do for thee, not exactly of this description; it would excite many heart-burnings. Information has been laid before me, Filippo, that thou art attached to a certain young person, by name Lucrezia, daughter of Francesco Buti, a citizen of Prato.

Filippo. I acknowledge my attachment: it continues.

Eugenius. Furthermore, that thou hast offspring by her.

Filippo. Alas! 'tis undeniable.

Eugenius. I will not only legitimatize the said offspring by *motu proprio* and rescript to consistory and chancery . .

Filippo. Holy Father! Holy Father! For the love of the Virgin, not a word to consistory or chancery, of the two hundred zecchins. As I hope for salvation, I have but forty left: and thirty-nine would not serve them.

Eugenius. Fear nothing. Not only will I perform what I have promised, not only will I give the strictest order that no money be demanded by any officer of my courts, but, under the seal of Saint Peter, I will declare thee and Lucrezia Buti man and wife.

Filippo. Man and wife!

Eugenius. Moderate thy transport.

Filippo. O Holy Father! may I speak?

Eugenius. Surely she is not the wife of another?

Filippo. No indeed.

Eugenius. Nor within the degrees of consanguinity and affinity?

Filippo. No, no, no. But . . man and wife! Consistory and chancery are nothing to this fulmination.

Eugenius. How so?

Filippo. It is man and wife the first fortnight, but wife and man ever after. The two figures change places: the unit is the decimal and the decimal is the unit.

Eugenius. What then can I do for thee?

Filippo. I love Lucrezia: let me love her: let her love me. I can make her at any time what she is not: I could never make her again what she is.

Eugenius. The only thing I can do then is to promise I will forget that I have heard anything about the matter. But, to forget it, I must hear it first.

Filippo. In the beautiful little town of Prato, reposing in its idleness against the hill that pro-

tects it from the north, and looking over fertile meadows, southward to Poggio Cajano, westward to Pistoja, there is the convent of Santa Margarita. I was invited by the sisters to paint an altar-piece for the chapel. A novice of fifteen, my own sweet Lucrezia, came one day alone to see me work at my Madonna. Her blessed countenance had already looked down on every beholder lower by the knees. I myself who made her could almost have worshipped her.

Eugenius. Not while incomplete: no half-virgin will do.

Filippo. But there knelt Lucrezia! there she knelt! first looking with devotion at the Madonna, then with admiring wonder and grateful delight at the artist. Could so little a heart be divided? Twere a pity! There was enough for me: there is never enough for the Madonna. Resolving on a sudden that the object of my love should be the object of adoration to thousands, born and unborn, I swept my brush across the maternal face, and left a blank in heaven. The little girl screamed: I pressed her to my bosom.

Eugenius. In the chapel?

Filippo. I knew not where I was: I thought I was in Paradise.

Eugenius. If it was not in the chapel, the sin is venial. But a brush against a Madonna's mouth is worse than a beard against her votary's.

Filippo. I thought so too, Holy Father!

Eugenius. Thou sayest thou hast forty zecchins: I will try in due season to add forty more. The fisherman must not venture to measure forces with the pirate. Farewell! I pray God, my son Filippo, to have thee alway in his holy keeping.

PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Mary. My dear dear sister! it is long, very long, since we met.

Elizabeth. Methinks it was about the time they chopped off our uncle Seymour's head for him. Not that he was *our* uncle though . . he was only Edward's.

Mary. The Lord Protector, if not your uncle, was always doatingly fond of you; and he often declared to me, even within your hearing, he thought you very beautiful.

Elizabeth. He said as much of you, if that is all; and he told me why . . *"not to vex me"* . . as if, instead of vexing me, it would not charm me. I beseech your Highness, is there anything remarkable or singular in thinking me . . what he thought me?

Mary. No indeed; for so you are. But why call me *Highness?* drawing back and losing half your stature in the circumference of the curtsey.

Elizabeth. Because you are now, at this blessed hour, my lawful queen.

Mary. Hush, prythee hush! The parliament has voted otherwise.

Elizabeth. They would chouse you.

Mary. What would they do with me?

Elizabeth. Trump you.

Mary. I am still at a loss.

Elizabeth. Bamboozle you.

Mary. Really, my dear sister, you have been so courted by the gallants, that you condescend to adopt their language, in place of graver.

Elizabeth. Cheat you then . . will that do?

Mary. Comprehensibly.

Elizabeth. I always speak as the thing spoken of requires. To the point. Would our father have minded the caitiffs?

Mary. Naming our father, I should have said, *our father now in bliss;* for surely he must be; having been a rock of defence against the torrent of irreligion.

Elizabeth. Well; in bliss or out, there, here, or anywhere, would he, royal soul! have minded parliament? No such fool he. There were laws before there were parliaments; and there were kings before there were laws. Were I in your Majesty's place (God forbid the thought should ever enter my poor weak head, even in a dream!) I would try the mettle of my subjects: I would mount my horse, and head them.

Mary. Elizabeth! you were always a better horsewoman than I am: I should be ashamed to get a fall among the soldiers.

Elizabeth. Pish! Pish! it would be among knights and nobles . . the worst come to the worst. Lord o' mercy! do you think they never saw such a thing before?

Mary. I must hear of no resistance to the powers that be. Beside, I am but a weak woman.

Elizabeth. I do not see why women should be weak, unless they like.

Mary. Not only the Commons, but likewise the peers, have sworn allegiance.

Elizabeth. Did you ever in your lifetime, in any chronicle or commentary, read of any parliament that was not as ready to be forsworne as to swear?

Mary. Alas!

Elizabeth. If ever you did, the book is a rare one, kept in an out-of-the-way library, in a cedar chest all to itself, with golden locks and amber seals thereto.

Mary. I would not willingly think so ill of men.

Elizabeth. For my part, I can't abide 'em. All that can be said, is, some are not so bad as others. You smile, and deem the speech a silly and superfluous one. We may live, sister Mary, to see and acknowledge that it is not quite so sure and flat a verity as it now appears to us. I never come near a primrose but I suspect an adder under it; and the sunnier the day the more misgivings.

Mary. But we are now, by the settlement of

the monarchy, farther out of harm's way than ever.

Elizabeth. If the wench has children to-morrow, as she may have, they will inherit.

Mary. No doubt they would.

Elizabeth. No doubt? I will doubt: and others shall doubt too. The heirs of my body . . yours first . . God prosper them! Parliament may be constrained to retrace its steps. One half sees no harm in taking bribes, the other no guilt in taking fright. Corruption is odious and costly: but, when people have yielded to compulsion, conscience is fain to acquiesce. Men say they were forced, and what is done under force is invalid.

Mary. There was nothing like compulsion.

Elizabeth. Then let there be. Let the few yield to the many, and all to the throne. Now is your time to stir. The furnace is mere smut, and no bellows to blow the embers. Parliament is without a leader. Three or four turnspits are crouching to leap upon the wheel; but, while they are snarling and snapping one at another, what becomes of the roast? Take them by the scuf, and out with 'em. The people will applaud you. They want bread within doors, and honesty without. They have seen enough of partisans and parliaments.

Mary. We can not do without one.

Elizabeth. Convoke it then: but call it with sound of trumpet. Such a body is unlikely to find a head. There is little encouragement for an honest knight or gentleman to take the station. The Commons slink away with lowered shoulders, and bear hateful compunction against the very names and memory of those braver men, who, in dangerous times and before stern authoritative warlike sovrans, supported their pretensions. Kings, who peradventure would have strangled such ringleaders, well remember and well respect them: their fellows would disown their benefactors and maintainers. Kings abominate their example; clowns would efface the images on their sepulchres. What forbearance on our part can such knaves expect, or what succour from the people?

Mary. What is done is done.

Elizabeth. Oftentimes it is easier to undo than to do. I should rather be glad than mortified at what has been done yonder. In addition to those churls and chapmen in the lower house, there are also among the peers no few who voted most audaciously.

Mary. The majority of them was of opinion that the Lady Jane should be invested with royal state and dignity.

Elizabeth. The majority! So much the better . . so much the better, say I. I would find certain folk who should make sharp inquest into their title-deeds, and spell the indentures syllable by syllable. Certain lands were granted for certain services; which services have been neglected. I would not in such wise neglect the lands in question, but annex them to my royal domains.

Mary. Sister! sister! you forget that the Lady Jane Gray (as was) is now queen of the realm.

Elizabeth. Forget it indeed! The vile woman! I am minded to call her as such vile women are called out of doors.

Mary. Pray abstain; not only forasmuch as it would be unseemly in those sweet slender delicate lips of yours, but also by reason that she is adorned with every grace and virtue, bating (which indeed outvalues them all) the true religion. Sister! I hope and believe I in this my speech have given you no offence: for your own eyes, I know, are opened. Indeed, who that is not wilfully blind can err in so straight a road, even if so gentle and so sure a guidance were wanting? The mind, sister, the mind itself must be crooked which deviates a hair's breadth. Ay, that intelligent nod would alone suffice to set my bosom quite at rest thereupon. Should it not?

Elizabeth. It were imprudent in me to declare my real opinion at this juncture. We must step warily when we walk among cocatrices. I am barely a saint; indeed far from it; and I am much too young to be a martyr. But that odious monster, who pretends an affection for reformation, and a reverence for learning, is counting the jewels in the crown, while you fancy she is repeating her prayers, or conning her Greek.

Sister Mary! as God is in heaven, I hold nothing so detestable in a woman as hypocrisy. Add thereunto, as you fairly may, avarice, manhunting, lasciviousness. The least atom of the least among these vices is heavy enough to weigh down the soul to the bottomless pit.

Mary. Unless divine grace . .

Elizabeth. Don't talk to me. Don't spread the filth fine.

Now could not that empty fool, Dudley, have found some other young person of equal rank with Mistress Jane, and of higher beauty? Not that any other such, pretty as the boy is, would listen to his idle discourse.

And, pray, who are these Dudleys? The first of them was made a man of by our grandfather. And what was the man after all? Nothing better than a huge smelting-pot, with a commodious screw at the colder end of the ladle.

I have no patience with the bold harlotry.

Mary. I see you have not, sister!

Elizabeth. No, nor have the people. They are on tip-toe for rising in all parts of the kingdom.

Mary. What can they do? God help them!

Elizabeth. Sister Mary! good sister Mary! did you say *God help them?* I am trembling into a heap. It is well you have uttered such words to safe and kindred ears. If they should ever come whispered at the Privy Council, it might end badly.

I believe my visit hath been of as long continuance as may seem befitting. I must be gone.

Mary. Before your departure, let me correct a few of your opinions in regard to our gentle kinswoman and most gracious queen. She hath

nobly enlarged my poor alimony. Look here! to begin.

Elizabeth. What! all golden pieces? I have not ten groats in the world.

Mary. Be sure she will grant unto you plenteously. She hath condescended to advise me of her intent. Meanwhile I do entreat you will take home with you the purse you are stroking down, thinking about other things.

Elizabeth. Not I, not I, if it comes from such a creature.

Mary. You accept it from me.

Elizabeth. Then indeed unreservedly. Passing through your hands the soil has been wiped away. However, as I live, I will carefully wash every piece in it with soap and water. Do you believe they can lose anything of their weight thereby?

Mary. Nothing material.

Elizabeth. I may reflect and cogitate upon it. I would not fain offer anybody light money.

Troth! I fear the purse, although of chamois and double stitched, is insufficient to sustain the weight of the gold, which must be shaken violently on the road as I return. Dear sister Mary! as you probably are not about to wear that head-tire, could you, commodiously to yourself, lend it me awhile, just to deposit a certain part of the monies therein? for the velvet is stout, and the Venetian netting close and stiff: I can hardly bend the threads. I shall have more leisure to admire its workmanship at home.

Mary. Elizabeth! I see you are grown forgiving. In the commencement of our discourse I suggested a slight alteration of manner in speaking of our father. Do you pray for the repose of his soul morning and night?

Elizabeth. The doubt is injurious.

Mary. Pardon me! I feel it. But the voices of children, O Elizabeth! come to the ear of God above all other voices. The best want intercession. Pray for him, Elizabeth! pray for him.

Elizabeth. Why not? He did indeed, but he was in a passion, order my mother up the three black stairs, and he left her pretty head on the landing: but I bear him no malice for it.

Mary. Malice! The baneful word hath shot up from hell in many places, but never between child and parent. In the space of that one span, on that single sod from Paradise, the serpent never trailed. Husband and wife were severed by him, then again clashed together: brother slew brother: but parent and child stand where their Creator first placed them, and drink at the only source of pure untroubled love.

Elizabeth. Beside, you know, being king, he had clearly a right to do it, plea or no plea.

Mary. We will converse no longer on so dolorous a subject.

Elizabeth. I will converse on it as long as such is my pleasure.

Mary. Being my visiter, you command here.

Elizabeth. I command nowhere. I am blown about like a leaf: I am yielding as a feather in a cushion, only one among a million. But I tell you, honestly and plainly, I do not approve of it anyhow! It may have grown into a trick and habit with him: no matter for that: in my view of the business, it is not what a husband ought to do with a wife. And, if she did . . . but she did not . . . and I say it.

Mary. It seems indeed severe.

Elizabeth. Yea, afore God, methinks it smacks a trifle of the tart.

Mary. Our father was God's vicegerent. Probably it is for the good of her soul, poor lady! Better suffer here than hereafter. We ought to kiss the rod, and be thankful.

Elizabeth. Kiss the rod, forsooth. I have been constrained erewhile even unto that; and no such a child neither. But I would rather have kissed it fresh and fair, with all its buds and knots upon it, than after it had bestowed on me, in such a roundabout way, such a deal of its embroidery and lace-work. I thank my father for all that. I hope his soul lies easier than my skin did.

Mary. The wish is kind; but prayers would much help it. Our father of blessed memory, now (let us hope) among the saints, was somewhat sore in his visitations; but they tended heaven-ward.

Elizabeth. Yea, when he cursed and cuffed and kicked us.

Mary. He did kick, poor man!

Elizabeth. Kick! Fifty folks, young and old, have seen the marks his kicking left behind.

Mary. We should conceal all such his infirmities. They arose from an irritation in the foot, whereof he died.

Elizabeth. I only know I could hardly dance or ride for them; chiefly caught, as I was, fleeing from his wrath. He seldom vouchsafed to visit me: when he did, he pinched my ear so bitterly, I was fain to squeel. And then he said, I should turn out like my mother, calling me by such a name moreover as is heard but about the kennel; and even there it is never given to the young.

Mary. There was choler in him at certain times and seasons. Those who have much will, have their choler excited when opposite breath blows against it.

Elizabeth. Let them have will; let them have choler too, in God's name; but it is none the better, as gout is, for flying to hand or foot.

Mary. I have seen . . . now do, pray forgive me . . .

Elizabeth. Well, what have you seen?

Mary. My sweet little sister lift up the most delicate of all delicate white hands, and with their tiny narrow pink nails tear off ruffs and caps, and take sundry unerring aims at eyes and noses.

Elizabeth. Was that any impediment or hindrance to riding and dancing? I would always make people do their duty, and always will. Remember (for your memory seems accurate enough) that, whenever I scratched anybody's

face, I permitted my hand to be kist by the offender within a day or two.

Mary. Undeniable.

Elizabeth. I may, peradventure, have been hasty in my childhood: but all great hearts are warm; all good ones are relenting. If, in combing my hair, the hussy lugged it, I obeyed God's command, and referred to the *lex talionis.* I have not too much of it; and every soul on earth sees its beauty. A single one would be a public loss. Uncle Seymour . . but what boots it? there are others who can see perhaps as far as uncle Seymour.

Mary. I do remember his saying that he watched its growth as he would a melon's. And how fondly did those little sharp grey eyes of his look and wink when you blushed and chided his flattery.

Elizabeth. Never let any man dare to flatter me: I am above it. Only the weak and ugly want the refreshment of that perfumed fan. I take but my own; and touch it who dares.

Really it is pleasant to see in what a pear-form fashion both purse and cawl are hanging. Faith! they are heavy: I could hardly lift them from the back of the chair.

Mary. Let me call an attendant to carry them for you.

Elizabeth. Are you mad? They are unsealed, and ill-tied: anyone could slip his hand in.

And so that . . the word was well nigh out of my mouth . . gave you all this gold?

Mary. For shame! O for shame!

Elizabeth. I feel shame only for her. It turns my cheeks red . . together with some anger upon it. But I can not keep my eyes off that book, if book it may be, on which the purse was lying.

Mary. Somewhat irreverently, God forgive me! But it was sent at the same time by the same fair creature, with many kind words. It had always been kept in our father's bedroom-closet, and was removed from Edward's by those unhappy men who superintended his education.

Elizabeth. She must have thought all those stones are garnets: to me they look like rubies, one and all. Yet, over so large a cover, they cannot all be rubies.

Mary. I believe they are, excepting the glory in the centre, which is composed of chrysolites. Our father was an excellent judge in jewellery, as in everything else, and he spared no expenditure in objects of devotion.

Elizabeth. What creature could fail in devotion with an object such as that before the eyes? Let me kiss it . . partly for my Saviour's and partly for my father's sake.

Mary. How it comforts me, O Elizabeth, to see you thus press it to your bosom. Its spirit, I am confident, has entered there. Disregard the pebbles: take it home: cherish it evermore. May there be virtue, as some think there is, even in the stones about it! God bless you, strengthen you, lead you aright, and finally bring you to everlasting glory.

Elizabeth (going.) The Popish puss!

ÆSOP AND RHODOPE.

Æsop. Albeit thou approachest me without any sign of derision, let me tell thee before thou advancest a step nearer, that I deem thee more hard-hearted than the most petulant of those other young persons, who are pointing and sneering from the door-way.

Rhodope. Let them continue to point and sneer at me: they are happy; so am I; but are you? Think me hard-hearted, O good Phrygian! but graciously give me the reason for thinking it; otherwise I may be unable to correct a fault too long overlooked by me, or to deprecate a grave infliction of the gods.

Æsop. I thought thee so, my little maiden, because thou camest toward me without the least manifestation of curiosity.

Rhodope. Is the absence of curiosity a defect?

Æsop. None whatever.

Rhodope. Are we blamable in concealing it if we have it?

Æsop. Surely not. But it is feminine; and where none of it comes forward, we may suspect that other feminine appurtenances, such as sympathy for example, are deficient. Curiosity slips in among you before the passions are awake; curiosity comforts your earliest cries; curiosity intercepts your latest. For which reason Dædalus, who not only sculptured but painted admirably, represents her in the vestibule of the Cretan labyrinth as a goddess.

Rhodope. What was she like?

Æsop. There now? Like? Why like Rhodope.

Rhodope. You said I have nothing of the kind.

Æsop. I soon discovered my mistake in this, and more than this, and not altogether to thy disadvantage.

Rhodope. I am glad to hear it.

Æsop. Art thou? I will tell thee then how she was depicted: for I remember no author who has related it. Her lips were half-open; her hair flew loosely behind her, designating that she was in haste; it was more disordered, and it was darker, than the hair of Hope is represented, and somewhat less glossy. Her cheeks had a very fresh colour, and her eyes looked into every eye that fell upon them; by her motion she seemed to be on her way into the labyrinth.

Rhodope. Oh, how I wish I could see such a picture!

Æsop. I do now.

Rhodope. Where? where? Troublesome man! Are you always so mischievous? but your smile is

not ill-natured. I can not help thinking that the smiles of men are pleasanter and sweeter than of women; unless of the women who are rather old and decrepit, who seem to want help, and who perhaps are thinking that we girls are now the very images of what *they* were formerly. But girls never look at me so charmingly as you do, nor smile with such benignity; and yet, O Phrygian! there are several of them who really are much handsomer.

Æsop. Indeed? Is that so clear?

Rhodope. Perhaps in the sight of the gods they may not be, who see all things as they are. But some of them appear to me to be very beautiful.

Æsop. Which are those?

Rhodope. The very girls who think me the ugliest of them all. How strange!

Æsop. That they should think thee so?

Rhodope. No, no: but that nearly all the most beautiful should be of this opinion; and the others should often come to look at me, apparently with delight, over each other's shoulder or under each other's arm, clinging to their girdle or holding by their sleeve, and hanging a little back, as if there were something about me unsafe. They seem fearful regarding me; for here are many venomous things in this country, of which we have none at home.

Æsop. And some which we find all over the world. But thou art too talkative.

Rhodope. Now indeed you correct me with great justice, and with great gentleness. I know not why I am so pleased to talk with you. But what you say to me is different from what others say: the thoughts, the words, the voice, the look, all different. And yet reproof is but little pleasant, especially to those who are unused to it.

Æsop. Why didst thou not spring forward and stare at me, having heard as the rest had done, that I am unwillingly a slave, and indeed not over-willingly a deformed one?

Rhodope. I would rather that neither of these misfortunes had befallen you.

Æsop. And yet within the year thou wilt rejoice that they have.

Rhodope. If you truly thought so, you would not continue to look at me with such serenity. Tell me why you say it.

Æsop. Because by that time thou wilt prefer me to the handsomest slave about the house.

Rhodope. For shame! vain creature!

Æsop. By the provision of the gods, the undersized and distorted are usually so. The cork of vanity buoys up their chins above all swimmers on the tide of life. But, Rhodope, my vanity has not yet begun.

Rhodope. How do you know that my name is Rhodope?

Æsop. Were I malicious I would inform thee, and turn against thee the tables on the score of vanity.

Rhodope. What can you mean?

Æsop. I mean to render thee happy in life, and glorious long after. Thou shalt be sought by the powerful, thou shalt be celebrated by the witty, and thou shalt be beloved by the generous and the wise. Xanthus may adorn the sacrifice, but the Immortal shall receive it from the altar.

Rhodope. I am but fourteen years old, and Xanthus is married. Surely he would not rather love me than one to whose habits and endearments he has been accustomed for twenty years.

Æsop. It seems wonderful: but such things do happen.

Rhodope. Not among us Thracians. I have seen in my childhood men older than Xanthus, who, against all remonstrances and many struggles, have fondled and kissed, before near relatives, wives of the same age, proud of exhibiting the honourable love they bore toward them: yet, in the very next room, the very same day, scarcely would they press to their bosoms while you could (rather slowly) count twenty, nor kiss for half the time, beautiful young maidens, who, casting down their eyes, never stirred, and only said, "*Don't! Dont!*"

Æsop. What a rigid morality is the Thracian! How courageous the elderly! and how enduring the youthful!

Rhodope. Here in Egypt we are nearer to strange creatures; to men without heads, to others who ride on dragons.

Æsop. Stop there, little Rhodope! In all countries we live among strange creatures. However, there are none such in the world as thou hast been told of since thou camest hither.

Rhodope. Oh yes there are. You must not begin by shaking my belief, and by making me know less than others of my age. They all talk of them: nay, some creatures not by any means prettier, are worshipped here as deities: I have seen them with my own eyes. I wonder that you above all others should deny the existence of prodigies.

Æsop. Why dost thou wonder at it particularly in me?

Rhodope. Because when you were brought hither yesterday, and when several of my fellow-maidens came around you, questioning you about the manners and customs of your country, you began to tell them stories of beasts who spoke, and spoke reasonably.

Æsop. They are almost the only people of my acquaintance who do.

Rhodope. And you call them by the name of *people?*

Æsop. For want of a nobler and a better. Didst thou hear related what I had been saying?

Rhodope. Yes, every word, and perhaps more.

Æsop. Certainly more; for my audience was of females. But canst thou repeat any portion of the narrative?

Rhodope. They began by asking you whether all the men in Phrygia were like yourself.

Æsop. Art thou quite certain that this was the real expression they used? Come: no blushes. Do not turn round.

Rhodope. It had entirely that meaning.

Æsop. Did they not not inquire if all Phrygians were such horrible monsters as the one before them?

Rhodope. Oh heaven and earth! this man is surely omniscient. Kind guest! do not hurt them for it. Deign to repeat to me, if it is not too troublesome, what you said about the talking beasts.

Æsop. The innocent girls asked me many questions, or rather half-questions; for never was one finished before another from the same or from a different quarter was begun.

Rhodope. This is uncivil: I would never have interrupted you.

Æsop. Pray tell me why all that courtesy.

Rhodope. For fear of losing a little of what you were about to say, or of receiving it somewhat changed. We never say the same thing in the same manner when we have been interrupted. Beside, there are many who are displeased at it; and if you had been, it would have shamed and vexed me.

Æsop. Art thou vexed so easily?

Rhodope. When I am ashamed I am. I shall be jealous if you are kinder to the others than to me, and if you refuse to tell me the story you told them yesterday.

Æsop. I have never yet made anyone jealous; and I will not begin to try my talent on little Rhodope.

They asked me who governs Phrygia at present. I replied that the Phrygians had just placed themselves under the dominion of a sleek and quiet animal, half-fox, half-ass, named Alopiconos. At one time he seems fox almost entirely; at another, almost entirely ass.

Rhodope. And can he speak?

Æsop. Few better.

Rhodope. Are the Phrygians contented with him?

Æsop. They who raised him to power and authority rub their hands rapturously: nevertheless, I have heard several of the principal ones, in the very act of doing it, breathe out from closed teeth, "*The cursed fox!*" and others, "*The cursed ass!*"

Rhodope. What has he done?

Æsop. He has made the nation the happiest in the world, they tell us.

Rhodope. How?

Æsop. By imposing a heavy tax on the necessaries of life, and making it quite independent.

Rhodope. Oh Æsop! I am ignorant of politics, as of everything else. We Thracians are near Phrygia: our kings, I believe, have not conquered it: what others have?

Æsop. None: but the independence which Alopiconos has conferred upon it, is conferred by hindering the corn of other lands, more fertile and less populous, from entering it, until so many of the inhabitants have died of famine and disease, that there will be imported just enough for the remainder.

Rhodope. Holy Jupiter! protect my country! and keep for ever its asses and its foxes wider apart!

Tell me more. You know many things that have happened in the world. Beside the strange choice you just related, what is the most memorable thing that has occurred in Phrygia since the Trojan war?

Æsop. An event more memorable preceded it: but nothing since will appear to thee so extraordinary.

Rhodope. Then tell me only that.

Æsop. It will interest thee less, but the effect is more durable than of the other. Soon after the dethronement of Saturn, with certain preliminary ceremonies, by his eldest son Jupiter, who thus became the legitimate king of gods and men, the lower parts of nature on our earth were also much affected. At this season the water in all the rivers of Phryigia was running low, but quietly, so that the bottom was visible in many places, and grew tepid and warm and even hot in some. At last it became agitated and excited: and loud bubbles rose up from it, audible to the ears of Jupiter, declaring that it had an indefeasible right to exercise its voice on all occasions, and of rising to the surface at all seasons. Jupiter, who was ever much given to hilarity, laughed at this: but the louder he laughed, the louder bubbled the mud, beseeching him to thunder and lighten and rain in torrents, and to sweep away dams and dykes and mills and bridges and roads, and moreover all houses in all parts of the country that were not built of mud. Thunder rolled in every quarter of the heavens: the lions and panthers were frightened, and growled horribly: the foxes, who are seldom at fault, began to fear for the farm-yards: and were seen with vertical tails, three of which, if put together, would be little stouter than a child's whip for whipping-tops, so thoroughly soaked were they and draggled in the mire: not an animal in the forest could lick itself dry: their tongues ached with attempting it. But the mud gained its cause, and rose above the river-sides. At first it was elated by success; but it had floated in its extravagance no long time before a panic seized it, at hearing out of the clouds the fatal word *teleutaion*, which signifies *final*. It panted and breathed hard; and, at the moment of exhausting the last remnant of its strength, again it prayed to Jupiter, in a formulary of words which certain borderers of the principal stream suggested, imploring him that it might stop and subside. It did so. The borderers enriched their fields with it, carting it off, tossing it about, and breaking it into powder. But the streams were too dirty for decent men to bathe in them; and scarcely a fountain in all Phrygia had as much pure water, at its very source, as thou couldst carry on thy head in an earthen jar. For several years afterward there were pestilential exhalations, and drought and scarcity, throughout the country.

Rhodope. This is indeed a memorable event; and yet I never heard of it before.

Æsop. Dost thou like my histories?

Rhodope. Very much indeed.

Æsop. Both of them?

Rhodope. Equally.

Æsop. Then, Rhodope, thou art worthier of instruction than anyone I know. I never found an auditor, until the present, who approved of each; one or other of the two was sure to be defective in style or ingenuity: it showed an ignorance of the times or of mankind: it proved only that the narrator was a person of contracted views, and that nothing pleased him.

Rhodope. How could you have hindered, with as many hands as Gyas, and twenty thongs in each, the fox and ass from uniting? or how could you prevail on Jupiter to keep the mud from bubbling? I have prayed to him for many things more reasonable, and he has never done a single one of them; except the last perhaps.

Æsop. What was it?

Rhodope. That he would bestow on me power and understanding to comfort the poor slave from Phrygia.

Æsop. On what art thou reflecting?

Rhodope. I do not know. Is reflection that which will not lie quiet on the mind, and which makes us ask ourselves questions we can not answer?

Æsop. Wisdom is but that shadow which we call reflection; dark always, more or less, but usually the most so where there is the most light around it.

Rhodope. I think I begin to comprehend you; but beware lest anyone else should. Men will hate you for it, and may hurt you; for they will never bear the wax to be melted in the ear, as your words possess the faculty of doing.

Æsop. They may hurt me, but I shall have rendered them a service first.

Rhodope. Oh Æsop! if you think so, you must soon begin to instruct me how I may assist you, first in performing the service, and then in averting the danger: for I think you will be less liable to harm if I am with you.

Æsop. Proud child!

Rhodope. Not yet; I may be then.

Æsop. We must converse about other subjects.

Rhodope. On what rather?

Æsop. I was accused by thee of attempting to unsettle thy belief in prodigies and portents.

Rhodope. Teach me what is right and proper in regard to them, and in regard to the gods of this country who send them.

Æsop. We will either let them alone, or worship them as our masters do. But thou mayst be quite sure, O Rhodope! that if there were any men without heads, or any who ride upon dragons, they also would have been worshipped as deities long ago.

Rhodope. Ay; now you talk reasonably: so they would: at least I think so: I mean only in this country. In Thrace we do not think so unworthily of the gods: we are too afraid of Cerberus for that.

Æsop. Speak lower; or thou wilt raise ill blood between him and Anubis. His three heads could hardly lap milk when Anubis with only one could crack the thickest bone.

Rhodope. Indeed! how proud you must be to have acquired such knowledge.

Æsop. It is the knowledge which men most value, as being the most profitable to them; but I possess little of it.

Rhodope. What then will you teach me?

Æsop. I will teach thee, O Rhodope, how to hold Love by both wings, and how to make a constant companion of an ungrateful guest.

Rhodope. I think I am already able to manage so little a creature.

Æsop. He hath managed greater creatures than Rhodope.

Rhodope. They had no scissors to clip his pinions, and they did not slap him soon enough on the back of the hand. I have often wished to see him; but I never have seen him yet.

Æsop. Nor anything like?

Rhodope. I have touched his statue; and once I stroked it down, all over; very nearly. He seemed to smile at me the more for it, until I was ashamed. I was then a little girl: it was long ago: a year at least.

Æsop. Art thou sure it was such a long while since?

Rhodope. How troublesome! Yes! I never told anybody but you: and I never would have told you, unless I had been certain that you would find it out by yourself, as you did what those false foolish girls said concerning you. I am sorry to call them by such names, for I am confident that on other things and persons they never speak maliciously or untruly.

Æsop. Not about thee?

Rhodope. They think me ugly and conceited, because they do not look at me long enough to find out their mistake. I know I am not ugly, and I believe I am not conceited; so I should be silly if I were offended, or thought ill of them in return. But do you yourself always speak the truth, even when you know it? The story of the mud, I plainly see, is a mythos. Yet, after all, it is difficult to believe; and you have scarcely been able to persuade me, that the beasts in any country talk and reason, or ever did.

Æsop. Wherever they do, they do one thing more than men do.

Rhodope. You perplex me exceedingly: but I would not disquiet you at present with more questions. Let me pause and consider a little, if you please. I begin to suspect that, as Gods formerly did, you have been turning men into beasts, and beasts into men. But, Æsop, you should never say the thing that is untrue.

Æsop. We say and do and look no other all our lives.

Rhodope. Do we never know better?

Æsop. Yes; when we cease to please, and to wish it; when death is settling the features, and

the cerements are ready to render them unchangeable.

Rhodope. Alas! alas!

Æsop. Breathe, Rhodope, breathe again those painless sighs: they belong to thy vernal season. May thy summer of life be calm, thy autumn calmer, and thy winter never come.

Rhodope. I must die then earlier.

Æsop. Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay: but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodope! that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

Rhodope. Oh Æsop! let me rest my head on yours: it throbs and pains me.

Æsop. What are these ideas to thee?

Rhodope. Sad, sorrowful.

Æsop. Harrows that break the soil, preparing it for wisdom. Many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened.

And now remove thy head: the cheek is cool enough after its little shower of tears.

Rhodope. How impatient you are of the least pressure!

Æsop. There is nothing so difficult to support imperturbably as the head of a lovely girl, except her grief. Again upon mine! forgetful one! Raise it, remove it, I say. Why wert thou reluctant? why wert thou disobedient? Nay, look not so. It is I (and thou shalt know it) who should look reproachfully.

Rhodope. Reproachfully? did I? I was only wishing you would love me better, that I might come and see you often.

Æsop. Come often and see me, if thou wilt; but expect no love from me.

Rhodope. Yet how gently and gracefully you have spoken and acted, all the time we have been together. You have rendered the most abstruse things intelligible, without once grasping my hand, or putting your fingers among my curls.

Æsop. I should have feared to encounter the displeasure of two persons, if I had.

Rhodope. And well you might. They would scourge you, and scold me.

Æsop. That is not the worst.

Rhodope. The stocks too, perhaps.

Æsop. All these are small matters to the slave.

Rhodope. If they befell you, I would tear my hair and my cheeks, and put my knees under your ancles. Of whom should you have been afraid?

Æsop. Of Rhodope and of Æsop. Modesty in man, O Rhodope! is perhaps the rarest and most difficult of virtues: but intolerable pain is the pursuer of its infringement. Then follow days without content, nights without sleep, throughout a stormy season, a season of impetuous deluge which no fertility succeeds.

Rhodope. My mother often told me to learn modesty, when I was at play among the boys.

Æsop. Modesty in girls is not an acquirement, but a gift of nature: and it costs as much trouble and pain in the possessor to eradicate, as the fullest and firmest lock of hair would do.

Rhodope. Never shall I be induced to believe that men at all value it in themselves, or much in us, although from idleness or from rancour they would take it away from us whenever they can.

Æsop. And very few of you are pertinacious: if you run after them, as you often do, it is not to get it back.

Rhodope. I would never run after anyone, not even you: I would only ask you, again and again, to love me.

Æsop. Expect no love from me. I will impart to thee all my wisdom, such as it is; but girls like our folly best. Thou shalt never get a particle of mine from me.

Rhodope. Is love foolish?

Æsop. At thy age and at mine. I do not love thee: if I did, I would the more forbid thee ever to love *me*.

Rhodope. Strange man!

Æsop. Strange indeed. When a traveller is about to wander on a desert, it is strange to lead him away from it; strange to point out to him the verdant path he should pursue, where the tamarisk and lentisk and acacia wave overhead, where the reseda is cool and tender to the foot that presses it, and where a thousand colours sparkle in the sunshine, on fountains incessantly gushing forth.

Rhodope. Xanthus has all these; and I could be amid them in a moment.

Æsop. Why art not thou?

Rhodope. I know not exactly. Another day perhaps. I am afraid of snakes this morning. Beside, I think it may be sultry out of doors. Does not the wind blow from Libya?

Æsop. It blows as it did yesterday when I came over, fresh across the Ægean, and from Thrace. Thou mayest venture into the morning air.

Rhodope. No hours are so adapted to study as those of the morning. But will you teach me? I shall so love you if you will.

Æsop. If thou wilt *not* love me, I will teach thee.

Rhodope. Unreasonable man!

Æsop. Art thou aware what those mischievous little hands are doing?

Rhodope. They are tearing off the golden hem from the bottom of my robe; but it is stiff and difficult to detach.

Æsop. Why tear it off?

Rhodope. To buy your freedom. Do you spring up, and turn away, and cover your face from me?

Æsop. My freedom? Go, Rhodope! Rhodope! This, of all things, I shall never owe to thee.

Rhodope. Proud man! and you tell me to go! do you? do you? Answer me at least. Must I? and so soon?

Æsop. Child! begone!

Rhodope. Oh Æsop! you are already more my master than Xanthus is. I will run and tell him so: and I will implore of him, upon my knees, never to impose on *you* a command so hard to obey.

ANDREW MARVEL AND BISHOP PARKER.*

Parker. Most happy am I to encounter you, Mr. Marvel. It is some time, I think, since we met. May I take the liberty of inquiring what brought you into such a lonely quarter as Bunhill-Fields?

Marvel. My lord, I return at this instant from visiting an old friend of ours, hard-by, in Artillery-Walk, who, you will be happy to hear, bears his blindness and asthma with truly Christian courage.

Parker. And pray, who may that old friend be, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. Honest John Milton.

Parker. The same gentleman whose ingenious poem, on our first parents, you praised in some elegant verses prefixed to it?

Marvel. The same who likewise, on many occasions, merited and obtained your lordship's approbation.

Parker. I am happy to understand that no harsh measures were taken against him, on the return of our most gracious sovran. And it occurs to me that you, Mr. Marvel, were earnest in his behalf. Indeed I myself might have stirred upon it, had Mr. Milton solicited me in the hour of need.

Marvel. He is grateful to the friends who consulted at the same time his dignity and his safety: but gratitude can never be expected to grow on a soil hardened by solicitation. Those who are the most ambitious of power are often the least ambitious of glory. It requires but little sagacity to foresee that a name will become invested with eternal brightness by belonging to a benefactor of Milton. *I might have served him!* is not always the soliloquy of late compassion or of virtuous repentance: it is frequently the cry of blind and impotent and wounded pride, angry at itself for having neglected a good bargain, a rich reversion. Believe me, my lord bishop, there are few whom God has promoted to serve the truly great. They are never to be superseded, nor are their names to be obliterated in earth or heaven. Were I to trust my observation rather than my feelings, I should believe that friendship is only a state of transition to enmity. The wise, the excellent in honour and integrity, whom it was once our ambition to converse with, soon appear in our sight no higher than the ordinary class of our acquaintance; then become fit objects to set our own slender wits against, to contend with, to interrogate, to subject to the arbitration, not of their equals, but of ours; and lastly, what indeed is less injustice and less indignity, to neglect, abandon, and disown.

Parker. I never have doubted that Mr. Milton is a learned man; indeed he has proven it: and there are many who, like yourself, see considerable merit in his poems. I confess that I am an indifferent judge in these matters; and I can only hope that he has now corrected what is erroneous in his doctrines.

Marvel. Latterly he hath never changed a jot, in acting or thinking.

Parker. Wherein I hold him blameable, well aware as I am that never to change is thought an indication of rectitude and wisdom. But if everything in this world is progressive; if everything is defective; if our growth, if our faculties, are obvious and certain signs of it; then surely we should and must be different in different ages and conditions. Consciousness of error is, to a certain extent, a consciousness of understanding; and correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

Marvel. No proof of the kind is necessary to my friend: and it was not always that your lordship looked down on him so magisterially in reprehension, or delivered a sentence from so commanding an elevation. I, who indeed am but a humble man, am apt to question my judgment where it differs from his. I am appalled by any supercilious glance at him, and disgusted by any austerity ill assorted with the generosity of his mind. When I consider what pure delight we have derived from it, what treasures of wisdom it has conveyed to us, I find him supremely worthy of my gratitude, love, and veneration: and the neglect in which I now discover him, leaves me only the more room for the free effusion of these

* He wrote a work entitled, as Hooker's was, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, in which are these words: "It is better to submit to the unreasonable impositions of Nero and Caligula than to hazard the dissolution of the state." It is plain enough to what *impositions* he recommended the duty of submission: for, in our fiscal sense of the word, none ever bore more lightly on the subject than Caligula's and Nero's: even the provinces were taxed very moderately and fairly by them. He adds, "Princes may with less danger give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences." Marvel answered him in his *Rehearsal Transposed*, in which he says of Milton, "I well remember that, being one day at his house, I there first met you, and accidentally. Then it was that you wandered up and down Moor-fields, astrologising upon the duration of His Majesty's Government. You frequented John Milton's incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used he is too generous to remember; but, he never having in the least provoked you, it is inhumanely and inhospitably done to insult thus over his old age. I hope it will be a warning to all others, as it is to me, to avoid, I will not say such a Judas, but a man that creeps into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them."

sentiments. How shallow in comparison is everything else around us, trickling and dimpling in the pleasure-grounds of our literature! If we are to build our summer-houses against ruined temples, let us at least abstain from ruining them for the purpose.

Parker. Nay, nay, Mr. Marvel! so much warmth is uncalled for.

Marvel. Is there anything offensive to your lordship in my expressions?

Parker. I am not aware that there is. But let us generalize a little: for we are prone to be touchy and testy in favour of our intimates.

Marvel. I believe, my lord, this fault, or sin, or whatsoever it may be designated, is among the few that are wearing fast away.

Parker. Delighted am I, my dear sir, to join you in your innocent pleasantry. But, truly and seriously, I have known even the prudent grow warm and stickle about some close affinity.

Marvel. Indeed? so indecorous before your lordship?

Parker. We may remember when manners were less polite than they are now; and not only the seasons of life require an alteration of habits, but likewise the changes of society.

Marvel. Your lordship acts up to your tenets.

Parker. Perhaps you may blame me, and more severely than I would blame our worthy friend Mr. John Milton, upon finding a slight variation in my exterior manner, and somewhat more reserve than formerly: yet wiser and better men than I presume to call myself, have complied with the situation to which it hath pleased the Almighty to exalt them.

Marvel. I am slow to censure anyone for assuming an air and demeanour which, he is persuaded, are more becoming than what he has left off. And I subscribe to the justice of the observation, that wiser and better men than your lordship have adapted their language and their looks to elevated station. But sympathy is charity, or engenders it: and sympathy requires proximity, closeness, contact: and at every remove, and more especially at every gradation of ascent, it grows a little colder. When we begin to call a man our *worthy friend*, our friendship is already on the wane. In him who has been raised above his old companions, there seldom remains more warmth than what turns everything about it vapid: familiarity sidles toward affability, and kindness curtseys into condescension.

Parker. I see, we are hated for rising.

Marvel. Many do really hate others for rising: but some who appear to hate them for it, hate them only for the bad effects it produces on the character.

Parker. We are odious, I am afraid, sometimes for the gift, and sometimes for the giver: and Malevolence cools her throbs by running to the obscurity of neglected merit. We know whose merit that means.

Marvel. What! because the servants of a king have stamped no measure above a certain compass, and such only as the vulgar are accustomed to handle, must we disbelieve the existence of any greater in its capacity, or decline the use of it in things lawful and commendable? Little men like these have no business at all with the mensuration of higher minds: gaugers are not astronomers.

Parker. Really, Mr. Marvel, I do not understand metaphors.

Marvel. Leaving out arithmetic and mathematics, and the sciences appertaining to them, I never opened a page without one; no, not even a title-page with a dozen words in it. Perhaps I am unfortunate in my tropes and figures: perhaps they come, by my want of dexterity, too near your lordship. I would humbly ask, is there any criminality in the calculation and casting up of manifold benefits, or in the employment of those instruments by which alone they are to be calculated and cast up?

Parker. Surely none whatever.

Marvel. It has happened to me and my schoolfellows, that catching small fish in the shallows and ditches of the Humber, we called a minnow a perch, and a dace a pike; because they pleased us in the catching, and because we really were ignorant of their quality. In like manner do some older ones act in regard to men. They who are caught and handled by them are treated with distinction, because they are so caught and handled, and because self-love and self-conceit dazzle and delude the senses; while those whom they neither can handle nor catch are without a distinctive name. We are informed by Aristoteles, in his *Treatise on Natural History*, that solid horns are dropt and that hollow ones are permanent. Now, although we may find solid men cast on the earth and hollow men exalted, yet never will I believe in the long duration of the hollow, or in the long abasement of the solid. Milton, although the generality may be ignorant of it, is quite as great a genius as Bacon, bating the chancellorship, which goes for little where a great man is estimated by a wise one.

Parker. Rather enthusiastic! ay, Mr. Marvel! the one name having been established for almost a century, the other but recently brought forward, and but partially acknowledged. By coming so much later into the world, he can not be quite so original in his notions as Lord Verulam.

Marvel. Solomon said that, even in his time, there was nothing new under the sun: he said it unwisely and untruly.

Parker. Solomon? untruly? unwisely?

Marvel. The spectacles, which by the start you gave, had so nearly fallen from the bridge of your nose, attest it. Had *he* any? It is said, and apparently with more reason than formerly, that there are no new thoughts. What do the fools mean who say it? They might just as well assert that there are no new men, because other men existed before, with eyes, mouth, nostrils, chin, and many other appurtenances. But as there are myriads of forms between the forms of Scarron

and Hudson* on one side, and of Mercury and Apollo on the other, so there are myriads of thoughts, of the same genus, each taking its peculiar conformation. Æschylus and Racine, struck by the same idea, would express a sentiment very differently. Do not imagine that the idea is the thought: the idea is that which the thought generates, rears up to maturity, and calls after its own name. Every note in music has been sounded frequently; yet a composition of Purcell may be brilliant by its novelty. There are extremely few roots in a language; yet the language may be varied, and novel too, age after age. Chess-boards and numerals are less capable of exhibiting new combinations than poetry; and prose likewise is equally capable of displaying new phases and phenomenons in images and reflections. Good prose, to say nothing of the original thoughts it conveys, may be infinitely varied in modulation. It is only an extension of metres, an amplification of harmonies, of which even the best and most varied poetry admits but few. Comprehending at once the prose and poetry of Milton, we could prove, before "fit audience," that he is incomparably the greatest master of harmony that ever lived.

There may be, even in these late days, more originality of thought, and flowing in more channels of harmony, more bursts and breaks and sinuosities, than we have yet discovered.

The admirers of Homer never dreamt that a man more pathetic, more sublime, more thoughtful, more imaginative, would follow.

Parker. Certainly not.

Marvel. Yet Shakspeare came, in the memory of our fathers.

Parker. Mr. William Shakspeare of Stratford upon Avon? A remarkably clever man: nobody denies it.

Marvel. At first people did not know very well what to make of him. He looked odd: he seemed witty; he drew tears. But a grin and a pinch of snuff can do that.

Every great author is a great reformer; and the reform is either in thought or language. Milton is zealous and effective in both.

Parker. Some men conceive that, if their name is engraven in Gothic letters, it signifies and manifests antiquity of family; and others, that a congestion of queer words and dry chopt sentences, which turn the mouth awry in reading, make them look like original thinkers. I have seen fantastical folks of this description who write *wend* instead of *go*, and are so ignorant of grammar as even to put *wended* for *went*. I do not say that Mr. Milton is one of them; but he may have led weak men into the fault.

Marvel. Not only is he not one of them, but his language is never a patchwork of old and new: all is of a piece. Beside, he is the only writer whom it is safe to follow in spelling: others are inconsistent; some for want of learning, some for want of reasoning, some for want of memory, and some for want of care. But there are certain words which ceased to be spelt properly just before his time: the substantives, *childe* and *wilde*, and the verbs *finde* and *winde*, for instance.

Parker. Therein we agree. We ought never to have deviated from those who delivered to us our Litany, of which the purity is unapproachable and the harmony complete. Our tongue has been drooping ever since.

Marvel. Until Milton touched it again with fire from heaven.

Parker. Gentlemen seem now to have delegated the correction of the press to their valets, and the valets to have devolved it on the chambermaids. But I would not advise you to start a fresh reformation in this quarter; for the round-heads can't spell, and the royalists won't: and if you bring back an ancient form retaining all its beauty, they will come forward from both sides against you on a charge of coining. We will now return, if you please, to the poets we were speaking of. Both Mr. Shakspeare and Mr. Milton have considerable merit in their respective ways; but both surely are unequal. Is it not so, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. Under the highest of their immeasurable Alps, all is not valley and verdure: in some places there are frothy cataracts, there are the fruitless beds of noisy torrents, and there are dull and hollow glaciers. He must be a bad writer, or however a very indifferent one, in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such table-land are diminutive, and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude and at the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb and valleys to repose in. Is there any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.

Parker. I can listen to this: but where the authority of Solomon is questioned and rejected, I must avoid the topic. Pardon me; I collect from what you threw out previously, that, with strange attachments and strange aversions, you cherish singular ideas about greatness.

Marvel. To pretermit all reference to myself; our evil humours, and our good ones too, are brought out whimsically. We are displeased by him who would be similar to us, or who would be near, unless he consent to walk behind. To-day we are unfriendly to a man of genius, whom ten days hence we shall be zealous in extolling; not because we know anything more of his works or his character, but because we have dined in his company and he has desired to be introduced to us. A flat ceiling seems to compress those animosities which flame out furiously under the open sky.

Parker. Sad prejudices! sad infirmities!

Marvel. The sadder are opposite to them. Usually men, in distributing fame, do as old

* A dwarf in that age.

maids and old misers do: they give everything to those who want nothing. In literature, often a man's solitude, and oftener his magnitude, disinclines us from helping him if we find him down. We are fonder of warming our hands at a fire already in a blaze than of blowing one. I should be glad to see some person as liberal of fame in regard to Milton, as in regard to those literators of the town who speedily run it out.

Parker. I have always called him a man of parts. But, Mr. Marvel! we may bestow as injudiciously as we detract.

Marvel. Perhaps as injudiciously, certainly not as injuriously. If indeed we are to be called to account for the misapplication of our bestowals, a heavy charge will lie against me for an action I committed in my journey hither from Hull. I saw an old man working upon the road, who was working upon the same road, and not far from the same spot, when I was first elected to represent that city in parliament. He asked me for *something to make him drink:* which, considering the heat of the weather and the indication his nose exhibited of his propensities, did appear superfluous. However, I gave him a shilling, in addition to as many good wishes as he had given me.

Parker. Not reflecting that he would probably get intoxicated with it.

Marvel. I must confess I had all that reflection with its whole depth of shade upon my conscience; and I tried as well as I could to remove the evil. I inquired of him whether he was made the happier by the shilling. He answered that, if I was none the worse for it, he was none. "Then," said I, "honest friend! since two are already the happier, prythee try whether two more may not become so: therefore drink out of it at supper with thy two best friends."

Parker. I would rather have advised frugality and laying-by. Perhaps he might have had a wife and children.

Marvel. He could not then, unless he were a most unlucky man, be puzzled in searching for his two best friends. My project gave him more pleasure than my money: and I was happy to think that he had many hours for his schemes and anticipations between him and sunset.

Parker. When I ride or walk, I never carry loose money about me, lest, through an inconsiderate benevolence, I be tempted in some such manner to misapply it. To be robbed would give me as little or less concern.

Marvel. A man's self is often his worst robber. He steals from his own bosom and heart what God has there deposited, and he hides it out of his way, as dogs and foxes do with bones. But the robberies we commit on the body of our superfluities, and store up in vacant places, in places of poverty and sorrow, these, whether in the dark or in the daylight, leave us neither in nakedness nor in fear, are marked by no burning-iron of conscience, are followed by no scourge of reproach; they never deflower prosperity, they never distemper sleep.

Parker. I am ready at all times to award justice to the generosity of your character, and no man ever doubted its consistency. Believing you to be at heart a loyal subject, I am thrown back on the painful reflection that all our acquaintance are not equally so. Mr. Milton, for example, was a republican, yet he entered into the service of a usurper: you disdained it.

Marvel. Events proved that my judgment of Cromwell's designs was correcter than his: but the warier man is not always the wiser, nor the more active and industrious in the service of his country.

Parker. His opinions on religion varied also considerably, until at last the vane almost wore out the socket, and it could turn no longer.

Marvel. Is it nothing in the eyes of an Anglican bishop to have carried the gospel of Christ against the Talmudists of Rome; the Word of God against the traditions of men; the liberty of conscience against the conspiracy of tyranny and fraud? If so, then the Protector, such was Milton, not of England only, but of Europe, was nothing.

Parker. You are warm, Mr. Marvel.

Marvel. Not by any addition to my cloth, however.

Parker. He hath seceded, I hear, from every form of public worship: and doubts are entertained whether he believes any longer in the co-equality of the Son with the Father, or indeed in his atonement for our sins. Such being the case, he forfeits the name and privileges of a Christian.

Marvel. Not with Christians, if they know that he keeps the ordinances of Christ. Papists, Calvinists, Lutherans, and every other kind of scoria, exploding in the furnace of zeal, and cracking off from Christianity, stick alike to the side of this gloomy, contracted, and unwholesome doctrine. But the steadiest believer in the divinity of our Lord, and in his atonement for us; if pride, arrogance, persecution, malice, lust of station, lust of money, lust of power, inflame him; is incomparably less a Christian than he who doubteth all that ever was doubted of his genealogy and hereditary rights, yet who never swerveth from his commandments. A wise man will always be a Christian, because the perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind, and how to attain it, which Christianity teaches; but men equally wise may differ and diverge on the sufficiency of testimony, and still farther on matters which no testimony can affirm, and no intellect comprehend. To strangle a man because he has a narrow swallow, shall never be inserted among the "infallible cures" in my *Book of Domestic Remedies.*

Parker. We were talking gravely: were it not rather more seemly to continue in the same strain, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. I was afraid that my gravity might appear too specific: but, with your lordship's permission and exhortation, I will proceed in serious reflections, to which indeed, on this occa-

sion, I am greatly more inclined. Never do I take the liberty to question or examine any man on his religion, or to look over his shoulder on his account-book with his God. But I know that Milton, and every other great poet, must be religious: for there is nothing so godlike as a love of order, with a power of bringing great things into it. This power, unlimited in the one, limited (but incalculably and inconceivably great) in the other, belongs to the Deity and the Poet.

Parker. I shudder.

Marvel. Wherefore? at seeing a man, what he was designed to be by his Maker, his Maker's image? But pardon me, my lord! the surprise of such a novelty is enough to shock you.

Reserving to myself for a future time the liberty of defending my friend on theology, in which alone he shifted his camp, I may remark what has frequently happened to me. I have walked much: finding one side of the road miry, I have looked toward the other and thought it cleaner: I have then gone over, and when there I have found it just as bad, although it did not seem nearly so, until it was tried. This however has not induced me to wish that the overseer would bar it up; but only to wish that both sides were mended effectually with smaller and more binding materials, not with large loose stones, nor with softer stuff, soon converted into mud.

Parker. Stability then and consistency are the qualities most desirable, and these I look for in Mr. Milton. However fond he was of Athenian terms and practices, he rejected them after he had proved them.

Marvel. It was not in his choice to reject or establish. He saw the nation first cast down and lacerated by Fanaticism, and then utterly exhausted by that quieter blood-sucker, Hypocrisy. A powerful arm was wanted to drive away such intolerable pests, and it could not but be a friendly one. Cromwell and the saner part of the nation were unanimous in beating down Presbyterianism, which had assumed the authority of the Papacy without its lenity.

Parker. He, and those saner people, had subverted already the better form of Christianity which they found in the Anglican church. Your Samson had shaken its pillars by his attack on Prelaty.

Marvel. He saw the prelates, in that reign, standing as ready there as anywhere to wave the censer before the king, and under its smoke to hide the people from him. He warned them as an angel would have done, nay, as our Saviour has done, that the wealthy and the proud, the flatterer at the palace and the flatterer at the altar, in short the man for the world, is not the man for heaven.

Parker. We must lay gentle constructions and liberal interpretations on the Scriptures.

Marvel. Then let us never open them. If they are true we should receive them as they are; if they are false we should reject them totally. We can not pick and choose; we can not say to the Omniscient, "We think you right here; we think you wrong there; however, we will meet you half-way and talk it over with you." This is such impiety as shocks us even in saying we must avoid it: yet our actions tend to its countenance and support. We clothe the ministers of Christ in the same embroidery as was worn by the proudest of his persecutors, and they mount into Pilate's chair. The Reformation has effected little more than melting down the gold lace of the old wardrobe, to make it enter the pocket more conveniently.

Parker. Who would have imagined Mr. John Milton should ever have become a seceder and sectarian! he who, after the days of adolescence, looked with an eye of fondness on the idle superstitions of our forefathers, and celebrated them in his poetry.

Marvel. When superstitions are only idle it is wiser to look on them kindly than unkindly. I have remarked that those which serve best for poetry, have more plumage than talon, and those which serve best for policy have more talon than plumage. Milton never countenanced priestcraft, never countenanced fraud and fallacy.

Parker. The business is no easy one to separate devotion from practices connected with it. There is much that may seem useless, retained through ages in an intermixture with what is better: and the better would never have been so good as it is if you had cast away the rest. What is chaff when the grain is threshed, was useful to the grain before its threshing.

Marvel. Since we are come unaware on religion, I would entreat of your lordship to enlighten me, and thereby some others of weak minds and tender consciences, in regard to the criminality of pretence to holiness.

Parker. The Lord abominates, as you know, Mr. Marvel, from the Holy Scriptures, all hypocrisy.

Marvel. If we make ourselves or others, who are not holy, seem holy, are we worthy to enter his kingdom?

Parker. No; most unworthy.

Marvel. What if we set up, not only for good men, but for exquisitely religious, such as violate the laws and religion of the country?

Parker. Pray, Mr. Marvel, no longer waste your time and mine in such idle disquisitions. We have beheld such men lately, and abominate them.

Marvel. Happily for the salvation of our souls, as I conceive, we never went so far as to induce, much less to authorise, much less to command, anyone to fall down and worship them.

Parker. Such insolence and impudence would have brought about the blessed Restoration much earlier.

Marvel. We are now come to the point. It seems wonderful to pious and considerate men, unhesitating believers in God's holy word, that although the Reformation, under his guidance, was brought about by the prayers and fasting of the bishops, and others well deserving the name

of saints, chiefly of the equestrian order, no place in the Kalendar hath ever been assigned to them.

Parker. Perhaps, as there were several, a choice might have seemed particular and invidious. Perhaps also the names of many as excellent having been removed from the Rubric, it was deemed unadvisable to inaugurate them.

Marvel. Yet, my lord bishop, we have inserted Charles the Martyr. Now there have been saints not martyrs, but no martyr not a saint.

Parker. Do you talk in this manner? you who had the manliness to praise his courage and constancy to Cromwell's face.

Marvel. Cromwell was not a man to undervalue the courage and constancy of an enemy: and, had he been, I should have applauded one in his presence. But how happens it that the bishops, priests, and deacons, throughout England, treat Charles as a saint and martyr, and hold his death-day sacred, who violated those ecclesiastical ordinances, the violation whereof you would not only reprobate in another, but visit with exemplary punishment? Charles was present at plays in his palace on the sabbath. Was he a saint in his life-time? or only after his death? If in his life-time, the single miracle performed by him was, to act against his established church without a diminution of holiness. If only in his death, he holds his canonization by a different tenure from any of his blessed predecessors.

It is curious and sorrowful that Charles the Martyr should have suffered death on the scaffold, for renewing the custom of arbitrary loans and forced benevolences, which the usurper Richard III. abolished. Charles, to be sure, had the misfortune to add the practice of torture and mutilation, to which those among the English who are most exposed to it bear a great dislike. Being a martyr, he is placed above the saints in dignity: they tortured only themselves.

Parker. Let me bring to your recollection, that plays were not prohibited on the sabbath by our great Reformers.

Marvel. But if it is unchristianlike now, it was then; and a saint must have been aware of it, although it escaped a reformer.

Parker. You scoff, Mr. Marvel! I never answer the scoffer.

Marvel. I will now be serious. Is the canonization of Charles the effect of a firm conviction that he was holier than all those ejected from the Kalendar? or is it merely an ebullition of party-spirit, an ostentatious display of triumphant spite against his enemies? In this case, and there are too many and too cogent reasons for believing it, would it not be wiser never to have exhibited to the scrutinizing church of Rome a *consecration* more reprehensible than the former *desecrations?* Either you must acknowledge that saints are not always to be followed in their practices, or you must allow men, women, and children, to dance and frequent the play-houses on Sundays, as our martyr did before he took to mutilating and maiming; and he never left off the custom by his own free will.

Parker. I think, Mr. Marvel, you might safely leave these considerations to us.

Marvel. Very safely, my lord! for you are perfectly sure never to meddle with them: you are sure to leave them as they are; solely from the pious motive that there may be peace in our days, according to the Litany. On such a principle there have been many, and still perhaps there may be some remaining, who would not brush the dust from the bench, lest they should raise the moths and discover the unsoundnesses and corrosions. But there is danger lest the people at some future day should be wiser, braver, more inquisitive, more pertinacious; there is danger lest, on finding a notorious cheat and perjurer set up by Act of Parliament among the choice and sterling old saints, they undervalue not only saints but Parliaments.

Parker. I would rather take my ground where politics are unmingled with religion, and I see better reason to question the wisdom of Mr. Milton than the wisdom of our most gracious King's Privy Council. We enjoy, thank God! liberty of conscience. I must make good my objection on the quarter of consistency, lest you think me resolute to find fault where there is none. Your friend continued to serve the Protector when he had reconstructed a house of Lords, which formerly he called an abomination.

Marvel. He never served Cromwell but when Cromwell served his country; and he would not abandon her defence for the worst wounds he had received in it. He was offended at the renewal of that house, after all the labour and pains he had taken in its demolition: and he would have given his life, if one man's life could have paid for it, to throw down again so unshapely and darkening an obstruction. From his youth upward he had felt the Norman rust entering into our very vitals; and he now saw that, if we had received from the bravest of nations a longer sword, we wore a heavier chain to support it. He began his *History* from a love of the Saxon institutions, than which the most enlightened nations had contrived none better; nor can we anywhere discover a worthier object for the meditations of a philosophical or for the energies of a poetical mind.

Parker. And yet you republicans are discontented even with this.

Marvel. We are not mere Saxons. A wise English republican will prefer (as having grown up with him) the Saxon institutions generally and mainly, both in spirit and practice, to those of Rome and Athens. But the Saxon institutions, however excellent, are insufficient. The moss must be rasped off the bark, and the bark itself must be slit, to let the plant expand. Nothing is wholesomer than milk from the udder: but would you always dine upon it? The seasons of growth, physical and intellectual, require different modes of preparation, different instruments

of tillage, different degrees of warmth and excitement. Whatever is bad in our constitution we derive from the Normans, or from the glosses put against the text under their Welsh and Scotch successors: the good is thrown back to us out of what was ours before. Our boasted Magna Charta is only one side of the old Saxon coat; and it is the side that has the broken loopholes in it. It hangs loose, and at every breeze 'tis a hard matter to keep it on. In fact the Magna Charta neither is, nor ever was long together, of much value to the body of the people. Our princes could always do what they wished to do, until lately; and this palladium was so light a matter, that it was easily taken from the town-hall to the palace. It has been holden back or missing whenever the people most loudly called for it. Municipalities, in other words small republics, are a nation's main-stay against aristocratical and regal encroachments.

Parker. If I speak in defence of the peerage, you may think me interested.

Marvel. Bring forward what may fairly recommend the institution, and I shall think you less interested than ingenious.

Parker. Yet surely you, who are well connected, cannot be insensible of the advantages it offers to persons of family.

Marvel. Is that any proof of its benefit to the public? And persons of family! who are they? Between the titled man of ancient and the titled man of recent, the difference, if any, is in favour of the last. Suppose them both raised for merit (here indeed we do come to theory!), the benefits that society has received from him are nearer us. It is probable that many in the poor and abject are of very ancient families, and particularly in our county, where the contests of the York and Lancaster broke down, in many places, the high and powerful. Some of us may look back six or seven centuries, and find a stout ruffian at the beginning: but the great ancestor of the pauper, who must be somewhere, may stand perhaps far beyond.

Parker. If we ascend to the tower of Babel and come to the confusion of tongues, we come also to a confusion of ideas. A man of family, in all countries, is he whose ancestor attracted, by some merit, real or imputed, the notice of those more eminent, who promoted him in wealth and station. Now, to say nothing of the humble, the greater part even of the gentry had no such progenitors.

Marvel. I look to a person of very old family as I do to anything else that is very old, and I thank him for bringing to me a page of romance which probably he himself never knew or heard about. Usually, with all his pride and pretensions, he is much less conscious of the services his ancestor performed, than my spaniel is of his own when he carries my glove or cane to me. I would pat them both on the head for it; and the civiler and more reasonable of the two would think himself well rewarded.

Parker. The additional name may light your memory to the national service.

Marvel. We extract this benefit from an ancient peer; this phosphorus from a rotten post.

Parker. I do not complain or wonder that an irreligious man should be adverse not only to prelaty, but equally to a peerage.

Marvel. Herodotus tells us that among the Egyptians a herald was a herald because he was a herald's son, and not for the clearness of his voice. He had told us before that the Egyptians were worshippers of cats and crocodiles; but he was too religious a man to sneer at that. It was an absurdity that the herald should hold his office for no better reason than because his father held it. Herodotus might peradventure have smiled within his sleeve at no other being given for the privileges of the peer; unless he thought a loud voice, which many do, more important than information and discretion.

Parker. You will find your opinions discountenanced by both our universities.

Marvel. I do not want anybody to corroborate my opinions. They keep themselves up by their own weight and consistency. Cambridge on one side and Oxford on the other could lend me no effectual support: and my skiff shall never be impeded by the sedges of Cam, nor grate on the gravel of Isis.

Parker. Mr. Marvel, the path of what we fondly call patriotism, is highly perilous. Courts at least are safe.

Marvel. I would rather stand on the ridge of Etna than lower my head in the Grotto del Cane. By the one I may share the fate of a philosopher, by the other I must suffer the death of a cur.

Parker. We are all of us dust and ashes.

Marvel. True, my lord! but in some we recognise the dust of gold and the ashes of the phœnix; in others the dust of the gateway and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyænas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable: and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commensurate with the vault of heaven.

Parker. Mr. Marvel, I am admiring the extremely fine lace of your cravat.

Marvel. It cost me less than lawn would have done: and it wins me a reflection. Very few can think that man a great man, whom they have been accustomed to meet, dressed exactly like themselves: more especially if they happen to find him, not in park, forest, or chase, but warming his limbs by the reflected heat of the

bricks in Artillery-walk. In England a man becomes a great man by living in the middle of a great field; in Italy by living in a walled city; in France by living in a courtyard: no matter what lives they lead there.

Parker. I am afraid, Mr. Marvel, there is some slight bitterness in your observation.

Marvel. Bitterness it may be from the bruised laurel of Milton.

What falsehoods will not men put on, if they can only pad them with a little piety! And how few will expose their whole faces, from a fear of being frost-bitten by poverty! But Milton was among the few.

Parker. Already have we had our Deluge: we are now once more upon dry land again, and we behold the same creation as rejoiced us formerly. Our late gloomy and turbulent times are passed for ever.

Marvel. Perhaps they are, if anything is for ever: but the sparing Deluge may peradventure be commuted for unsparing Fire, as we are threatened. The arrogant, the privileged, the stiff upholders of established wrong, the deaf opponents of equitable reformation, the lazy consumers of ill-requited industry, the fraudent who, unable to stop the course of the sun, pervert the direction of the gnomon, all these peradventure may be gradually consumed by the process of silent contempt, or suddenly scattered by the tempest of popular indignation. As we see in masquerades the real judge and the real soldier stopped and mocked by the fictitious, so do we see in the carnival of to-day the real man of dignity hustled, shoved aside, and derided, by those who are invested with the semblance by the milliners of the court. The populace is taught to respect this livery alone, and is proud of being permitted to look through the grating at such ephemeral frippery. And yet false gems and false metals have never been valued above real ones. Until our people alter these notions; until they estimate the wise and virtuous above the silly and profligate, the man of genius above the man of title; until they hold the knave and cheat of St. James's as low as the knave and cheat of St. Giles's; they are fitter for the slave-market than for any other station.

Parker. You would have no distinctions, I fear.

Marvel. On the contrary, I would have greater than exist at present. You can not blot or burn out an ancient name: you can not annihilate past services: you can not subtract one single hour from eternity, nor wither one leaf on his brow who hath entered into it. Sweep away from before me the soft grubs of yesterday's formation, generated by the sickliness of the plant they feed upon; sweep them away unsparingly; then will you clearly see distinctions, and easily count the men who have attained them worthily.

Parker. In a want of respect to established power and principles, originated most of the calamities we have latterly undergone.

Marvel. Say rather, in the averseness of that power and the inadequacy of those principles to resist the encroachment of injustice: say rather, on their tendency to distort the poor creatures swaddled up in them: add moreover the reluctance of the old women who rock and dandle them, to change their habiliments for fresh and wholesome ones. A man will break the windows of his own house that he may not perish by foul air within: now, whether is he, or those who bolted the door on him, to blame for it? If he is called mad or inconsiderate, it is only by those who are ignorant of the cause and insensible of the urgency. I declare I am rejoiced at seeing a gentleman, whose ancestors have signally served their country, treated with deference and respect; because it evinces a sense of justice and of gratitude in the people, and because it may incite a few others, whose ambition would take another course, to desire the same. Different is my sentence, when he who has not performed the action claims more honour than he who performed it, and thinks himself the worthier if twenty are between them than if there be one or none. Still less accordant is it with my principles, and less reducible to my comprehension, that they who devised the ruin of cities and societies should be exhibited as deserving much higher distinction than they who have corrected the hearts and enlarged the intellects, and have performed it not only without the hope of reward, but almost with the certainty of persecution.

Parker. Ever too hard upon great men, Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. Little men in lofty places, who throw long shadows because our sun is setting: the men so little and the places so lofty, that, casting my pebble, I only show where they stand. They would be less contented with themselves if they had obtained their preferment honestly. Luck and dexterity always give more pleasure than intellect and knowledge; because they fill up what they fall on to the brim at once, and people run to them with acclamations at the splash. Wisdom is reserved and noiseless, contented with hard earnings, and daily letting go some early acquisition, to make room for better specimens. But great is the exultation of a worthless man, when he receives, for the chips and raspings of his Bridewell logwood, a richer reward than the best and wisest, for extensive tracts of well-cleared truths; when he who has sold his country . . .

Parker. Forbear, forbear, good Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. When such is higher in estimation than he who would have saved it; when his emptiness is heard above the voice that hath shaken Fanaticism in her central shrine, that hath bowed down tyrants to the scaffold, that hath raised up nations from the dust, that alone hath been found worthy to celebrate, as angels do, creating and redeeming Love, and to precede with its solitary sound the trumpet that will call us to our doom.

Parker. I am unwilling to feign ignorance of

the gentleman you designate: but really now you would make a very Homer of him.

Marvel. It appears to me that Homer is to Milton what a harp is to an organ; though a harp under the hand of Apollo.

Parker. I have always done him justice: I have always called him a learned man.

Marvel. Call him henceforward the most glorious one that ever existed upon earth. If two, Bacon and Shakspeare, have equalled him in diversity and intensity of power, did either of these spring away with such resolution from the sublimest highths of genius, to liberate and illuminate with patient labour the manacled human race? And what is his recompense? The same recompense as all men like him have received, and will receive for ages. Persecution follows Righteousness: the Scorpion is next in succession to Libra. The fool however who ventures to detract from Milton's genius, in the night which now appears to close on him, will, when the dawn has opened on his dull ferocity, be ready to bite off a limb, if he might thereby limp away from the trap he has prowled into. Among the gentler, the better, and the wiser, few have entered yet the awful structure of his mind; few comprehend, few are willing to contemplate, its vastness. Politics now occupy scarcely a closet in it. We seldom are inclined to converse on them; and, when we do, it is jocosely rather than austerely. For even the bitterest berries grow less acrid when they have been hanging long on the tree. Beside, it is time to sit with our hats between our legs, since so many grave men have lately seen their errors, and so many brave ones have already given proofs enough of their bravery, and trip aside to lay down their laurels on gilt tables and velvet cushions. If my friend condemns anyone now, it is Cromwell; and principally for reconstructing a hereditary house of peers. He perceives that it was done for the purpose of giving the aristocracy an interest in the perpetuation of power in his family, of which he discovered the folly just before his death. He derides the stupidity of those who bandy about the battered phrase of *useful checks and necessary counterpoises.* He would not desire a hinderance on his steward in the receipt of his rent, if he had any, nor on his attorney in prosecuting his suit: he would not recommend any interest in opposition to that of the people: he would not allow an honest man to be arrested and imprisoned for debt, while a dishonest one is privileged to be exempt from it: and he calls that nation unwise, and those laws iniquitous, which tolerate so flagrant an abuse. He would not allow a tradesman, who lives by his reputation for honesty, to be calumniated as dishonest, without the means of vindicating his character, unless by an oppressive and dilatory procedure, while a peer, who perhaps may live by dishonesty, as some are reported to have done in former reigns, recurs to an immediate and uncostly remedy against a similar accusation. He would not see Mother Church lie with a lawyer on the woolsack, nor the ministry of the apostles devolve on the crown, sacred and uncontaminated as we see it is.

Parker. No scoffs at the crown, I do beseech you, Mr. Marvel! whatever enmity you and Mr. Milton may bear against the peers. He would have none of them, it seems.

Marvel. He would have as many as can prove by any precedent or argument, that virtue and abilities are hereditary; and I believe he would stint them exactly to that number. In regard to their services, he made these observations a few days ago: "Why, in God's name, friend Andrew, do we imagine that a thing can be made stabile by pulling at it perpetually in different directions? Where there are contrary and conflicting interests, one will predominate at one time, another at another. Now, what interest at any time ought to predominate against the public? We hear indeed that when the royal power is oppressive to them, the peers push their horns against the Leopards; but did they so in the time of James or his son? And are not the people strong enough to help and right themselves, if they were but wise enough? And if they were wise enough, would they whistle for the wolves to act in concert with the shepherd-dogs? Our consciences tell us," added he, "that we should have done some good, had our intentions been well seconded and supported. Collegians and barristers and courtiers may despise the poverty of our intellects, throw a few of their old scraps into our satchels, and send the beadle to show us the road we ought to take: nevertheless we are wilful, and refuse to surrender our old customary parochial footpath."

Parker. And could not he let alone the poor innocent collegians?

Marvel. Nobody ever thought them more innocent than he, unless when their square caps were fanning the flames round heretics: and every man is liable to be a heretic in his turn. Collegians have always been foremost in the cure of the *lues* of heresy by sweating and caustic.

Parker. Sir! they have always been foremost in maintaining the unity of the faith.

Marvel. So zealously, that whatever was the king's faith was theirs. And thus it will always be, until their privileges and immunities are in jeopardy; then shall you see them the most desperate incendiaries.

Parker. After so many species of religion, generated in the sty of old corruptions, we return to what experience teaches us is best. If the Independents, or any other sect, had reason on their side, and truly evangelical doctrine, they would not die away and come to nothing as they have done.

Marvel. Men do not stick very passionately and tenaciously to a pure religion: there must be honey on the outside of it, and warmth within, and latitude around, or they make little bellow and bustle about it. That Milton has been latterly no frequenter of public worship, may be lamented,

but is not unaccountable. He has lived long enough to perceive that all sects are animated by a spirit of hostility and exclusion, a spirit the very opposite to the Gospel. There is so much malignity, hot-blooded and cold-blooded, in zealots, that I do not wonder at seeing the honest man, who is tired of dissension and controversy, wrap himself up in his own quiet conscience, and indulge in a tranquillity somewhat like sleep, apart. Nearly all are of opinion that devotion is purer and more ardent in solitude, but declare to you that they believe it to be their duty to set an example by going to church. Is not this pride and vanity? What must they conceive of their own value and importance, to imagine that others will necessarily look up to them as guides and models! A hint of such an infirmity arouses all their choler; and from that moment we are unworthy of being saved by them. But if they abandon us to what must appear to them so hopeless a condition, can we doubt whether they would not abandon a babe floating like Moses in a basket on a wide and rapid river? I have always found these people, whatever may be the sect, self-sufficent, hard-hearted, intolerant, and unjust; in short, the opposite of Milton. What wonder then if he abstain from their society? particularly in places of worship, where it must affect a rational and religious man the most painfully. He thinks that churches, as now constituted, are to religion what pest-houses are to health: that they often infect those who ailed nothing, and withhold them from freedom and exercise. Austerity hath oftener been objected to him than indifference. That neither of the objections is well-founded, I think I can demonstrate by an anecdote. Visiting him last month, I found him hearing read by his daughter the treatise of Varro *On Agriculture*: and I said, laughingly, "We will walk over your farm together." He smiled, although he could not see that I did; and he answered, "I never wish to possess a farm, because I can enjoy the smell of the hay and of the hawthorn in a walk to Hampstead, and can drink fresh milk there." After a pause he added, "I can not tell (for nobody is more ignorant in these matters) in what our agriculture differs from the ancient: but I am delighted to be reminded of a custom which my girl has been recalling to my memory; the custom of crowning with a garland of sweet herbs, once a-year, the brink of wells. Andrew! the old moss-grown stones were not neglected, from under which the father and son, the wife and daughter, drew the same pure element with the same thankfulness as their hale progenitors." His piety is infused into all the moods of his mind. Here it was calm and gentle, at other times it was ardent and enthusiastic. The right application of homely qualities is of daily and general use. We all want glass for the window, few want it for the telescope.

Parker. It is very amiable to undertake the defence of a person who, whatever may be his other talents, certainly has possessed but in a moderate degree the talent of making or of retaining friends.

Marvel. He, by the constitution of the human mind, or rather by its configuration under those spiritual guides who claim the tutelage of it, must necessarily have more enemies than even another of the same principles. The great abhor the greater, who can humble but can not raise them. The king's servants hate God's as much (one would fancy) as if he fed them better, drest them finelier, and gave them more plumy titles. Poor Milton has all these against him; what is wanting in weight is made up by multitude and multiformity. Judges and privy counsellors throw axes and halters in his path: divines grow hard and earthy about him: slim, straddling, blotchy writers, those of quality in particular, feel themselves cramped and stunted under him: and people of small worth, in every way, detract from his, stamping on it as if they were going to spring over it. Whatever they pick up against him they take pains to circulate; and are sorrier at last that the defamation is untrue than that they helped to propagate it. I wish Truth were as prolific as Falsehood, and as many were ready to educate her offspring. But although we see the progeny of Falsehood shoot up into amazing stature, and grow day by day more florid, yet they soon have reached their maturity, soon lose both teeth and tresses. As the glory of England is in part identified with Milton's, his enemies are little less than parricides. If they had any sight beyond to-day, what would they give, how would they implore and supplicate, to be forgotten?

Parker. Very conscientious men may surely have reprehended him, according to the lights that God has lent them.

Marvel. They might have burnt God's oil in better investigations. Your conscientious men are oftener conscientious in withholding than in bestowing.

Parker. Writers of all ranks and conditions, from the lowest to the highest, have disputed with Mr. Milton on all the topics he has undertaken.

Marvel. And I am grieved to think that he has noticed some of them. Salmasius alone was not unworthy *sublimi flagello.* But what would your lordship argue from the imprudence and irreverence of the dwarfs? The most prominent rocks and headlands are most exposed to the violence of the sea: but those which can repell the waves are in little danger from the corrosion of the limpets.

Parker. Mr. Milton may reasonably be censured for writing on subjects whereof his knowledge is imperfect or null: on courts, for instance. The greater part of those who allow such a license to their pens, and he among the rest, never were admitted into them. I am sorry to remark that our English are the foremost beagles in this cry.

Marvel. If Milton was never admitted within them, he never was importunate for admittance:

and if none were suffered to enter but such as are better and wiser than he, the gates of Paradise are themselves less glorious, and with less difficulty thrown open. The great, as we usually call the fortunate, are only what Solomon says about them, "the highest part of the dust of the world," and this highest part is the lightest. Do you imagine that all the ministers and kings under the canopy of heaven, are, in the sight of a pure Intelligence, equivalent to him whom this pure Intelligence hath enabled to penetrate with an unfailing voice the dense array of distant generations? Can princes give more than God can? or are their gifts better? That they are usually thought so, is no conclusive proof of the fact. On the contrary, with me at least, what is usually thought on any subject of importance, and on many of none, lies under the suspicion of being wrong: for surely the number of those who think correctly is smaller than of those who think incorrectly, even where passions and interests interfere the least. Of those who appear to love God, and who sincerely think they do, the greater part must be conscious that they are not very fond of the men whom he hath shown himself the most indulgent to, and the most enriched with abilities and virtues. Among the plants of the field we look out for the salubrious, and we cultivate and cull them: to the wholesomer of our fellow-creatures we exhibit no such partiality: we think we do enough when we only pass them without treading on them: if we leave them to blossom and run to seed, it is forbearance.

Parker. Mr. Milton hath received his reward from his employers.

Marvel. His services are hardly yet begun; and no mortal man, no series of transitory generations, can repay them. God will not delegate this; no, not even to his angels. I venture no longer to stand up for him on English ground: but, since we both are Englishmen by birth, I may stand up for the remainder of our countrymen. Your lordship is pleased to remark that they are the first *beagles* in the cry against courts. Now I speak with all the freedom and all the field-knowledge of a Yorkshireman, when I declare that your lordship is a bad sportsman, in giving a *hound's* title to dogs that hunt vermin.

Parker. Mr. Marvel! a person of your education should abstain from mentioning thus contemptuously men of the same rank and condition as yourself.

Marvel. All are of the same rank and condition with me, who have climbed as high, who have stood as firmly, and who have never yet descended. Neglect of time, subserviency to fortune, compliance with power and passions, would thrust men far below me, although they had been exalted higher, to the uncalculating eye, than mortal ever was exalted. Sardanapalus had more subjects, and more admirers than Cromwell, whom nevertheless I venture to denominate the most sagacious and prudent, the most tolerant and humane, the most firm and effective prince, in the annals of our country.

Parker. Usurpers should not be thus commended.

Marvel. Usurpers are the natural and imprescriptable successors of imbecile, unprincipled, and lawless kings. In general they too are little better furnished with virtues, and even their wisdom seems to wear out under the ermine. Ambition makes them hazardous and rash: these qualities raise the acclamations of the vulgar, to whom meteors are always greater than stars, and the same qualities which raised them, precipitate them into perdition. Sometimes obstreperous mirth, sometimes gipsy-like mysteriousness, sometimes the austerity of old republicanism, and sometimes the stilts of modern monarchy, come into play, until the crowd hisses the actor off the stage, pelted, broken-headed, and stumbling over his sword. Cromwell used none of these grimaces. He wore a mask while it suited him; but its features were grave; and he threw it off in the heat of action.

Parker. On the whole, you speak more favourably of a man who was only your equal, than of those whom legitimate power has raised above you.

Marvel. Never can I do so much good as he did. He was hypocritical, and, in countermining perfidy, he was perfidious; but his wisdom, his valour, and his vigilance, saved the nation at Worcester and Dunbar. He took unlawful and violent possession of supreme authority; but he exercised it with moderation and discretion. Even Fanaticism had with him an English cast of countenance. He never indulged her appetite in blood, nor carried her to hear the music of tortures reverberated by the arch of a dungeon. He supplied her with no optical glass at the spectacle of mutilations: he never thought, as Archbishop Laud did, he could improve God's image by amputating ears and slitting noses: he never drove men into holy madness with incessant howlings, like the lycanthropic saints of the north.

Having then before me not only his arduous achievements, but likewise his abstinence from those evil practices in which all our sovrans his predecessors had indulged, I should be the most insolent and the most absurd of mortals if I supposed that the Protector of England was only my equal. But I am not obliged by the force of truth and duty, to admit even to this position those whom court servility may proclaim to the populace as my superiors. A gardener may write *sweet lupin* on the cover of rape-seed; but the cover will never turn rape-seed into sweet lupin. Something more than a couple of beasts, couchant or rampant, blue or blazing, or than a brace of birds with a claw on a red curtain, is requisite to raise an earl or a marquis up to me, although lion-king-at-arms and garter-king-at-arms equip them with all their harness, and beget them a grandfather each. I flap down with the border of my glove, and brush away and blow off these

gossamer pretensions; and I take for my motto, what the king bears for his, I hope as a model for all his subjects, "Dieu et mon droit."

Parker. Mr. Marvel! Mr. Marvel! I did not think you so proud a man.

Marvel. No, my lord? not when you know that Milton is my friend? If you wish to reduce me and others to our level, pronounce that name, and we find it. The French motto, merely from its being French, recalls my attention to what I was about to notice, when your lordship so obligingly led me to cover. I will now undertake to prove that the English beagles are neither the first nor the best in scenting what lieth about courts. A French writer, an ecclesiastic, a dignitary, a bishop, wrote lately:

"Courts are full of ill offices: it is there that all the passions are in an uproar:* it is there that hatred and friendship change incessantly for interest, and nothing is constant but the desire of injuring. Friend, as Jeremiah says, is fraudulent to friend, brother to brother. The art of enmaring has nothing dishonourable in it excepting ill success. In short, Virtue herself, often false, becomes more to be dreaded than Vice."

Now, if there were any like place upon earth, would not even the worst prince, the worst people, insist on its destruction? What brothel, what gaming-house, what den of thieves, what wreck, what conflagration, ought to be surrounded so strictly by the protectors of property, the guardians of morals, and the ministers of justice? Should any such conspirator, any aider or abettor, any familiar or confidant of such conspiracy, be suffered to live at large? Milton, in the mildness of his humanity, would at once let loose the delinquents, and would only nail up for ever the foul receptacle.

Parker. The description is exaggerated.

Marvel. It is not a schoolboy's theme, beginning with "Nothing is more sure," or "Nothing is more deplorable;" it is not an undergraduate's exercise, drawn from pure fresh thoughts, where there are only glimpses through the wood before him, or taken up in reliance on higher men to whom past ages have bowed in veneration: no; the view is taken on the spot by one experienced and scientific in it; by the dispassionate, the disinterested, the clear-sighted, and clear-souled Massillon.

Parker. To show his eloquence, no doubt.

Marvel. No eloquence is perfect, none worth showing, none becoming a Christian teacher, but that in which the postulates are just, and the deductions not carried beyond nor cast beside them, nor strained hard, nor snatched hastily. I quote not from stern republicans: I quote not from loose lay people: but from the interior of the court, from the closet of the palace, from under the canopy and cope of Episcopacy herself. In the same spirit the amiable and modest Fenelon speaks thus: "Alas! to what calamities are kings exposed! The wisest of them are often taken by surprise: men of artifice, swayed by self-interest, surround them: the good retire from them, because they are neither supplicants nor flatterers, and because they wait to be inquired for: and princes know not where they are to be found. O! how unhappy is a king, to be exposed to the designs of the wicked!"

It is impossible to draw any other deduction from this hypothesis, than the necessity of abolishing the kingly office, not only for the good of the people, but likewise of the functionaries. Why should the wisest and the best among them be subject to so heavy a calamity? a calamity so easily avoided. Why should there be tolerated a focus and point of attraction for wicked men? Why should we permit the good to be excluded, whether by force or shame, from any place which ought to be a post of honour? Why do we suffer a block to stand in their way, which by its nature hath neither eyes to discern them, nor those about it who would permit the use of the discovery if it had?

Parker. Horrible questions! leading God knows whither!

Marvel. The questions are originally not mine. No person who reasons on what he reads can ever have read the words of Fenelon and not have asked them. If what he says is true, they follow necessarily: and the answer is ready for every one of them. That they are true we may well surmise; for surely nobody was less likely to express his sentiments with prejudice, or precipitacy, or passion. He and Massillon are such witnesses against courts and royalty as can not be rejected. They bring forward their weighty and conclusive evidence, not only without heat, but without intention, and disclose what they overheard as they communed with their conscience. There may be malice in the thoughts, and acrimony in the expressions, of those learned men who, as you remark, were never admitted into courts; although malice and acrimony are quite as little to be expected in them as in the spectators at a grand amphitheatre, because they could only be retired and look on, and were precluded from the arena in the combat of man and beast.

Parker. There may be malice where there is no acrimony: there may be here.

Marvel. The existence of either is impossible in well-regulated minds.

Parker. I beg your pardon, Mr. Marvel.

Marvel. What! my lord! do you admit that even in well-regulated minds the worst passions may be excited by royalty? It must then be bad indeed; worse than Milton, worse than Massillon, worse than Fenelon, represent it. The frugal republican may detest it for its vicious luxury and inordinate expenditure; the strict religionist, as one of the worst curses an offended God inflicted on a disobedient and rebellious people; the man of calmer and more indulgent piety may grieve at seeing it, with all its devils, possess the swine,

* The original is defective in logic. "C'est là que toutes les passions se réunissent pour s'entre-chocquer et *se detruire*." So much the better, were it true.

pitying the poor creatures into which it is permitted to enter, not through their fault, but their infirmity; not by their will, but their position.

Parker. And do you imagine it is by their will that what is inrooted is taken away from them?

Marvel. Certainly not. Another proof of their infirmity. Did you ever lose a rotten tooth, my lord, without holding up your hand against it? or was there ever one drawn at which you did not rejoice when it was done? All the authorities we have brought forward may teach us, that the wearer of a crown is usually the worse for it: that it collects the most vicious of every kind about it, as a nocturnal blaze in uncultivated lands collects poisonous reptiles: and that it renders bad those who, without it, might never have become so. But no authority, before your lordship, ever went so far as to throw within its noxious agency the little that remained uncorrupted: none ever told us, for our caution, that it can do what nothing else can; namely, that it can excite the worst passions in well-regulated minds.

O Royalty! if this be true, I, with my lord bishop, will detest and abhor thee as the most sweeping leveller! Go, go, thou indivisible in the infernal triad with Sin and Death!

Parker. I must not hear this.

Marvel. I spoke hypothetically, and stood within your own premises, referring to no actual state of things, and least of all inclined to touch upon the very glorious one in which we live. Royalty is in her place and sits gracefully by the side of our second Charles.

Parker. Here, Mr. Marvel, we have no divergence of opinion.

Marvel. Enjoying this advantage, I am the more anxious that my friend should partake in it, whose last political conversation with me was greatly more moderate than the language of the eloquent French bishops. "We ought," said he, "to remove anything by which a single fellow-creature may be deteriorated: how much rather then that which deteriorates many millions, and brands with the stamp of servitude the brow of the human race!"

Parker. Do you call this more moderate?

Marvel. I call it so, because it is more argumentative. It is in the temper and style of Milton to avoid the complaining tone of the one prelate, and the declamatory of the other. His hand falls on his subject without the softener of cuff or ruffle.

Parker. So much the worse. But better as it is than with an axe in it; for God knows where it might fall.

Marvel. He went on saying that the most clear-sighted kings can see but a little way before them and around them, there being so many mediums, and that delegated authority is liable to gross abuses.

Parker. Republics too must delegate a portion of their authority to agents at a distance.

Marvel. Every agent in a well-regulated republic is a portion of itself. Citizen must resemble citizen in all political essentials: but what is privileged bears little resemblance to what is unprivileged. In fact, the words *privilege* and *prerogative* are *manifestos* of injustice, without one word added.

Parker. Yet the people would not have your republic when they had tried it?

Marvel. Nor would the people have God when they had tried him. But is this an argument why we should not obey His ordinances, and serve Him with all our strength?

Parker. O strange comparison! I am quite shocked, Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. What! at seeing any work of the Deity at all resemble the maker, at all remind us of him? May I be often so shocked! that light thoughts and troublesome wishes and unworthy resentments may be shaken off me; and that the Giver of all good may appear to me and converse with me in the garden he has planted.

Parker. Then walk humbly with him, Mr. Marvel.

Marvel. Every day I bend nearer to the dust that is to receive me: and, if this were not sufficient to warn me, the sight of my old friend would. I repress my own aspirations that I may continue to repeat his words, tending to prove the vast difference between the administration of a kingly government and a commonwealth, where all offices in contact with the people are municipal, where the officers are chosen on the spot by such as know them personally, and by such as have an immediate and paramount interest in giving them the preference. This, he insisted, is the greatest of all advantages; and this alone (but truly it is *not* alone) would give the republican an incontestable superiority over every other system.

Parker. Supposing it in theory to have its merits, the laws no longer permit us to recommend it in practice.

Marvel. I am not attempting to make or to reclaim a convert. The foot that has slipped back is less ready for progress than the foot that never had advanced.

Parker. Sir! I know my duty to God and my king.

Marvel. I also have attempted to learn mine, however unsuccessfully.

Parker. There is danger, sir, in holding such discourses. The cause is no longer to be defended without a violation of the statutes.

Marvel. I am a republican, and will die one; but rather, if the choice is left me, in my own bed; yet on turf or over the ladder unreluctantly, if God draws thitherward the cause and conscience, and strikes upon my heart to waken me. I have been, I will not say tolerant and indulgent (words applicable to children only), but friendly and cordial toward many good men whose reason stood in opposition and almost (if reason can be hostile) in hostility to mine. When we desire to regulate our watches, we keep them attentively before us, and touch them carefully, gently,

delicately, with the finest and best-tempered instrument, day after day. When we would manage the minds of men, finding them at all different from our own, we thrust them away from us with blind impetuosity, and throw them down in the dirt to make them follow us the quicklier. In the turbulence of attack from all directions, our cause hath been decried by some, not for being bad in itself, but for being supported by bad men. What! are there no pretenders to charity, to friendship, to devotion? Should we sit uneasy and shuffling under it, and push our shoulders against every post to rub it off, merely for the Scotch having worn it in common with us, and for their having shortened, unstitched, and sold it?

Parker. Their history is over-run more rankly than any other, excepting the French, with blood and treachery.*

Marvel. Half of them are † Menteiths. Even their quietest and most philosophical spirits are alert and clamorous in defence of any villany committed by power or compensated by wealth. In the degeneracy of Greece, in her utter subjugation, was there one historian or one poet vile enough to represent as blameless the conduct of Clytemnestra? Yet what labours of the press are bestowed on a queen of Scotland, who committed the same crime without the same instigation, who had been educated in the principles of Christianity, who had conversed from her girlhood with the polite and learned, and who had spent only a very few years among the barbarians of the north!

Parker. Her subjects were angry, not that she was punished, but that she was unpaid for. They would have sold her cheaper than they sold her grandson: and, being so reasonable, they were outrageous that there were no bidders. Mr. Marvel! the Scotch have always been cringing when hungry, always cruel when full: their avarice is without satiety, their corruption is without shame, and their ferocity is without remorse.

Marvel. Among such men there may be demagogues, there can not be republicans; there may be lovers of free quarters, there can not be of freedom. Reverencing the bold and the sincere, and in them the character of our country, we Englishmen did not punish those ministers who came forth uncited, and who avowed in the House of Commons that they had been the advisers of the Crown in all the misdemeanours against which we brought the heaviest charges. We bethought us of the ingratitude, of the injuries, of the indignities, we had sustained: we bethought us of our wealth transferred from the nation to raise up enemies against it: we bethought us of patient piety and of tranquil courage, in chains, in dungeons, tortured, maimed, mangled, for the assertion of truth and of freedom, of religion and of law.

Parker. Our most gracious king is disposed to allow a considerable latitude, repressing at the same time that obstinate spirit which prevails across the Border. Much of the Scottish character may be attributed to the national religion, in which the damnatory has the upper hand of the absolving.

Marvel. Our judges are merciful to those who profess the king's reputed and the duke's acknowledged tenets: but let a man stand up for the Independents, and out pops Mr. Attorney General, throws him on his back, claps a tongue-scraper into his mouth, and exercises it resolutely and unsparingly.

Parker. I know nothing of your new-fangled sects: but the doctrines of the Anglican and the Romish church approximate.

Marvel. The shepherd of the seven hills teaches his sheep in what tone to bleat before him, just as the Tyrolean teaches his bull-finch; first by depriving him of sight, and then by making him repeat a certain series of notes at stated intervals. Prudent and quiet people will choose their churches as they choose their ale-houses; partly for the wholesomeness of the draught and partly for the moderation of the charges: but the host in both places must be civil, and must not damn you, body and soul, by way of invitation. The wheat-sheaf is a very good sign for the one, and a very bad one for the other. Tythes are more ticklish things than tenets, when men's brains are sound: and there are more and worse stumbling-blocks at the barn-door than at the church-porch. I never saw a priest, Romanist or Anglican, who would tuck up his surplice to remove them. Whichever does it first, will have the most voices for him: but he must be an Englishman, and serve only Englishmen: he must resign the cook's perquisites to the Spaniard: he must give up not only the fat but the blood, and he must keep fewer faggots in the kitchen. Since, whatever the country, whatever the state of civilization, the Church of Rome remains the same; since under her influence the polite Louis at the present day commits as much bloodshed and perfidy, and commands as many conflagrations and rapes to her honour and advancement, as the most barbarous kings and prelates in times past; I do hope that no insolence, no rapacity, no profligacy, no infidelity, in our own lords spiritual, will render us either the passive captives of her insinuating encroachments, or the indifferent spectators of her triumphal entrance. We shall be told it was the religion of Alfred, the religion of the Plantagenets. There may be victory, there may be glory, there may be good men, under all forms and fabrics of belief. Titus, Trajan, the two Antonines, the two Gordians, Probus, Tacitus, ren-

* Undoubtedly such were the sentiments of Milton and Marvel; and they were just. But Scotland in our days has produced not only the calmest and most profound reasoners, she has also given birth to the most enlightened and energetic patriots.

† Menteith was the betrayer of Wallace, the bravest hero, the hero in most points, our island has gloried in since Alfred.

dered their countrymen much happier than the Plantagenets, or the greater and better Alfred could do. Let us receive as brethren our countrymen of every creed, and reject as Christians those only who refuse to receive them.

Parker. Most willingly; if such is the pleasure of the King and Privy Council. And I am delighted to find you, who are so steadfast a republican, extolling the emperors.

Marvel. Your idea of *emperor* is incorrect or inadequate. Cincinnatus and Cato were emperors in the Roman sense of the word. The Germans and Turks and Marocchines cut out theirs upon another model. These Romans, and many more in the same station, did nothing without the consent, the approbation, the *command* (for such was the expression), of the senate and the people. They lived among the wiser and better citizens, with whom they conversed as equals, and where it was proper (for instance on subjects of literature), as inferiors. From these they took their wives, and with the sons and daughters of these they educated their children. In the decline of the Commonwealth, kings themselves, on the boundaries of the empire, were daily and hourly conversant with honest and learned men. All princes in our days are so educated, as to detest the unmalleable and unmelting honesty which will receive no impression from them: nor do they even let you work for them unless they can bend you double. We must strip off our own clothes, or they never will let us be measured for their livery, which has now become our only protection.

Parker. It behoves us to obey; otherwise we can expect no forbearance and no tranquillity.

Marvel. I wish the tranquillity of our country may last beyond our time, although we should live, which we can not expect to do, twenty years.

Parker. God grant we may!

Marvel. Life clings with the pertinacity of an impassioned mistress to many a man who is willing to abandon it, while he who too much loves it, loses it.

Parker. Twenty years!

Marvel. I have enjoyed but little of it at a time when it becomes a necessary of life, and I fear I shall leave as little for a heritage.

Parker. But in regard to living . . we are both of us hale men: we may hope for many days yet: we may yet see many changes.

Marvel. I have lived to see one too many.

Parker. Whoever goes into political life must be contented with the same fare as others of the same rank who embark in the same expedition.

Marvel. Before his cruize is over, he learns to be satisfied with a very small quantity of fresh provisions. His nutriment is from what is stale, and his courage from what is heady: he looks burly and bold, but a fatal disease is lying at the bottom of an excited and inflated heart. We think to thrive by surrendering our capacities: but we can no more live, my lord bishop, with breathing the breath of other men, than we can by not breathing our own. Compliancy will serve us poorly and ineffectually. Men, like columns, are only strong while they are upright.

Parker. You were speaking of other times; and you always speak best among the Greeks and Romans. Continue; pray!

Marvel. Sovranty, in the heathen world, had sympathies with humanity; and Power never thought herself contaminated by touching the hand of Wisdom. It was before Andromache came on the stage painted and patched and powdered, with a hogshead-hoop about her haunches and a pack-saddle on her pole, surmounted with upright hair larded and dredged: it was before Orestes was created monseigneur: it was before there strutted under a triumphal arch of curls, and through a Via Sacra of plumery, Lewis the fourteenth.

Parker. The ally of His Majesty . . .

Marvel. And something more. A gilded organ-pipe, puffed from below for those above to play.

Parker. Respect the cousin . . .

Marvel. I know not whose cousin; but the acknowledged brat of milliner and furrier, with perruquier for godfather. And such forsooth are the *make-believes* we must respect! A nucleus of powder! an efflorescence of frill!

Parker. Subject and prince stand now upon another footing than formerly.

Marvel. Indeed they do. How dignified is the address of Plutarch to Trajan! how familiar is Pliny's to Vespasian! how tender, how paternal, is Fronto's to Antoninus! how totally free from adulation and servility is Julius Pollux to the ungentle Commodus! Letters were not trampled down disdainfully either in the groves of Antioch or under the colonnades of Palmyra. Not pleasure, the gentle enfeebler of the human intellect; not tyranny and bigotry, its violent assailants; crossed the walk of the philosopher, to stand between him and his speculations. What is more; two ancient religions, the Grecian and Egyptian, met in perfectly good temper at Alexandria, lived and flourished there together for many centuries, united in honouring whatever was worthy of honour in each communion, and never heard of persecution for matters of opinion, until Christianity came and taught it. Thenceforward, for fifteen hundred years, blood has been perpetually spouting from underneath her footsteps; and the wretch, clinging exhausted to the Cross, is left naked by the impostor, who pretends to have stript him only to heal his wounds.

Parker. Presbyterians, and other sectaries, were lately as cruel and hypocritical as any in former times.

Marvel. They were certainly not less cruel, and perhaps even more hypocritical. English hearts were contracted and hardened by an open exposure to the north: they now are collapsing into the putridity of the south. We were ashamed of a beggarly distemper, but parasitical and skin-deep; we are now ostentatious of a gentlemanly one, eating into the very bones.

Parker. Our children may expect from lord Clarendon a fair account of the prime movers in the late disturbances.

Marvel. He knew but one party, and saw it only in its gala suit. He despises those whom he left on the old litter; and he fancies that all who have not risen want the ability to rise. No doubt, he will speak unfavourably of those whom I most esteem: be it so: if their lives and writings do not controvert him, they are unworthy of my defence. Were I upon terms of intimacy with him, I would render him a service, by sending him the best translations, from Greek and Latin authors, of maxims left us by the wisest men; maxims which my friends held longer than their fortunes, and dearer than their lives. And are the vapours of such quagmires as Clarendon to overcast the luminaries of mankind? Should a Hyde lift up, I will not say his hand, I will not say his voice, should he lift up his eyes, against a Milton?

Parker. Mr. Milton would have benefited the world much more by coming into its little humours, and by complying with it cheerfully.

Marvel. As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the north, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the polestar of immutable truth.

Parker. The nation in general thanks him little for what he has been doing.

Marvel. Men who have been unsparing of their wisdom, like ladies who have been unfrugal of their favours, are abandoned by those who owe most to them, and hated or slighted by the rest. I wish beauty in her lost estate had consolations like genius.

Parker. Fie, fie! Mr. Marvel! Consolations for frailty!

Marvel. What wants them more? The reed is cut down, and seldom does the sickle wound the hand that cuts it. There it lies; trampled on, withered, and soon to be blown away.

Parker. We should be careful and circumspect in our pity, and see that it falls on clean ground. Such a laxity of morals can only be taught in Mr. Milton's school. He composed, I remember, a *Treatise on Divorce*, and would have given it great facilities.

Marvel. He proved by many arguments what requires but few: that happiness is better than unhappiness; that, when two persons can not agree, it is wiser and more christianlike that they should not disagree; that, when they cease to love each other, it is something if they be hindered, by the gentlest of checks, from running to the extremity of hatred; and lastly, how it conduces to circumspection and forbearance to be aware that the bond of matrimony is not indissoluble, and that the bleeding heart may be saved from bursting.

Parker. Monstrous sophistry! abominable doctrines! What more, sir! what more?

Marvel. He proceeds to demonstrate that boisterous manners, captious contradictions, jars, jealousies, suspicions, dissentions, are juster causes of separation than the only one leading to it through the laws. Which fault, grievous as it is to morality and religion, may have occurred but once, and may have been followed by immediate and most sorrowful repentance, and by a greater anxiety to be clear of future offence than before it was committed. In itself it is not so irreconcilable and inconsistent with gentleness, good-humour, generosity, and even conjugal affection.

Parker. Palpable perversion!

Marvel. I suppose it to have been committed but once, and then there is the fairest inference, the most reasonable as well as the most charitable supposition, nay, almost the plainest proof, of the more legitimate attachment.

Parker. Fear, apprehension of exposure, of shame, of abandonment, may force the vagrant to retrace her steps.

Marvel. God grant, then, the marks of them never may be discovered!

Parker. Let the laws have their satisfaction.

Marvel. Had ever the Harpies theirs, or the Devil his? and yet when were they stinted? Are the laws or are we the better or the milder for this satisfaction? or is keenness of appetite a sign of it?

Parker. Reverence the laws of God, Mr. Marvel, if you contemn those of your country. Even the parliament, which you and Mr. Milton must respect, since no king was coexistent with it, discountenanced and chastised such laxity.

Marvel. I dare not look back upon a parliament which was without the benefit of a king, and had also lost its spiritual guides, the barons of your bench: but well do I remember that our blessed Lord and Saviour was gentler in his rebuke to the woman who had offended, than he was to Scribes and Pharisees.

Parker. There is no argument of any hold on men of slippery morals.

Marvel. My morals have indeed been so slippery that they have let me down on the ground and left me there. Every year I have grown poorer; yet never was I conscious of having spent my money among the unworthy, until the time came for them to show it by their ingratitude. My morals have not made me slip into an episcopal throne . . .

Parker. Neither have mine me, sir! and I would have you to know it, Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. Your lordship has already that satisfaction.

Parker. Pardon my interruption, my dear sir! and the appearance of warmth, such as truth and sincerity at times put on.

Marvel. It belongs to your lordship to grant

pardon; it is ours who have offended, to receive it.

Parker. Mr. Marvel! I have always admired your fine gentlemanly manners, and regretted that you never have turned your wit to good account, in an age when hardly anything else is held of value. Sound learning rises indeed, but rises slowly: piety, although in estimation with the king, is less prized by certain persons who have access to the presence: wit, Mr. Marvel, when properly directed, not too high nor too low, will sooner or later find a patron. It is well at all times to avoid asperity and acrimony, and to submit with a willing mind to God's dispensations, be what they may. Probably a great part of your friend's misfortunes may be attributed to the intemperance of his rebukes.

Marvel. Then what you call immoral and impious did him less harm?

Parker. I would not say *that* altogether. To me indeed his treatise on *Divorce* is most offensive: the treatise on *Prelaty* is contemptible.

Marvel. Nevertheless, in the narrow view of my humble understanding, there is no human eloquence at all comparable to certain parts of it. And permit me to remind your lordship that you continued on the most friendly terms with him long after its publication.

Parker. I do not give up a friend for a trifle.

Marvel. Your lordship, it appears, must have more than a trifle for the surrender. I have usually found that those who make faults of foibles, and crimes of faults, have within themselves an impulse toward worse, and give ready way to such impulse whenever they can secretly or safely. There is a gravity which is not austere nor captious, which belongs not to melancholy, nor dwells in contraction of heart, but arises from tenderness and hangs upon reflection.

Parker. Whatsoever may be the gravity of Mr. Milton, I have heard indistinctly that he has not always been the kindest of husbands. Being a sagacious and a prudent man, he ought never to have taken a wife until he had ascertained her character.

Marvel. Pray inform me whether the wisest men have been the most fortunate, or, if you prefer the expression, the most provident, in their choice. Of Solomon's wives (several hundreds) is it recorded that a single one sympathised with him, loved him, respected him, or esteemed him? His wisdom and his poetry flowed alike on barren sand; his cedar frowned on him; his lily drooped and withered, before he had raised up his head from its hard cold glossiness, or had inhaled its fragrance with a second sigh. Disappointments sour most the less experienced. Young ladies are ready in imagining that marriage is all cake and kisses; but very few of them are housewives long, before they discover that the vinous fermentation may be followed too soon by the acetous. Rarely do they discover, and more rarely do they admit, that such is the result of their own mismanagement. What woman can declare with sincerity, that she never in the calmer days of life has felt surprise, and shame also, if she is virtuous and sensible, at recollecting how nearly the same interest was excited in her by the most frivolous and least frivolous of her admirers. The downy thistle-seed, hard to be uprooted, is carried by the lightest breath of air, and takes an imperceptible hold on what it catches: it falls the more readily into the more open breast, but sometimes the less open is vainly buttoned up against it.

Milton has, I am afraid, imitated too closely the authoritative voice of the patriarchs, and been somewhat too oriental (I forbear to say Scriptural) in his relations as a husband. But who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough? is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardour of her enthusiasm subsides; if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn; if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder; what an outcry is there! what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy! what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth, and all that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts. But let it also be remembered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper: the little pervicacity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness: negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It often happens that, if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander; one however like the vases of the Danaides, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies, not one.

Milton, in writing his treatise, of which probably the first idea was suggested from his own residence, was aware that the laws should provide, not only against our violence and injustice, but against our levity and inconstancy; and that a

man's capriciousness or satiety should not burst asunder the ties by which families are united. Do you believe that the crime of adultery has never been committed to the end of obtaining a divorce? Do you believe that murder, that suicide, never has been committed because a divorce was unattainable? Thus the most cruel tortures are terminated by the most frightful crimes. Milton has made his appeal to the authority of religion: we lower our eyes from him, and point to the miseries and guilt on every side before us, caused by the corrosion or the violent disruption of bonds which humanity would have loosened. He would have tried with a patient ear and with a delicate hand the chord that offended by its harshness; and, when he could not reduce it to the proper tone, he would remove it for another.

Parker. Mr. Marvel! Mr. Marvel! I can not follow you among these fiddlesticks. The age is notoriously irreligious.

Marvel. I believe it; I know it; and, without a claim to extraordinary acuteness, I fancy I can discover by what means, and by whose agency, it became so. The preachers who exhibit most vehemence are the very men who support the worst corruptions; corruptions not a portion of our nature, but sticking thereto by our slovenly supineness. Of what use is it to rail against our infirmities, of what use even to pity and bemoan them, if we help not in removing the evils that rise perpetually out of them? Were every man to sweep the mire from before his house every morning, he would have little cause to complain of dirty streets. Some dust might be carried into them by the wind; the tread of multitudes would make unsound what was solid; yet, nothing being accumulated, the labour of removing the obstructions would be light. Another thing has increased the irreligion and immorality of the people, beside examples in elevated stations. Whatever is overstrained will relax or crack. The age of Milton (for that was his age in which he was heard and honoured) was too religious, if anything can be called so. Prelaty now lays a soft and frilled hand upon our childishness. Forty years ago she stripped up her sleeve, scourged us heartily, and spat upon us. . . to remove the smart, no doubt! This treatment made people run in all directions from her; not unlike the primeval man described by Lucretius, fleeing before the fiercer and stronger animals:

> Viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto,
> At quos ecfugium servarat, corpore adeso
> Posterius, tremulas super ulcera tetra tenentes
> Palmas, horrificis adolbant vocibus oreum.

Parker. Dear me! what a memory you possess, good Mr. Marvel; you pronounce Latin verses charmingly. I wish you would go on to the end of the book.

Marvel. Permit me to go on a shorter distance: to the conclusion of my remarks. As Popery caused the violence of the Reformers, so did Prelaty (the same thing under another name) the violence of the Presbyterians and Anabaptists. She treated them inhumanly: she reduced to poverty, she exiled, she maimed, she mutilated, she stabbed, she shot, she hanged, those who followed Christ in the narrow and quiet lane, rather than along the dust of the market-road, and who conversed with him rather in the cottage than the toll-booth. She would have nothing pass unless through her hands; and she imposed a heavy and intolerable tax on the necessaries both of physical and of spiritual life. This baronial privilege our parliament would have suppressed: the king rose against the suppression, and broke his knuckles in the cogs of the mill.

Parker. Sad times, Mr. Marvel! sad times! It fills me with heaviness to hear of them.

Marvel. Low places are foggy first: days of sadness wet the people to the skin: they hang loosely for some time upon the ermine, but at last they penetrate it, and cause it to be thrown off. I do not like to hear a man cry out with pain; but I would rather hear one than twenty. Sorrow is the growth of all seasons: we had much however to relieve it. Never did our England, since she first emerged from the ocean, rise so high above surrounding nations. The rivalry of Holland, the pride of Spain, the insolence of France, were thrust back by one finger each: yet those countries were then more powerful than they had ever been. The sword of Cromwell was preceded by the mace of Milton; by that mace which, when Oliver had rendered his account, opened to our contemplation the garden-gate of Paradise. And there were some around not unworthy to enter with him. In the compass of sixteen centuries, you will not number on the whole earth so many wise and admirable men as you could have found united in that single day, when England showed her true magnitude, and solved the question, *Which is most, one or a million?* There were giants in those days; but giants who feared God, and not who fought against him. Less men, it appears, are braver. They show him a legal writ of ejectment, seize upon his house, and riotously carouse therein. But the morning must come; and heaviness, we know, cometh in the morning.

Parker. Wide is the difference between carousal and austerity. Your friend miscalculated the steps to fortune, in which, as we all are the architects of our own, if we omit the insertion of one or two, the rest are useless in farthering our ascent. He was too passionate, Mr. Marvel! he was indeed.

Marvel. Superficial men have no absorbing passion: there are no whirlpools in a shallow. I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near and indeed in the very presence of Milton: what do they see? dark clothes, grey hair, and sightless eyes! Other

men have better things: other men therefore are nobler! The stars themselves are only bright by distance; go close, and all is earthy. But vapours illuminate these: from the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakspeare and of Milton.

Parker. After all, I doubt whether much of his doctrine is remaining in the public mind.

Marvel. Others are not inclined to remember all that we remember, and will not attend to us if we propose to tell them half. Water will take up but a certain quantity of salt, even of the finest and purest. If the short memories of men are to be quoted against the excellence of instruction, your lordship would never have censured them from the pulpit for forgetting what was deliverod by their Saviour. It is much, my lord bishop, that you allow my friend even the pittance of praise you have bestowed: for, if you will permit me to express my sentiments in verse, which I am in the habit of doing, I would say,

> Men like the ancient kalends, nones, and ides,
> Are reckoned backward, and the first stand last.

I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none; and that he never looks toward those somewhat more eminent, between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious. In fame he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his conflict with the false, I should scarcely feel greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no quiet or safe resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?

Parker. We may best show our fidelity by our discretion. It becomes my station, and suits my principles, to defend the English Constitution, both in church and state.

Marvel. You highly praised the *Defence of the English People*: you called it a masterly piece of rhetoric and ratiocination.

Parker. I might have admired the subtilty of it, and have praised the Latinity.

Marvel. Less reasonably. But his godlike mind shines gloriously throughout his work; only perhaps we look the more intently at it for the cloud it penetrates. Those who think we have enough of his poetry, still regret that we possess too little of his prose, and wish especially for more of his historical compositions. Davila and Bacon. . .

Parker. You mean Lord Verulam.

Marvel. That idle title was indeed thrown over his shoulders: but the trapping was unlikely to rest long upon a creature of such proud paces. He and Davila are the only men of high genius among the moderns who have attempted it; and the greater of them has failed. He wanted honesty, he perverted facts, he courted favor: the present in his eyes was larger than the future.

Parker. The Italians, who far excell us in the writing of history, are farther behind the ancients.

Marvel. True enough. From Guicciardini and Machiavelli, the most celebrated of them, we acquire a vast quantity of trivial information. There is about them a sawdust which absorbs much blood and impurity, and of which the level surface is dry: but no traces by what agency rose such magnificent cities above the hovels of France and Germany: none

> Ut fortis Etruria crevit,

or, on the contrary, how the mistress of the world sank in the ordure of her priesthood.

> Scilicet et rerum facta est nequissima Roma.

We are captivated by no charms of description, we are detained by no peculiarities of character: we hear a clamorous scuffle in the street, and we close the door. How different the historians of antiquity! We read Sallust, and always are incited by the desire of reading on, although we are surrounded by conspirators and barbarians: we read Livy, until we imagine we are standing in an august pantheon, covered with altars and standards, over which are the four fatal letters that spell-bound all mankind.* We step forth again among the modern Italians: here we find plenty of rogues, plenty of receipts for making more; and little else. In the best passages we come upon a crowd of dark reflections, which scarcely a glimmer of glory pierces through; and we stare at the tenuity of the spectres, but never at their altitude.

Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.

Parker. At your time of life, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. At mine, my lord bishop! I have lived with Milton. Such creative and redeeming spirits are like kindly and renovating Nature. Volcano comes after volcano, yet covereth she with herbage and foliage, with vine and olive, and with whatever else refreshes and gladdens her, the Earth that has been gasping under the exhaustion of her throes.

Parker. He has given us such a description of Eve's beauty as appears to me somewhat too pictorial, too luxuriant, too suggestive, too . . . I know not what.

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* S. P. Q. R.

Marvel. The sight of beauty, in her purity and beatitude, turns us from all unrighteousness, and is death to sin.

Parker. Before we part, my good Mr. Marvel, let me assure you that we part in amity, and that I bear no resentment in my breast against your friend. I am patient of Mr. Milton; I am more than patient, I am indulgent, seeing that his influence on society is past.

Marvel. Past it is indeed. What a deplorable thing is it that Folly should so constantly have power over Wisdom, and Wisdom so intermittently over Folly! But we live morally, as we used to live politically, under a representative system; and the majority (to employ a phrase of people at elections) carries the day.

Parker. Let us piously hope, Mr. Marvel, that God in his good time may turn Mr. Milton from the error of his ways, and incline his heart to repentance, and that so he may finally be prepared for death.

Marvel. The wicked can never be prepared for it, the good always are. What is the preparation which so many ruffled wrists point out? To gabble over prayer and praise and confession and contrition. My lord! Heaven is not to be won by short hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. Instead of which, I have known many old playfellows of the devil spring up suddenly from their beds and strike at him treacherously; while he, without a cuff, laughed and made grimaces in the corner of the room.

EMPEROR OF CHINA AND TSING-TI.*

A suspicion was entertained by the Emperor of China, that England was devising schemes, commercial and political, to the detriment of the Celestial Empire. His majesty, we know, was ill-informed on the subject. Never were ministers so innocent of devices to take any advantages in trade or policy; and whatever may bubble up of turbid and deleterious, is brewed entirely for home consumption.

It requires no remark, it being universally known, that the Emperor deems it beneath his dignity to appoint ambassadors to reside in foreign courts. On the present occasion he employed a humbler observer, known in our northern latitudes by the more ordinary appellation of *Spy*, although the titular is never gazetted. Personages of this subordinate dignity are often the real ambassadors; and in zeal, information, and integrity, are rarely inferior to the ostensible representatives of majesty.

Whatever might have been the Emperor's uneasiness, whether at the near expiration of the East India Company's charter, as liable to produce new and less favourable relations between his empire and England, or from any other cause, the real motive of Tsing-Ti's mission hath been totally misunderstood by the most intelligent of our journalists. Politically much mistaken and traduced, personally Tsing-Ti is become as well known almost in England as in his native country. At Canton it is reported that he was educated by the late Emperor, as the companion of his son; nor are there wanting those who would trace his origin to the very highest source, celestiality itself. Certain it is, that he long enjoyed the confidence and friendship of his imperial master. Whispers are afloat in the British factory, that his mission was hastened by the dissemination of certain religious *tracts*, imported from England into the maritime towns of China. Several of these were laid before his majesty the Emperor, in all which it was declared by the pious writers that Christianity is utterly extinct. His majesty did not greatly care at first whether the assertion were true or false, otherwise than as a matter of history; but protested that he would not allow a fact, even of such trivial importance (such was his expression), to be incorrectly stated in the annals of his reign. By degrees however, the more he reflected on the matter, the more he was convinced that it was by no means trivial. He entertained some hopes, although faint indeed, that the case in reality was not quite so desperate as the later religionists had represented it. From the manuscript reports he had perused, relating to the Jesuits on their expulsion, and from many old Chinese authors, he was induced to believe that the Christians were more quarrelsome and irreconcilable than any other men; and he wished to introduce a few of the first-rate zealots among the Tartars, to sow divisions and animosities, and to divert them hereafter from uniting their tribes against him. No time, he thought, was to be lost; and Tsing-Ti received his majesty's command to go aboard the Ganges East Indiaman, and communicate with the captain. He had studied the English language from his earliest youth, and soon spoke it fluently and correctly. His good-nature made him a favourite with the officers and crew, and they were greatly pleased and edified by his devotion. It was remarked of him by one of the sailors, that "he must have a cross of the Englishman in him, he takes so kindly to his grog and his Bible."

He seems to have been much attached to the Christian religion before his voyage. No doubt, he had access to the imperial library early in life, and then probably he laid the foundation of his faith. Few can be unaware that the spoils of the Jesuits still enrich it, and that the gospel in the Chinese tongue is among the treasures it contains.

* This was written several years before our invasion of China.

On his arrival in England, Tsing-Ti bought a good number of books, but they were little to his taste, so that when he left us he took with him only *Hoyle on the Game of Whist*, and a *Treatise on Husbandry*, beside a manuscript which he purchased as a specimen of caligraphy. He discoursed with admiration on the merits of the two printed authors, declaring that throughout the whole dissertation neither of them had ruffled his temper, or spoken contumeliously of his predecessors. He regretted that he could not in his conscience pay a similar compliment to any other, seeing that *Spiritual Guides* went booted and spurred, that *Pastoral Poets* were bitten by mad sheep, and that *Sonnetteers* sprang up from their mistresses, or down from the moon, to grunt and butt at one another. Such were the literal expressions of Tsing-Ti, who protested he would not chew such bitter betel nor such hot areeka.

TSING-TI'S NARRATIVE.

FIRST AUDIENCE.

Entering the chamber of audience through the *azure dragon* and the *two leopards*, the green and the yellow (such being the apartments, as all men know, which are open from time immemorial to the passage of him who bringeth glad tidings), the eyes of his majesty met me with all their light; and, on my last prostration, he thus bespake me with condescension and hilarity:

"Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! health, prosperity, long life and long nails to thee! and a tail at thy girdle which might lay siege to the *great wall*."

Overcome by such ineffable goodness, I lessened in all my limbs; nevertheless my skin seemed too small for them, it tightened so. His celestiality then waved his hand, that whatever was living in his presence, excepting me only, might disappear. He ordered me to rise and stand before him, desirous to pour fresh gladness into me. He then said, what, although it may surpass credibility, and subject me also to the accusation of pride or the suspicion of deafness, I think it not only my glory, but my duty, to record.

"O companion of my youth!" said his majesty, "O dragon-claw of my throne!" said Chan-ting,* "O thou who hast hazarded thy existence and hast wetted thy slippers in a sea-boat for me! Verily they shall be yellow† all thy days, shining forth like the sun, after this self-devotion. So then thou hast returned to my court from the shores of England! How couldst thou keep thy footing on deck, where the ocean bends under it like a cat's back in a rage, as our philosophers say it does between us and the White Island?"

Whereunto I did expand both palms horizontally, and abase my half-closed eyes, answering with such gravity as became the occasion and the presence: "Fables! O my Emperor and protector! mere fables! I looked out constantly from the vessel, and found it rise no higher the second day than the first, nor the third day than the second, nor more subsequently. The sea, if not always quite level, had only little curvatures upon it, which the Englishmen, in their language, call *waves* and *billows* and *porpoises*. There are many of the sailors who believe these porpoises to be living creatures; for mariners are superstitious. Indeed they have greatly the resemblance of animals; but so likewise have the others. For sometimes they lie seemingly asleep; then are they froward and skittish, and resolute to make the vessel play with them; then querulous and petulant, if not attended to; then sluggish and immovable and malicious; then rising up and flapping the sides, growing more and more gloomy; then glaring and fierce; then rolling and dashing, and calling to comrades at a distance; then hissing and whistling and mutinously roaring; white, black, purple, green; then lifting and shaking us, and casting us abroad, to fall upon anything but our legs."

Emperor. I never met before with such a tremendous description of the sea.

Tsing-Ti. I could give a more tremendous one, if imperial ears might entertain it.

Emperor. Our ears are open.

Tsing-Ti. Without any apparent exertion of its potency, without the ministry of billow or porpoise, it made me, a mandarin of the Celestial Empire, surrender, from the interior provinces of my person, the stores and munitions there deposited by the bounty of my Emperor.

Emperor. Whereas the time hath elapsed for demanding their restitution, it shall be compensated unto thee tenfold. And now, Tsing-Ti, to business. In this audience I have shown less anxiety than thou mightest have expected about the success of thy mission. The reason is, I have subdued my enemies, and do not care a rush any longer whether they are converted to Christianity or not. Such is my clemency. However, if thou hast brought back any popes or preachers for the purpose, feed them well at my expense; and let them, if popes, swear and swagger and blaspheme, without scourge or other hindrance; if ordinary preachers, let them take one another by the throat, get drunk, and perform all the other ceremonies of their religion, as freely as at home, according to their oaths and consciences.

Tsing-Ti. I have brought none with me, O celestiality!

Emperor. So much the better, as things have turned out. But, not knowing of my victories and the submission of the rebels, how happens it that none attend thee? Were none in the market?

Tsing-Ti. Plenty, of all creeds and conditions, bating the genuine old Christians. On my first landing indeed they were scarcer, being all busied in running from house to house, *canvassing* (as it is called) for votes.

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* Chan-ting, *Supreme Court*: the Emperor is often so called.

† The colour of the highest distinction in China.

Emperor. Explain thy meaning; for verily, Tsing-Ti, thou hast brought with thee some fogginess from the West.

Tsing-Ti. In England the *hereditarily wise* constitute and appoint a somewhat more numerous assembly, without which they can not lawfully seize any portion of what belongs to the citizens, nor prohibit them from raising plants to embitter their beverage, nor even from heating their barley to brew it with. Harder still; they can not make wars to make their children's fortunes, nor execute many other little things without which they might just as well never have been *hereditarily wise.* But having in their own hands the formation and management of those whose consent is necessary, they lead happy lives. These however, once in seven years, are liable to disturbance. For in England there are some wealthy and some reflecting men, and peradventure some refractory, who oppose these appointments. On which occasion it seems better to call out the clergy than the military; for the clergy are all appointed by the *hereditarily wise,* and the people are obliged both to listen to them and to pay them, whether they like it or not; nor can they be removed from their places for any act of criminality. They direct the votes by which are elected those who, under the *hereditarily wise,* manage the affairs of England.

Emperor. I am bewildered. I should have liked very well a couple of popes for curiosities.

Tsing-Ti. They have none.

Emperor. What dost thou mean, Tsing-Ti? Hereditarily wise, and no popes!

Tsing-Ti. None; beside, in the country where they are bred, there are seldom two found together. When this happens, they are apt to fight in their couples, like a pair of cockerels across a staff on a market-man's shoulder.

Emperor. But some other of the many preachers are less pugnacious.

Tsing-Ti. I have heard of none, except one scanty sect. These never work in the fields or manufactories, but buy up corn when it is cheap, sell it again when it is dear, and are more thankful to God for a famine than others are for plenteousness. Painting and sculpture they condemn; they never dance, they never sing; music is as hateful to them as discord. They always look cool in hot weather, and warm in cold. Few of them are ugly, fewer handsome, none graceful. I do not remember to have seen a person of dark complexion or hair quite black, or very curly, in this confraternity. None of them are singularly pale, none red, none of diminutive stature, none remarkably tall. They have no priests among them, and constantly refuse to make oblations to the priests royal.

Emperor. Naturally; not believing them.

Tsing-Ti. Naturally, yes; but oppositely to the customs of the country.

Emperor. The service of the Christians, you have told me heretofore, is the service of free will.

Tsing-Ti. In England, the best Christianity, like the best apple, bears no longer. The fruit of the new plants is either sour or insipid. No genuine ones of the old stock are left anywhere. I heard this from many opposite pulpits; and it was the only thing they agreed in. Yet if one preacher had asserted it in the presence of another, they would forthwith have bandied foul names. An Englishman has more of abusive ones for his neighbour than a Portuguese has of baptismal for his god-child. The first personal proof I received of this copious nomenclature, was upon the identical day I ascertained the suppression of the exercise of Christianity in public.

Emperor. These *tracts* they are not so lying in the main point? Give me thy exemplification.

Tsing-Ti. Among the authors held in high repute for piety, and whose hymns are still sung in many of the temples, is one King David, a Jew. Whether those who continue to sing them, sung in earnest or in joke, I can not say. Probably in ridicule; for, on the first Sunday after my arrival, I followed his example, where he says,

"I will sing unto the Lord a new song."

Resolved to do the same to the best of my poor ability, I too composed a new one, and began to sing it in the streets. Suddenly I was seized and thrown into prison.

Emperor. Thrown into prison! my mandarin!

Tsing-Ti. On the morrow I was brought before the magistrate, who told me I had broken the peace and the sabbath. I protested to him the contrary: that nobody had fought or quarrelled in my presence or hearing, and that the only smiling faces I had seen the whole day were around me while I was singing. "Smiling faces!" said he, "upon a Sunday! during service! in the teeth of an Act of Parliament." I soon had reason to think the Act of Parliament had rather long and active ones, when twenty or thirty more such offenders as myself came under their pressure, for dancing on the night preceding, and several minutes (it was asserted) after the hour of its close had struck in some parts of the city. Dancing is forbidden, not only to the poor, but also to the middle ranks; and this was an aggravation of the offence.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! thou art a good jurist in the institutions of my empire, and I did not depute thee to enrich it with the enactments of another: but this can not be among the statutes of a nation which pretends to as much civility and freedom as most in Asia. That such an order was given from court, on some unlucky day when the King was much afflicted with lumbago, is credible enough.

Tsing-Ti. Nothing more probable: and the magistrate told us, to our cost, it was an Act of Parliament.

Emperor. I can not but smile at thy simplicity. It was of course an Act of Parliament if the King willed it. Doubtless when his loins

came into order again, his people might dance. There are occasions when it would be unseasonable and undutiful to exercise such agility near the palace of an elderly prince, grown somewhat unwieldly: otherwise might not music and dancing keep a people like the English out of political discontent and civil commotions? Might not these amusements relieve the weight of their taxes and dispell the melancholy of their tempers? No idler can get drunk while he is dancing or while he is singing; and against debauchery there is no surer preservative than opening as many sluices as possible to joy and happiness. Where innocent pleasures are easily obtained, the guiltier shun the competition. But how long is it since the race of Christians, I mean the pure breed, has quite disappeared from the land?

Tsing-Ti. Nobody could inform me: it can not be long. I saw several thousand men who were dressed exactly like them; having cases for their heads, cases for their bodies, cases for their thighs. These the Christians, during many ages, wore from pure humility; it being the very dress in which monkeys are carried about to play their tricks before the populace, and which was invented by a king of France; whence he and his successors are styled, unto this day, the *most Christian.* Never was there anything upon earth so ugly and inconvenient. They devised it for mortification, which they carried by this invention to such an extremity, as should prevent the possibility of a sculptor or painter giving them the appearance of humanity. Several of the wickeder went still farther in self-abasement; not only covering their heads with dust, which they contrived to procure as white as possible, to give them the appearance of extreme old age and imbecility, but mingled with it (abominable to record) the fat of swine!

Emperor. I have some miniatures which attest the fact. Adultresses, and some other women of ill repute, were marked with a black riband round the neck, and their hair was drawn up tight, exposing the roots, and fastened to a footstool, which they were obliged to carry on their heads. No rank exempted an offender. I possess several favourites of the Most Christian King, the late Loo-Hi, labouring under the infliction of this disgrace.

Tsing-Ti. Self-imposed tortures survive Christianity. I have seen a portrait of the reigning King of England,* in which he appears so pious and devout, so resolved to please God at any price, that he is represented with his legs confined in narrow japanned cabinets, which the English, when applied to these purposes, call *boots.* They are stiff and black, without gold or other ornament, or even an inscription to inform us on what occasion he made the vow of endurance.

Emperor. Humble soul! may God pardon him his sins! I pity the people too. When will the feeble blind whelps see the light and stand upon their legs? No wonder there are eternal changes in those countries. Such filthy litter wants often a fresh tossing on the fork. The axe grapples the neck of some among their rulers: others take a neighbourly pinch out of the same box as the rats: others have subjects who play the nightmare with them; as lately in Muscovy. I find such accidents occurring the most frequently where the religion is most flourishing. My father, who was curious in learning the customs and worships of the West, related to me that the people of one sect refuse to bury those of another, leaving them exposed to the dogs.

Tsing-Ti. This, O my Emperor! was never the custom in England all the time I resided there. But indeed it can not be said that in England there are any customs at all. The very words of their language, I am informed, change their signification and spelling, twice or thrice in a man's lifetime. On my first arrival in London, I was somewhat unwell in consequence of the voyage, yet I could not resist the impulse of curiosity, and the desire of walking about in the spacious and lofty streets. After the second day however I was constrained by illness to keep within my chamber for five; at the end of those five, so great a change had taken place in the habiliments of the citizens, that I fancied another people had invaded and vanquished them; and, such were my fears, I kept my bed for seven. At last I ventured to ask whether all was well. My inquiry raised some surprise; and, fancying that I had spoken less plainly than I might have done, I took courage to ask distinctly whether all in the city was safe and quiet. After many interrogatories for the motive and cause of mine, the first circuitous, the last direct, I was highly gratified at finding that I had succumbed to a false alarm, and that novelty in dress is a religious duty celebrated on the seventh day.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! thou never shalt command for me against the Tartars, should they in future dare to show their broad faces and distant eyes over the desert.

Tsing-Ti. God's will and the Emperor's be done! In this wide empire there is no lack of valour; I will offend none by aspiring to an undue precedency. Modesty becomes the wise, and more the unwise. Greatness may follow, and ambition urge forward the bold, but the tardy man cometh sooner to contentment. May we never see the outermost corner of the Tartar's eye! none hath more evil in it.

Emperor. It must shoot far if it overtake and harm thee, Tsing-Ti! But prythee go on about the fact of burial, and tell me whether there is any nation so western, as to refuse it in time of peace.

Tsing-Ti. The nations of Europe are so infinitely more barbarous than anything we in China can conceive, that, however incredible it may appear, the story is not unfounded. The first avowed enemies of Christianity were the associates

* George the Fourth.

of a sorcerer, who shaved his head that he might fit a crown upon it. He told people that he could forgive more sins than they could commit. Both parties tried, and it turned out that he was the winner. He pocketed the stakes, and tempted them to try again: and the game has been going on ever since. Ill-tempered men were scandalised at this exhibition, and many disturbances and battles have been the consequence. The sorcerer, now become a priest-king, refuses burial to those who deny his power of remitting sins, and his right to open the gates of paradise on paying toll and tariff. Many of these begin to think they have gone too far, and have slunk back to the old sorcerer, who reproves them sharply, and treats them like conger eels, putting salt into their mouths for purification. If they spit it out again, they frequently are medicated with minerals more corrosive.

Emperor. Why, I wonder, do not the neighbouring princes catch and cage him?

Tsing-Ti. He frightens them. He has the appointment of their nurses, who tell them marvellous tales about his potency, and how he can turn one thing into another. The English were among the first to expose and abolish his impostures; but many are coming back to him, now they are tired of Christianity; and already they begin to stick up again the images of idlers and fanatics, whom the magistrates of old whipt and hung for sedition.

Emperor. Better such fellows should be venerated (were it only that they are dead and out of the way) than intolerant and blood-thirsty varlets, who carry hatred in their bosoms as carefully as an amulet, and who will not let the grave open and close upon it.

Tsing-Ti. They are all of the same quality: they are all either bark or blossom of that tree of which the Jesuits are the nutmegs.

Emperor. I thought my ancestors, of blessed memory, had given an intelligible lesson to the potentates of Europe, how to grate those said nutmegs into powder. I thought our wisdom had entered into their councils, and such malefactors were everywhere supprest.

Tsing-Ti. They were so, for a time. But there are many things which were formerly known only as poisons, and which are now employed as salutary drugs. Jesuitism is one of these.

Emperor. After all our inquiries, how very imperfect is our knowledge of Europe! The books of Europeans serve only to perplex us. Those which have been interpreted to me, on their polity, represent the English as a free people, that is, a people in which several hundred mandarins have a certain weight in the government. Yet it appears that there are provinces in the empire where the inhabitants pay stipends to priests, who abominate and curse them, and with whom they have nothing in common but their corn and cattle. Furthermore it is represented, that those who are making the noisiest appeals to liberality, would leave exposed to the fowls of the air the dead bodies of other sects.

Tsing-Ti. This inhumanity can not be practised in England: it belongs to the old sorcerers: it however is gaining ground in every part of Europe. Where it predominates, all dissentients are denied the rites of burial; and some entire professions lie under the same interdict. Actors of comedy, who render men ashamed of their follies and vices, are conceived to intrench on the attributes of the priesthood: they must lie unburied. Actors of tragedy, who have awakened all the sympathies of the human heart, must hope for none when they have left the scene.

Emperor. Yet haply the sage himself, when living, hath less deeply impressed the lessons of wisdom than his representative in the theatre; and even the hero hath excited less enthusiasm. The English, I suspect, are too humane, too generous, too contemplative, to countenance or endure so hideous an imposture.

Tsing-Ti. Gratification is not sterile in their country: gratitude, lovely gratitude, is her daughter. The great actor is received on equal terms among the other great. I have inquired of almost every sect, to the number of forty or fifty, and every one abhors the imputation of posthumous rancour, excepting the old sorcerers. The arguments of another, with a priest of that persuasion, are fresh in my memory.

Emperor. What an ice-house must thy memory be, Tsing-Ti! to keep such things fresh in it!

Tsing-Ti. They might have been uttered in the serenity of the Celestial Empire, and in the most holy place.

Emperor. Indeed! I would hear 'em then.

Tsing-Ti. "Good God!" said the appellant to the sorcerer's man, "if anyone hath injured us in life, ought we not at least to cast our enmity aside when life is over? Even supposing we disregard the commandment of our heavenly father, *to forgive as we hope to be forgiven;* even supposing we disbelieve him when he tells us that on this condition, and on this only, we can expect it; would not humanity lead us through a path so pleasant, to a seat so soft, to so wholesome and invigorating a repose? The pagan, the heathen, the idolater, the sacrificer of his fellow-men, beholding a corpse on the shore, stopt, bent over it, tarried, cast upon it three handfuls of sand, and bade the spirit that had dwelt in it, and was hovering (as they thought) uneasily about it, go its way in peace. Would you do less than this, for one who had lived in the same city, and bowed to the same God as yourself?"

Emperor. The sorcerer's man must have learnt more than sorcery, if his ingenuity supplied him with an answer in the affirmative.

Tsing-Ti. "Yes," replied he, "if the holiness of our lord commanded it."

Emperor. Moderate the prancing of thy speech, O Tsing-Ti, that I may mount it easily, look down from it complacently, and descend from it again without sore or irksomeness. What holiness? What lord? Thou wert talking of the sorcerer. Are these ruffians called lords and holinesses?

Do people at once obey and ridicule them? How can this be?

Tsing-Ti. I know not, O celestiality! but so it is.

Emperor. The other spoke rationally and kindly. Had he a tail? a top-knot?

Tsing-Ti. None whatever.

Emperor. He must have travelled into far regions under milder skies; not peradventure to our beautiful coast, but midway. He may, by God's providence, have enjoyed the conversation of those hermits, now under the protection of England, the Ho-Te-Nto-Ts. This surely is something in advance of such as believe that one chapman can procure eternal life, on commission, for another who corresponds with him! that mummery can dispense with obligations, and that money can absolve from sin. Call for tea; my head is dizzy, and my stomach is out of order.

SECOND AUDIENCE.

On the morrow I was received at the folding doors by Pru-Tsi, and ushered by him into the presence of his majesty the Emperor, who was graciously pleased to inform me that he had rendered thanks to Almighty God for enlightening his mind, and for placing his empire far beyond the influence of the persecutor and fanatic. "But," continued his majesty, "this story of the sorcerer's man quite confounds me. Little as the progress is which the Europeans seem to have made in the path of humanity, yet the English, we know, are less cruel than their neighbours, and more given to reflection and meditation. How then is it possible they should allow any portion of their fellow-citizens to be hood-winked, gagged, and carried away into darkness, by such conspirators and assassins? Why didst thou not question the man thyself?"

Tsing-Ti. I did, O Emperor! and his reply was, "We can bury such only as were in the household of the faith. It would be a mockery to bid those spirits go in peace which we know are condemned to everlasting fire."

Emperor. Amazing! have they that? Who invented it? Everlasting fire! It surely might be applied to better purposes. And have those rogues authority to throw people into it? In what part of the kingdom is it? If natural, it ought to have been marked more plainly in the maps. The English, no doubt, are ashamed of letting it be known abroad that they have any such places in their country. If artificial, it is no wonder they keep such a secret to themselves. Tsing-Ti, I commend thy prudence in asking no questions about it; for I see we are equally at a loss on this curiosity.

Tsing-Ti. The sorcerer has a secret for diluting it. Oysters and the white of eggs, applied on lucky days, enter into the composition; but certain charms in a strange language must also be employed, and must be repeated a certain number of times. There are stones likewise, and wood cut into particular forms, good against this eternal fire, as they believe. The sorcerer has the power, they pretend, of giving the faculty of hearing and seeing to these stones and pieces of wood; and when he has given them the faculties, they become so sensible and grateful, they do whatever he orders. Some roll their eyes, some sweat, some bleed; and the people beat their breasts before them, calling themselves miserable sinners.

Emperor. Sinners is not the name I should have given them, although no doubt they are in the right.

Tsing-Ti. Sometimes, if they will not bleed freely, nor sweat, nor roll their eyes, the devouter break their heads with clubs, and look out for others who will.

Emperor. Take heed, Tsing-Ti! Take heed! I do believe thou art talking all the while of idols. Thou must be respectful; remember I am head of all the religions in the empire. We have something in our own country not very unlike them, only the people do not worship them; they merely fall down before them as representatives of a higher power. So they say.

Tsing-Ti. I do not imagine they go much farther in Europe, excepting the introduction of this club-law into their adoration.

Emperor. And difference enough, in all conscience. Our people is less ferocious and less childish. If any man break an idol here for not sweating, he himself would justly be condemned to sweat, showing him how inconvenient a thing it is when the sweater is not disposed. As for rolling the eyes, surely they know best whom they should ogle; as for bleeding, that must be regulated by the season of the year. Let every man choose his idol as freely as he chooses his wife; let him be constant if he can; if he can not, let him at least be civil. Whoever dares to scratch the face of anyone in my empire, shall be condemned to varnish it afresh, and moreover to keep it in repair all his lifetime.

Tsing-Ti. In Europe such an offence would be punished with the extremities of torture.

Emperor. Perhaps their idols cost more, and are newer. Is there no chance, in all their changes, that we may be called upon to supply them with a few?

Tsing-Ti. They have plenty for the present, and they dig up fresh occasionally.

Emperor. In regard to the worship of idols, they have not a great deal to learn from us; and what is deficient will come by degrees as they grow humaner. But how little care can any ruler have for the happiness and improvement of his people, who permits such ferocity in the priesthood. If its members are employed by the government to preside at burials, as according to thy discourse I suppose, a virtuous prince would order a twelvemonth's imprisonment, and spare diet, to whichever of them should refuse to perform the last office of humanity toward a fellow-creature. What separation of citizen from citizen, and necessarily what diminution of national

strength, must be the consequence of such a system! A single act of it ought to be punished more severely than any single act of sedition, not only as being a greater distractor of civic union, but, in its cruel sequestration of the best affections, a fouler violator of domestic peace. I always had fancied, from the books in my library, that the Christian religion was founded on brotherly love and pure equality. I may calculate ill; but, in my hasty estimate, damnation and dog-burial stand many removes from these.

"Wait a little," the Emperor continued: "I wish to read in my library the two names that my father said are considered the two greatest in the West, and may vie nearly with the highest of our own country."

Whereupon did his majesty walk forth into his library; and my eyes followed his glorious figure as he passed through the doorway, traversing the *gallery of the peacocks*, so called because fifteen of those beautiful birds unite their tails in the centre of the ceiling, painted so naturally as to deceive the beholder, each carrying in his beak a different flower, the most beautiful in China, and bending his neck in such a manner as to present it to the passer below. Traversing this gallery, his majesty with his own hand drew aside the curtain of the library-door. His majesty then entered; and, after some delay, he appeared with two long scrolls, and shook them gently over the fish-pond, in this dormitory of the sages. Suddenly there were so many splashes and plunges that I was aware of the gratification the fishes had received from the grubs in them, and the disappointment in the atoms of dust. His majesty, with his own right hand, drew the two scrolls trailing on the marble pavement, and pointing to them with his left, said,

"Here they are; Nhu-Tong: Pa-Kong.* Suppose they had died where the sorcerer's men held firm footing, would the priests have refused them burial?"

I bowed my head at the question; for a single tinge of red, whether arising from such ultra-bestial cruelty in those who have the impudence to accuse the cannibals of theirs, or whether from abhorrent shame at the corroding disease of intractable superstition, hereditary in the European nations for fifteen centuries, a tinge of red came over the countenance of the Emperor. When I raised up again my forehead, after such time as I thought would have removed all traces of it, still fixing my eyes on the ground, I answered,

"O Emperor! the most zealous would have done worse. They would have prepared these great men for burial, and then have left them unburied."

Emperor. So! so! they would have embalmed them, in their reverence for meditation and genius, although their religion prohibits the ceremony of interring them.

Tsing-Ti. Alas, sire, my meaning is far different. They would have dislocated their limbs with pullies, broken them with hammers, and then have burnt the flesh off the bones. This is called an *act of faith.*

Emperor. Faith, didst thou say? Tsing-Ti, thou speakest bad Chinese: thy native tongue is strangely occidentalised.

Tsing-Ti. So they call it.

Emperor. God hath not given unto all men the use of speech. Thou meanest to designate the ancient inhabitants of the country, not those who have lived there within the last three centuries.

Tsing-Ti. The Spaniards and Italians (such are the names of the nations who are most under the influence of the spells) were never so barbarous and cruel as during the first of the last three centuries. The milder of them would have refused two cubits of earth to the two philosophers; and not only would have rejected them from the cemetery of the common citizens, but from the side of the common hangman; the most ignorant priest thinking himself much wiser, and the most enlightened prince not daring to act openly as one who could think otherwise. The Italians had formerly two illustrious men among them; the earlier was a poet, the later a philosopher; one was exiled, the other was imprisoned, and both were within a span of being burnt alive.

Emperor. We have in Asia some odd religions and some barbarous princes, but neither are like the Europeans. In the name of God! do the fools think of their Christianity as our neighbours in Tartary (with better reason) think of their milk; that it will keep the longer for turning sour? or that it must be wholesome because it is heady? Swill it out, swill it out, say I, and char the tub.

THIRD AUDIENCE.

The third morning had dawned, and the skies had assumed the colour of a beautiful maiden's nails, when the Emperor my master sent unto me Pru-Tsi, to command me to be of good health and to have a heart in my bosom. Flattered and gratified beyond all measure by the graciousness of such commands, I ordered tea to be brought to Pru-Tsi, who no sooner heard the servant on the other side of the door, than he told me that he saw in my tea-cup the ocean of my bounty, the abysses of my wisdom, the serene and interminable sky of my favour and affection. To which I replied, that in the countenance of Pru-Tsi I beheld the sun which irradiated them all. He was dissatisfied at the shortness and incompleteness of my compliment, as wanting two divisions: and from that instant may be dated his ill offices toward me. Here I must confess my deficiency in politeness, which, not having been neglected in my education, I can attribute to nothing but my long absence from our civilised and courteous people.

Observing by the profusion of Pru-Tsi's gentilities, and by the fluttering of his tamarind-tree vest under which his breast wheezed and laboured, that my rusticity had wounded him, I took from

* Newton, Bacon. The Chinese have no B.

off the table the finest rose in the central vase, and entreated that, by touching it, he would render those of next year more fragrant and more double. "The parent," said I, "will be penetrated by the glory shed upon her daughter." I remarked that he smelt it only on one side, and only once; and that he bowed but when he received it, and when he smelt it, and the last time less profoundly; yet he could not but have noticed that, in rising, I laid above half of each hand on the table, with the fingers spread, and that I rested for seven or eight seconds in an inclined position, looking up at his face, as one irresolute and deferential. I record it not in anger, but I hope there are few Chinese who could have seen this unmoved. God forbid that we should degenerate from our fathers, or that even a signification of our desire to please should fail in obtaining pardon, even for a voluntary and a grave offence. No acknowledgment of a fault is so explicit, none can so little wound the delicacy of the offended, none so gracefully show our reliance on his generosity and affability. Let the westernman call *satisfaction* that which humiliates and afflicts another; but, oh Chinese! let us demand much more . . the contentment of both parties. I have often mused on these reflections; I must now return to Pru-Tsi, who caused them. He informed me that the Emperor was ready to receive me, under *his* "guidance." This word has much meaning. Pru-Tsi drew it with all dexterity and gracefulness, but he showed too plainly its edge and point. I then added, "My heart is a cabinet on which all the figures and all the letters are embossed in high relief by your hands, most munificent lord!"

"Deign, O Tsing-Ti, to place us within it," said Wi-Hong, who stood behind, "and it shall be our glory to become the camphor, preservative against the moths and insects which would consume its precious stores."

"The cedar wants not the camphor," said Flthat-Wang, bowing at the back of Wi-Hong, three paces off. Whereat the pupils of Pru-Tsi's eyes verged toward the bridge of his nose; for he remembered not in what book the words were written. This made him the readier to depart. He walked at my left-hand, Wi-Hong and Flthat-Wang following us at equal distances. On my entering the chamber of audience, Pru-Tsi was dismissed; which (I was sorry to observe) made his mouth as low as a lamprey's, and elicited a sound not unlike the drawing off a somewhat wet boot. Scarcely had he passed into the *corridor of the dancers*, so called because there are painted on each side the figures of young maidens, some dancing, but the greater part inviting the passer-by, either with open arms, or only with the fingers, and others behind, among the lofty flowers, with various seductive signs: scarcely had Pru-Tsi reached this corridor, when the Emperor's children entered from the opposite one, the *corridor of the parrots*, so called because it represents these birds performing various actions; one flying with a boy into the air, having caught him by a bunch of prodigiously large cherries, which he will not let go; one teaching an ancient mandarin his letters, and much resembling him in physiognomy; two playing at chess for little girls in cages on the table; and a flight of smaller ones clawing a sceptre and pecking at a globe; while several apes creep on their bellies close behind, and several more from furnaces in the distance, each with his firebrand ready to singe their plumage. The parrots do not see the mischievous beasts that are so near, nor do those see, coming from under scarlet drapery, a vast serpent's jaw, wide enough to swallow them all. The serpent's jaw is in a corner, near a sofa, in the shape of a woolsack, off which a comely man (apparently) has tumbled, extending both feet in the air over it, and holding the serpent's tail between his teeth, and trying (apparently) to urge him onward. I am thus particular in my description of this corridor, because there is no part of the whole palace which has been described in general so inaccurately, and because there are few who can pretend to have examined it so closely or so long as I have: added to which, in all due humility be it spoken, few in China have a better eye for forms and colours.

The celestial sons and daughters, I have said already, had passed through the *corridor of the parrots* and entered the *hall of audience*. What I am now about to say will subject me to much obloquy, and render my name suspected in veracity, but the graciousness of my patron is commensurate with the greatness of my emperor. He made a sign to the children that they should walk into the smaller library, and when he had signified the same by words, and they, after all of them had long fixed their eyes on his majesty, were quite certain, the elder son, Fo-Kien, advanced toward his elder sister, Rao-Fa, kissed her little fair hand and then her forehead, and conducted her: after his seventh step, Min-Psi, the second son, acted in like manner; but when he rose on tiptoe (being, as the world knows, two years younger than his sister, Lao-Lo, then almost nine), she bit the tip of his ear, not with her teeth indeed, but with her lips. The Emperor, who surveyed his beautiful progeny with intense delight, was indulgent to this fault, and beckoning to me, said, "I am to blame, Tsing-Ti! In the fifth year of her age, I did the very same to Lao-Lo: but," recovering himself, "it was not in the *hall of audience*. Come along, come along, I may do the same again in the little library, and before thee, for Lao-Lo is the light of my eyes, and makes it sweeter to be a father than an emperor. I have sent for my children," continued his majesty, "that they may be amused by thy narrative; for nothing is so delightful to the youthful mind as voyages. But prythee do not relate to them any act of intolerance or inhumanity. The young should not be habituated to hear or see what is offensive to our nature and derogatory to the beneficence of our God. Surely *all* the absurdities

those mischievous priests are not inseparably xed up with blood and bile. Follow me; for children must be very dull when there are y books about them."

Suddenly the Emperor stopped, and made a n to me to look toward the pond. Lao-Lo was nding with her arm upon the golden balustrade d looking at Min-Psi, who, from time to time, ve her a pearl or two, which he was detaching, th all the force and agility of his teeth, from the rder of her silver sash. No sooner had he succeded, than she threw it to the fish. Those which allowed one she called "sweet creatures," and ose which detected the fraud "cunning old mandarins." When the baits were exhausted, and in-Psi shook his head at the melancholy question, "are there no more?" the Emperor drew back tly, and said to me, "We must give her time to oothen her sash, and take care not to see it." rhaps the same kindness moved Fo-Kien and o-Fa to begin a game at chess, not opposite ch other, but both with the back toward the nd. Fo-Kien once or twice moved an eye in st direction, and smiled: but Rao-Fa told him might smile when he had won, and never anced from the chess-board. At the sound of e Emperor's feet they both arose and turned ward him. Min-Psi did not come quite opposite. I saw one ear, the left, and it was crimson, though it was not the ear that Lao-Lo had nched with her rubies. He held down his head little; and Lao-Lo struck his hand with her ash, saying, "I wonder what in the world can er make Min-Psi look as if he had been in mischief." His ear grew more transparent. Lao-Lo ked her father's permission to give him three sses; only three. The request was granted; st Min-Psi ran behind me, and laughed at her ain attempts. As they were rather rough and isterous with my robe, the Emperor said, "Lao-o! do not you remember that you are in the resence of a mandarin?" "Oh papa! there are veral not far off; are there not, Min-Psi?" said e child, "but is anyone so good as Tsing-Ti is? is impossible not to admire his beautiful dress, ow we are in a part of the palace where we may mire anything we like." The Emperor seated imself, and waving his hand, the children bowed racefully. He waved his hand a second time, nd Fo-Kien made two steps toward Rao-Fa, who ade likewise two steps toward him. He then ade another step, slightly bending; the princess ad no other steps to make, but inclined her head omewhat lower, so that her hand came forward a ttle. The imperial prince supported her arm bove the wrist, and she was seated. Min-Psi too erformed with equal grace and gravity the same uties toward Lao-Lo, who looked as diffident as she had never seen him until then. He, being e younger, bowed twice before her, which salute e returned by opening her hand each time. On is occasion her brow came a little forward, and, was required by the ceremonial, much to Min-i's contentment, her lips were quite closed. He then bowed twice to Rao-Fa, on whom it was not incumbent to open her hand, but merely to make a like movement with her fan. Her beautiful lips parted for a moment to compensate him for the difference, and her eyes looked tenderly upon the courtly child.

There are many, in the Celestial Empire itself, to whom these statutes of the imperial court are unknown, although they have regulated the movements of each successive dynasty three thousand years. Hence that polish which is proof against contact; hence that lofty urbanity in every member of it which separates them widely from all other potentates; hence that gentleness and obliging demeanour which render domestic offence impossible, and throw additional charms over every affection and every endearment. No unkind, no unpleasant word ever was uttered in these chambers; where the wisdom of royalty, receiving fresh tributes in almost every century from inborn sages, has given form and substance to fairer imagery than poets and visionaries have dreamed. No duties are so punctilious as to be troublesome to a well-regulated mind, which always finds complacency and satisfaction in executing perfectly the most complex and difficult; while rudeness can never do enough for its gratification, and grows continually more uneasy and untoward. I say these things, because what I am writing may, peradventure, be carried by ships into lands where such reflections have seldom fallen, and where scratches and buffets are thought more natural than courtesies and caresses.

I related to the imperial children much of what I had seen in the several countries of my voyage. "But do tell them a few tricks of the sorcerer," said his majesty, "and what are called the mysteries." Accordingly I began. Their laughter was interrupted by questions, and their questions by laughter; for both were permitted in the small library. One absurdity struck Fo-Kien particularly: it related to numerals. The princesses sate with their eyelids raised, perhaps in doubt of my correctness, either as to judgment or to fact: Min-Psi counted his fingers, first on one hand and then on the other, and looked hard at me; I fancied he was uneasy. Fo-Kien asked me whether the English too believed in this, being thought such good accountants. My reply was, that, "Although they had rejected, in great measure, the practice of Christianity, yet they retained the dogmas; and this among the rest."

"I wonder then," said he, "that the merchants of Canton do not often sell their tobacco for opium, and a pound for a quintal, since they appear to be ignorant both of substances and numbers. I do not wonder they are so cheated by those who manage their affairs at home as we hear they are."

"Methinks," said his majesty, "they must nevertheless have some calculators among them, else how could they become such good astronomers?"

"I have heard," said Lao-Lo, "that these astronomers pick up stars every day like cockle-shells.

Tell us about it, good Tsing-Ti! can it be true? what can they do with so many? must not they leave them where they find them? are they not all in the sky?"

"Excepting some few," said Min-Psi, "that fall into the canals."

His majesty the Emperor was graciously pleased to inquire of me whether the English retained the same confidence as formerly in judicial astronomy. I acknowledged my ignorance of the fact, whether they were stationary in that science, or had latterly made any improvements in it.

"Certain it is," said I, "that, under the guidance of the stars, they are steadfast in their observance of lucky days."

"It is only grown-up men that ever see unlucky ones," said Min-Psi, "unless it rains."

A soft vibration of a gong was audible in the corridor. The children rose from their seats, performing the same ceremonies as before, each saying, in turn, after a pause,

"May Tsing-Ti be blessed with health and happiness!"

Then they kissed the hand of their imperial father, and requested he would grant them an appetite for their pilaw; which his majesty most graciously conceded.

"Go on, Tsing-Ti," said his majesty, "about the observations of the astronomers in the White Island."

Tsing-Ti. There is scarcely an hour in the twenty-four of any day throughout the twelvemonth, on which I have not requested, from the wisest men I know among them, the solution of my doubts on theological topics. The answer was invariably,

"This is not the time for it."

Turning over many newspapers . . . a strange improper name! for the editors call one another rogue, turncoat, &c., which is no news at all, and report speeches made in parliament, the purport of which is always known beforehand, it being the custom for every man to carry his mind into the house, and his money out . . .

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! put the hyphen to thy parenthesis: thou art giving me a rather long elucidation of what is *no news at all.*

Tsing-Ti. I received the same declaration from the political leaders as from the theological. When a reform of any abuse was proposed, no denial of its existence, none of its multiplicity, none of its magnitude, none of its intensity, was resorted to: the objection was,

"This is not the time for considering it."

Were the people quiet, it was a strong subsidiary! were they turbulent, it was a stronger; were they between both, it was the very worst season of all to agitate the question.

Were the people in a state of famine, and were a reduction advised in the national expenditure, whether of sums voted for race-horses or brilliants, for pensions or services of plate, the adviser was counter-advised not to render the people dissatisfied by reminding them of their hunger, and was assured,

"This is not the time."

In fact, the English are religiously, not to say superstitiously, scrupulous in that one matter, and perhaps the rather for having rejected all other kinds of religion: and the higher orders seem to be more so than the lower. The bishops and chancellors sit watching for the auspicious hour, and have watched for it above half a century: and although they declare they are tired of sitting and watching, and it would do their hearts good if they could see it, yet, in their honesty and forbearance, they never have pretended or hinted that the discovery was made by them. Such patience and modesty are unexampled.

Emperor. Dost thou verily think, Tsing-Ti, that these chancellors and bishops are in earnest?

Tsing-Ti. They appear so. I never heard of anyone among them caught stealing on the river, or riding off with another's horse or ass, or setting fire to houses for plunder, or infesting the high-road.

Emperor. Calm and moral as they are, I perceive that much more lying and shuffling is required and practised in their government than in mine. England is all mercantile, from the pinnacle of the Temple to the sewer of the Exchange. Our dealers may be as thievish as theirs: our mandarins, praised be God, are better. Although they feel at seasons a superficial itch for lucre, they are not blotched and buboed with its pestilence: they do not lead their children to be fed out of the platters of the poor, nor make the citizens, who have idols of their own, worship theirs, and pay for it.

His majesty then rose from his seat, wiped his mouth, and went away.

FOURTH AUDIENCE.

The third audience may appear to have been shorter than the first, but in fact was longer by much. The imperial children asked me such a variety of questions, which I think it unnecessary to repeat, and made such a variety of remarks on my answers, that the hour allotted for their pastime in the small library wore insensibly away. They puzzled me, as children often do, and made me wish they would have turned their inquiries toward the sea, or toward men and manners, or toward anything intelligible and instructive. His majesty too puzzled me almost as much as they did.

However, on this my fourth audience, he rewarded me amply for every toil and perplexity. The first words he uttered were, that he admired my judgment and ingenuity, in passing through so many lanes and turning so many corners, without a rip or a soil on my garment. He was graciously pleased to add, that he would never have allowed any other than myself to display before his children such fantastic mysteries; that, however, I had gone far enough into them to disgust

an ingenuous mind with their darkness and doublings, and to render a lover of truth well contented with the simple institutions of his forefathers.

"My children," said his majesty, "will disdain to persecute even the persecutor, but will blow away both his fury and his fraudulence. The philosopher whom my house respects and venerates, Kong-Fu-Tsi, is never misunderstood by the attentive student of his doctrines; there is no contradiction in them, no exaction of impossibilities, nothing above our nature, nothing below it. The most vehement of his exhortations is to industry and concord, the severest of his denunciations is against the self-tormentor, vice. He entreats us to give justice and kindness a fair trial as conductresses to happiness, and only to abandon them when they play us false. He assures us that every hour of our existence is favourable to the sowing or the gathering of some fruit; and that sleep and repose are salutary repasts, to be enjoyed at stated times, and not to be long indulged nor frequently repeated. He is too honourable to hold out bribes, too gentle to hold out threats; he says only, 'satisfy your conscience; and you will satisfy your God.' But antecedently to the satisfaction of this conscience, he takes care to look into it minutely, to see that it hangs commodiously and lightly on the breast, that all its parts be sound, and all its contents in order, that it be not contracted, nor covered with cobwebs, nor crawled over with centipedes and tarantulas."

Emperor. I am so well satisfied with thy prudence and delicacy, O Tsing-Ti, in the explanation of things ludicrous and ferocious, that I do not only grant unto thy father, Nun-Pek, who is dead, a title of nobility, making him mandarin of the first class, but likewise the same to thy grandfather who died long before; so much hast thou merited from me; and so much have they merited who begat thee. Thy grandfather's name I well remember was . .

Tsing-Ti. Peh-Nun; may it please your majesty!

Emperor. Who else could have been the grandfather of Tsing-Ti? From this moment he has yellow slippers on his feet, and he makes but one prostration in my presence. And now inform me in what manner do the kings of the White Island mark the deserts of their subjects.

I bowed my head several times before the throne, to collect from my memory as much of this matter as was deposited within it. At last I said,

"O Emperor! light of the East! since nobody in England is fond of talking of another's deserts, here my store of intelligence is scanty; and the king of the country seems to have found himself in the same penury. For it is not the custom of his mandarins to approach him with such narrations; and none are proposed to his majesty as worthy of advancement to high offices, or even of bearing such titles as exalt them a span above the common class of citizens, unless they have slain many or ruined many; such are soldiers and lawyers."

Emperor. No quieter ornament of his country, none whom future ages will venerate, must raise up his head in his own? Is this thy meaning? He may irrigate the garden of genius; he may delight in the fruits that will grow from it; he may anticipate with transport the day when his enemy's children, united with his own, shall repose under the tree he has planted: glory never breaks in upon his labour; applause never disturbs his meditations! Is that the state of England? Tell me; how could these lawyers find admittance to the king? Have they nothing to do in their tribunals? Will nobody employ them?

Tsing-Ti. Not only do they find admittance, but they come near enough his person to throw some sacred dust in his eyes out of certain ancient parchments. When they have done this, they tie his hands behind him, loosing him only when he has given them titles for themselves and children, who are also created great lawyers under the royal signet.

Emperor. Art thou mad, Tsing-Ti?

Tsing-Ti. I thought I was; but the madness, I was glad to find, was merely reflected.

Emperor. The kings of England do this? they reward the children for being begotten by clever fellows? and never for making them? Now indeed may we believe that the soles of their feet are opposed to the soles of ours. Didst thou tell me they delegate to their servants the granting of distinctions to worthless men?

Tsing-Ti. Too true, in eleven instances out of the dozen.

Emperor. Well then may the English be called regicides; for he who lowers the kingly character spills the most precious blood of his king. Go home: I must ponder on these subjects. Methinks I have caught thy old sea-sickness, my head turns round so, and everything seems so disproportioned and confused.

FIFTH AUDIENCE.

On my return the following day, his majesty took my sleeve between the tips of his imperial thumb and finger, and said blandly, "Thou, being in thy heart a Christian, shalt now enter more deeply with me on that religion. Albeit, I see nothing but a quagmire in it, bearing unwholesome weeds on the surface, and unfathomable mud within. Another swarm of insects hath recently been hatched on it, some of which, my mandarins inform me, have been blown over into Canton. They style themselves *Good-news-mongers.* By the accounts I have received of them, they resemble a jar of tamarinds with little pulp and no sugar. I apprehend they will do small credit to their master in heaven."

Tsing-Ti. Whose blessed name, O Emperor! be praised for ever. He came before the arrogant, firm in meekness. He said, "Abstain from violence, abstain from fraud: be continent, be pure, be patient: love one another."

Emperor. How happy would men be universally, if they observed these precepts! Life would bring few wishes, death few fears. We should

come and go, jocund as children enter and leave a garden, entering it to play in and leaving it to sleep. Alas! they do not toil to earn repose at the day's end: but the whole occupation of their existence is to make the last hour solicitous and restless.

We are friends, Tsing-Ti! for we both have listened to the words of wisdom, and in youth, and together. Recollections such as these unite the high and the humble, and make benevolence grow up even where the soil is sterile. Sterile it is not with thee; but yielding a hundred-fold. Come then freely to me every day, as thou wert wont formerly, and let us exchange, what alone can make both of us the richer, our thoughts and knowledge. Thou hast travelled afar, and art master of many things which none have laid before me. I will turn them over, partly for curiosity and partly for acquisition, like those who enter the house of the jeweller.

I am wearied with the inconsistencies and shocked at the irreligion of the islanders. At some future time I may perhaps have leisure and patience to examine them more minutely. At present I am more desirous to take a view of their literature. My father of blessed memory planted poetry in their island: does it flourish?

Tsing-Ti. From the specimens I purchased, it appears to me, O Emperor! that the English may become poets, and reach nearer to the perfection of the Chinese than any people of the West; for I observe that a greater number of their verses end in monosyllables.

Emperor. Indeed! are they arrived at that? Bring me to-morrow a few of the least heavy from among thy volumes, and such as by their nature may, with skilful comments, be the most intelligible to me. At the same time thou wilt be able to render me some account of those who read their verses at the king's bedside.

Tsing-Ti. His majesty is a sound sleeper: none are called in.

Emperor. At his table then.

Tsing-Ti. None recite verses there. The fictions of poetry are not exactly those which find the readiest admittance into the palaces of the West. The ornaments of style and composition are thought in England to denote a vacant mind. If flowers exhale their fragrance from a silver vase, the English doubt at once whether it is silver. Their princes are no cultivators of poetry and eloquence; which is the more remarkable, as they are fanciers of old porcelain, and can distinguish and estimate it almost as correctly as our best dealers. They are likewise so judicious in paintings, that they invariably buy from Dutch artists such pieces as bear the nearest affinity to ours.

Emperor. Then, by degrees, Tsing-Ti, their nails will lengthen and their feet contract. We shall be all one people, as the oldest sages have foretold.

Tsing-Ti. Alas, sire! the youngest will never live to see that day. No sovran in England ever conversed an hour together with poet or philosopher; many for days and nights with gamesters and other pickpockets, especially the king now reigning.

Emperor. I have heard some such reports: I have also heard that there are fewer of like character in the island than on the continent.

Tsing-Ti. The English, although they have lost their religion, are still in many of their dealings the most honest and abstinent people in the world. I have walked by the side of a canal in the vicinity of the capital, and I have seen rats, cats, dogs, very delicate sucking kittens, and the tenderest plumpest puppies, and even fine long snakes, green and yellow, of several pounds each, enough to give an appetite to an opium-eater at day-break. I have seen them, sire, killed upon the banks, without a man or a woman or a child to guard them: and I have waited in vain, for hours together, in the hope of making a contract for a quota of the stock, the proprietor never appearing. In some instances it has happened that they remained there until they rotted. Such is the fertility of soil, and the scantiness of population in proportion to it. Even frogs are neglected as articles of luxury. I have noticed some lying dead by the side of ditches, having been stoned by peasants, who would have been banished to the extremity of the earth for attempting to kill a granivorous bird, or for stealing a sour apple.

Emperor. Do the English offer up sour apples in sacrifice? do they worship birds?

Tsing-Ti. In public, no: what they may do privately, in the present state of religion among them, it is difficult for a traveller to ascertain. Certainly they think differently on these subjects from what we read in the history of more ancient nations which worshipped brute animals. These selected for preservation the creatures that benefited the husbandman, by devouring the reptiles and insects, or by rendering him some other good service. The English nobles preserve foxes, that kill his lambs; hares, pheasants, partridges, that consume his corn; and, instead of remunerating him for exterminating the pests of agriculture, confiscate his property, condemn him to die of famine, or, when the sentence is mildest, remove him for ever from that land which he has enriched with the sweat of his brow.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! it was in a moment of irritation, it was when the rebels had sorely vexed me, that I was malicious enough to think of sending such Christians as these among the Tartars.

Tsing-Ti. On the imperial footstool I lay the few pieces of poetry I have collected in England. Wishing to procure some specimens of elegant handwriting, I went to my tailor and intreated his recommendation. It was not particularly for his honesty that I selected him, but because I had found him the most acute reasoner I had met with. My first acquaintance was contracted with him by desiring him to mend a rent in my dress. It

appeared to me that his charge was exorbitant, and I asked him whether he did not think the same.

"Certainly I do," replied he.

"But, my friend, the price of a new vest would not exceed this demand."

"Certainly not," replied he, with equal calmness. "To cut the thing short, as we tailors are fond of doing," said he before I could go on, "it is an easier matter to make than to mend: try at a speech, try at a teacup, try at a wife."

"Excuse me," answered I, "we may have trials enough in this world without that;" and gave him the sum demanded. He told me to take his arm (a strange unwieldy custom of the English), and conducted me into an alley, where I found a middle-aged man, in a grey coat, employed in transcribing what he told us were *sermons*.

Emperor. Hold, Tsing-Ti! What species of poetry may that be?

Tsing-Ti. None whatever, O Emperor! but religious exhortations, religious explanations, or religious damnations, for they all come under these three heads.

Emperor. And pretty bulky heads too.

Tsing-Ti. The grey-coated man was sedulous in transcribing them from printed books, into a book covered with black. He told me that no other colour was serviceable in church (church means pagod), and that it would be shameful for a preacher, expositor, exhorter, or damner, to preach another man's words without making it appear that they were his own. He was to receive a dollar for each sermon, from a priest who had three *livings*.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! do the rogues pretend to have found out the Elixir? Three *livings!* one man hold three *livings!* Have I any horse that can eat in any three of my stables at a time? Have I any that can carry me along three roads at once? It is difficult for the best and wisest man to perform his duty of exhortation and admonition to the near and to the few: how then shall he perform it to the distant and the many?

Tsing-Ti. Those about the king have sons and brothers, of whom it is easier to make priests than to make poets, and who would rather receive twenty thousand golden pieces annually, than the two-hundredth part only.

Emperor. If this immense wealth belongs to certain families, as appears to be the case, yet the king might command them to expend a portion of it on canals and roads, or, if there are any poor in the country, on the poor.

Tsing-Ti. A tenth of the produce of the land, and of all the money spent on it in manure and culture (for these are considered as nothing by the priesthood), is paid annually to the successors of the Christians. Out of which tenth, anciently, a fourth was set apart by the Christians for the maintenance of the poor. No law whatever has alienated this portion from its destination. Therefore on all benefices, which have not regularly paid it, there exists a just debt of the arrears.

This statement was submitted to the consideration of the king's ministers, and farthermore that parliament should be called upon to enforce it. The ministers, who courted the people where the courtship was uncostly, were very disdainful against the author of the proposal, and declared that he was no better than a robber.

Emperor. Could that be their real objection to him?

Tsing-Ti. They declared him a robber who would plunder their relatives of their possessions, and their children of their inheritance.

Emperor. Perhaps he was as they said: for robbers are clear-sighted, as we find in cats, rats, weasels, and the like. And it is not probable that there should be in the country any notorious one quite unknown to them.

Tsing-Ti. It was found, on examination, that he had only robbed himself; to which they, recovering their courtesy, said he was very welcome.

Emperor. I do not wonder that they are loth to alienate the rich possessions of the crown, which it appears they share, under the pretext of religion.

Tsing-Ti. This is not the pretext: the pretext is, that they can not in their consciences bear to hear of *organic* changes. Such is the expression: I am unable to divine what it means.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! is it then so long since thou leftest thy country? hast thou quite forgotten thy music? Dost not thou remember that the organ creaks and grunts, when the foot presses the pedal and the wind has no direction? But organic changes, as the affected fools call them, require skilful hands; if they have not them, let them get up and give the seat to those who have.

Tsing-Ti. Sire! the instrument is a noble one. Children and madmen have played upon it, and its treasure of rich tones lies within it still. Not a pipe is impaired; not a key is loosened; but there are impudent idlers, who insist on putting their hats and gloves on it; and the audience, ere long, will throw them over the rails of the gallery.

Emperor. That were violent: let them promote them, by an elevation of the foot, quietly downstairs, and break no bones.

Thy estimate of the sacerdotal domains, and royalties annexed to them, must be erroneous.

Tsing-Ti. May it please your majesty! on this subject my information, I venture to affirm, is both ample and correct. There are yet remaining in the White and the Green Island, a dozen of priests each of whom receives a larger sum than all the poets and philosophers of both united have received in two thousand years.

Emperor. Prodigious! computing that one thousand years have produced one philosopher and one poet.

Tsing-Ti. A priest of the first order, on which it is not incumbent either to preach or sing, either to pray or curse, receives an emolument of

which the amount is greater than the consolidated pay of a thousand soldiers, composing the king's body-guard.

Emperor. Did they tell thee this?

Tsing-Ti. They did.

Emperor. And dost thou believe it?

Tsing-Ti. I do.

Emperor. Then, Tsing-Ti, thou hast belief enough for both of us. It is not usually a kind of dust that travellers are apt to gather. There is, on the contrary, much attrition of it, in general, unless the wheels are guarded and greased.

But what is the business then of these priests?

Tsing-Ti. Chiefly to lay their hands, through a sack, on a row of children's heads, to keep them firm and steady in the new faith.

Emperor. I doubt whether, when the hand is taken off, the heads do not rise up again, like the keys of the organ we talked about, and retain as little of the music. He must very soon have the same to do over again.

Tsing-Ti. No, no, no; that would spoil all.

Emperor. This is incomprehensible; the salary incredible. I am afraid, Tsing-Ti, thou hast set thy face against the priests, for no better reason than because thou couldst not find thy favourite Christianity among them. In what manner, out of what funds, and by whom, are they remunerated? For to suppose the stout farmer will let them carry off his tenth sheaf, would be silly, let the farmer be as learned as he may in theology, and as zealous to promote the study of it. Come, tell me this, and allow them their deserts.

Tsing-Ti. O my Emperor! I do indeed, with all humility, still adhere to that humane and pure religion; and I may peradventure be disappointed and displeased at finding its place made desolate, its image thrown down, and what was erected for its support rendered the instrument of its destruction.

The priests of the establishment which has been substituted for it, are not rewarded in proportion to their learning, their virtues, their zeal, or the proficiency of those whom they instruct.

Emperor. Bad! bad! bad! how then?

Tsing-Ti. In proportion to the fertility of the land around them.

Emperor. There spoke the honest man, the true sage, the genuine Tsing-Ti. I approve of this dispensation: labour should be thus remunerated. Such an example, set by an order of men who are not always the most industrious in mind or body, must produce an admirable effect on the people.

Tsing-Ti. They labour not, but punish the labour of others by severe and unrelenting exaction. In proportion as the farmer works, he pays the priest. In proportion to the one's industry rise the means of the other's idleness. Whether the English believe fertility to spring from the sacerdotal presence, I have never ascertained. Some, I apprehend, are doubters. But this scepticism is become more dangerous than any merely on theological points. The performer has warmer partisans than the composer of the music, of which truly the theme is lost among fugues and variations. I would not however strip the better sort of the priests of their deserts, or call them all idlers. Many are far from it, and the earth owes them a portion of her fruits. I myself have seen them diligent in clearing the fields of birds and vermin: I have seen several on horseback . . .

Emperor. Priests! priests on horseback!

Tsing-Ti. In that posture, O my Emperor! have I seen them; and, farthermore, in pursuit of wild animals.

Emperor. Conscientious men! these at least would earn their stipends.

Tsing-Ti. Even the fox hath not escaped their scrutiny. Some, I am told, are not afraid of handling a gun, and have been known to kill birds upon wing, at the distance of many paces.

Emperor. Cormorants are vast and heavy bids but are they so tame in the north? and kites and hawks do they fly like ours? Well, if the priests actually perform these things, they are more useful than I fancied. These must be of a different sect from those who despoil the farmer.

Tsing-Ti. The very same.

Emperor. Ah Tsing-Ti! ah my friend! thou art shrewd, thou art observative; but either thou hast confounded two objects, or thine eyes are not long enough to comprehend at once the extremities of these strange creatures, which vary so widely in their parts.

[Thus spake the Emperor, and it was my duty to be in the wrong].

Emperor. I tell thee plainly, O Tsing-Ti! that I was puzzled how to sow dissensions among the Tartar tribes, unless I could introduce Christianity among them. But thy discourse hath convinced me that, weakened as it is in virulence, enough of it remains in Europe to serve my purposes, if they should rise up again in arms. It will be worth my while to order a cargo by the next East India fleet. I will breathe upon these troublesome marauders such a blast from that quarter, as shall cover and hide for ever the names of Khu-Li-Chang and Chin-Ki-Se-Han.* What an advantage to our Celestial Empire, not only to abolish all combination and concord from the tents of our enemy, but likewise to decimate his cavalry, his curds, and whey; to throw the soldier out of the stirrup, and toss the priest into it! Thou shalt indulge in thy own fancies, and none shall ever molest thee, for thou art kind and quiet. Christianity makes such men even better than they were before. Like wine, it brings out every humour. The ferocious it renders more ferocious, the exacting more exacting, the hypocritical more hypocritical, the austere more austere; and it lays more gracefully on the gentle breast the folded hands of devotion. Such are the observations of our forefathers on the Jesuits and their disciples, whose religion (they pretended) was founded on Christianity. I know not whether, in theirs, there were more than four things which

* Kouli Khan and Gengiz Khan.

diverged from it: they lied, they sought riches, they persecuted, and they murdered. These are the principal divergences from the ordinances of Christ; several others were proved against them, but rather as private men than as a public body, and prevalent in other religions to nearly the same extent. I never could discover how long the Christian continued in any part of Europe. In Asia the habits and institutions of men are of much longer duration: there, in one extremely small part indeed, we know from good authority, it existed (we can not say flourished) about six centuries. Every other had lasted longer, and that which succeeded it has continued double the time, and with much less deviation.

Tsing-Ti. Yet a purer law was never laid down, gentler maxims never inculcated, better example never given.

Emperor. How then could the religion pass away so soon?

Tsing-Ti. For those very reasons. Religions may differ, but priests are similar in all countries. They will have blood, they will have mysteries, they will have money; they will threaten, they will persecute, they will command.

Emperor. Not here.

Tsing-Ti. For which reason the empire has lasted long; fathers, and princes who resemble them, are respected; and the nation, though surrounded by barbarians, by predatory and warlike tribes, has enjoyed more peace and prosperity than any other. Industry and quiet, charity and hospitality, cleanly and frugal habits, are always in exact proportion to the poverty and paucity of the priesthood. This is the only important truth I have learned with certainty in my travels.

Emperor. Strange indeed! that neither English nor Americans have betrayed the secret, that Christianity was extirpated from among them.

Tsing-Ti. The establishment or abolition of a religion, is a less matter in the view of an American, than the sowing of a corn-field, or the killing of a snake. The English have better reasons for their silence. The Christian priests had rich possessions: people still dress and read and preach like them, and call themselves by the name, and drag any man into a court of justice who says they are not Christians. They hold the lands of the ancient priests on this tenure; which priests, before they were ejected, made a joke of the vocation, as they called their trade; but ejection is a bitter antidote to jocularity.

Emperor. I do not wonder that those who occupy the places of the priests, and dress and speak like them, should be angry at being called by any other name than that under which they hold their property: my wonder is, why the conditions should have been imposed, since the nation has no taste for any particle of the old religion.

Tsing-Ti. There are some occasions on which it is thought decorous to relax a little in the pertinacity of adherence to the name. For instance, they do not expect you to call them by it, and are almost angry if you do, when they are dancing or drinking or dicing, or riding in pursuit of foxes, or occupied in the humaner recreation of unappropriated girls, of which there are as many in the streets of London, as we hear there are of dogs unappropriated in Stamboul.

Emperor. Well governed and abundant country must be Turkey, wherein even the poor can see dogs about the streets, and yet abstain from filching a cutlet or an ear.

Tsing-Ti. The dogs must be very old and thin, or the Turks must fear that poison has been given them by the Franks; for human forbearance hath its limits, and Hunger hears neither Ulemah nor Kadi.

Emperor. As thou didst not travel far beyond the limits of London, which, according to the map laid at the feet of my father by Mak ArTni, the mandarin, occupies only a small portion of the British isles. . but first, is that true?

Tsing-Ti. Perfectly.

Emperor. I ask the question, because a Frenchman would persuade my minister, in the name of His Most Christian Majesty, that although London is nearly the whole of Britain, and encroaches far upon Ireland, yet it might be contained in the court-yard of His Most Christian Majesty, Lu Is the Eighteenth.

Tsing-Ti. No, nor in his belly, capacious as he was, and worthy of reigning. But the French have always undervalued the English, since the English conquered and rendered them tributary: and the Englishman has always looked up to the Frenchman, since he threw the Frenchman down and tied his wrists behind him.

Emperor. I was about to ask thee whether thou art quite certain, O Tsing-Ti, that some latent spark of Christianity may not possibly be found under the ashes, in the remoter parts of the country.

Tsing-Ti. I have heard it, and do believe it.

Emperor. Imaginest thou that thou canst computate, by approximation, the number of Christians now existing in the world?

Tsing-Ti. I believe the number of Christians in the world is about the same as the number of Parsees. These two religions are the purest in existence. That of the Parsees was always good, always rigorously observed; and those who followed it were always temperate, hospitable, and veracious. It does not appear that the followers of the Christian were remarkable for these qualities, first or last; yet certainly they were much better than those who have succeeded to their houses and dresses, and who (in England at least) seize for their own use what the Christian priests gave partly to the infirm, partly to the poor, partly to the traveller, and partly to the stranger. Before I had heard of the revolution in religion, my heart bounded at the pleasure I expected to communicate, in taking a frugal repast with a minister of Christ. I desired the captain, who was much my friend, to conduct me, not mentioning to him the purport of my visit, and happy to hear that he must return when

he had knocked at the door for me, I being unwilling to trouble the religious man with a second guest, who was neither poor nor a stranger in the land. A female of pleasurable aspect opened the door, and complimented me on my facility in the language, and examined my dress not less attentively with her hands than her eyes. Her master heard her, and cried "What the devil does that fellow want?" looking at me all the while.

"I am come," said I, "to break bread with thee, O minister of Christ!"

"*Thee!*" cried he, with anger and disdain: for in England and France every man must be addressed as four or five; in other parts of Europe, as a young lady. He took me violently by the collar and threw me out of the house; and a few minutes afterward a more civil person came up to me, desiring me to follow him, and to answer for myself before a justice of the peace. My heart again bounded: what delightful words, *justice! peace!* I told him I had no complaint to make. "Come along," said he; and I rejoiced at his earnestness. I was brought before a member of parliament, whose father (I heard) was as famous for flogging boys, as the member is for torturing men. He heard me without deigning to answer; and said to my conductor,

"Take the fellow to the treadmill."

I do not regret my inability to give an account of this place, since it appears to be a place of punishment. At the door I met my captain, who was introducing another inmate for theft. He asked me what I was doing there. I replied that I believed I was about to have the honour of dining there with a member of the church, and a member of the parliament; the dignity of the latter having been imparted to me on the road. After some explanation from me in the presence of the miller, he prevailed on that worthy tradesman to allow me a chair in his parlour, and, in about an hour, returned with an elderly man, also a member of parliament, who heard me in my defence, and laughed heartily. In fine, I was constrained to order my dinner in another place, having first thanked the captain, and expressed a wish that we might meet again.

"Not here, I hope, Mr. Tsing-Ti!" said my friend: "I like dancing upon my own deck better than upon yon fellow's." He shook my hand, and went away: I never saw him after.

Emperor. I wonder the King of England does not introduce a few specimens of better precepts and better religions. If he has never heard of ours, and those of Thibet, there are some very excellent in his own dominions of India.

Tsing-Ti. The people about his late majesty frightened him; telling him that, if he pulled down an altar at the extremity of his kingdom, his throne would fall at the same moment, and that he would fracture a thigh at the least. This was whispered to me; so was what shall follow. Being corpulent, as becomes his station, he greatly dreaded a broken thigh, and paid several carpenters, whom he maintained in an old chapel, to knock nails every year into the altars throughout the country, and to lay their rules stoutly, and occasionally their hammers, on the backs of those people who would over-curiously try whether the said altars are upright, and what timber they are made of. The carpenters are at once the greatest chatterers and the greatest rogues in the whole community, and enjoy the privilege of exemption from the payment of their debts.

Emperor. From what province are they?

Tsing-Ti. From all: every city sends to the old chapel, for the king's service, those whom the citizens are afraid to trust for mutton and beef, or to leave too near their wives and daughters, making each one promise he will furnish them with nails and chips, and little reflecting that for every nail they must give an iron-mine, and for every chip a forest. At last the king's majesty chose a proper fellow to superintend his business. A clamorous old ringleader, who worked upstairs, was desired to walk down. He begged, with tears in his eyes, permission to stay half an hour longer, and spent it in picking up pins on the floor. Unbending his back from this laborious function, he groaned heavily, went home, and prevailed on his wife, after a long entreaty, to promise him two sheep-tails to sit upon, as he had been used to a cushion of wool. His wife bought only one sheep-tail, apprising him that, cutting it cleverly through the middle, it would serve the purpose of two. He threw up his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for inspiring her to save the family from ruin, when his thoughts were distracted by his tribulations. Carpenters, who formerly were criers in the courts, were clamorous in their assembly. An old soldier walked among them with the look of an eagle: he made no reply, but (it is reported) he opened a drawer, and showed them a Peruvian glue, admirable for sticking lips together: the very sight of it draws them close. He has promised to all those who work under him a continuance of their wages, but threatens the refractory with dismissal.

Emperor. I fancied the English were intractable and courageous.

Tsing-Ti. To others. Dogs know that dogs have sharp teeth, and that calves have flat ones. The man who has the purse in his own fist, has the sword in his servant's.

Emperor. Proverbs, O Tsing-Ti! prove one man wise, but rarely make another so. Experience, adversity, and affliction, impress divine lessons deeply.

Tsing-Ti. Then the English are the most learned people upon earth. Those they have conquered leave the table of the conquerors without bread and salt upon it; those they have protected strip off them the last shirt; and, while they sit and scratch their shoulders, they agree to praise in letters of gold, and on monuments of marble, the wisdom of such as misguided, and the integrity of such as ruined them.

SIXTH AUDIENCE.

Emperor. I am curious of any fresh and certain information, about a country which appears to be separated from others more widely in character than in locality. May we not surmise, that a fragment of a star hath dropped, with two or three of its inhabitants, on this part of our globe?

Tsing-Ti. Highly probable. Even yet there appears a strange disinclination in the English to associate with those of other regions. Their neighbours meet a foreigner with a smile and a salutation: the English withdraw from him staring and frowning, as if the fright of the fall were recent, and the intent of the stranger worse than uncertain. The rest of the Europeans give indications of good will or good manners, by an embrace, or an interchange of the hand, or by insertion of their noses into that portion of the hair which grows between the ear and the chin, and which, being to them what the interior of the tail is to dogs, they nourish for that purpose. You must bruise an Englishman's face into the figure and dimensions of a football, ere he can discern to his satisfaction that he ought to recognise you as a friend. To this obliquity and perversity I must attribute it, that every ordinance of Jesus Christ hath been cast aside by him, having first ascertained the fact, that every one hath been thus rejected, on the authority of a public preacher. He sat in a sort of tub or barrel, over which was suspended by a chain (not without some support from the hinder part of the barrel) the cover of a wine-press, at the height of about two feet above his head. He smiled at his auditors; called them his brothers, though there were before him more of the female sex than of the male; and assured them that, according to the *Book of Glad Tidings*, the greater part of them must inevitably go to the devil, and gnash their teeth eternally. Upon which, he and his audience began to sing and ogle; and I saw among them several sets of teeth which I thought too pretty for their destination; and several mouths, on the contrary, which never could pay the penalty denounced. A young person sat beside me beating time, but beating it where it was impossible she should hear it, and seeming to provoke an accompaniment. A sallow man under the preacher, a man with watery eyes, not unlike a duck's in form and colour, and with nostrils opening and shutting, and with a mouth semicircular in front, and drawn upward at the corners, caught me by the elbow as I left the temple, and told me the labourer was worthy of his hire. I did not comprehend his meaning, and perhaps might have stared at him for an explanation, when an agriculturist came up between us, to whom I bowed, and said, "He means you." The agriculturist made me no answer, but said to the other, "He looks like a Dutch sailor in his holiday suit." And turning to me, "Master, I say, tip him five shillings: he comes but once a quarter, and damns the parish, he and his parson, at a reasonable rate." Then winking, "If you sleep at the Green Dragon, he will see that your bed is warmed to your wish, and sing you a stave at the opening of the service." In fact, such was the good man's gratitude, he brought me his daughter at dusk; which is often done in London, although not so often, we may suppose, as in the time of the Christians. I wish the young woman had profited by the father's example, and had rather asked for money than run off with it.

The love of the generous man expands and displays itself in the sunshine of his liberality; the love of the wise man reposes in the shade of his discretion. Neither of these was left to my choice; and, O Emperor! friend of my youth! I lost at once my money, my watch, and my silk trousers.

Emperor. I can hail and rain and overflood with money; watches I have many as stars are in the firmament; and with silk I can array the earth, and cover the billows of the ocean. Money take thou from my coffers with both hands. Take forty-four robes from my closet, called the closet of ambergris, all worn by the members of my imperial house, some by the bravest and most ancient of our ancestors, and many flowered with verses and proverbs. Take likewise what watches thou needest and approvest, from the wall of any edifice in my gardens, in most of which there are hundreds to relieve the tiresomeness we suffer from the rude obstreperance of the birds in spring.

Tsing-Ti. O Emperor! friend of my youth! one watch suffices, and be it any one plain and good. In the vestments I would make a selection; not taking what the bravest or most ancient of our Emperors have sanctified, nor much regarding the literature impressed on them, which I am afraid the moths may have divided into somewhat too minute paragraphs, and dramatised with unnecessary interjections.

Emperor. Thou shalt then have forty-four newer: twenty-two of them flowered with gold, sixteen hung with pearls, and six interwoven with my father's verses.

Tsing-Ti. These six will never wear out: the others too will preserve through many ages the odour of my gratitude, and the richer fragrance of my prince's love.

Emperor. It is much to be regretted that the better religion of the English was little durable.

Tsing-Ti. Religions, like teas, suffer by passing the salt water.

Emperor. Kong-Fu-Tsi wrote not this.

Tsing-Ti. He wrote it not.

Emperor. Write it thou on the blank leaf at the termination of his sayings, in that copy which my ancestor, Chow-Hi, of blessed memory, bought at the expense of a rice-ground in Wong-Wa, and of the tea-cup called Chang-Chang, transparent and thin as a white rose-leaf, though a soldier's span in diameter, and little short of a lawyer's; and so smooth, that (it is written in our chronicles) flies have broken their legs in attempting to climb it.

Tsing-Ti. They must have been young ones, or very decrepit.

Emperor. The chronicles of my ancestors do not commemorate that particular, nor offer a conjecture at their ages.

Tsing-Ti. History is much improved of late, and chiefly by the sedulity of the English. In England we should have known all about it, to a day, and some duels would have been fought, and many calumnies and curses dealt reciprocally in the outset. For although their denominations in hostility are much longer and much more ponderous than ours, they cast them with great dexterity and velocity. The English historians are double-handed.

Emperor. So are ours.

Tsing-Ti. But theirs keep one hand for history, the other for controversy; the one being blackened with ink, the other with gunpowder. Their favourite words anciently were *saint* and *hero*; the present in fashion are *rogue* and *rebel*. One of their kings ordered the bones of his father's enemies to be disinterred, long after their burial. This monarch seems to unite more suffrages from the modern historians than any other, and their works relating to his reign are enriched with more sermons, and pleadings, and opinions of counsel, and depositions of witnesses.

Emperor. Such histories, with their depositions, must be as unsavoury as the oldest street in Canton; and, with their sermons and pleadings and opinions, must be equally long and crooked.

Tsing-Ti. The English, like the ants, follow one another in a regular line, through wet and dry, their leaders choosing in preference those places which have a pungent odour.

Emperor. Nay, nay, Tsing-Ti! thou dislikest them for disappointing thee in thy favourite religion.

Tsing-Ti. Certainly I do not like them the better for it: but I love my country and my emperor the more when I return and see the toleration of every sect and creed. What a strange institution is prevalent in Europe! Christianity is known and confessed to be so excellent and divine a thing, that no man is permitted at once to be a Christian and to call himself so. He may take which division he likes: he may practise the ordinances of Christ without assuming the name, or he may assume the name on condition that he abstain from the ordinances. However, it is whispered that several whole families are privileged, and neither deny that they are Christians, nor abstain with any rigour from the duties enjoined. I was but a year in the country: I say only what I have heard. Often that which is beautiful at a distance, loses its effect as we approach it. The cloud whereon the departing sun pours his treasures, which he invests with purple and gold, and appears to leave as a representative not unworthy of himself, fills us with gladness, pure and chastened, from the horizon; but is the mountain it hath rested on less dreary and less sterile the day after? I was a Christian when I quitted my native land: I return to my native land, and am a Christian. My tears fell abundantly, genially, sweetly, on first reading the sermon of the blessed Teacher to his disciples. How I wished to press my brow upon the herbs below him, in the midst of that faithful and fraternal multitude! How I wished to humble it, even unto the insects, and so quiet my heart for ever by its just abasement!

When I had resided a short time in England, I began to suspect that some few sentences were interpolated by Act of Parliament; such as,

"If any man will sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

And again, speaking of prisons,

"Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

I saw several poor soldiers in the streets, who had been in Egypt about the time (I suspect) when Christianity was breathing her last. They were holy men, but somewhat more addicted to the ancient part of the Bible than to the newer, calling often upon God to confound and damn this person and that. However they had observed with punctuality the hardest of the more recent commandments; which is,

"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee."

The precept is plain; the reasons, I imagine, are parliamentary. However, there were many who thought them quite sufficient, and who not only cut off the hand but the arm likewise. Wonderful in how short a time so complete a change was effected!

I myself did not aim precipitately at this perfection, but, in order to be well received in the country, I greatly wished the favour of a blow on the right cheek. Unfortunately I got several on the left before I succeeded. At last I was so happy as to make the acquisition of a most hearty cuff under the socket of the right eye, giving me all those vague colours which we Chinese reduce into regular features, or into strange postures of the body, by means of glasses. As soon as I knew positively whether my head was remaining on my neck or not, I turned my left cheek for the testimony of my faith. The assailant cursed me and kicked me; the by-standers, instead of calling me Christian, called me Turk and Malay; and, instead of humble and modest, the most impudent dog and devil they had ever set eyes upon. I fell on my knees, and praised God, since at last I had been admitted into so pure and pious a country, that even this action was deemed arrogant and immodest. Seeing a Jew on my return (as I soon found he was) who had several things to sell, I asked of him whether he had any medicine good for the contusion of my cheek-bone.

"Come along with me," said he.

We entered an alley; he unlocked a door in the narrowest part of it, and conducted me to the summit of the house. His wife and children ran out to meet him; and a little girl had caught him by the hand before any of the party saw that a stranger was behind; for the stairs were narrow and dark. The exuberance of pleasure was repressed. The little girl did not loose her father's hand, nor did the mother draw her back, although she held her by the arm. The little girl looked steadfastly at me, and then loosed her father's hand, and turned her back toward me, and placed her finger, I conjecture, to her eye. But the mother was excusing her dress, and her ignorance how to receive such a personage, when the child, impatient that her signs were ineffectual, cried, "O mother! can not you see how he is bruised?"

The words had scarcely escaped her lips, before the father brought a white liquid in a teacup, and said calmly, "Rachel! put down your hands from above your head, and neither grieve nor wonder, but help." I imagine I had been detained on the outside of the door, until several things were removed from the crowded and small apartment, in which the air had by no means all the benefit it might have had from its elevation. When I entered it and came fully into the light, every face, excepting the husband's, expressed the most tender pity. Rachel had scarcely touched me with the cooling remedy, ere she said she was sure she hurt me. The little girl said to me, "let me do it," and "It does not hurt at all. See! I have put some on the same place in my own cheek," and then whispered in the mother's ear, "can not you encourage him better? does he cry?"

Then escaped me those words, O my Emperor and friend! those which never before fell from me, and which I do believe are original, "Yes, a wise man may marry."

The husband did not confine his inquiries to the cause of what he called the quarrel; and on my saying that I never could have expected so little of commiseration, so little of assistance, from Christians, "Why not," cried he abruptly. "Are Turks more cruel?" "I can not speak of the Turks," said I, "but I could wish that so pure and so pious a sect as the Christians were humaner."

I then began to ask questions in my turn; certainly not, whether he was among the professing or the acting; but how long ago it was forbidden that the same person should be both? He began to feel my head, unceremoniously, in places where there were no bruises, and thought it would be better for me to lose a little blood, as an ugly blow might be unlucky to the brain. The wife made signs to him, but could not stop him; and her anxiety that he should desist, only urged him to explain and defend himself. The little girl slipped away!

"We children of Abraham," said he, "have our law and keep it; while every year some new fungus, whiter or blacker, more innocent or more poisonous, springs from the scatterings of the old dunghill, forked up and littered and trimmed within the walls of Rome. Persecution has not shaken us nor our fathers: we hold fast by their robes, and are burnt or stoned together."

The wife lifted up her hands, and said nothing: but a boy, about five years old, seeing her hands lifted up, knelt under them and asked her blessing: she gave it, shedding tears over him. The husband too himself was moved; for nothing rouses the soul like another's patient suffering. He likewise was moved; but less with tenderness than indignation.

"They have burned, yes," cried he, "they have burned even such as thou art, O my Abel!"

Here he entered into historical facts, so horrible and atrocious, that the princes of Europe thought it expedient to unite, and to exert their utmost authority, in order that two of the perpetrators might be kept on their thrones, against the reclamation of their subjects; these two having repeatedly committed perjury, and repeatedly attempted parricide.

Emperor. And the other kings aided and assisted them!

Tsing-Ti. All, all: never were they unanimous before. These kings, it is reported, are of different sects; yet they most formally agreed, and most solemnly protested, that parricide and perjury are legitimate in princes. In England there are some who doubt it, but they are deemed shallow and insufficient; and though indeed they think more rigidly than the rest, they are called *free-thinkers.*

Emperor. High compliment!

Tsing-Ti. Far otherwise in the opinion of the people; the word *liberal* is the only word more odious.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! art thou quite sure that this contusion may not have jolted and confounded and estranged thy memory? for, although men change their religion, or lose their principles, a reminiscence of right and wrong must remain. That any should voluntarily lay impediments on the operation of their minds, is really incredible; that they should hate you for smoothening the way before them, and for leaving it open, can only be attributed to the worst depravity, or to insanity the most irremediable.

Tsing-Ti. Things less enormous may be more easily forgotten. The blow on my cheek-bone rather improved than impaired my memory: at least supplying it with another fact for its storehouse.

Emperor. I would more willingly hear again of the Jew than of the princes: he seems much honester and much wiser. The distance in rank between us is the same, therefore the same would be my sympathy with them as with him, if they deserved it. I can, however, show no countenance to such execrable wretches as those who not only held alliance with perjurers and parricides, but who abstained from bringing them to punishment. Indifferent and heedless am I what religion they profess or hold. Some is requisite; since imbecile men (and such are

those princes) can only learn morality under the rod of fear.

Tsing-Ti. The English treat theirs as the Malays we see in China treat their serpents, first drawing their teeth, then teaching them to dance to one certain tune. But these serpents, whenever they get loose, make off toward other serpents and join them, forgetting the wrist and tabor, and preferring any holes and brambles to the level well-brushed ground upon which they received their education.

When I pressed the Jew to join me and become a Christian, he declared he had no aversion to the precepts of Christ, who had given a strong testimony for his nation.

"I am sorry that, by the laws of the land," said he, "so humane and devoted a creature was condemned to death. But the laws of our land, in this instance, were not more rigorous than the laws of others. The public men endured him longer than the public men of any other country in the world would endure one who excited so pertinaciously the populace against them. Scribes, publicans, pharisees, are for ever in his mouth, mixed with much bitterness. What government could go on regularly and securely in the midst of mobs and invectives? Yet he received for many years far less molestation than he gave. These scribes, these publicans, these pharisees, were the richest, the most powerful, and the most enlightened men in the country. Call the judges, and the bishops, and the secretaries of state in England, by such names; point them out for hatred, for abhorrence, for indignation, in the same manner; and your personal liberty, instead of remaining three or four years, would not be left you, my friend, so many mornings."

This is true; and I attempted to evade it: for, though many men like truth, there is always something they like better. Victory is so sweet a thing, we not only shed words but blood for it; just as the wild men did in the first ages on record.

"Where!" cried I, with an air of triumph (for an escape is often one), "where does Jesus Christ bear testimony in your favour? he often bears it against you."

He replied calmly, "In these plain words: 'Think not I am come to destroy the Law or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill: for verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.'"

He confounded me: I thanked him and his wife for their courtesy, and, not knowing what to do with my fingers, wrapped up in a piece of coarse paper a ring, taken from my little one, and requested the good Rachel to give the contents to her daughter, when she happened to have a cough. I escaped the formulary of acceptance or refusal which she might have employed had she discovered them.

Every day showed me the vestiges of a religion in ruins. The Teacher and his disciples and apostles taught not only the justice but the necessity of enjoying all things in common: and those who disobeyed, were declared guilty of the crime against the Holy Ghost.

Emperor. In the name of wonder, what crime can that be?

Tsing-Ti. One indeed not very clear in its nature, but manifest enough in its effects. Those who sinned against it were instantly stricken dead, particularly in that said article concerning the community of goods. No other crime whatever was punished so summarily, or with such severity, as the holding back a particle of property. And yet perhaps the warier might reasonably have had some scruples and perplexities about it, seeing that one Judas Iscariot, a special knave, who betrayed the Teacher to crucifixion, had been the treasurer.*

Women were forbidden to attend the churches in fine clothes. The women of England, at the present day, turn up their noses at anyone who does not put on her best upon the Sunday; and the principal part of the service seems to be a most rigid examination how far this necessary compliment is paid to the anti-christian priest.

The Teacher orders men to pray little, and in private.† One who had persecuted him, and afterward came over to his party, one Saul or Paul, could not in his conscience let him have his own way in everything, and told people to pray publicly. The day of my arrival in London, I wished to accommodate myself to the habits of the nation, and having read in my Bible, "If any be merry, let him sing Psalms," and thinking that a peculiarity of pronunciation is disguised more easily in singing than in talking, I began to sing Psalms through the streets. The populace pelted me; the women cried, "scandalous!" the boys, "let us have some fun!" and proof was made upon me with many eggs, even after I had declared I could perform no miracles with them, and had plainly proved I could neither catch one in my mouth, nor restore to life the chicken that had long ago died within it. An anti-christian priest of great austerity, with legs like a flamingo's, asked me whether I was not ashamed of my profaneness, in singing Psalms along the public walks? Another, who was called his chaplain, and rode with him in his coach, cried, "My lord, drive on! Coachman, drive on! Send the son of a . . . . to Bedlam." Extensive as are the commercial relations of the English, I was astonished that a chaplain, which means the priest that prays for another (none of consideration performing for himself so menial an office), should (never having visited China) have known so much of my mother, and should designate by so coarse an appellation the concubine of a prince. After a time, I acquired the intelligence, that no woman in England is exempt from it who forms an alliance, unsanctioned by marriage, with any except the king.

* 1 *John*, xii.

† *Matthew*, v. 6.

The lady in that case is styled the king's *favourite*, or, more properly, his *mistress*, having the appointment of his ambassadors and his bishops, the stocking of his fish-ponds, and the formation of his ministry. In fact, she alone has the care of his dignity and of his comforts and of his conscience, and may tickle his ribs and make him laugh, without being hanged for it.

Emperor. Prodigious privilege! in a country where two hundred other offences are subject to that punishment.

Tsing-Ti. The heads of the law bend before her, the gravest of them and the most religious, even those who would punish with death the adultery of a queen.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! that blow upon the cheek-bone! those rotten eggs! that flamingo perch! that odd dignity emblazoned on thy mother! surely they have wasped thee! The lowest in the land may be guilty of such baseness, the highest may be guilty of such cruelty; but even crimes have their classes and their lines betwixt: the worst man in the worst nation of the earth never could be guilty at once of crimes so different. What freezeth may burn, what barneth may freeze, but not at one moment. Thou hast indeed had some reason for displeasure; but how much greater wouldst thou feel, O Tsing-Ti! if thou camest from it on the thorns along the precipice of falsehood. No, my friend, thy words were always true; and what is there, or should there be incredible, of a nation where justice is more costly than violence, and religion more rapacious than theft! I would hear farther upon this, and what thou hast to say in defence of Saul or Paul, who gave an ordinance in contradiction to his master's. He must have put strong weapons into the hands of the anti-christians.

Tsing-Ti. I can not understand the anti-christians at all, and the Christians not much better. These last extolled him highly, but perhaps at the time when they thought of becoming anti-christians, as giving a sanction to disobedience and persecution. He had many strange by-ways of doing things. For instance now: Satan is god of blasphemy: he stands opposite to the Creator.

Emperor. Why does the Creator let the rogue stand opposite?

Tsing-Ti. I know not: he does however stand eternally in that position, and breathes fire and defiance at him, dividing the universe with him, taking the richer and more beautiful to his own share. Finding the wife of the unhappy man in whose house I lodged ill-humoured and sullen, though much addicted to her Bible, I repeated to her from it,

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection."

She stared at me; and when, to make her easy, I would have given her the kiss of peace, as commanded us, she cried, "You canting hound! I will give you a cuff in the muzzle!" It came almost too quick for a promise. Nor did it end here. The husband, who was present, said, "Master Orange-face, your pocket shall sweat for this," and took me to *Bow Street*, so called from the numbers of fashionable men resorting there, and *bowing* to the magistrate. A pickpocket was before him, who, while he raised one hand to heaven in protestation of his innocence, robbed me with the other of all the money I carried for my acquittal.

Emperor. How then didst thou escape? Thy situation was deplorable.

Tsing-Ti. I was in prison three days.

Emperor. My mandarin? by what law?

Tsing-Ti. I can not say by what law: I can only say it was for preaching the clearest text of Paul, and for practising the best ceremony of the church. A short time afterward, I sat at table one day with a young lady of exquisite beauty, and of equal modesty. Her mother had invited me to dinner for my love of the Bible. The gentleman who sat next to me on the right hand (his lady was on the left), observing me very diffident in my conversation with her, wished to give me a little more courage, by entering with me into the concerns of his family.

"Angelica," said he after a while, "has an independent and ample fortune; and yet I will dare to say before her that I married her for love. She will not flatter me by making the same confession." Angelica blushed and looked happy; and said her mother had wished her to marry again, and she had thought it her duty to comply. I found she was in her twentieth year, and had one daughter by her first husband, dead about eighteen months. This information was given me the following day by the mother, in whose face I looked earnestly as she spoke. "What!" cried I, "unhappy woman! did you acquiesce in it? did you sanction it? did you wish it?" "Why not?" said she. "And does your Angelica read the Bible? and dares she take a second husband in spite of Timothy and Paul? "having damnation because she hath cast off her first faith."* Knowing that the English are superior to other nations in a species of wit denominated *quizzing*, and that they consider it a particular act of politeness toward a stranger, I suspected they were beginning to initiate me in some of its ceremonies, and I resolved to make further inquiries of the mother; and the more, as both exclamation and text were intercepted by an elderly gentleman in an arm-chair, who shook the loose skin of his cheeks at me, and told me, some questions were to be asked, and some not. Therefore, when she and I were alone, I did not repeat the passage, but showed it in the book. She replied gravely and circuitously.

"Mister Tsing-Ti . . pardon me . . perhaps I ought to address you as Sir Tsing-Ti . . for I can never think a person of your appearance, moving in an elevated sphere . .

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* *Paul. Eph.* i. 16.

Emperor. What! like a parrot in a gold wire-cage from the ceiling? Well, go on.

Tsing-Ti. . . would be long without a recommendation to his majesty, that he might be graciously pleased to confer on you the dignity of knighthood or baronetcy.

Emperor. My eyes are as long and narrow as most men's, thanks be to God! yet I can not slip them into the crevices of thy discourse. Proceed.

Tsing-Ti. "For his majesty," continued she, "is growing old, poor man! and takes nothing in hand so often as the sword: and when he is tired of making knights, he makes a baronet or two, in order to laugh and get a good digestion, by discussing the merits and genealogies of the new-created."

Emperor. New *created!* Hast thou eaten opium? Tsing-Ti, continue.

Tsing-Ti. She apologised, and protested she did not mean to insinuate that anyone could make merry with mine, the worst Chinese families being older than the best English.

Emperor. I must smell thy breath, Tsing-Ti. I fear thou hast acquired bad habits: no: no; upon my faith! I am satisfied. Conclude the story.

Tsing-Ti. At last I brought the lady to the point; and finding her sincere in her belief, and extremely angry to prove it, I went through the whole passage, word for word. It puzzled her; she could only say, "The apostles very often differ apparently . . *apparently*, Sir Tsing! for nobody in his senses will presume to say they do really. Indeed the words sometimes are widely at variance: but so are the passages in the finest music; and without them the composer would lose all pretence to harmony."

I looked at the elderly gentleman, who had entered the room in the midst of our conversation: he took a pinch of snuff and offered me one. I frequently have observed in others, although I never could experience it in myself, that snuff, as compounded in Europe, hath wonderful properties. Sometimes it matures a reply, as straw does apples: again it turns an argument to a witticism, or a witticism to an argument: and I have known even a rap on the box-lid bring over and convince a whole party. The elderly gentleman, when he had offered me his snuff-box, and I had taken a pinch in a manner to give him a good opinion of me, drew his chair still closer, and, surveying both my face and my body, seemed to signify that he thought me not unfit for the reception of reason. Placing his hand with extreme gentleness on my wrist, he said in an under-tone, "Our religion is to us what your gum-elastic is to you. It is rounder or longer, thinner or thicker, darker or lighter, as you leave it or pull it: we rub out whatever we will with it, and, although some dirt is left upon it, we employ it again and again. There is much demand for it in the market. No wonder! Severe as the apostle was to the young widow, in prohibiting her to dry her tears on the pillow where another head had rested, he was liberal in letting men eat what they like, although he had agreed with the other companions of the Teacher that nobody should eat strangled animals or their blood. The diviner part of his character (for what is most different from ours may even in him be called the diviner) was toleration and forgiveness."

Emperor. Did the Christians at any time observe this law?

Tsing-Ti. Never; not even the apostles. Saint Paul prayed God to execute vengeance for him: and Saint Peter used the sword, which God commanded should be sheathed for ever, and used it with much intemperance and little provocation. We believe that the Holy Spirit was always present in their councils; and nothing is more difficult for us than to reconcile the precept of Paul with the decision of the rest, and the action of Peter with the command of his master.

Emperor. In other words, with the inspiration of what you Christians call the Holy Ghost. Indeed I do think you must strain hard to bring them close.

Tsing-Ti. It perplexes us.

Emperor. The more fools you. There are many things of which it is shameful to be ignorant; and more at which it is shameful to be perplexed. Did thy eating these meats ever hurt thy stomach?

Tsing-Ti. Never.

Emperor. Did thy eating them ever hurt thy neighbour's?

Tsing-Ti. Fountain of wisdom! how could it!

Emperor. Did thy eating them ever make thee wish to partake of human flesh?

Tsing-Ti. Horrible! Surely not.

Emperor. Draw then thy own conclusion. Produced it on any man one of these effects, him should my finger bid abstain.

Tsing-Ti. The old Christians slipped aside and feasted heartily on a noosed hare or black pudding.

Emperor. What! even the old ones?

Tsing-Ti. Alas! even they, for the most-part.

Emperor. Tell me no more about these disagreements, but rather how the oral doctrines of the Teacher himself were taken.

Tsing-Ti. There is one of them which I apprehend was never believed in, since a community of goods was abolished. "It is easier for a camel (or cable) to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." If this be true, and what is God's word must be, the softest bed that ever rich man died on, supposing him a true believer, was more excruciating to him than if he were corded up within a sack of vipers.

Emperor. Thou sayest well; but who believes, or ever believed it?

Tsing-Ti. All Christians.

Emperor. Do not wonder then that Christianity has existed so short a time; so much shorter than any religion upon record.

Tsing-Ti. O Emperor! my light and leader! there are acute and wary men in Europe who can penetrate through all our objections and explain all our difficulties. I heard it reported of an old lady, one of the last Christians left in England, that she ate some hemlock in mistake for celery, her eyes being too dull and her vinegar too sharp for the discovery. She told her children and grandchildren not to fear for her, since, among the signs of those who believe, it is written that "they shall take up serpents; and that if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." A quarter of an hour after this exhortation she died in excruciating agonies. The priest who attended her in her malady, caught her last breath and requested his bishop to remove his inquietude. The bishop answered,

"The matter is easy. She did not drink the deadly thing; she ate it."

"My Lord, suppose it had been a liquid . . God forbid I should doubt or question, but is it certain . . . so very certain, I would say?"

"Her faith might have staggered, during its operation, and then could not save her. The slightest doubt, the slightest fear, forfeits the reward."

"But, my Lord, we may take up serpents."

"You are no such fool; Saint Matthew says you may take them up; but where does he say they won't bite you? Brother Grimstone! the greatest of follies is, for old people to play young tricks; and the greatest of sins is, to tempt God. Exhort your parishioners, as they value their salvation, never to tempt him in this way."

I myself went to the learned expositor, and consulted him.

Emperor. So then thou wouldst cling to Christianity after the loss of thy watch and silk trousers.

Tsing-Ti. I would; knowing that my emperor loves a man with a religion as well as a man without, and hath no partiality for a mandarin because he eateth of the same dish, but would quite as willingly see him dip his fingers into another.

Emperor. Rightly said: kings and emperors should think so.

Tsing-Ti. The distiller, who gains his livelihood by his distillery, may be displeased if a basketful of yellow lilies be brought to him for a basketful of white, and may throw the lilies and the basket at the bearer, in much anger; but the possessor of a spacious garden, in which are clusters of lilies, both white and yellow, finds a pleasure in the smell of the one and in the colour of the other, and loves to see a portion of that variety which the Creator's hand implanted.

Emperor. Thou speakest well. Emperors should have wide eyes and broad nostrils, and should never turn the diversity of things to their displeasure; all being God's, and they his guests, invited to partake and to enjoy the entertainment, and not to derange and discompose it. Thou rememberest my father's verses:

"The narrow mind is the discontented one.
There is pleasure in wisdom, there is wisdom in pleasure.
If thou findest no honey in thy cake,
Put thy cake into honey with thine own right-hand,
Nor think it defiled thereby."

About what didst thou consult the expositor?

Tsing-Ti. Being a mandarin, and possessing no mean inheritance, the camel or cable, of which I spake, bore heavily upon me. The expositor is one of the richest men in the kingdom, and moves lightly under it.

Emperor. He must have laughed at thee.

Tsing-Ti. Not a muscle in his cheek was altered. He received me, and heard my question graciously; and he rang the bell with his own hand, and ordered his servant to show me the door, bowed to me, and even gave me a piece of silver called a shilling. Whether my pride was raised too high by so refined a piece of courtesy, as his insinuation that a man of exalted rank or philosophical character should be deemed incapable of finding the door himself, or whether it was to contend with him in liberality, when I kissed the shilling and deposited it in my bosom, I presented to him a broad piece of gold, elaborately worked with many figures, in a case of ivory, carved by an artificer of skill. He begged my pardon, and actually pushed away the present. I kissed his hand and wept upon it; the true Christian's! the humble man's! Declining my gold and ivory, he entreated me to be seated, and asked me how he could serve me, with more than Asiatic politeness. In vain I besought him again and again to accept the tribute of his slave, and to shower on me the dew of wisdom. He was inexorable as to the offering, but appeared to be very well pleased with my expressions. I had soon discovered that those which Christ used, and received, were now thought unfit for the lowest of his ministers, even for such as sweep the temples and ring the bells, and were not only obsolete, but offensive. The expositor said he could perceive I was a person of distinction, and must have moved in the highest circles.

Emperor. Again! what canst thou mean? Do the principal men educate their children with parrots and monkeys and squirrels and marmosets? Hast thou translated those words correctly?

Tsing-Ti. Quite correctly.

Emperor. The strangest expression I ever heard in my life-time! So then really those short coats, and buttoned vests, and cases of all kinds, were invented to give them in some measure the advantages of animals. I would rather see gold-fish in glass globes. Surely it is only when they are very young; only to teach them kindness toward these creatures, held by them in captivity. Well, the idea is not so irrational as it appeared at first.

Tsing-Ti. Whatever may formerly have been the custom of the country, the expression, I believe, is metaphorical at present. The bishop himself was said universally to move in the higher circles; yet I could see neither globe nor cage in his house, nor any hook in the ceiling. His lordship said he would attempt to solve my question

according to his poor abilities, if the best scholars were unanimous on the signification of the text. I answered that it seemed plain enough.

"By no means," replied he; "some translate the Hebrew word by *camel*, some by *cable*."

"Either will do," said I.

"God forbid," cried his lordship, "that we should be indifferent or lukewarm on the conditions of our eternal bliss! Whenever the passage is clear, we will discourse again upon it. Everything is not yet manifested: let us wait in patience."

As he sighed, and appeared to be much out of spirits, I thought it indecorous to press him farther, and took my leave. On the morrow I saw him going to court; but there were so many servants about him, and the dresses stood out so with golden lace and embroidery, he could not well see me: otherwise I would have requested to be present at the sacrifice he was about to offer; his dress being purple, to hide the blood, and his shirt-sleeves being tucked up in readiness. The cable or camel, whichever it was, made me uneasy; and I continued in agitation for several days. At last I saw another anti-christian, who loudly professed Christianity from a table in a field, and who familiarly asked questions, and winked and laughed and told stories, and advised his audience to laugh on that day, because after two or three more they would, with few exceptions, be burned to eternity. He then cried, "Answer me; answer me: or ask me, and I will be the answerer."

Although I thought his reason for laughing in some degree inconclusive, I was persuaded he had better in store on other points.

"Sir," said I, and there was instantaneously a universal silence, "Sir, permit an ignorant man to ask one question."

"Babe!" answered he blandly, "come and suck."

I then related to him my visit, my inquiry, and the reply.

"Tough chewing! hard digestion! camel or cable," cried he to the crowd. "So, in God's very teeth, he dares call a camel a cable! Look! my brethren, is here the cable or the camel?" opening the book. They all groaned. "I could have taught the wilful man better," said he, "but the Lord has taken the words of wisdom from above his tongue, and has put them under; and they are as uneasy to him as an ear of barley would be. There they are, and he makes a wry face over 'em, and can never get 'em out."

An elderly lady, fresh, fat, with flowers in her bonnet, and some few pimples in her face, seemed much affected, and cried, "What shall I do to be saved?"

"Sister," said the preacher, "let our brother Dick (I would say Richard) support your head upon his bosom, now that he has alighted from behind the carriage. Hide not, O sister, your head therein, as one unworthy; but turn your face hitherward, as one yearning for the truth. There is no cure so easy for any malady as for the disease of wealth. You may scratch it off with a nail, and it returns no more, although it leave a little soreness in the place. Now to the text. Camel is the word; and none but camel for me! Suppose there were a drove of 'em: do you believe that our Lord, if he pleases, can not make a drove of 'em . . a drove, I say, hunched and mounted and laden, pass, not in line, but in squadron, through the finest needle you ever bought at Whitechapel? And if he pleases, will he not do it? And, if he pleases, will not the rich man enter the kingdom of Heaven? Sister Kattern! be of good faith! The words are, *rich man*; not *rich woman*. And even rich men may lay aside what is onerous and dangerous in riches, entrusting them to the servants of the Lord, who watch and pray." "O rogue and vagabond!" I was ready to exclaim, "though indeed thou art not red-legged, thy claw and thy craw are the same as the flamingo's."

Among my acquaintance was a barrister, who belonged to neither of the sects, and evaded my inquiries, by saying they did not belong to his profession. Wishing to pay him a compliment, I studied the law with assiduity, and felt great satisfaction when I had seventy-four questions for him, on difficult points in the English jurisprudence. I had often called on him, and he was out, which I ceased to regret, on finding the catalogue of my interrogatories swell out so copiously. At last I caught him on the staircase, and gave him my pocket-book. "A flaw in the second word!" cried he, "*English jurisprudence!*" He took out the remaining inch of pencil and wrote *statutes*. "Of these we have plenty," said he, "of that nothing. Honest Tsing! your studies have lain elsewhere since your arrival; otherwise this neat pocket-book of yours, instead of the seventy-four questions, which fill only four pages, would have others drawn out over *charades* and *sonnets* and *dresses for the season;* and this delicate green binding would look as if it were covered with ants, by holding its share of your little black letters; and even this fine steel clasp would be displaced to make room." "Can you speak thus lightly," said I, "on such imperfections in your profession?" "Dear Tsing," said he, smiling, "you have sometimes enriched me with a proverb: I have but one of my own, and will give it you freely. 'On the imperfection of law is built the perfection of lawyers.' I could not eat, drink, nor sleep, without 'em: they are my fish, flesh, and fowl; they are my bread, wine, and fuel; they are my theatre, friends, and concubines. Leap into my carriage with me; I am going to Maidstone; I will open to you some new commentaries on our religion" . .

"Will you indeed?" cried I . .

"Indeed will I," said he; "and what is more, I will introduce you at a ball."

I had never seen an English dance; the amusement is forbidden by law to the poorer and middling classes, and I arrived in London when the richer and gayer were departing. It was now

Midsummer. Great was my surprise, as we approached the town of Maidstone, at seeing a procession, accompanied by spearmen and announced by trumpets. After it there came in a carriage, drawn by four horses, an old man with a pinkish face, not unlike veal fly-blown and putrescent. He wore over each shoulder the tail either of an Angola goat or Cashmere sheep, of which the upper extremity was fastened on his head. Whether a part had been consumed by time, or rubbed away by the carriage, I know not; but it was neatly mended by a piece of black silk, about the size of that which is applied to a part less visible, when it suffers by riding. The rest of the person was covered with a scarlet robe. I asked my companion who it could be? "The judge," he answered.

"Judge of what? How can he be a judge of anything, who wears a thick scarlet vesture in the middle of July, and perhaps all his other cases under it? Nay, he has fur upon it, two palms thick!"

"Friend Tsing!" replied he, "neither our laws nor the dresses of those who decide on them are changed according to the times and seasons. What was, is; and it must be, because it was."

I attended the court of justice three consecutive days, and could not but admire the patience and ingenuity of the rulers, to rid the country from all remains of Christianity. Not an edict or sentence but ran counter to it. Some were punished for disobeying the Bible; others for obeying.

Emperor. Great impartiality!

Tsing-Ti. The very men who were to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of others, began to fit themselves for it by breaking the law of Christ. He says, "*Swear not at all.*" They all swore; twelve of them: every witness swore. Several offenders were brought forward in their chains, for striking and stealing.

Emperor. Properly enough; and punished, no doubt.

Tsing-Ti. Certainly; but with somewhat less severity than others for capturing wild animals, birds, and fishes.

Emperor. They were idle fellows.

Tsing-Ti. Some had caught so many that they could not be called idle: it was their trade. I suspect they were treated with the greater severity for following the law of Christ.

Emperor. Law! what! these rogues!

Tsing-Ti. Christ ordered men never to reap, never to sow, because the fowls did neither.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! I love thee from my soul; but beware; let no man utter this in China.

Tsing-Ti. He ordered men to take no thought of what they put on; and indeed not to clothe at all; assuring them that God would clothe them, as he clothed the grass of the field; and would much rather clothe them than the grass.* Interpretation of what is commanded is less censurable in its strictness than in its laxity. Those who obeyed God's word undoubtingly; those who obeyed it to the letter; those who obeyed it both because it was his, and because he had condescended to give his reasons for their obedience, in the birds namely and the grass; were strangely persecuted. I saw a man tortured for taking as little care as the grass did about his raiment; and I am assured, if he had gone into a corn-field, and had satisfied his necessities as the birds satisfy theirs, his religion would have led him into greater difficulties. On the whole there were about fifty criminals. Most were condemned, like this believer, to the torture, by means of wire twisted about hempen ropes, and employed as scourges: ten were hanged. The bells rang merrily; and the ladies danced all night. I thought they had looked prettier in the morning.

There was another court open, wherein few causes were decided. My friend assured me, that several being civil, would last for years.

"How!" exclaimed I, "and thirty men tortured, and ten hanged, at one sitting!"

Emperor. I hope the King of England hangs gratis.

Tsing-Ti. To my shame be it spoken, I did not ask. The English are far from explicit in their elucidation. I inquired how it happened that, having wholly rejected Christianity, and being ashamed of following the plainest and easiest ordinances of Christ, they are almost unanimous in calling themselves Christians? Most of those present were angry at the question: some asked me what I meant; others swore they would make me explain, forgetting that I came for explanation. The gentler and more moderate said I quite mistook the spirit of Christianity; that it altered its form and features as was required by the time or the people; that it was no less easy in its operation than salutary in its effect.

"I am quite convinced it is," cried I; "and it being so easy to abstain from war, from strife, and from evil-speaking, it is grievous that these unequivocal commands of the Teacher are disobeyed by the most conscientious of his followers."

The man is a Methodist; the man is mad; the man is more knave than fool; the man is a jesuit; the man is a radical: were the opinions formed upon me.

Emperor. Of these expressions there are some requiring elucidation: we will have it another time. For the present let me assure thee, O friend of my youth! that, among the reasons of my affection for thee, is this. Whereas many who change their religion, are proud of displaying the fresh plumage, and zealous to bring others after them, and noisy and quarrelsome against those who stay behind; thou didst long conceal thy discovery of antiquated impostures, long worship in secrecy thy purer God, long permit thy parents (best of all in thee!) to imagine thy faith unalterably like theirs, and lookedst not upon their idols with abhorrence or with disdain.

Tsing-Ti. My emperor! my friend! my father! I would not make uneasy the last years of any-

* *Matthew*, vi. 30.

one who loved me; no, not even to be thought by future ages the most acute, the most eloquent, the most philosophical of mankind.

SEVENTH AUDIENCE.

The last was a most graciously long audience.

Every day the Emperor my master was pleased to demand my attendance. But the discourses he now condescended to hold with me were usually on subjects not at all connected with my travels. Suddenly one morning he stopped me in the *walk of cassowaries;* and holding my arm, said condescendingly,

"I forgot, O Tsing-Ti! to question thee about thy ten days' visit to Frenchland. It can not much interest me, seeing that he who was called the cleverest among them, was caught in a fray by the most ignorant and stupid of the Tartar tribes, and that he never had acquired the knowledge how a man may eventually die by frost or famine. As for religion, it produced such evil fruits in Frenchland, it was wisely done to root it up, provided they had levelled the ground about it, and made it fit for something better."

Perceiving that his majesty had paused, and waited for an answer, my first words were these:

Tsing-Ti. Imperfect as is my acquaintance with the language of that country, and short my residence in it, I fear to offer any opinion on what I heard or saw. Although I carried with me the advantage of introductory letters, both from my friend the poet, whose manuscript I purchased, and from my friend the lawyer, and did derive all the benefit I expected from them, my observations are unsatisfactory to myself: what must they be then to the clearer and more searching sight of your majesty!

Emperor. More tolerable: we never let things puzzle us at all, nor interest us much. So go on, Tsing-Ti, from thy embarkment.

Tsing-Ti. Of my two servants one was an Englishman, the other a native of Malta, a small island in a great lake, conquered by the English from the French. He entered at that time the maritime service of England, and served aboard the ship which landed me there. He understood three languages, the French, the English, and the Italian: he could also write legibly. He was a pagan, but not strict nor superstitious. This I discovered soon after he entered my house; for while he was on shipboard I knew not of what religion he was, or whether he was of any. The hour I entered my apartments I had occasion to call for something, and I found him with an idol in his hand, and saying a prayer. He tossed the idol down, and cried out in the midst of the prayer, "*Eccomi, eccellenza!*" Understanding not a syllable, I thought he was angry, and had reason for it; so I said,

"Van! (such being his name among the sailors, although at home *Gio-Van-Ni-Pa-Ti-Sta**) Van, I am much to be blamed for interrupting you in your devotions."

"*Cospetto! Cappari!*" cried he.

I drew out my purse, thinking his animation was anger, and that no concession of mine could appease him, or induce him to remain a day longer in my service. I was soon undeceived.

"Eccellenza!" said he, "I can neither pray nor swear in any but the older languages: do excuse me!"

"Proceed," said I, "not in swearing, but in praying."

"As your excellency commands," replied he, "at the same time I can receive and execute your lordship's wishes." He recommenced his prayers, and in the midst of a sentence (as it appeared by his abruptness), "but your excellency has forgotten the orders." "No, Van!" said I, "when your oration is completed." He went on with a few syllables more, looking at me all the while. "Command me, Eccellenza Singa! we are losing our time. The devil is in me if I can not say my prayers and hear my master too." He then went on with a little more, and stopped suddenly. I turned and left the room, but heard, as I was passing through the door, the words, "Ah poor heretic! he knows nothing of religion!"

Van was however the most ingenious and the most accomplished man aboard, private or officer. Beside his knowledge of three languages, he played on two instruments of music, and he could pray fluently in a language which not even the captain understood, nor Van either, nor perhaps his idols. My friend the lawyer had taken a great fancy to him, and declared to me he was the quickest fellow he had ever met with. His clerk likewise, who happened to be fond of music, offered to teach him short-hand, if Van in return would bestow on him a few lessons. Van was indefatigable, and told me that, when he lost the honour of serving me, he would become a professor of short-hand, and make "a *deafening, stupifying, overwhelming* fortune." "Those English," said he, "who have no talents, get on very well, but those who have any, know not what to do with them. They sit in a corner and mope, while the others eat the sausage."

Your majesty is too gracious in listening to such recitals, but really all I can relate is owing to my servant. He wrote down in short-hand whatever passed in Frenchland, and on board the vessel which conveyed us thither. And perhaps in this passage there occurred as much to interest a hearer, as during our residence the whole ten days on the continent. The two factions in England retain their ancient appellations, having interchanged principles. A Whig and a Tory, as they are called, were on board; probably there were many; but these two held an argument, of which I have the honour of laying a copy at the feet of your majesty.

Emperor. No, no, you have laid enough and a superfluity before my feet already, and I doubt whether I shall ever get through it: for things

* Giovanni Battista.

that are laid before royal feet seldom mount much higher. Take it up again and read away, Tsing-Ti. What I may catch of it, is all clear gain, and I can afford to lose the rest without repining.

Tsing-Ti (*reads.*) "*Whig.* Shall a king of England be as intolerant as a monk of Sassoferrato! Shall he withhold from Englishmen and Irishmen what he has bestowed on Bremeners and Hanoverians? We fear danger, it seems, to our laws, from the event of a Catholic majority in our parliament. The Catholics will never constitute a tenth of it, reckoning both houses. Nothing but coercion keeps them together. Brave and honest and wise men are Catholics, because they are persecuted for it, and because it would be cowardice and baseness (and therefore folly) to recede before aggression. Where there are sounder creeds and more liberal institutions, Catholicism may long be a party cry, but can not long be a religion. It will retain as little of its old signification as Whig or Tory. Gentlemen will disdain an authority which rests upon equivocation and prevarication, which is convicted of frauds and fallacies, and which insists that falsehood is requisite to ensure the concord and tranquillity of nations. The fever is kept up by shutting the door. Open it, and the sufferer will walk out with you, enjoy the same prospects, and engage in the same interests and pursuits. While the Catholics are in a state of pupilage, the priests will continue to lead them: no longer. Perform the act of justice they demand, and what difference in any great political question can divide the Catholic from the Protestant? Can the Pope persuade the Irish to hazard their houses when we have made them comfortable? Hold nothing back from any man that is his; and least of all urge as a reason for it, that you hold it back now because you have been holding it back many years. Be strictly just and impartial, and the priest may poison his affections and paralyse his intellect, but will never shake off his allegiance to legitimate authority. Construct the Catholic church in Ireland as you find it constructed in France and Germany; and then, if the Pope fraudulently enters it, and stands at the door and threatens, seize him wherever he may run, and punish him severely for his impudence. No power in these days would interfere in his behalf; for however some may resist the *oppressing*, none can stand up against the *avenging* arm of Britain. We have given proofs of it, age after age, and I trust we need not whisper in the gallery of the Vatican what we proclaimed so lately from the summit of Montmartre.

"*Tory.* The Whigs have inherently so little of liberality, that another party has carried off the title. Englishmen have been deprived of the elective franchise; and by whom? by Whigs. Voters may give directions, may give orders, to representatives; but representatives can neither give orders nor directions to voters. How much less then are we to suppose that they shall, in law or reason, sign a mandate for the extinction of as many as they please, in order to become, not the representatives and executors, but the arbiters and rulers of the rest! Representation can not be changed or modified in this manner while a constitution is standing. When a constitution is thrown down, and another is about to be erected, the people may then draw narrower boundaries for the exercise of its power, in the hope (rational or irrational) of being more peaceable and secure.

"*Whig.* But we drew wider.

"*Tory.* You excluded some, and made a distinction in franchises. It is a solemn and a sacred thing to draw a new line for the *pomœria* of a state. When septennial Parliaments were decreed by you Whigs in place of triennial, I wonder that not a jurist, not a demagogue, told the populace that Parliament had inherently no authority for it. I wonder that all the counties and all the boroughs in the kingdom did not recall their betrayers, and insist on the preservation of their franchises. This invasion, this utter overthrow of the English constitution, was the work of our enemies, the Whigs. Whenever they have among them an honest sentiment, they borrow it; and when they have done what they want with it, they throw it aside. Faction in other countries has come forward in a fiercer and more formidable attitude; none ever growled so long and felt so little anger; none ever grovelled so low and expected so little benefit; none ever wagged its tail so winningly and earned so little confidence.

"*Whig.* It is idle to speculate on the irremediable, or to censure the measures of the extinct: beside, we were talking not of curtailment but of concession.

"*Tory.* The coronation-oath opposes it.

"*Whig.* Parliament, that can place clauses and inabilities before kings, can certainly remove them. Some have indeed been mad enough to deny the right of the English people to check or regulate the royal prerogative; but nobody was ever mad enough to deny the right of removing an impediment to the exercise of the royal beneficence. If I exact an oath from you for my security, I may absolve you from it when I feel secure without it.

"*Tory.* Kings may have their scruples.

"*Whig.* Some people wish they had more. But when the scruples are about our safety, if we feel perfectly safe, and they persist in telling us we can have no such feeling unless we are insane, they grossly wrong and insult us.

"*Tory.* Harsh words! very harsh words!

"*Whig.* Words are made harsh by what they fall on. The ground gives the fruit its flavour.

"*Tory.* Excuse me, but you are a very young man, sir! and although I am well aware that your merits quite correspond with your reputation, yet, pray excuse me! I can not think the opinions you have delivered are altogether your own: certainly the language and the manner are not: for, really and truly, my dear sir, the last sentences, in my humble opinion, were somewhat short and cap-

tious, and not quite so applicable to the subject as a close consistent reasoner might desire.

"*Whig.* I resign them to your discretion, being unable to ascertain the author; and conscientiously believing they were mine. If wiser men have delivered them, they must appear worth your consideration: if unwiser, what am I to think of arguments, thus urged by reasoners of less ability than my own, and yet such as you, so acute in ratiocination and so superior to sophistry, can not grapple with and dare not meet?

"*Tory.* Any fair plain question, any intelligible proposition! But young birds take long flights, and there is no coming up with them. If there were nothing to fight for but creeds, everybody would hold his private one quietly: but the Catholic priest is soured at the sight of old steeples above new sounding-boards, and stamps for his own again.

"*Whig.* I would not have ventured on the remark. Should it be just, people may perhaps, and before twenty years are over our heads, hang the cat on this side of the door and the dog on the other, and end their difference with one string.

"*Tory.* God forbid! But better twenty years hence than now. May I never live to see the day when we concede an iota to the people of Ireland! We have given them too much already.

"*Whig.* Certainly; if you never intended to give more. You showed your fears then, your injustice now, your obstinacy and perverseness ever. It is wiser to give freely than by force, and better to call forth their gratitude than their strength.

"*Tory.* We must treat them like brawn: we must keep them long over the fire, turn them out slowly, and bind them tight, or we can never slice them regularly and neatly.

"*Whig.* We may pay dear for the ordinary. No nation is likely to rely on the probity of France, after her ingratitude and falsehood to every ally on the continent; to Spain, to Italy, to Poland. Nevertheless there is none that would not receive from her all the assistance it could, consistently with its own independence. At present, for a time at least, she makes no trial of strength by the tenacity of bondage, but would rather win, apparently, the affections of her subjects than control the consciences.

"*Tory.* She will soon see her error, if she goes much farther, and, let us hope, correct it: otherwise we must have another war against her in support of our constitution. For such principles spread like oil upon water, and are inflammable as oil upon fire. France may discover to her cost that we retain both our principles and our courage.

"*Whig.* Our principles, I trust, are out of danger; and, in case of invasion, our courage too would be sufficient. But as our wars have usually been conducted, if every man in England had as much courage and as much strength as Samson, it would avail us little, unless we had in addition the *scrip* of his countryman Rothschild. Men like these support wars, and men like Grenville beget them.

"*Tory.* Not a word against that immortal man, if you please, sir! This coat is his gift, and his principles keep it upon my shoulders. Your economists, the most radical of them, will inform you that, not money, but the rapid circulation of money, is wealth. Now what man ever made it circulate so rapidly? All the steam-engines that ever were brought into action would hardly move such quantities of the precious metals with such velocity. England is England yet.

"*Whig.* In maps and histories. After her struggles and triumphs, she is like her soldiers in the field of Waterloo, slumberous from exhaustion. The battles of Marlborough were followed by far different effects. The nation was only the more alert for its exertions: generous sentiments prevailed over sordid, public over selfish: the Tory showed that he was a gentleman, and the Whig that he was ready to become one.

"*Tory.* Where are all these promises of his?

"*Whig.* Partially, if but partially, fulfilled. Come, we have been dragging our net long enough over weeds and shallows: let us each pull in our end of the cord, and see what we have caught.

"*Tory.* Admirable proposal! The debates of parties always end in this manner, either by word or deed.

"*Whig.* My meaning is different.

"*Tory.* My version is best.

"*Whig.* Perhaps it may be: you have many adherents. All things in this world have two sides and various aspects. Sensible men, after fair discussion, come into one another's terms at last. Position gives colour to men as to cameleons. Those on the treasury-bench are of a fine spring-green; those on the opposite are rather blue."

Thus terminated the discussion; and Van, striking his thigh, cried out in his own language, "Corbezzoli! Sant-Antonio! I thought we had rogues in Malta."

EIGHTH AUDIENCE.

His majesty could understand so much of the foregoing debate (interrupting it often to ask me for explanations) as made his royal countenance gleam with smiles. When they fairly had subsided, he said compassionately,

"I pity a people that has always a thief at each pocket, and is doomed at once to hear their blusterings and to suffer their spoliations. The only respite is, when the left-hand thief is taking the right-hand thief's place. Let me hear no more about them; but rather say something of your descent on Frenchland."

Tsing-Ti. It was happy, most happy. No sooner had I landed than I had the good fortune to save the life of a fellow-creature. In the city of Calais there are many women who, for various offences, are condemned to carry on their heads

pyramidal towers of nearly the same height as themselves. The French have invented, with wonderful ingenuity, a process by which linen is tempered to the hardness of steel. Of such linen are these pyramidal towers constructed. Rushing toward me, under the weight of one, the unfortunate creature tripped. I sprang forward in time to save her; otherwise a swing-gate of the material, which swing-gate is called a *lappet*, turning under the chin as she stumbled, must inevitably have cut the head off. My first impulse was to run into a church and render thanks to the Almighty for the interposition of his providence. But the woman, in an ecstasy of joy, kissed me again and again, twirled me round, and danced a religious dance; in which, to the best of my ability, I joined. The people of this city are devout. Innumerable parties were instantly formed about us, and the rejoicings at so signal a delivery were loud and universal. Indeed, now I speak of loudness, I never was five minutes, from sunrise until sunset, in any place so solitary, that some loud voice, human or animal, did not reach me: yet several times I was afar from cities, and, as I thought, from habitations. When the people sing, they sing to the utmost pitch of their voices; the children cry and scream and despair as loudly; the dogs themselves think growling lost time, and unworthy of their courage, and bark vociferously. I wondered to find the women in Calais of darker complexion than ours in Canton; not only the condemned, and others exposed to hard labour, but nearly all. The population in general of this province is much uglier than any I visited in my travels. The men forcing their wives and daughters to live exposed to the sun, and to work hard, may account for the brownness and the wrinkles of the skin, but I am unable to form any conjecture on what causes the hideousness of their features. My servant cried out at three who ogled him, "O my sweet Marzia-Paolina! are these *spettacoli* of the same *pasta* that thou art?" and, crossing himself, spat upon the ground. He then ran into every term of admiration for the beauties of Italy. "There," said he, "they are what Domine-Dio made them; natural, liberal, sweet-tempered, and sincere. In Italy they let you see what they are; in England they wish to make you fancy what they ought to be. Capriciousness will not permit *them* to be tender; and tenderness will not permit *ours* to be capricious: ours are mutable without immodesty, and love you again for letting them go free."

"I would have driven him away with stripes," said the Emperor, "if he had given me such a description of women . . . so far off. We must think no more about them, for we have not here the castellated saint of Calais to preserve our equipoise. I am anxious to find thee safe at the capital of the country."

"Glad was I, O my Emperor! to reach it. Every bone in my body was in pain, as if dislocated. No public road in England or China is kept in such a wretched condition as the road from Calais to Paris. The poorest states in Europe would be ashamed of such a communication of village with village. I had been undressed at Calais by the king's officers; I was undressed again at the barrier of Paris."

"I did not expect such an honour would be paid to my subject," said his majesty the Emperor, "as his undressing by the king's own officers." "It was not intended," said I, "as any peculiar mark of favour; for the same undressing was performed by the same agents on the persons of several men and women."

"How!" exclaimed his majesty.

"Under pretext," replied I, "of examining the dresses, lest anything contraband should be concealed within them, but in reality to extort money from the men and blushes from the females. A blush in Frenchland is a rarity, and must be imported. I never saw one on any native face; but then I visited only the capital and some smaller cities, and remained there only ten days. Travellers are apt to form too hasty conclusions: I would avoid it. Yet surely if blushes were either inherent or transferable, some must have made their appearance at the theatre. The brothel and the slaughter-house seem to unite their forces to support the Parisian stage: Civilisation and humanity stand aghast before it: Honour is travestied and derided. Without any knowledge of the language, I might have been mistaken in the dialogue, but fortunately Van Ni procured the pieces in print, and translated them into English. He himself was greatly shocked at the scenes of selfishness and dishonesty which signalised the principal personages in the drama. These however were applauded by both sexes. He sought relief in his devotions, and went to perform them in the principal church. No sooner had he begun his prayers, than two young men, who had been walking up and down the church, the one with a small monkey on his shoulder, the other with a poodle-dog half-sheared, stepped before him, and remarked in more than a whisper, that, being an Italian, he must certainly have assassinated somebody, otherwise on the right side of forty he never could have fallen into such imbecility and decrepitude. Van Ni hearing the word *assassin* applied to him, cried, 'Stay there, Excellencies, and, by Cosimo and Damiano! when I have said another five *ave-marias*, I will give you soap to lather your faces with.' He hurried through them, and spinning on his legs, cried, 'Now, Excellencies, you porkers, this being holy church, come out, and meet a gallant man, who will make tripe of you.'

"He came up close to them, so close that the monkey sprang upon his head. Whether he feared a bite or was startled at the suddenness of the action, he struck the animal off; and the poodle, not having formed any friendship with it, seized it, shook it by the throat, and tossed it into the side aperture of the confessional. Van Ni was struck with horror, and exclaimed, "See now what you have done! O Santa Orsola! Santa

Apollonia! I am disembowelled with desperation! That scurvy animal will die in the confessional! O Giesu-Maria! and the *asinaccio* of a father, whoever he is, has taken away the key: Giesu-Maria!' The two young men, who had been storming and lamenting, now burst forth into immoderate laughter. Finding that, in despite of his displeasure, the young men continued in their irrisory mood, Van Ni admonished them a second time, and with greater seriousness.

"'Excellencies!' said he, 'how is this? Is it convenient to turn into mockery a gallant man? and before the saints? Holy Virgin! if you make any more of those verses at Gio-Van-Ni-Pa-Ti-Sta, I will show you what you shall see, and you will favour me by letting me hear what you feel. What! again! Mind me! I have killed rats as good meat as your Excellencies, and where your Excellencies (pest on such porkery!) dared not come . . . on board a British ship, you cullions! Remember now the words of Gio-Van-Ni-Pa-Ti-Sta, and bear him respect another time. Cospetto! Signori! you go laughing on. If you will only step out of this church, where I would not commit a *sproposito*, by the martyrs! you shall laugh in laugh *minore*, and shake and quaver to my instrument. Eh! Eh! Eh! but hear another word. I have tossed over the fire better omelets than your Excellencies. And now you know who I am.'

"The young persons screamed aloud with merriment, and left the church.

"Van returned to me with tears in his eyes, related the whole occurrence, and begged leave to run into another church and make confession. 'Yonder two towers,' said he, 'are solid as Malta and Gozzo; but Domine-Dio guard me from ever walking under them or within reach of their shadows! That cursed monkey will have died in the confessional! No arm can reach down to him! Santa Vergine! A pretty story to be told up there in Paradiso! Was the fault mine? Did I throw him in? I ask ye all, all: have ye the faces to say it? O Misericordia! . . I wish I were fairly out of the country, after this; particularly if, before I go, I could meet those two gentlemen who caused so much heart-breaking and scandal. San Cristofano!'

"He continued quite uneasy for several days: at last he found a master, who was going into Italy; but he declared his resolution to continue with me until my departure, although he should lose his place. My regard for him would not allow this. I rewarded his services more largely than he expected, and his tears fell together with his kisses on my hand. I reminded him of his resolution to make that stupendous fortune by his short-hand. '*Non pensi! non pensi! lasciami fare!*' said he, confident and contented.

"I was resolved to visit the temple so calamitous to him. It was full of people; but before the altar I could discern two figures kneeling in rich dresses. The one was a man with a face like a horse's, the other was a woman with a face like a wolf's. I thought they had come thither to offer up prayers and supplications that their ancient visages might be restored to them, with any other feature of lost humanity which their dresses might conceal. No such thing. They were the heirs to the crown; and the female was prostrate before her favourite idol, to entreat she might have a child. The idol, I was told, only promised her a man, and did not perform even that. On the very next day was the horrible rebellion which drove the reigning dynasty out of Frenchland. No repast was brought me at the usual hour, nor indeed had I any appetite for it. But toward the same hour on the day following I grew hungry, and was about to ring the bell for the waiter, when Van entered the room and threw his arms about my neck.

"'Heavens be praised!' cried he.

"I was greatly moved at his affection, and assured him I rejoiced in his safety as heartily as he rejoiced in mine.

"'Ke! Ke!' said he, 'that is all well; but what do you think, Eccellenza Singa? the monkey is alive and safe! The confessional pure and holy! *Bestiaccia!* how it moved my entrails.'

"Van had been present in the midst of the carnage, and heard a laugh close to him. Active as he was in the combat, he turned his eye to that quarter, and saw the two young men fighting most valiantly. He bowed to them, and they cheered him. The fire of their opponents now began to slacken, and they came up to him and shook him by the hand.

"'Excellencies!' said he, 'I bear you no ill-will, for a Christian has no malice in his heart, but you and that monkey have put my soul in peril, and it is right you should know it. The money that ugly beast used to cost you in feeding him, ought to go to the priest.'

"'I could not find a more legitimate heir,' said the owner; 'but he may make his own will yet.'

"'He lives then! he lives!' cried Van Ni. 'The saints be praised! I shall not want your money for masses, should the worst befall me.'

"Van Ni, knowing my state of inanition, ran to the nearest cook's shop for a dish of meat, telling me that his master had escaped from Paris, and had left a note, the purport of which was, that he would write to him again when he had found a place of safety in Switzerland or Tyrol. On this day I did not perceive any difference in the cookery, and although I did perceive it the day following, I said nothing. However at last I remarked it: whereupon Van Ni said, 'Eccellenza! I quite forgot to tell you that he who was pamphleteer and gazetteer, and critic and cook, is now become, or about to become, prime minister.'"

When I had recited so much of my narrative to his majesty the Emperor, he laid his imperial hand benignly on my shoulder, saying,

"O Tsing-Ti! the occidental world orientalises rapidly. Anything farther about this dexterous lucky slave!"

"Little more," answered I. "On his eleva-

tion a Parisian poet wrote some complimentary verses; but the ancient idiom of the French language, which he chose, is beyond my comprehension: permit me therefore to lay before the footstool of your Majesty the scroll containing them.

> Dic sodes, animose, dic Thiersi!
> Tantus quum fueris domi forisque,
> Illâ denique natione cretus
> Quæ jacentia, quæ minuta, verbis
> (Nôsti) magnificis solet vocare;
> Dic, quum sis patre major in culinâ
> (Nec pater tamen infimus coquorum)
> Cur, tanto ingenio unicè maligni,
> Te Galli vocitent tui *Coquinum?*
> Quare te minuant ita, O Thiersi?

His majesty the Emperor cast his eye on them as they were lying on the carpet, and said gravely,

"The characters are European, but several of the words I discover to bear a close affinity to the Kobolsk Tartar."

His majesty is an etymologist.

"I have been thinking," said his majesty the Emperor, "how that ancient French resembles the loftier language under the rising sun. I regret that thou hadst not leisure to acquire some knowledge both of the ancient and the modern."

"I regret it also, my Emperor," said I; "not because the nations of Europe agree to converse in the modern as being central, but because it contains our Fables, told in a manner far more delightful than with us. No language in Europe is said to be so scanty or so inharmonious: but, there being so little room in it, you can not get out of your way. Precision is its merit. As in England the belief of Christianity is allowed to one sect and the profession to another, so in Frenchland the written language is one thing, another the spoken. There is however a faint similitude, which may be discovered even by a learner. I took but seven lessons, yet could perceive it when it was carefully pointed out. My teacher was an impostor, who wished to keep me long under his hands. Not contented with asserting that the authors of Frenchland are superior to the best of England, of Italy, of Germany, of Spain, and that the language is softer and more flexible than the Russian and the Swedish, he attempted to persuade me that *et, est, es, ex, oien, ais, oit, aix,* and many more, had all the same sound. This was evidently to save his trouble, and to make me ridiculed. ."

"That can not be a language," said the Emperor, "of which the sounds are reducible to no rules; unless as we apply the term when we say the *language* of birds and beasts. Letters and syllables were not made to be thrown away or spit out. Every sign, every symbol, denotes one thing, and only one. The same finger of a direction-post can not show twenty roads. Having now the advantage of thy servant again, I hope thou enjoyedst by his means the opportunity of conversing with the learned, and greatly more to thy comfort than if thou hadst been under the guidance of a teacher so mischievous and malicious."

"Yes," answered I, "the moment my fears abated, I was conducted to visit a few of them, carrying with me my letters of introduction. I had none for scientific men, of whom there are several in Paris of the first eminence. Works of genius, apart from science, there are few, and, by what I heard, of quite another order. There are however two poets of some distinction: one raises the enthusiasm of the vivacious and the liberal by the energy of his songs, the other is more in esteem with the devout, which compensates for the want of vigour and originality. I thought I could not conciliate the lover of liberty more readily than by comparing its triumph at the previous day with its suppression under the iron hand of Napoleon. 'He abolished your republic, he devised a catechism for your children, by which unquestioning and blind obedience was inculcated; he forged the glorious arms of your patriots and defenders into chains long and strong enough to hold everlastingly in thraldom all their future progeny.' . . 'Sit down, sir,' said the poet, 'and hold your tongue. Don't repeat in this house the eastern dream of an opium-eater. We are warm with the unsetting glory of France.'

"Perceiving that I had given offence, and suspecting that I had mistaken the house, I returned home, and, when his speech was interpreted to me, I looked in my dictionary for the word *glory*. I found it often meant the glitter that painters put over the heads of idols; and this was truly its most intelligible and its most common acceptation. Knowing to a certainty that the devouter poet was attached to the king of the last week, I condoled with him on the disaster of a monarch so pious and unfortunate. He bowed. The only comfort I could offer him was, that talents had never lost their value in Frenchland, through all the vicissitudes of thirty years; and that scarcely Prussia or Russia was more admirable for the advancement of literary men. He bowed, and answered in an undertone of voice, 'I really do not pretend to know anything of those people: I only know that our houses are degraded at every step that his majesty has been constrained to take. All ranks and orders are confounded, and the high sense of honour which was peculiar to Frenchland, and which formerly made the meanest Frenchman's heart leap impatiently out of his bosom, lies prostrate and half-extinct.'

"I thought I had been listening to a Montmorency (French for *old noble*); but on inquiry I found I had not been guilty of that mistake.

"Out of respect to the ancient nobility, such at least I presume is the motive, many young persons in that country, whether of the commissariat or the coach-office, are grave and taciturn when privileges or privations are mentioned. They draw themselves up into the stiffness and concentration of mummies, and from their swathings and cases stare us into stone. These however are civil and distant; and perhaps their distance is the best part of their civility. Another set is less tolerable: it assumes the name of *Young*

France. Whatever can be conceived of insolence and audacity is put into daily practice by these troublesome and restless barbarians. I could not refrain from making the remark to a gentleman of philosophical cast, who came to visit me, adding, that surely all the abuses of the extinct nobility, with all the absurdity and injustice of its hereditariness, were less intolerable.

"'The older creation of the nobility,' said he, 'like the older of animals lately discovered by the geologists, is more ill-constructed and ill-favoured than the recenter; so that it pleased God to put an end to it, and to try such other forms as might be convenient to carry his designs into execution. But either is, as you say, better than this ditch-spawn.'

"Finding him a calm and reasonable man, I ventured to congratulate him on the near prospect of peace and tranquillity in his country, and on the enthusiasm his new king excited. He bowed to me, and answered,

"'We have at last a chance of it. These forty years past we have had our Goddesses of Liberty, Goddesses of Reason, Goddesses of Theophilanthropy, Goddesses of War, screaming and pulling caps in the Place de la Concorde. We have had white feathers, red feathers, eagle's feathers, cock's feathers, and at last no feathers at all. We have gone kingless, breechless, lawless, and constitutionless: we can not be well less at present. We have gone booted into every drawing-room on the continent, and our spurs have torn off every flounce and train. Finally, we put them on ourselves, and swaggered about for a while with much theatrical effect. One unlucky day the first actor, who never could walk straight nor see three inches before him, caught his own long-tailed robe with his spur, and being an impetuous man, gave such a plunge that it fell off his shoulders, and left the whole of him as bare as the back of my hand. The inferior actors were scandalised at the disgrace brought on the profession, but no one had the dexterity or presence of mind to pick up the long-tailed robe. At last it was claimed by a fat man, who drew it across his belly, and made the ends meet as well as he could; but much was wanting. When he died, the priests seized upon it, and cut it up in pieces to put under their wine-cups. But you were speaking of our happy acquisition. Depend upon it, the present king is no such a novice in the trade as some about him would persuade him. He is fitter to govern us than any man we have seen for two centuries. He will never have a minister who is not taken from the ranks; never a man of genius, never an honest man; but secondary and plausible. The reason is, that whenever they displease him, their removal will only render him more popular. Added to which, it is always gratifying to the populace, and by no means offensive to the middle classes, to see low people raised. In one word, Louis-Philippe is the only person of ancient family in France who may not justly be reproached with degeneracy. I do assure you, he is as honest a man as his father, and farthermore, has learned the secret of keeping a wiser head on his shoulders. He has the shrewdness of Richelieu, the suppleness of Mazarin; all their rapacity, all their pertinacity; the arrogance of both, the vanity of neither. Whatever there is about him tells for something; and we must pay its value to the uttermost. His royal foot rests so assuredly on well-beaten and levelled France, that the telescope with which he looks leisurely on the world around him is not shaken a hair's breadth. I will answer for him, there is no potentate in Europe whom he has not already convinced of his loyalty and good intentions; and when you return to China you will find that he has offered your Emperor to assist him in putting down the refractory spirit of the Tartars, being well in harmony with his brother the Emperor of Russia, who is equally ready to exert his kind offices to the same effect.'"

Emperor. It is unhandsome to sue for such generosity until the time of need, or to take every word to the letter.

Tsing-Ti. I was not aware of the existence of such a sect as Young France, until I was shoved off the pavement by a stripling, who was troubled with a hairy mole on the nether lip. Not being his father, the misfortune could nohow be attributed to me. I had acquired enough of the language to enable me to ask him to what dignitary I had the honour of surrendering my station. "I represent the *Young France*," cried he.

I bowed profoundly, and was constrained to answer in English, for my French failed me at so long a breath. "I shall be most happy in the opportunity of congratulating the *Young France* on her having learned by heart the first lesson of politeness."

He raised his arm to strike me; but a German, of about the same age, who happened to be passing at the time, said to him calmly, "Remember, sir, we have fired at the same academy, and my ball usually went nearer the bull's eye."

Young France recovered at once his memory and his temper. I returned home in perturbation: for, O my Emperor! I have not yet outlived all my passions. God has been pleased to grant me a lively consciousness of my existence, by implanting in me deeply the fear of losing it.

My servant was not alone when I entered. In his walk homeward, hearing his native tongue in the streets, he accosted the speakers: "Excellencies!" cried he. "We are no excellencies; we are exiles," answered one of them. "The better! the better!" said honest warm-hearted Van Ni. "I dare invite you then to my house. Come along: pardon me if I walk before you."

Hearing voices in my apartment, I halted at the door, and caught what I was afterward told were these words, which Van Ni wrote down: "We have no right to complain of our fortune, young or old. Was not Tasso chained to his bed-post? Was not he half-starved in the house

of Cardinal Scipione? Was not he driven out of it? Was not he defrauded of his own cottage? Would his best friend lend him the few crowns which, he said, might save him from starvation and distraction? Princes, you see, did much against him; but not all. The manly breast can bear any blow unless from the hand it cherished." He who was listening now struck his forehead, and groaned aloud. "'Tis there!", cried he, "and that blow reaches me in this chamber." "I," said the exhorter and comforter, "I can only pity you then. No balm grows in those deserts; no dew falls there! Alas, my friend! if only persecuted genius were pouring forth his lamentation, I could soar above him and bring him airs from heaven. I would point up to Dante in the skies. Was not Dante an exile? was not Dante in danger of being burnt alive? was not that sentence passed against him? A republic did it; his own republic. Italy is beautiful yet, and once was glorious; but the nurse of genius is older than she. Brought up and fostered in the soft clime of Syracuse, she breathed her last in the palm-groves of the Ptolemies."

I took advantage of this pause, and instantly told my servant to be seated again and to call his friends. "Eccellenza!" said he, "how is it possible? how is it possible I can be so wanting to my duty? These gentlemen are my countrymen, and in tribulation."

Meanwhile they were standing, and making many apologies.

"Persons of your worth and misfortunes pain me more than sufficiently," said I, "without the trouble you are taking in these explanations."

"I invited them to my house, Eccellenza!" said Van Ni. "Now, Signori! do not servants in Italy always use the expression, *my* house? We should think it more presumptuous to say *our* house; because it would seem to indicate that we placed ourselves on an equality with our masters." They acknowledged that the expression was universal in their country, and had only to regret that by its misrepresentation it had caused me such an inconvenience.

I could not but compare their manners with the French, very greatly to their advantage, and fancied that even the English might learn something from them. Certainly the islanders are thick-rinded and rather sour.

No persuasion of mine could induce the exiles to remain. They fancied I was an Englishman from the East Indies, and hoped I would exert my influence for the delivery of their country.

"If my master were an Englishman, he would feel it his duty," said Van Ni; "for Englishmen threw you, bound hand and foot, among the dogs."

His majesty the Emperor asked me whether the Italians were not from that country which pretended to the monopoly of religion. I was not quite sure, and told him so.

"I have a suspicion," said his majesty, "that the old sorcerer lay somewhere thereabout."

I believe he was near the mark; but my memory failed me. He then asked about the causes of the insurrection and revolution in Frenchland. My reply was, that the king had been persuaded by his courtiers to take away some things which he had given; and his people said that he had given them what was theirs before; that it was an indignity to offer it at first; that it was a defiance to seize it again; and that he had no right to stand above the laws.

"It is the glory of princes," said his majesty the Emperor, "to stand the foremost under them."

PHILIP II. AND DONA JUANA COELHO.

Juana. Condescend, O my king! to hear me.

Philip. By what means, Dona Juana, have you obtained this admission to my presence?

Juana. Sire, by right of my sex and my misfortunes.

Philip. And what misfortune of yours, pray, madam, is it in my power to remove or alleviate?

Juana. All mine, O most puissant monarch! and nearly all the heaviest that exist on earth; the providence of God having placed the larger part of the known world under the sceptre or the influence of your majesty.

Philip. And the more suffering part, no doubt. God, and his mother, and the blessed saints, have exalted me to my station, that I may bring chastisement on the perverse and rebellious, and ward it off from the dutiful and obedient. I have now little leisure: to the point then.

Juana. O sire! my husband has offended: I know not how.

Philip. Nor should you. His offence is against the state.

Juana. He has been secretary many years to your majesty; and in times and circumstances the most trying, he has ever been a faithful vassal. The riches he possesses flowed in great measure from royal bounty; none from treason, none from peculation, none from abuse of power.

Philip. Know you his steps, his thoughts?

Juana. I have always shared them.

Philip. Always? no madam. Let me tell you, he aspires too high.

Juana. O sire! that is a generous fault, the fault of every one who loves glory, of every true Spaniard, and, above all, of Antonio Perez.

Philip. When did he first begin to look so loftily?

Juana. When first he aspired to serve your majesty.

Philip. Has he no gratitude, no sense of duty, no feeling of nothingness, as becomes a subject? I made him what he is. Tell me no more I enriched him; that is little: beside, I know not that I did it; and I could only wish to have done

it, that I might undo it. I can not remember that he has had anything from me beyond the salary of his offices; but those who accept my money for any services would just as readily accept it from my enemies. They care no more from whose hand it comes, than whose effigy it bears.

Juana. He had enough and abundantly from his offices; nor indeed was he without a patrimony, nor I without a dower.

Philip. He should have minded his business; he should have taken example from Scovedo.

Juana. Sire, it becomes not me to express astonishment, or even to feel it, in the august presence.

Philip. Something very like astonishment produces good effects occasionally. Madam, would you wish further audience?

Juana. Too graciously vouchsafed me! Sire! Antonio Perez, my husband, is accused of being privy to the assassination . . .

Philip. Unmannerly, ill-featured expression!

Juana. Of his colleague Scovedo. I come to intreat, on the part of his family and of mine, that he may be brought to trial speedily and openly. If your majesty will indulge us with this further act of royal clemency and favour, I engage that a crime so detestable, a crime from which the nature of Don Antonio is abhorrent, shall be removed for ever from our house.

Philip. At my good pleasure I may confront him with his accomplices.

Juana. Alas! alas! who are the guilty?

Philip. Who? who? (*Aside.*) Suspicious, audacious woman! Some have suspected those about the Princess of Evoli, and have watched her.

Juana. Kind soul! may never harm befall her from their wiles! Beauty, that should fill the world with light and happiness, brings only evil spirits into it, and is blighted by malignity and grief. Who upon earth could see the Princess of Evoli, and not be softened?

Philip. The injured; the insulted.

Juana. Alas! even she then serves the purposes of the envious. From the plant that gives honey to the bee, the spider and wasp draw poison.

Philip. You know the lady very intimately.

Juana. She honours me with her notice.

Philip. She honours your husband too with her notice, does she not?

Juana. Most highly.

Philip. Then, madam, by the saints, he dies!

Juana. O sire! recall the threat!

Philip. We never threaten; we sentence.

Juana. He is innocent! By the beloved of God! by the Fountain of Truth and Purity! he is innocent!

Philip. And she too! and she too! marvel of virtue! A brazen breast would split with laughter. She! Evoli! Evoli!

Juana. Is as innocent as he. O sire! this beautiful and gentle lady . . .

Philip. Ay, ay, very gentle; she brings men's heads to the scaffold if they have ever lain in her lap.

Juana. The unsuspicious, generous princess . .

Philip. Killed the poor fool Scovedo.

Juano. Pardon me, sire! she hardly knew him, and bore no ill-will toward him.

Philip. Nor toward Perez; at worst, not very spiteful. Dead secretaries and dead rats should drive off living ones. He was useful to me, I mean Scovedo, even when alive; I can not afford one like him every day. Do you hear, Dona Juana?

Juana. Perfectly, sire.

Philip. And understand?

Juana. As well as I dare.

Philip. Could you live in privacy, with your accomplishments and your beauty?

Juana. Alas! I wish it had always been my lot!

Philip. I may promote you to that enviable situation.

Juana. My husband, now he has lost the countenance of your majesty, would retreat with me from the world.

Philip. It is not in open places that serpents hatch their eggs. God protects me: I must protect the state: Perez is unworthy of you.

Juana. Sire, if I thought him so, I would try to make him worthy.

Philip. There are offences that women can not pardon.

Juana. Then they should retire, and learn how.

Philip. That insolent and ungrateful man wrongs and despises you. He too, among the rest, presumes to love the Princess of Evoli.

Juana. Who does not?

Philip. Who shall dare? Perez, I tell you again, has declared his audacious passion to her!

Juana. Then God forgive him his impetuosity and sinfulness! If she rejected him, he is punished.

Philip. If! . . if! Do you pretend, do you imagine, she would listen to one like him? Do you reason about it; do you calculate on it; do you sigh and weep at it, as if in your spite and stupidity you could believe it! By the blood of the martyrs, I will drain the last drop of that traitor's! Off! unclasp my knee! I can not wait for the words in your throat!

STEELE AND ADDISON.

Addison. Dick! I am come to remonstrate with you on those unlucky habits which have been so detrimental to your health and fortune.

Steele. Many thanks, Mr. Addison; but really my fortune is not much improved by your arresting me for the hundred pounds; nor is my health, if spirits are an indication of it, on seeing my furniture sold by auction to raise the money.

Addison. Pooh, pooh, Dick! what furniture had you about the house?

Steele. At least I had the arm-chair, of which you never before had dispossessed me longer than the evening; and happy should I have been to enjoy your company in it again and again, if you had left it me.

Addison. We will contrive to hire another. I do assure you, my dear Dick, I have really felt for you.

Steele. I only wish, my kind friend, you had not put out your feelers quite so far, nor exactly in this direction; and that my poor wife had received an hour's notice; she might have carried a few trinkets to some neighbour. She wanted her salts; and the bailiff thanked her for the bottle that contained them, telling her the gold head of it was worth pretty nearly half-a-guinea.

Addison. Lady Steele then wanted her smelling-bottle? Dear me! the weather, I apprehend, is about to change. Have you any symptoms of your old gout?

Steele. My health has been long on the decline, you know.

Addison. Too well I know it, my dear friend, and I hinted it as delicately as I could. Nothing on earth beside this consideration should have induced me to pursue a measure in appearance so unfriendly. You must grow more temperate . . you really must.

Steele. Mr. Addison, you did not speak so gravely and so firmly when we used to meet at Will's. You always drank as much as I did, and often invited and pressed me to continue, when I was weary, sleepy, and sick.

Addison. You thought so, because you were drunk. Indeed, at my own house I have sometimes asked you to take another glass, in compliance with the rules of society and hospitality.

Steele. Once, it is true, you did it at your house; the only time I ever had an invitation to dine in it. The Countess was never fond of the wit that smells of wine: her husband could once endure it.

Addison. We could talk more freely, you know, at the tavern. There we have dined together some hundred times.

Steele. Most days, for many years.

Addison. Ah Dick! Since we first met there, several of our friends are gone off the stage.

Steele. And some are still acting.

Addison. Forbear, my dear friend, to joke and smile at infirmities or vices. Many have departed from us, in consequence, I apprehend, of indulging in the bottle! When passions are excited, when reason is disturbed, when reputation is sullied, when fortune is squandered, and when health is lost by it, a retreat is sounded in vain. Some can not hear it, others will not profit by it.

Steele. I must do you the justice to declare, that I never saw any other effect of hard drinking upon you, than to make you more circumspect and silent.

Addison. If ever I urged you, in the warmth of my heart, to transgress the bounds of sobriety, I entreat you, as a Christian, to forgive me.

Steele. Most willingly, most cordially.

Addison. I feel confident that you will think of me, speak of me, and write of me, as you have ever done, without a diminution of esteem. We are feeble creatures; we want one another's aid and assistance; a want ordained by Providence, to show us at once our insufficiency and our strength. We must not abandon our friends from slight motives, nor let our passions be our interpreters in their own cause. Consistency is not more requisite to the sound Christian, than to the accomplished politician.

Steele. I am inconsistent in my resolutions of improvement . . no man ever was more so; but my attachments have a nerve in them neither to be deadened by ill treatment nor loosened by indulgence. A man grievously wounded, knows by the acuteness of the pain that a spirit of vitality is yet in him. I know that I retain my friendship for you by what you have made me suffer.

Addison. Entirely for your own good, I do protest, if you could see it.

Steele. Alas! all our sufferings are so; the only mischief is, that we have no organs for perceiving it.

Addison. You reason well, my worthy sir; and relying on your kindness in my favour (for every man has enemies, and those mostly who serve their friends best) I say, Dick, on these considerations, since you never broke your word with me, and since I am certain you would be sorry it were known that only four-score pounds' worth could be found in the house, I renounce for the present the twenty yet wanting. Do not beat about for an answer; say not one word: farewell.

Steele. Ah! could not that cold heart,* often and long as I reposed on it, bring me to my senses! I have indeed been drunken; but it is hard to awaken in such heaviness as this of mine is. I shared his poverty with him; I never aimed to share his prosperity. Well, well; I can not

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* Doubts are now entertained whether the character of Addison is fairly represented by Pope and Johnson. It is better to make this statement than to omit a *Conversation* in this edition which had appeared elsewhere.

break old habits. I love my glass; I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me. Why can not I see him again in the arm-chair, his right hand upon his heart under the fawn-coloured waistcoat, his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measurely curls and antithetical top-knots, like his style; the calmest poet, the most quiet patriot; dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the worse in one ruffle for the wine.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

Dante. When you saw me profoundly pierced with love, and reddening and trembling, did it become you, did it become you, you whom I have always called *the most gentle Bice,* to join in the heartless laughter of those girls around you? Answer me. Reply unhesitatingly. Requires it so long a space for dissimulation and duplicity? Pardon! pardon! pardon! My senses have left me: my heart being gone, they follow.

Beatrice. Childish man! pursuing the impossible.

Dante. And was it this you laughed at? We can not touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet and weep.

Beatrice. But weep not, gentle Dante! fall not before the weakest of his creatures, willing to comfort, unable to relieve you. Consider a little. Is laughter at all times the signal or the precursor of derision? I smiled, let me avow it, from the pride I felt in your preference of me; and if I laughed, it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves? Come, do not drop again so soon so faint a smile. I will not have you grave, nor very serious. I pity you; I must not love you: if I might, I would.

Dante. Yet how much love is due to me, O Bice, who have loved you, as you well remember, even from your tenth year. But it is reported, and your words confirm it, that you are going to be married.

Beatrice. If so, and if I could have laughed at that, and if my laughter could have estranged you from me, would you blame me?

Dante. Tell me the truth.

Beatrice. The report is general.

Dante. The truth! the truth! Tell me, Bice.

Beatrice. Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven.

Dante. Is heaven then under the paternal roof?

Beatrice. It has been to me hitherto.

Dante. And now you seek it elsewhere.

Beatrice. I seek it not. The wiser choose for the weaker. Nay, do not sigh so. What would you have, my grave pensive Dante? What can I do?

Dante. Love me.

Beatrice. I always did.

Dante. Love me? O bliss of heaven!

Beatrice. No, no, no! Forbear! Men's kisses are always mischievous and hurtful; everybody says it. If you truly loved me, you would never think of doing so.

Dante. Nor even this!

Beatrice. You forget that you are no longer a boy; and that it is not thought proper at your time of life to continue the arm at all about the waist. Beside, I think you would better not put your head against my bosom; it beats too much to be pleasant to you. Why do you wish it? why fancy it can do you any good? It grows no cooler: it seems to grow even hotter. O! how it burns! Go, go; it hurts me too: it struggles, it aches, it sobs. Thank you, my gentle friend, for removing your brow away; your hair is very thick and long; and it began to heat me more than you can imagine. While it was there, I could not see your face so well, nor talk with you so quietly.

Dante. O! when shall we talk quietly in future?

Beatrice. When I am married. I shall often come to visit my father. He has always been solitary since my mother's death, which happened in my infancy, long before you knew me.

Dante. How can he endure the solitude of his house when you have left it?

Beatrice. The very question I asked him.

Dante. You did not then wish to . . to . . go away?

Beatrice. Ah no! It is sad to be an outcast at fifteen.

Dante. An outcast?

Beatrice. Forced to leave a home.

Dante. For another?

Beatrice. Childhood can never have a second.

Dante. But childhood is now over.

Beatrice. I wonder who was so malicious as to tell my father that? He wanted me to be married a whole year ago.

Dante. And, Bice, you hesitated?

Beatrice. No; I only wept. He is a dear good father. I never disobeyed him but in those wicked tears; and they ran the faster the more he reprehended them.

Dante. Say, who is the happy youth?

Beatrice. I know not who ought to be happy if you are not.

Dante. I?

Beatrice. Surely you deserve all happiness.

Dante. Happiness! any happiness is denied me. Ah, hours of childhood! bright hours! what fragrant blossoms ye unfold! what bitter fruits to ripen!

Beatrice. Now can not you continue to sit under that old fig-tree at the corner of the garden? It is always delightful to me to think of it.

Dante. Again you smile: I wish I could smile too.

Beatrice. You were usually more grave than I, although very often, two years ago, you told me I was the graver. Perhaps I *was* then indeed; and perhaps I ought to be now: but really I must smile at the recollection, and make you smile with me.

Dante. Recollection of what in particular?

Beatrice. Of your ignorance that a fig-tree is the brittlest of trees, especially when it is in leaf; and moreover of your tumble, when your head was just above the wall, and your hand (with the verses in it) on the very coping-stone. Nobody suspected that I went every day to the bottom of our garden, to hear you repeat your poetry on the other side; nobody but yourself: you soon found me out. But on that occasion I thought you might have been hurt; and I clambered up our high peach-tree in the grass-plot nearest the place; and thence I saw Messer Dante, with his white sleeve reddened by the fig-juice, and the seeds sticking to it pertinaciously, and Messer blushing, and trying to conceal his calamity, and still holding the verses. They were all about me.

Dante. Never shall any verse of mine be uttered from my lips, or from the lips of others, without the memorial of Bice.

Beatrice. Sweet Dante! in the purity of your soul shall Bice live; as (we are told by the goat-herds and foresters) poor creatures have been found preserved in the serene and lofty regions of the Alps, many years after the breath of life had left them. Already you rival Guido Cavalcante and Cino da Pistoja: you must attempt, nor perhaps shall it be vainly, to surpass them in celebrity.

Dante. If ever I am above them . . and I must be . . I know already what angel's hand will have helped me up the ladder. Beatrice, I vow to heaven, shall stand higher than Selvaggia, high and glorious and immortal as that name will be. You have given me joy and sorrow; for the worst of these (I will not say the least) I will confer on you all the generations of our Italy, all the ages of our world. But first (alas, from me you must not have it!) may happiness, long happiness, attend you!

Beatrice. Ah! those words rend your bosom! why should they?

Dante. I could go away contented, or almost contented, were I sure of it. Hope is nearly as strong as despair, and greatly more pertinacious and enduring. You have made me see clearly that you never can be mine in this world: but at the same time, O Beatrice, you have made me see quite as clearly that you may and must be mine in another. I am older than you: precedency is given to age, and not to worthiness, in our way to heaven. I will watch over you; I will pray for you when I am nearer to God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me to behold you, lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain should call me onward.

Beatrice. Hush, sweetest Dante! hush!

Dante. It is there, where I shall have caught the first glimpse of you again, that I wish all my portion of Paradise to be assigned me; and there, if far below you, yet within the sight of you, to establish my perdurable abode.

Beatrice. Is this piety? Is this wisdom? O Dante! And may not I be called away first?

Dante. Alas! alas! how many small feet have swept off the early dew of life, leaving the path black behind them! But to think that you should go before me! It almost sends me forward on my way, to receive and welcome you. If indeed, O Beatrice, such should be God's immutable will, sometimes look down on me when the song to Him is suspended. Oh! look often on me with prayer and pity; for there all prayers are accepted, and all pity is devoid of pain. Why are you silent?

Beatrice. It is very sinful not to love all creatures in the world. But is it true, O Dante! that we always love those the most who make us the most unhappy?

Dante. The remark, I fear, is just.

Beatrice. Then, unless the Virgin be pleased to change my inclinations, I shall begin at last to love my betrothed; for already the very idea of him renders me sad, wearisome, and comfortless. Yesterday he sent me a bunch of violets. When I took them up, delighted as I felt at that sweetest of odours, which you and I once inhaled together . .

Dante. And only once.

Beatrice. You know why. Be quiet now, and hear me. I dropped the posy; for around it, hidden by various kinds of foliage, was twined the bridal necklace of pearls. O Dante! how worthless are the finest of them (and there are many fine ones) in comparison with those little pebbles, some of which (for perhaps I may not have gathered up all) may be still lying under the peach-tree, and some (do I blush to say it?) under the fig. Tell me not who threw these, nor for what. But you know you were always thoughtful, and sometimes reading, sometimes writing, and sometimes forgetting me, while I waited to see the crimson cap, and the two bay-leaves I fastened in it, rise above the garden-wall. How silently you are listening, if you do listen!

Dante. Oh! could my thoughts incessantly and eternally dwell among these recollections, undisturbed by any other voice . . undistracted by any other presence! Soon must they abide with me alone, and be repeated by none but me . . repeated in the accents of anguish and despair! Why could you not have held in the sad home of your heart that necklace and those violets?

Beatrice. My Dante! we must all obey . . I my father, you your God. He will never abandon you.

Dante. I have ever sung, and will for ever sing, the most glorious of His works: and yet, O Bice! He abandons me, He casts me off; and He uses your hand for this infliction.

Beatrice. Men travel far and wide, and see many on whom to fix or transfer their affections; but

we maidens have neither the power nor the will. Casting our eyes on the ground, we walk along the straight and narrow road prescribed for us; and, doing thus, we avoid in great measure the thorns and entanglements of life. We know we are performing our duty; and the fruit of this knowledge is contentment. Season after season, day after day, you have made me serious, pensive, meditative, and almost wise. Being so little a girl, I was proud that you, so much taller, should lean on my shoulder to overlook my work. And greatly more proud was I when in time you taught me several Latin words, and then whole sentences, both in prose and verse, pasting a strip of paper over, or obscuring with impenetrable ink, those passages in the poets which were beyond my comprehension, and might perplex me. But proudest of all was I when you began to reason with me. What will now be my pride if you are convinced by the first arguments I ever have opposed to you; or if you only take them up and try if they are applicable. Certainly do I know (indeed, indeed I do) that even the patience to consider them will make you happier. Will it not then make me so? I entertain no other wish. Is not this true love?

Dante. Ah yes! the truest, the purest, the least perishable, but not the sweetest. Here are the rue and hyssop; but where the rose!

Beatrice. Wicked must be whatever torments you: and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the Tempter should intercept it, and respire it polluted into your ear? Do not make me hesitate to pray to the Virgin for you, nor tremble lest she look down on you with a reproachful pity. To her alone, O Dante! dare I confide all my thoughts. Lessen not my confidence in my only refuge.

Dante. God annihilate a power so criminal! O, could my love flow into your breast with hers! It should flow with equal purity.

Beatrice. You have stored my little mind with many thoughts; dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom; as the *Contadina* lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God; and, under God, my father. Surely the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You will be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

Dante. Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken in this estimate. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a moveable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixt and solid and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest; above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts: the good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.

Beatrice. Now you are calm and reasonable, listen to Bice. You must marry.

Dante. Marry?

Beatrice. Unless you do, how can we meet again unreservedly? Worse, worse than ever! I can not bear to see those large heavy tears following one another, heavy and slow as nuns at the funeral of a sister. Come, I will kiss off one, if you will promise me faithfully to shed no more. Be tranquil, be tranquil; only hear reason. There are many who know you; and all who know you must love you. Don't you hear me? Why turn aside? and why go farther off? I will have that hand. It twists about as if it hated its confinement. Perverse and peevish creature! you have no more reason to be sorry than I have; and you have many to the contrary which I have not. Being a man, you are at liberty to admire a variety, and to make a choice. Is that no comfort to you?

Dante.

> Bid this bosom cease to grieve?
> Bid these eyes fresh objects see?
> Where's the comfort to believe
> None might once have rivall'd me?
> What! my freedom to receive?
> Broken hearts, are they the free?
> For another can I live
> When I may not live for thee?

Beatrice. I will never be fond of you again if you are so violent. We have been together too long, and we may be noticed.

Dante. Is this our last meeting? If it is . . and that it is, my heart has told me . . you will not, surely you will not refuse . .

Beatrice. Dante! Dante! they make the heart sad after: do not wish it. But prayers . . O, how much better are they! how much quieter and lighter they render it! They carry it up to heaven with them; and those we love are left behind no longer.

SOUTHEY AND LANDOR.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Southey. As we are walking on, and before we open our Milton again, we may digress a little in the direction of those poets who have risen up from under him, and of several who seem to have never had him in sight.

Landor. We will, if you please: and I hope you may not find me impatient to attain the object of our walk. However, let me confess to you, at starting, that I disapprove of models, even of the most excellent. Faults may be avoided,

especially if they are pointed out to the inexperienced in such bright examples as Milton: and teachers in schools and colleges would do well to bring them forward, instead of inculcating an indiscriminate admiration. But every man's mind, if there is enough of it, has its peculiar bent. Milton may be imitated, and has been, where he is stiff, where he is inverted, where he is pedantic; and probably those men we take for mockers were unconscious of their mockery. But who can teach, or who is to be taught, his richness, or his tenderness, or his strength? The closer an inferior poet comes to a great model, the more disposed am I to sweep him out of my way.

Southey. Yet you repeat with enthusiasm the Latin poetry of Robert Smith, an imitator of Lucretius.

Landor. I do; for Lucretius himself has nowhere written such a continuity of admirable poetry. He is the only modern Latin poet who has composed three sentences together worth reading; and indeed, since Ovid, no ancient has done it. I ought to bear great ill-will toward him; for he drove me from the path of poetry I had chosen, and I crept into a lower. What a wonderful thing it is, that the most exuberant and brilliant wit, and the purest poetry in the course of eighteen centuries, should have flowed from two brothers!

Southey. We must see through many ages before we see through our own distinctly. Few among the best judges, and even among those who desired to judge dispassionately and impartially, have beheld their contemporaries in those proportions in which they appeared a century later. The ancients have greatly the advantage over us. Scarcely can any man believe that one whom he has seen in coat and cravat, can possibly be so great as one who wore a chlamys and a toga. Those alone look gigantic whom Time "*multo aëre sepsit*," or whom childish minds, for the amusement of other minds more childish, have lifted upon stilts. Nothing is thought so rash as to mention a modern with an ancient: but when both are ancient, the last-comer often stands first. The present form one cluster, the past another. We are petulant if some of the existing have pushed by too near us: but we walk up composedly to the past, with all our prejudices behind us. We compare them leisurely one with another, and feel a pleasure in contributing to render them a plenary, however a tardy, justice. In the fervour of our zeal we often exceed it; which we never are found doing with our contemporaries, unless in malice to one better than the rest. Some of our popular and most celebrated authors are employed by the booksellers to cry up the wares on hand or forthcoming, partly for money and partly for payment in kind. Without such management the best literary production is liable to moulder on the shelf.

Landor. A wealthy man builds an ample mansion, well proportioned in all its parts, well stored with the noblest models of antiquity; extensive vales and downs and forests stretch away from it in every direction; but the stranger must of necessity pass it by, unless a dependent is stationed at a convenient lodge to admit and show him in. Such, you have given me to understand, is become the state of our literature. The bustlers who rise into notice by playing at leap-frog over one another's shoulders, will disappear when the game is over; and no game is shorter. But was not Milton himself kept beyond the paling? Nevertheless, how many *toupees* and *roquelaures*, and other odd things with odd names, have fluttered among the jays in the cherry orchard, while we tremble to touch with the finger's end his grave close-buttoned gabardine! He was called strange and singular long before he was acknowledged to be great: so, be sure, was Shakspeare; so, be sure, was Bacon; and so were all the rest, in the order of descent. You are too generous to regret that your liberal praise of Wordsworth was seized upon with avidity by his admirers, not only to win others to their party, but also to depress your merits. Nor will you triumph over their folly in confounding what is pitiful with what is admirable in him; rather will you smile, and, without a suspicion of malice, find the cleverest of these good people standing on his low joint-stool with a slender piece of wavering tape in his hand, measuring him with Milton back to back. There is as much difference between them as there is between a celandine and an ilex. The one lies at full length and full breadth along the ground; the other rises up, stiff, strong, lofty, beautiful in the play of its slenderer branches, overshadowing with the infinitude of its grandeur.

Southey. You will be called to account as resentful; and not for yourself, which you never have been thought, but for another: a graver fault in the estimation of most.

Landor. I do not remember that resentment has ever made me commit an injustice. Instead of acrimony, it usually takes the form of ridicule; and the sun absorbs whatever is noxious in the vapour.

Southey. You think me mild and patient; yet I have found it difficult to disengage from my teeth the clammy and bitter heaviness of some rotten nuts with which my Edinburgh hosts have regaled me; and you little know how tiresome it is to wheeze over the chaff and thistle-beards in the chinky manger of Hallam.

Landor. We are excellent Protestants in asserting the liberty of private judgment on all the mysteries of poetry, denying the exercise of a decretal to any one man, however intelligent and enlightened, but assuming it for a little party of our own, with *self* in the chair. A journalist who can trip up a slippery minister, fancies himself able to pull down the loftiest poet or the soundest critic. It is amusing to see the labours of Lilliput.

Southey. I have tasted the contents of every bin, down to the ginger-beer of Brougham. The balance of criticism is not yet fixed to any beam in the public warehouses that offer it, but is held unevenly by intemperate hands, and is swayed about by every puff of wind.

Landor. Authors should never be seen by authors, and little by other people. The Dalai Lama is a God to the imagination, a child to the sight: and a poet is much the same; only that the child excites no vehemence, while the poet is staked and faggoted by his surrounding brethren: all from pure love, however; partly for himself, partly for truth. When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written his Hyperion, Shelley, whom envy never touched, gave as a reason, "because he *was* a Greek." Wordsworth, being asked his opinion of the same poem, called it scoffingly, "a pretty piece of paganism." Yet he himself, in the best verses he ever wrote, and beautiful ones they are, reverts to the powerful influence of the pagan creed.

Southey. How many who write fiercely or contemptuously against us, not knowing us at all, would, if some accident or whim had never pushed them in the wrong direction, write with as much satisfaction to themselves a sonnet full of tears and tenderness on our death! In the long voyage we both of us may soon expect to make, the little shell-fish will stick to our keels, and retard us one knot in the thousand. But while we are here, let us step aside, and stand close by the walls of the old houses, making room for the swell-mob of authors to pass by, with their puffiness of phraseology, their german silver ornaments, their bossy and ill-soldered sentences, their little and light parlour-faggots of trim philosophy, and their topheavy baskets of false language, false criticism, and false morals.

Landor. Our sinews have been scarred and hardened with the red-hot implements of Byron; and by way of refreshment we are now standing up to the middle in the marsh. We are told that the highly-seasoned is unwholesome; and we have taken in good earnest to clammy rye-bread, boiled turnips, and scrag of mutton. If there is nobody who now can guide us through the glades in the Forest of Arden, let us hail the first who will conduct us safely to the gates of Ludlow Castle. But we have other reasons left on hand. For going through the *Paradise Regained* how many days' indulgence will you grant me?

Southey. There are some beautiful passages, as you know, although not numerous. As the poem is much shorter than the other, I will spare you the annoyance of uncovering its nakedness. I remember to have heard you say that your ear would be better pleased, and your understanding equally, if there had been a pause at the close of the fourth verse.

Landor. True; the three following are useless and heavy. I would also make another defalcation, of the five after "else mute." If the deeds he relates are

> Above heroic, *though in secret done,*

it was unnecessary to say that they are

> Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Southey. Satan, in his speech, seems to have caught hoarseness and rheumatism since we met him last. What a verse is

> This is my son beloved, in him, am pleased.

It would not have injured it to have made it English, by writing "in him I am pleased." It would only have continued a sadly dull one.

> Of many a pleasant realm . . *and province wide,*
> The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest. V. 118.

But this is hardly more prosaic than "O what a multitude of thoughts, at once awakened in me, swarm, while I consider what from within I feel myself, and hear," &c. But the passage has reference to the poet, and soon becomes very interesting on that account.

> But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.

It is difficult so to modulate our English verse as to render this endurable to the ear. The first line in the *Gerusalemme Liberata* begins with a double trochee *Canto l'arme.* The word "*But*" is too feeble for the trochee to turn on. We come presently to such verses as we shall never see again out of this poem.

> And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
> Accompanied, of things past and to come,
> Lodged in his breast, *as well might recommend*
> *Such solitude before choicest society.*
> But was driven
> With them from bliss to the bottomless deep.

This is dactylic.

> With them from | bliss to the bottomless | deep.
> He before had sat
> Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
> Ejected, *emptied,* gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
> A spectacle of ruin *or* of scorn, &c. V. 412.

Or should be *and.*

> Which they who ask'd have seldom *understood,*
> And, not well *understood,* as *good* not known.

To avoid the jingle, which perhaps he preferred, he might have written "*as well,*" but how prosaic!

Landor. The only tolerable part of the first book are the six closing lines, and these are the more acceptable because they are the closing ones.

Southey. The second book opens inauspiciously. The devil himself was never so unlike the devil as these verses are unlike verses.

> Andrew and Simon, *famous after known,*
> With others though in holy writ not named,
> Now missing him, &c.
> Plain fishermen, no greater men *them call.*

Landor. I do not believe that anything short of your friendship would induce me to read a third time during my life the *Paradise Regained*: and I now feel my misfortune and imprudence in having given to various friends this poem and many others, in which I had marked with a pencil the faults and beauties. The dead level lay wide

and without a finger-post: the highest objects appeared, with few exceptions, no higher or more ornamental than bulrushes. We shall spend but little time in repeating all the passages where they occur, and it will be a great relief to us. Invention, energy, and grandeur of design, the three great requisites to constitute a great poet, and which no poet since Milton hath united, are wanting here. Call the design a grand one, if you will; you can not however call it his. Wherever there are thought, imagination, and energy, grace invariably follows; otherwise the colossus would be without its radiance, and we should sail by with wonder and astonishment, and gather no roses and gaze at no images on the sunny isle.

Southey. Shakspeare, whom you not only prefer to every other poet, but think he contains more poetry and more wisdom than all the rest united, is surely less grand in his designs than several.

Landor. To the eye. But *Othello* was loftier than the citadel of *Troy;* and what a *Paradise* fell before him! Let us descend; for from *Othello* we *must* descend, whatever road we take; let us look at *Julius Cæsar.* No man ever overcame such difficulties, or produced by his life and death such a change in the world we inhabit. But that also is a grand design which displays the interior workings of the world within us, and where we see the imperishable and unalterable passions depicted *al fresco* on a lofty dome. Our other dramatists painted only on the shambles, and represented what they found there; blood and garbage. We leave them a few paces behind us, and step over the gutter into the green-market. There are however men rising up among us endowed with exquisiteness of taste and intensity of thought. At no time have there been so many who write well in so many ways.

Southey. Have you taken breath? and are you ready to go on with me?

Landor. More than ready, alert. For we see before us a longer continuation of good poetry than we shall find again throughout the whole poem, beginning at verse 155, and terminating at 224. In these however there are some bad verses, such as

> Among daughters of men the fairest found,
> And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

V. 180,

> Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,

is false grammar; "thou *cast* for thou *castedst.*" I find the same fault where I am as much surprised to find it, in Shelley.

> Thou lovest, but ne'er *knew* love's sad satiety.

Shelley in his *Cenci* has overcome the greatest difficulty that ever was overcome in poetry, although he has not risen to the greatest elevation. He possesses less vigour than Byron, and less command of language than Keats; but I would rather have written his

> "Music, when soft voices die,"

than all that Beaumont and Fletcher ever wrote, together with all of their contemporaries, excepting Shakspeare.

Southey. It is wonderful that Milton should praise the continence of Alexander as well as of Scipio. Few conquerors had leisure for more excesses, or indulged in greater, than Alexander. He was reserved on one remarkable occasion: we hear of only one. Scipio, a much better man, and temperate in all things, would have been detested, even in Rome, if he had committed that crime from which the forbearance is foolishly celebrated as his chief virtue.

You will not refuse your approbation to another long passage beginning at verse 260, and ending at 300. But at the conclusion of them, where the devil says that "beauty stands in the admiration only of weak minds," he savours a little of the Puritan. Milton was sometimes angry with her, but never had she a more devoted or a more discerning admirer. For these forty good verses, you will pardon,

> After forty days' fasting *had remained.*

Landor. Very much like the progress of Milton himself in this *jejunery.* I remember your description of the cookery in Portugal and Spain, which my own experience most bitterly confirmed: but I never met with a *bonito* "gris-amber-steamed." This certainly was reserved for the devil's own cookery. Our Saviour, I think, might have fasted another forty days before he could have stomached this dainty; and the devil, if he had had his wits about him, might have known as much.

Southey. I have a verse in readiness which may serve as a napkin to it.

> And with these words his temptation pursued,

where it would have been very easy to have rendered it less disagreeable to the ear by a transposition.

> And his temptation with these words pursued.

I am afraid you will object to a redundant heaviness in,

> Get *riches* first . . get *wealth* . . and *treasure heap;*

and no authority will reconcile you to roll-calls of proper names, such as

> Launcelot or Pellias or Pellenore,

and

> Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,

or again, to such a verse as

> Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.

V. 461,

> To him who wears the regal diadem

is quite superfluous, and adds nothing to the harmony. Verses 472, 473, 474, 475, and 476, have the same cesura. This, I believe, has never been remarked, and yet is the most remarkable thing in all Milton's poetry.

It is wonderful that any critic should be so stupid as a dozen or two of them have proved

themselves to be, in applying the last verses of this second book to Christina of Sweden.

> To *give* a kingdom hath been thought
> Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
> Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
> *Riches* are needless then, &c.

Whether he had written this before or after the abdication of Richard Cromwell, they are equally applicable to him. He did retire not only from sovranty but from riches. Christina took with her to Rome prodigious wealth, and impoverished Sweden by the pension she exacted.

The last lines are intolerably harsh:

> *Oftest* better *miss'd*.

It may have been written "often:" a great relief to the ear, and no detriment to the sense or expression. We never noticed his care in avoiding such a ruggedness in verse 401,

> Whose pains have earn'd the *far-fet* spoil.

He employed "far-*fet*" instead of "far-*fetch'd*," not only because the latter is in conversational use, but because no sound is harsher than "*fetch'd*;" and especially before two sequent consonants, followed by such words as "*with that*." It is curious that he did not prefer "*wherewith*;" both because a verse ending in "*that*" followed by one ending in "*quite*," and because "*that*" also begins the next. I doubt whether you will be satisfied with the first verse I have marked in the third book,

> From that placid aspéct and meek regard.

Landor. The trochee in "*placid*" is feeble there, and "*meek regard*" conveys no new idea to "*placid aspéct*." Presently we come to

> Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
> And wagons fraught with utensils of war.

And here, if you could find any pleasure in a triumph over the petulance and frowardness of a weak adversary, you might laugh at poor Hallam, who cites the following as among the noble passages of Milton:

> Such forces met not, *nor so wide a camp*,
> When Agrican with all his northern powers
> Besieged Albracca, *as romances tell*,
> The city of Gallafron, from whence to win
> *The fairest of her sex, Angelica*.

Southey. How very like Addison, when his milk was turned to whey. I wish I could believe that the applauders of this poem were sincere, since it is impossible to think them judicious; their quotations, and especially Hallam's, having been selected from several of the weakest parts when better were close before them; but we have strong evidence that the opinion was given in the spirit of contradiction, and from the habit of hostility to what is eminent. I would be charitable: Hallam may have hit upon the place by hazard: he may have been in the situation of a young candidate for preferment in the church, who was recommended to the Chancellor Thurlow. After much contemptuousness and ferocity, the chancellor throwing open on the table his *Book of Livings*, commanded him to choose for himself. The young man modestly and timidly thanked him for his goodness, and entreated his lordship to exercise his own discretion. With a volley of oaths, of which he was at all times prodigal, but more especially in the presence of a clergyman, he cried aloud, "Put this pen, sir, at the side of one or other." Hesitation was now impossible. The candidate placed it without looking where: it happened to be at a benefice of small value. Thurlow slapped his hand upon the table, and roared, "By God, you were within an ace of the best living in my gift."

Landor. Hear the end.

> His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
> Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemagne.

Southey. It would be difficult to extract, even from this poem, so many schoolboy's verses together. The preceding, which also are verbose, are much more spirited, and the illustration of one force by the display of another, and which the poet tells us is less, exhibits but small discrimination in the critic who extols it. To praise a fault is worse than to commit one. I know not whether any such critic has pointed out for admiration the "*glass of telescope*," by which the Tempter might have shown Rome to our Saviour, v. 42, Book 4. But we must not pass over lines nearer the commencement, v. 10.

> But as a man who had been matchless held
> In cunning, *over-reach'd* where least he thought,
> To salve his credit, and for very spite
> Still will be tempting him who foils him still.

This is no simily, no illustration, but exactly what Satan had been doing.

Landor. The Devil grows very dry in the desert, where he discourses

> Of Academicks old and new, with those
> *Surnamed* Peripateticks, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoick severe.

Southey. It is piteous to find the simplicity of the Gospel overlaid and deformed by the scholastic argumentation of our Saviour, and by the pleasure he appears to take in holding a long conversation with the Adversary.

> Not therefore am I *short*
> Of knowing what I *ought*. He who receives
> Light from above, from the fountain of light.

What a verse v. 287, &c.! A dissertation from our Saviour, delivered to the Devil in the manner our poet has delivered it, was the only thing wanting to his punishment; and he catches it at last.

V. 396.

> Darkness now *rose*
> As daylight sunk, and brought in *lowering* night,
> Her shadowy offspring.

This is equally bad poetry and bad philosophy: the Darkness *rising* and bringing in the Night *lowering*; when he adds,

> Unsubstantial both,
> Privation mere of light . . *and absent day*.

How! privation of its absence? He wipes away with a single stroke of the brush two very indistinct and ill-drawn figures.

Landor.

> Our Saviour meek and with *untroubled* mind,
> After his airy *jaunt*, tho' *hurried sore*,

How "*hurried* sore," if with *untroubled* mind?

> Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest.

I should have been quite satisfied with a quarter of this.

> Darkness now rose;
> Our Saviour meek betook him to his rest.

Such simplicity would be the more grateful and the more effective in preceding that part of *Paradise Regained* which is the most sublimely pathetic. It would be idle to remark the propriety of accentuation on *concoùrse*, and almost as idle to notice that in verse 420 is

> Thou only *stoodst* unshaken;

and in v. 425,

> Thou *satst* unappalled.

But to *stand*, as I said before, is to *remain*, or to *be*, in Milton, following the Italian. Never was the eloquence of poetry so set forth by words and numbers in any language as in this period. Pardon the *infernal* and *hellish*.

> Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
> Environ'd thee: some howl'd, some yell'd, some shrickt,
> Some bent at thee their fiery darts, *while thou*
> *Satst unappalled in calm and sinless peace.*

The idea of *sitting* is in itself more beautiful than of standing or lying down, but our Saviour is represented as lying down, while

> The tempter watcht, and soon with ugly dreams
> *Disturbed* his sleep.

he could disturb, but not appall him, as he himself says in verse 487.

Southey. It is thought by Joseph Warton and some others, that, where the Devil says,

> Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born,
> For Son of God to me is yet in doubt, &c.

he speaks sarcastically in the word *virgin*-born. But the Devil is not so bad a rhetorician as to turn round so suddenly from the ironical to the serious. He acknowledges the miracle of the Nativity; he pretends to doubt its Divinity.

> So saying he caught him up, and *without wing*
> *Of hippogrif*, bore through the air sublime.

Satan had given good proof that his wing was more than a match for a hippogrif's; and if he had borrowed a hippogrif's for the occasion, he could have made no use of it, unless he had borrowed the hippogrif too, and rode before or behind on him,

> *Over* the wilderness . . and *o'er* the plain.

Two better verses follow; but the temple of Jerusalem could never have appeared

> Topt with golden *spires*.
> So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
> Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
> Who on their plumy vans received *him soft*.

He means our Saviour, not Satan. In any ancient we should manage a little the *ductus literarum*, and, for the wretched words, "*him soft*," purpose to substitute *their lord*. But by what ingenuity can we erect into a verse v. 597?

> In the bosom of bliss and light of light.

In 613 and 614 we find rhyme.

Landor. The angels seem to have lost their voices since they left Paradise. Their denunciations against Satan are very angry, but very weak.

> Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly
> *And beg to hide them in a herd of swine*,
> Lest he command them down into the deep,
> Bound, and to torment sent before their time.

Surely they had been tormented long before.

The close of the poem is extremely languid, however much it has been commended for its simplicity.

Southey.

> He, unobserved,
> *Home*, to his *mother's* house, *private* return'd.

Unobserved and *private*; *home* and his "*mother's house*," are not very distinctive.

Landor. Milton took but little time in forming the plan of his *Paradise Regained*, doubtful and hesitating as he had been in the construction of *Paradise Lost*. In composing a poem or any other work of imagination, although it may be well and proper to lay down a plan, I doubt whether any author of any durable work has confined himself to it very strictly. But writers will no more tell you whether they do or not, than they will bring out before you the foul copies, or than painters will admit you into the secret of composing or of laying on their colours. I confess to you that a few detached thoughts and images have always been the beginnings of my works. Narrow slips have risen up, more or fewer, above the surface. These gradually became larger and more consolidated: freshness and verdure first covered one part, then another; then plants of firmer and of higher growth, however scantily, took their places, then extended their roots and branches; and among them and round about them in a little while you yourself, and as many more as I desired, found places for study and for recreation.

Returning to *Paradise Regained*. If a loop in the netting of a purse is let down, it loses the money that is in it; so a poem by laxity drops the weight of its contents. In the animal body, not only nerves and juices are necessary, but also continuity and cohesion. Milton is caught sleeping after his exertions in *Paradise Lost*, and the lock of his strength is shorn off; but here and there a prominent muscle swells out from the vast mass of the collapsed.

Southey. The *Samson Agonistes*, now before us, is less languid, but it may be charged with almost the heaviest fault of a poem, or indeed of any composition, particularly the dramatic, which is, there is insufficient coherency, or dependence of part on part. Let us not complain that, while we look at Samson and hear his voice, we are forced to think of Milton, of his blindness, of his abandonment, with as deep a commiseration. If we lay open the

few faults covered by his transcendant excellencies, we feel confident that none are more willing (or would be more acceptable were he present) to pay him homage. I retain all my admiration of his poetry; you all yours, not only of his poetry, but of his sentiments on many grave subjects.

Landor. I do; but I should be reluctant to see disturbed the order and course of things, by alterations at present unnecessary, or by attempts at what might be impracticable. When an evil can no longer be borne manfully and honestly and decorously, then down with it, and put something better in its place. Meanwhile guard strenuously against such evil. The vigilant will seldom be constrained to vengeance.

Southey. Simple as is the plan of this drama, there are prettinesses in it which would be far from ornamental anywhere. Milton is much more exuberant in them than Ovid himself, who certainly would never have been so commended by Quinctilian for the *Medea*, had he written

> Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
> The air imprisoned also. V. 7.

But into what sublimity he soon ascends!

> Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
> Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.

Landor. My copy is printed as you read it; but there ought to be commas after *eyeless*, after *Gaza*, and after *mill*. Generally our printers or writers put three commas where one would do; but here the grief of Samson is aggravated at every member of the sentence. Surely it must have been the resolution of Milton to render his choruses as inharmonious as he fancied the Greek were, or would be, without the accompaniments of instrument, accentuation, and chaunts; otherwise how can we account for "abandoned, and by *himself given over; in slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, over-worn and soiled. Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he, that heroic, that renowned, irresistible Samson!*"

Southey. We are soon compensated, regretting only that the *chorus* talks of "*Chalybian* tempered steel" in the beginning, and then informs us of his exploit with the jaw-bone,

> In Ramath-lechi, *famous to this day.*

It would be strange indeed if such a victory as was never won before, were forgotten in twenty years, or thereabout.

Southey. Passing Milton's oversights, we next notice his systematic defects. Fondness for Euripides made him too didactic when action was required. Perhaps the French drama kept him in countenance, although he seems to have paid little attention to it, comparatively.

Landor. The French drama contains some of the finest didactic poetry in the world, and is peculiarly adapted both to direct the reason and to control the passions. It is a well-lighted saloon of graceful eloquence, where the sword-knot is appended by the hand of Beauty, and where the snuff-box is composed of such brilliants as, after a peace or treaty, kings bestow on diplomatists. Whenever I read a French alexandrine, I fancy I receive a box on the ear in the middle of it, and another at the end, sufficient, if not to pain, to weary me intolerably, and to make the book drop out of my hand. Molière and La Fontaine can alone by their homœopathy revive me. Such is the power of united wit and wisdom, in ages the most desperate! These men, with Montaigne and Charron, will survive existing customs, and probably existing creeds. Millions will be captivated by them, when the eloquence of Bossuet himself shall interest extremely few. Yet the charms of language are less liable to be dissipated by time than the sentences of wisdom. While the incondite volumes of more profound philosophers are no longer in existence, scarcely one of writers who enjoyed in a high degree the gift of eloquence, is altogether lost. Among the Athenians there are indeed some, but in general they were worthless men, squabbling on worthless matters: we have little to regret, excepting of Phocion and of Pericles. If we turn to Rome, we retain all the best of Cicero; and we patiently and almost indifferently hear that nothing is to be found of Marcus Antonius or Hortensius; for the eloquence of the bar is, and ought always to be, secondary.

Southey. You were remarking that our poet paid little attention to the French drama. Indeed in his preface he takes no notice of it whatsoever, not even as regards the plot, in which consists its chief excellence, or perhaps I should say rather its superiority. He holds the opinion that "a plot, whether intricate or explicit, is nothing but such economy or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum." Surely the French tragedians have observed this doctrine attentively.

Landor. It has rarely happened that dramatic events have followed one another in their natural order. The most remarkable instance of it is in the *King Œdipus* of Sophocles. But Racine is in general the most skilful of the tragedians, with little energy and less invention. I wish Milton had abstained from calling "Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled *yet* by any;" because it may leave a suspicion that he fancied he, essentially undramatic, could equal them, and had now done it; and because it exhibits him as a detractor from Shakspeare. I am as sorry to find him in this condition as I should have been to find him in a fit of the gout, or treading on a nail with naked foot in his blindness.

Southey. Unfortunately it is impossible to exculpate him; for you must have remarked where, a few sentences above, are these expressions. "This is mentioned to vindicate from the *small esteem, or rather infamy*, which in the account of many, it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing *comick stuff with tragick sadness and gravity*, or intermixing trivial and vulgar persons, which, by all judicious, hath

been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people."

Landor. It may be questioned whether the people in the reign of Elizabeth, or indeed the queen herself, would have been contented with a drama without a smack of the indecent or the ludicrous. They had alike been accustomed to scenes of ribaldry and of bloodshed; and the palace opened on one wing to the brothel, on the other to the shambles. The clowns of Shakspeare are still admired by not the vulgar only.

Southey. The more the pity. Let them appear in their proper places. But a picture by Morland or Frank Hals ought never to break a series of frescoes by the hand of Raphael, or of senatorial portraits animated by the sun of Titian. There is much to be regretted in, and (since we are alone I will say it) a little which might without loss or injury be rejected, from the treasury of Shakspeare.

Landor. It is difficult to sweep away anything and not to sweep away gold-dust with it! but viler dust lies thick in some places. The grave Milton too has cobwebs hanging on his workshop, which a high broom, in a steady hand, may reach without doing mischief. But let children and short men, and unwary ones, stand out of the way.

Southey. Necessary warning! for nothing else occasions so general satisfaction as the triumph of a weak mind over a stronger. And this often happens; for the sutures of a giant's armour are most penetrable from below. Surely no poet is so deeply pathetic as the one before us, and nowhere more than in those verses which begin at the sixtieth and end with the eighty-fifth. There is much fine poetry after this; and perhaps the prolixity is very rational in a man so afflicted, but the composition is the worse for it. Samson could have known nothing of the *interlunar cave;* nor could he ever have thought about the light of the soul, and of the soul being *all in every part.*

Landor. Reminiscences of many sad afflictions have already burst upon the poet, but instead of overwhelming him, they have endued him with redoubled might and majesty. Verses worthier of a sovran poet, sentiments worthier of a pure, indomitable, inflexible, republican, never issued from the human heart, than these referring to the army, in the last effort made to rescue the English nation from disgrace and servitude.

> Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,
> They had by this possest the towers of Gath,
> And lorded over them whom now they serve.
> But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt
> And by their vices brought to servitude,
> Than to love bondage more than liberty,
> Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty,
> And to despise or envy or suspect
> Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
> As their deliverer! If he ought begin,
> How frequent to desert him! and at last
> To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

Southey. I shall be sorry to damp your enthusiasm, in however slight a degree, by pursuing our original plan in the detection of blemishes. Eyes the least clear-sighted could easily perceive one in

> For of such doctrine never was there school
> But the heart of the fool.
> And no man therein doctor but himself. V. 299.

They could discern here nothing but the quaint conceit; and it never occurred to them that the chorus knew nothing of schools and doctors. A line above, there is an expression not English. For "who believe not the existence of God,"

> Who *think* not God at all. V. 295.

And is it captious to say that, when Manoah's locks are called "white as down," whiteness is no characteristic of down? Perhaps you will be propitiated by the number of words in our days equally accented on the first syllable, which in this drama the great poet, with all his authority, has stamped on the second; such as *impùlse, edict, contràry, prescript,* the substantive *contèst, instìnct, crystàlline, pretèxt.*

Landor. I wish we had preserved them all in that good condition, excepting the substantive *contest,* which ought to follow the lead of "*conquest.*" But "now we have got to the worst, let us keep to the worst," is the sound conservative maxim of the day.

Southey. I perceive you adhere to your doctrine in the termination of Aristo*teles.*

Landor. If we were to say Aris*totle,* why not Themis*tocle,* Empe*docle,* and Peri*cle?* Here, too, *neath* has always a hyphen before it, quite unnecessarily. From *neath* comes *nether,* which reminds me that it would be better spelt, as it was formerly, *nethe.*

But go on: we can do no good yet.

Southey.

> That *invincible* Samson, far renowned. V. 341.

Here, unless we place the accent on the third syllable, the verse assumes another form, and such as is used only in the ludicrous or light poetry, scanned thus;

> That invin | cible Sam | son, &c.

There is great eloquence and pathos in the speech of Manoah: but the "*scorpion's tail behind,*" in v. 360, is inapposite. Perhaps my remark is unworthy of your notice; but, as you are reading on, you seem to ponder on something which is worthy.

Landor. How very much would literature have lost, if this marvellously great and admirable man had omitted the various references to himself and his contemporaries. He had grown calmer at the close of life, and saw in Cromwell as a fault what he had seen before as a necessity or a virtue. The indignities offered to the sepulchre and remains of the greatest of English sovrans by the most ignominious, made the tears of Milton gush from his darkened eyes, and extorted from his generous and grateful heart this exclamation:

> Alas! methinks when God hath chosen one
> To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err
> He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
> Subject him to so foul indignities,
> Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

How supremely grand is the close of Samson's speech!

Southey. In v. 439 we know what is meant by

> Slewst them many a slain;

but the expression is absurd: he could not slay the slain. We also may object to

> The use of strongest wines
> And strongest drinks,

knowing that wines were the "strongest drinks" in those times: perhaps they might have been made stronger by the infusion of herbs and spices. You will again be saddened by the deep harmony of those verses in which the poet represents his own condition. V. 590.

> All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, &c.

In verses 729 and 731, the words *address* and *addrest* are inelegant.

> And words *addrest* seem into tears dissolved,
> Wetting the borders of her silken veil;
> But now again she *makes address* to speak.

In v. 734,

> Which to have united, without excuse,
> I cannot but acknowledge,

the comma should be expunged after *excuse*, else the sentence is ambiguous. And in 745, "what *amends is* in my power." We have no singular, as the French have, for this word, although many use it ignorantly, as Milton does inadvertently.

> V. 934. Thy *fair* enchanted cup and warbling charms.

Here we are forced by the double allusion to recognise the later mythos of Circe. The cup alone, or the warbling alone, might belong to any other enchantress, any of his own or of a preceding age, since we know that in all times certain herbs and certain incantations were used by sorceresses.

The chorus in this tragedy is not always conciliating and assuaging. Never was anything more bitter against the female sex than the verses from 1010 to 1060. The invectives of Euripides are never the outpourings of the chorus, and their venom is cold as hemlock; those of Milton are hot and corrosive.

> It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
> *Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,*
> That woman's love *can win or long inherit;*
> But what it is, is hard to say,
> *Harder to hit,*
> Which way soever men refer it:
> Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
> Or seven, *though one should musing sit.*

Never has Milton, in poetry or prose, written worse than this. The beginning of the second line is untrue; the conclusion is tautological. In the third it is needless to inform us that what is not to be gained is not to be inherited; or in the fourth, that what is hard to *say* is hard to *hit;* but it really is a new discovery that it is harder. Where is the distinction in the idea he would present of *saying* and *hitting?* However, we will not "musing sit" on these dry thorns.

> Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
> Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil, &c.

This is a very ugly mis-shapen alexandrine. The verse would be better and more regular by the omission of "*seeming*" or "at first," neither of which is necessary.

Landor. The giant Harapha is not expected to talk wisely: but he never would have said to Samson

> Thou knowst me now,
> *If thou at all art known;* much I have heard
> Of thy prodigious strength. V. 1031.

A pretty clear evidence of his being somewhat known.

> And black enchantments, some magician's art.

No doubt of that. But what glorious lines from 1167 to 1179! I can not say so much of these:

> Have they not sword-players and every sort
> Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
> Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics?

No, certainly not: the jugglers and the dancers they probably had, but none of the rest. *Mummers* are said to derive their appellation from the word *mum.* I rather think *mum* came corrupted from them. *Mummer* in reality is *mime.* We know how frequently the letter *r* has obtained an undue place at the end of words. The English mummers were men who acted, without speaking, in coarse pantomime. There are many things which I have marked between this place and v. 1665.

> V. 1634. That to the arched roof gave main support.

There were no arches in the time of Samson: but the mention of the two pillars in the centre makes it requisite to imagine such a structure. V. 1660,

> O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious.

It is Milton's practice to make vowels syllabically weak either coalesce with or yield to others. In no place but at the end of a verse would he protract *glorious* into a trisyllable. The structure of his versification was founded on the Italian, in which *io* and *ia* in some words are monosyllables in all places but the last. V. 1665,

> Among thy slain self-kill'd,
> Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
> Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined
> Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more
> Than all thy life hath slain before.

Milton differs extremely from the Athenian dramatists in neglecting the beauty of his choruses. Here the third line is among his usually bad alexandrines; and there is not only a debility of rhythm but also a redundancy of words. The verse would be better, and the sense too, without the words "*in death.*" And "*slaughtered*" is alike unnecessary in the next. Farther on, the chorus talks about the phœnix. Now the phœnix, although oriental, was placed in the orient by the Greeks. If the phœnix "*no second knows,*" it is probable it knows "*no third.*" All this nonsense is prated while Samson is lying dead before them. But the poem is a noble poem, and the characters of Samson and Delilah are drawn with precision and truth. The Athenian dramatists, both tragic and comic, have always one chief personage, one central light. Homer has not in the *Iliad,* nor has Milton in the *Paradise*

Lost, nor has Shakspeare in several of his best tragedies. We find it in Racine, in the great Corneille, in the greater Schiller. In Calderon, and the other dramatists of Spain, it rarely is wanting; but their principal delight is in what we call plot or intrigue, in plainer English (and very like it) intricacy and trick. Hurd, after saying of the *Samson Agonistes*, that "it is, as might be expected, a masterpiece," tucks up his lawn sleeve and displays his slender wrist against Lowth. Nothing was ever equal to his cool effrontery when he says, "This critic, *and all such*, are greatly *out in* their judgments," &c. He might have profited, both in criticism and in style, by reading Lowth more attentively and patiently. In which case he never would have written *out in*, nor *obliged to such freedoms*, nor twenty more such strange things. Lowth was against the chorus: Hurd says, "It will be constantly wanting to rectify the wrong conclusions of the audience." Would it not be quite as advisable to drop carefully a few drops of laudanum on a lump of sugar, to lull the excitement of the sufferers by the tragedy? The chorus in Milton comes well provided with this narcotic. Voltaire wrote an *opera*, and intended it for a serious one, on the same subject. He decorated it with chorusses sung to Venus and Adonis, and represented Samson more gallantly French than either. He pulled down the temple on the stage, and cried,

"J'ai réparé ma honte, et j'expire en vainqueur!"

And yet Voltaire was often a graceful poet, and sometimes a judicious critic. It may be vain and useless to propose for imitation the chief excellences of a great author, such being the gift of transcendent genius, and not an acquisition to be obtained by study or labour: but it is only in great authors that defects are memorable when pointed out, and unsuspected until they are distinctly. For which reason I think it probable that at no distant time I may publish your remarks, if you consent to it.

Southey. It is well known in what spirit I made them; and as you have objected to few, if any, I leave them at your discretion. Let us now pass on to *Lycidas*. It appears to me, that Warton is less judicious than usual, in his censure of

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

I find in his note, "The *mellowing* year could not affect the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle, and the ivy, which last is characterised before as *never sere*." The ivy sheds its leaves in the proper season, though never all at once, and several hang on the stem longer than a year. In v. 88,

But now my oar proceeds
And listens to the herald of the sea.

Does the oar listen?

Blind mouths that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook. V. 119.

Now although mouths and bellies may designate the possessors or bearers, yet surely the *blind mouth* holding a shepherd's crook is a fitter representation of the shepherd's dog than of the shepherd. V. 145, may he not have written the *gloming* violet? not indeed well; but better than *glowing*.

V. 154. Ay me! while thee the *shores* and sounding seas
Wash far away.

Surely the *shores* did not.

V. 1750. And hears the *inexpressive* nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms *meek* of joy and love.

What can be the meaning?

Landor. It is to be regretted, not so much that Milton has adopted the language and scenery and mythology of the ancients, as that he confounds the real simple field-shepherds with the mitred shepherds of St. Paul's Churchyard and Westminster Abbey, and ties the two-handed sword against the crook. I have less objection to the luxury spread out before me, than to be treated with goose and mince-pie on the same plate.

No poetry so harmonious had ever been written in our language; but in the same free metre both Tasso and Guarini had captivated the ear of Italy. In regard to poetry, the *Lycidas* will hardly bear a comparison with the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Many of the ideas in both are taken from Beaumont and Fletcher, from Raleigh and Marlowe, and from a poem in the first edition of Burton's *Melancholy*. Each of these has many beauties; but there are couplets in Milton's worth them all. We must, however, do what we set about. If we see the Faun walk lamely, we must look at his foot, find the thorn, and extract it.

Southey. There are those who defend, in the first verses, the matrimonial, or other less legitimate alliance, of *Cerberus* and *Midnight*; but I have too much regard for *Melancholy* to subscribe to the filiation, especially as it might exclude her presently from the nunnery, whither she is invited as *pensive*, *devout*, and *pure*. The union of Erebus and Night is much spoken of in poetical circles, and we have authority for announcing it to the public; but *Midnight*, like *Cerberus*, is a misnomer. We have occasionally heard, in objurgation, a man called a son of a dog, on the mother's side; but never was there goddess of that parentage. You are pleased to find Milton writing *pincht* instead of *pinched*.

Landor. Certainly; for there never existed the word "pinch*ed*," and never can exist the word pinch*'d*." In the same verse he writes *sed* for *said*. We have both of these, and we should keep them diligently. The pronunciation is always *sed*, excepting in rhyme. For the same reason we should retain *agen* as well as *again*.

What a cloud of absurdities has been whiffed against me, by no unlearned men, about the *Conversation* of Tooke and Johnson! Their own petty conceits rise up between their eyes and the volume they are negligently reading, and utterly obscure or confound it irretrievably. One would represent me as attempting to undermine our native tongue; another as modernising; a third

as antiquating it. Whereas I am trying to underprop, not to undermine: I am trying to stop the man-milliner at his ungainly work of trimming and flouncing: I am trying to show how graceful is our English, not in its stiff decrepitude, not in its riotous luxuriance, but in its hale mid-life. I would make bad writers follow good ones, and good writers accord with themselves. If all can not be reduced into order, is that any reason why nothing should be done toward it? If languages and men too are imperfect, must we never make an effort to bring them a few steps nearer to what is preferable? If we find on the road a man who has fallen from his horse, and who has three bones dislocated, must we refuse him our aid because one is quite broken? It is by people who answer in the affirmative to these questions, or seem to answer so, it is by such writers that our language for the last half-century has fallen more rapidly into corruption and decomposition than any other ever spoken among men. The worst losses are not always those which are soonest felt, but those which are felt too late.

Southey. I should have adopted all your suggestions in orthography, if I were not certain that my bookseller would protest against it as ruinous. If you go no farther than to write *compell* and *foretell*, the compositor will correct your oversight: yet surely there should be some sign that the last syllable of those verbs ought to be spelt differently, as they are pronounced differently, from *shrivel* and *level*.

Landor. Let us run back to our plantain. But a bishop stands in the way; a bishop no other than Hurd, who says that "Milton shows his judgment in celebrating Shakspeare's comedies rather than his tragedies." Pity he did not live earlier! he would have served among the mummers both for bishop and fool. We now come to the *Penseroso*, in which title there are many who doubt the propriety of the spelling. Marsand, an editor of Petrarca, has defended the poet, who used equally *pensiero* and *pensero*. The mode is more peculiarly Lombard. The Milanese and Comascs invariably say *pensèr*. Yet it is wonderful how, at so short a distance, and professing to speak the same language, they differ in many expressions. The wonder ceases with those who have resided long in the country, and are curious about such matters, when they discover that at two gates of Milan two languages are spoken. The same thing occurs in Florence itself, where a street is inhabited by the Camaldolese, whose language is as little understood by learned academicians as that of Dante himself. Beyond the eastern gates a morning's walk, you come into Varlunga, a pastoral district, in which the people speak differently from both. I have always found a great pleasure in collecting the leaves and roots of these phonetic simples, especially in hill-countries. Nothing so conciliates many, and particularly the uneducated, as to ask and receive instruction from them. I have not hesitated to collect it from swineherds and Fra Diavolo: I should have looked for it in vain among universities and professors.

Southey. Turning back to the *Allegro*, I find an amusing note, conveying the surprising intelligence, all the way from Oxford, that *eglantine* means really the *dog-rose*, and that both dog-rose and *honeysuckle* (for which Milton mistook it), "are often growing against the side *or walls* of a house." Thus says Mr. Thomas Warton. I wish he had also told us in what quarter of the world a house has *sides* without *walls* of some kind or other. But it really is strange that Milton should have misapplied the word, at a time when botany was become the favourite study. I do not recollect whether Cowley had yet written his Latin poems on the appearances and qualities of plants. What are you smiling at?

Landor. Our old field of battle, where Milton

> Calls up him who left untold
> The story of Cambuscan bold.

Chaucer, like Shakspeare, like Homer, like Milton, like every great poet that ever lived, derived from open sources the slender origin of his immortal works. Imagination is not a mere workshop of images, great and small, as there are many who would represent it; but sometimes *thoughts* also are imagined before they are felt, and descend from the brain into the bosom. Young poets imagine feelings to which in reality they are strangers.

Southey. Copy them rather.

Landor. Not entirely. The copybook acts on the imagination. Unless they felt the truth or the verisimilitude, it could not take possession of them. Both feelings and images fly from distant coverts into their little field, without their consciousness whence they come, and rear young ones there which are properly their own. Chatterton hath shown as much imagination in the *Bristowe Tragedie*, as in that animated allegory which begins,

> When Freedom dreste in blood-stain'd veste.

Keats is the most imaginative of our poets, after Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

Southey. I am glad you admit my favourite, Spenser.

Landor. He is my favourite too, if you admit the expression without the signification of precedency. I do not think him equal to Chaucer even in imagination, and he appears to me very inferior to him in all other points, excepting harmony. Here the miscarriage is in Chaucer's age, not in Chaucer, many of whose verses are highly beautiful, but never (as in Spenser) one whole period. I love the geniality of his temperature: no straining, no effort, no storm, no fury. His vivid thoughts burst their way to us through the coarsest integuments of language.

The heart is the creator of the poetical world; only the atmosphere is from the brain. Do I then undervalue imagination? No indeed: but I find imagination where others never look for it:

in character multiform yet consistent. Chaucer first united the two glorious realms of Italy and England. Shakspeare came after, and subjected the whole universe to his dominion. But he mounted the highest steps of his throne under those bland skies which had warmed the congenial breasts of Chaucer and Boccaccio.

The powers of imagination are but slender when it can invent only shadowy appearances; much greater are requisite to make an inert and insignificant atom grow up into greatness; to give it form, life, mobility, and intellect. Spenser hath accomplished the one; Shakspeare and Chaucer the other. Pope and Dryden have displayed a little of it in their *Satires*. In passing, let me express my wish that writers who compare them in generalities, and who lean mostly toward the stronger, would attempt to trim the balance, by placing Pope among our best critics on poetry, while Dryden is knee-deep below John Dennis. You do not like either: I read both with pleasure, so long as they keep to the couplet. But *St. Cecilia's* music-book is interlined with epigrams, and *Alexander's Feast* smells of gin at second-hand, with true Briton fiddlers full of native *talent* in the orchestra.

Southey. Dryden says, "It were an easy matter to produce some *thousands* of Chaucer's verses *which* are lame for want of half, and sometimes a whole foot, *which* no pronunciation can make otherwise."

Landor. Certainly no pronunciation but the proper one can do it.

Southey. On the opposite quarter, comparing him with Boccaccio, he says, "He has refined on the Italian, and has mended his stories in his way of telling. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage."

Landor. Certainly our brisk and vigorous poet carries with him no weight in criticism.

Southey. Vivacity and shrewd sense are Dryden's characteristics, with quickness of perception rather than accuracy of remark, and consequently a facility rather than a fidelity of expression.

We are coming to our last days if, according to the prophet Joel, "blood and fire and pillars of smoke" are signs of them. Again to Milton and the *Penseroso*.

V. 90. What worlds, or what vast regions.

Are not *vast regions* included in *worlds?* In 119, 120, 121, 122, the same rhymes are repeated.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,

is the only verse of ten syllables, and should be reduced to the ranks. You always have strongly objected to epithets which designate dresses and decoration; of which epithets, it must be acknowledged, both Milton and Shakspeare are unreasonably fond. *Civil-suited, frounced, kercheft,* come close together. I suspect they will find as little favour in your eyes as *embroidered, trimmed,* and *gilded*.

Landor. I am fond of gilding, not in our poetry, but in our apartments, where it gives a sunniness greatly wanted by the climate. Pindar and Virgil are profuse of *gold*, but they reject the *gilded*.

Southey. I have counted ninety-three lines in Milton where *gold* is used, and only four where *gilded* is. A question is raised whether *pale*, in

To walk the studious cloisters *pale*,

is substantive or adjective. What is your opinion?

Landor. That it is an adjective. Milton was very Italian, as you know, in his custom of adding a second epithet after the substantive, where one had preceded it. The Wartons followed him. Yet Thomas Warton would read in this verse the substantive, giving as his reason that our poet is fond of the singular. In the present word there is nothing extraordinary in finding it thus. We commonly say within the *pale* of the church, of the law, &c. But *pale* is an epithet to which Milton is very partial. Just before, he has written "*pale career*," and we shall presently see the "*pale-eyed priest*."

Southey.

With antick pillars massy-proof.

The Wartons are fond of repeating in their poetry the word *massy-proof*: in my opinion an inelegant one, and, if a compound, compounded badly. It seems more applicable to castles, whose *massiveness* gave *proof* of resistance. *Antick* was probably spelt *antike* by the author, who disdained to follow the fashion in *antique, Pindaricque*, &c., affected by Cowley and others, who had been, or would be thought to have been, domiciliated with Charles II. in France.

Landor. Whenever I come to the end of these poems, or either of them, it is always with a sigh of regret. We will pass by the *Arcades*, of which the little that is good is copied from Shakspeare.

Southey. Nevertheless we may consider it as a *nebula*, which was not without its efficiency in forming the star of *Comus*. This *Mask* is modelled on another by George Peele. Two brothers wander in search of a sister enthralled by a magician. They call aloud her name, and Echo repeats it, as here in Comus. Much also has been taken from Puteanus, who borrowed at once the best and the worst of his poem from Philostratus. In the third verse I find *spirits* a dissyllable, which is unusual in Milton.

Landor. I can account for his monosyllabic sound by his fondness of imitating the Italian *spirto*. But you yourself are addicted to these quavers, if you will permit me the use of the word here; and I find *spirit, peril*, &c., occupying no longer a time than if the second vowel were wanting. I do not approve of the apposition in

The *nodding horrour* of whose shady brows. V. 47.

Before which I find

Sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems inlay
The *unadorned* bosom of the deep.

How can a bosom be *unadorned* which already is *inlaid* with gems?

Southey. You will object no less strongly to

> Sounds and seas with all their finny drove,

sounds being parts of *seas.*

Landor. There are yet graver faults. Where did the young lady ever hear or learn such expressions as "Swilled insolence"?

> The *grey-hooded Even,*
> Like a sad votarist in *palmer's weed,*
> Rose from the hindmost *wheels* of Phœbus' wain.

Here is Eve a manifest female, with her own proper hood upon her head, taking the other parts of male attire, and rising (by good luck) from under a waggon-wheel. But nothing in Milton, and scarcely anything in Cowley, is viler than

> Else, O *thievish* night,
> Why should'st thou, but for some *felonious* end,
> In thy *dark-lantern* thus close up the stars.

It must have been a capacious *dark-lantern* that held them all.

> That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
> With everlasting oil.

Hardly so bad; but very bad is

> Does a *sable* cloud
> Turn forth her *silver lining* on the night?

A greater and more momentous fault is, that three soliloquies come in succession for about 240 lines together.

> What time the laboured ox
> In his loose traces from the furrow came
> And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat.

These are blamed by Warton, but blamed in the wrong place. The young lady, being in the wood, could have seen nothing of ox or hedger, and was unlikely to have made any previous observations on their work-hours. But in the summer, and this was in summer, neither the ox nor the hedger are at work: that the ploughman always quits it at noon, as Warton says he does, is untrue. When he quits it at noon, it is for his dinner. Gray says:

> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

He may do that, but certainly not at the season when

> The beetle wheels her drony flight.

Nevertheless the stricture is captious; for the ploughman may return from the field, although not from ploughing; and *ploughman* may be accepted for any agriculturer. Certainly such must have been Virgil's meaning when he wrote

> *Quos durus arator*
> Observans nido implumes detraxit.

For ploughing, in Italy more especially, is never the labour in June, when the nightingale's young are hatched. Gray's verse is a good one, which is more than can be said of Virgil's.

> Sweet Echo! sweetest nymph! that livest unseen
> *Within* thy airy shell!

The habitation is better adapted to an oyster than to Echo. We must however go on and look after the young gentlemen. Comus says:

> I saw them under a green mantling vine
> Plucking ripe clusters, &c.

It is much to be regretted that the banks of the Severn in our days present no such facilities. You would find some difficulty in teaching the readers of poetry to read metrically the exquisite verses which follow. What would they make of

> And as I | past I | worshipt it!

These are the true times; and they are quite unintelligible to those who divide our verses into iambics, with what they call *licences.*

Southey. We have found the two brothers; and never were two young gentlemen in stiffer doublets.

> *Unmuffle,* ye faint stars, &c.

The elder, although "as smooth as Hebe's his unrazor'd lip," talks not only like a man, but like a philosopher of much experience.

> What need a *man* foretell his date of *grief,* &c.

How should he know that

> Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
> Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
> Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
> To save her blossoms and defend her fruit, &c.

Landor. We now come to a place where we have only the choice of a contradiction or a nonsense.

> She *plumes* her feathers and lets grow her wings.

There is no sense in *pluming* a plume. Beyond a doubt Milton wrote *prunes,* and subsequently it was printed *plumes* to avoid what appeared a contrariety. And a contrariety it would be if the word *prune* were to be taken in no other sense than the gardener's. We suppose it must mean to *cut shorter:* but its real signification is to *trim,* which is usually done by that process. Milton here means to *smoothen* and *put in order; prine* is better. Among the strange unaccountable expressions which, within our memory, or a little earlier, were carried down, like shingle by a sudden torrent, over our language, can you tell me what writer first wrote "*unbidden tears*?"

Southey. No indeed. The phrase is certainly a curiosity, although no rarity. I wish some logician or (it being beyond the reach of any) some metaphysician would attempt to render us an acount of it. Milton has never used *unbidden,* where it really would be significant, and only once *unbid.* Can you go forward with this "Elder Brother"?

Landor. Let us try. I wish he would turn off his "liveried angels," v. 455, and would say nothing about lust. How could he have learned that lust

> By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
> But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, &c.

Can you tell me what wolves are "*stabled* wolves," v. 534.

Southey. Not exactly. But here is another verse of the same construction as you remarked before:

> And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.

This was done by choice, not by necessity. He might have omitted the *But*, and have satisfied the herd bovine and porcine. Just below are two others in which three syllables are included in the time of two.

> But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt, &c. V. 302.
> Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms, &c. V. 605.

And again

> And crumble all thy sinews. Why, prithee, shepherd, V. 615

Landor. You have crept unsoiled from

> Under the *sooty* flag of Acheron. V. 600.

And you may add many dozens more of similar verses, if you think it worth your while to go back for them. In v. 610, I find "yet" redundant.

> I love thy courage *yet*, and bold emprise.

Commentators and critics boggle sadly a little farther on

> But in another country, as he said,
> Bore a bright golden flower; *but* not in this soil.

On which hear T. Warton. "Milton, notwithstanding his singular skill in music, appears to have had a very bad ear." Warton was celebrated in his time for his great ability in raising a laugh in the common-room. He has here shown a capacity more extensive in that faculty. Two or three honest men have run to Milton's assistance, and have applied a remedy to his ear: they would help him to mend the verse. In fact, it is a bad one: he never wrote it so. The word *but* is useless in the second line, and comes with the worse grace after the *But* in the preceding. They who can discover faults in versification where there are none but of their own imagining, have failed to notice v. 666.

> Why are you | vext, lady, | why do you | frown.

Now, this in reality is inadmissible, being of a metre quite different from the rest. It is dactylic; and consequently, although the number of syllables is just, the number of feet is defective. But Milton, in reciting it, would bring it back to the order he had established. He would read it

> Why *are* yōu vēxt?

And then in a faultering and falling accent, and in the tender trochee,

> Lādy | why dō yōu frōwn?

There are some who in a few years can learn all the harmony of Milton; there are others who must go into another state of existence for this felicity.

Southey. I am afraid I am about to check for a moment your enthusiasm, in bringing you

> To those budge *doctors* of the Stoic *fur*,

whom Comus is holding in derision.

Landor. Certainly it is odd enough to find him in such company. It is the first time either cynic or stoic ever put on fur, and it must be confessed it little becomes them. We are told that, v. 727,

> And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,

is taken from the Bible. Whencesoever it may be taken, the expression is faulty; for a son may be a bastard, and quite as surely a bastard may be a son. In v. 732, "the unsought diamonds" are ill-placed; and we are told that Doctors Warburton and Newton called these four lines "exceeding childish." They are so, for all that. I wonder none of the fraternity had his fingers at liberty to count the syllables in v. 753.

> If you let | slip time, like a neglected rose, &c.

I wish he had cast away the *yet* in v. 745.

> Think what; and be advised; you are but young yet.

Not only is *yet* an expletive, and makes the verse inharmonious, but the syllables *young* and *yet* coming together would of themselves be intolerable anywhere. What a magnificent passage! how little poetry in any language is comparable to this, which closes the lady's reply,

> Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced. V v. 792—799.

This is worthy of Shakspeare himself in his highest mood, and is unattained and unattainable by any other poet. What a transport of enthusiasm! what a burst of harmony! He who writes one sentence equal to this, will have reached a higher rank in poetry than any has done since this was written.

Southey. I thought it would be difficult to confine you to censure, as we first proposed. The anger and wit of Comus effervesce into flatness, one dashed upon the other.

> Come, no more;
> This is mere moral babble, and direct
> *Against the canon laws of our foundation.*

He rolls out from the "cynic tub" to put on cap and gown. The laughter of Milton soon assumed a wry puritanical cast. Even while he had the *molle* he wanted the *facetum*, in all its parts and qualities. It is hard upon Milton, and harder still upon inferior poets, that every expression of his used by a predecessor should be noted as borrowed or stolen. Here in v. 822

> Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight

is traced to several, and might be traced to more. Chaucer, in whose songs it is more beautiful than elsewhere, writes,

> His harte bathed in a bath of blisse.

Probably he took the idea from the bath of knights. You could never have seen Chaucer, nor the rest, when you wrote those verses at Rugby on Godiva: you drew them out of the *Square Pool*, and assimilated them to the tranquillity of prayer, such a tranquillity as is the effect of prayer on the boyish mind, when it has any effect at all.

Landor. I have expunged many thoughts for their close resemblance to what others had written whose works I never saw until after. But all thinking men must think, all imaginative men must imagine, many things in common, although they differ. Some abhor what others embrace; but the thought strikes them equally. With some an idea is productive, with others it lies inert. I have resigned and abandoned many things because I unreasonably doubted my legiti-

mate claim to them, and many more because I believed I had enough substance in the house without them, and that the retention might raise a clamour in my court-yard. I do not look very sharply after the poachers on my property. One of your neighbours has broken down a shell in my grotto, and a town gentleman has lamed a rabbit in my warren: heartily welcome both. Do not shut your book, we have time left for the rest.

Southey. Sabrina in person is now before us. Johnson talks absurdly, not on the long narration, for which he has reason, but in saying that "it is of no use, because it is false, and therefore unsuitable to a good being." Warton answers this objection with great propriety. It may be added that things in themselves very false are very true in poetry, and produce not only delight, but beneficial moral effects. This is an instance. The part before us is copied from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess.* The Spirit, in his thanksgiving to Sabrina for liberating the lady, is extremely warm in good wishes. After the aspiration,

> May thy lofty head be crown'd
> With many a tower and terrace round,

he adds,

> And here and there, *thy banks upon,*
> With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

It would have been more reasonable to have said,

> And here and there some fine fat geese,
> And ducklings waiting for green peas.

The conclusion is admirable, though it must be acknowledged that the piece is undramatic. Johnson makes an unanswerable objection to the prologue: but he must have lost all the senses that are affected by poetry when he calls the whole drama *tediously instructive.* There is indeed here and there prolixity; yet refreshing springs burst out profusely in every part of the wordy wilderness. We are now at the *Sonnets.* I know your dislike of this composition.

Landor. In English; not in Italian: but Milton has ennobled it in our tongue, and has trivialised it in that. He who is deficient in readiness of language, is half a fool in writing, and more than half in conversation. Ideas fix themselves about the tongue, and fall to the ground when they are in want of that support. Unhappily Italian poetry in the age of Milton was almost at its worst, and he imitated what he heard repeated or praised. It is better to say no more about it, or about his Psalms, when we come to them.

Southey. Among his minor poems several are worthless.

Landor. True; but if they had been lost, we should be glad to have recovered them. Cromwell would not allow Lely to omit or diminish a single wart upon his face; yet there were many and great ones. If you had found a treasure o gold and silver, and afterward in the same excavation an urn in which only brass coins were contained, would you reject them? You will find in his English *Sonnets* some of a much higher strain than even the best of Dante's. The great poet is sometimes recumbent, but never languid; often unadorned, I wish I could honestly say not often inelegant. But what noble odes (for such we must consider them) are the eighth, the fifteenth, the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and above all the eighteenth. There is a mild and serene sublimity in the nineteenth. In the twentieth there is the festivity of Horace, with a due observance of his precept, applicable metaphorically,

> Simplici myrto nihil adlabores.

This is among the few English poems which are quite classical, according to our notions, as the Greeks and Romans have impressed them. It is pleasing to find Milton, in his later days, thus disposed to cheerfulness and conviviality. There are climates of the earth, it is said, in which a warm season intervenes between autumn and winter. Such a season came to reanimate, not the earth itself, but what was highest upon it.

A few of Milton's *Sonnets* are extremely bad: the rest are excellent. Among all Shakspeare's not a single one is very admirable, and few sink very low. They are hot and pothery: there is much condensation, little delicacy; like raspberry-jam without cream, without crust, without bread, to break its viscidity. But I would rather sit down to one of them again, than to a string of such musty sausages as are exposed in our streets at the present dull season. Let us be reverent; but only where reverence is due, even in Milton and in Shakspeare. It is a privilege to be near enough to them to see their faults: never are we likely to abuse it. Those in high station, who have the folly and the impudence to look down on us, possess none such. Silks perish as the silkworms have perished: kings as their carpets and canopies. There are objects too great for these animalcules of the palace to see well and wholly. Do you doubt that the most fatuous of the Georges, whichever it was, thought himself Newton's superior? or that any minister, any peer of parliament, held the philosopher so high as the assayer of the mint? Was it not always in a grated hole, among bars and bullion, that they saw whatever they could see of his dignity? was it ever among the interminable worlds he brought down for men to contemplate? Yet Newton stood incalculably more exalted above the glorious multitude of stars and suns, than these ignorant and irreclaimable wretches above the multitude of the street. Let every man hold this faith, and it will teach him what is lawful and right in veneration; namely, that there are divine beings and immortal men on the one side, mortal men and brute beasts on the other. The two parties stand compact; each stands separate; the distance is wide; but there is nothing in the interval.

Will you go on, after a minute or two, for I am inclined to silence?

Southey. Next to the *Sonnets* come the *Odes,* written much earlier. One stanza in that *On the Morning of the Nativity,* has been often admired.

What think you of this stanza, the fourth? but the preceding and the following are beautiful too.

Landor. I think it incomparably the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language I am conversant with: and I regret that so much of the remainder throws up the bubbles and fetid mud of the Italian. In the thirteenth what a rhyme is *harmony* with *symphony!* In the eighteenth,

> Swinges the scaly horror of his *folded* tail.

I wish you would unfold the folded tail for me: I do not like to meddle with it.

Southey. Better to rest on the fourth stanza, and then regard fresh beauties in the preceding and the following. Beyond these, very far beyond, are the nineteenth and twentieth. But why is the priest *pale-eyed*?

Landor. Who knows? I would not delay you with a remark on the modern spelling of what Milton wrote *kist*, and what some editors have turned into *kiss'd*; a word which could not exist in its contraction, and never did exist in speech, even uncontracted. Yet they make *kiss'd* rhyme with *whist*. Let me remark again, on the word *unexpressive*, 116, used before in *Lycidas*, v. 176, and defended by the authority of Shakspeare. (*As You Like It.* Act III., 82.)

> The fair, the chaste, the *unexpressive* she.

This is quite as wrong as *resistless* for *irresistible*, and even more so. I suspect it was used by Shakspeare, who uses it only once, merely to turn into ridicule a fantastic *euphuism* of the day. Milton, in his youth, was fond of seizing on odd things wherever he found them.

Southey.

> And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow. V. 130.

Landor. No; I will not: I am too puritanical in poetry for that.

Southey. The twenty-third, "And sullen Moloch," is grand, until we come to

> The brutish gods of Nile, *as fast*
> Isis and Osiris and the dog Anubis, haste.

As fast as what? We have heard of nothing but the ring of cymbals calling the grisly king. We come to worse in twenty-six,

> So when the sun *in bed*
> Curtain'd with cloudy *red*,
> *Pillows his chin*, &c.

> And all about the *courtly table*
> *Bright-harnest* angels sit . . in order *serviceable*.

They would be the less *serviceable* by being seated, and not the more so for being harnest.

The Passion. The five first verses of the sixth stanza are good, and very acceptable after the "letters where my tears have *washt a wannish white*." The two last verses are guilty of such an offence as Cowley himself was never indicted for. The sixth stanza lies between two others full of putrid conceits, like a large pearl which has exhausted its oyster.

Landor. But can anything be conceived more exquisite than

> Grove and spring
> Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild!

This totally withdraws us from regarding the strange superfetation just below.

The Circumcision, v. 6.

> Now mourn; and if sad *share* with us to *bear*.

Death of an Infant. It is never at a time when the feelings are most acute that the poet expresses them: but sensibility and taste shrink alike, on such occasions, from witticisms and whimsies. Here are too many; but the two last stanzas are very beautiful. Look at the note. Here are six verses, four of them in Shakspeare, containing specimens of the orthography you recommend.

> Sweet Rose! fair flower, untimely *pluckt*, soon vaded,
> *Pluckt* in the bud and vaded in the spring,
> Bright orient pearle, alack too timely shaded!
> Fair creature! *kil'd* too soon by Death's sharp sting.

Again,

> Sweete lovely Rose! ill *pluckt* before thy time,
> Fair worthy sonne, not conquered, but *betraid*.

Southey. The spelling of Milton is not always to be copied, though it is better on the whole than any other writer's. He continues to write *fift* and *sixt*. In what manner would he write *eighth?* If he omitted the final *h* there would be irregularity and confusion. Beside, how would he continue? Would he say the *tent* for the *tenth*, and the *thirtent*, *fourtent*, &c.

Landor. We have corrected and fixed a few inconsiderate and random spellings, but we have as frequently taken the wrong and rejected the right. No edition of Shakspeare can be valuable unless it strictly follows the first editors, who knew and observed his orthography.

Southey.

> From thy prefixed seat didst *post*. St. 9, v. 59.

We find the same expression more than once in Milton; surely one very unfit for grave subjects, in his time as in ours.

Let us, sitting beneath the sun-dial, look at the poem *On Time*.

> Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours
> Whose speed is but the weary plummet's pace.

Now, although the Hours may be the lazier for the lead about them, the plummet is the quicker for it.

> And glut thyself with what thy womb devours.

It is incredible how many disgusting images Milton indulges in.

Landor. In his age, and a century earlier, it was called strength. The Graces are absent from this chamber of Ilithyia. But the poet would have defended his position with the *horse* of Virgil.

> "*Uterumque* armato milite complent."

Southey.

> Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
> With an *individual* kiss,

meaning *undivided;* and he employs the same

word in the same sense again in the *Paradise Lost*. How much more properly than as we are now in the habit of using it, calling men and women, who never saw one another, *individuals*, and often employing it beyond the person: for instance, "a man's *individual* pleasure," although the pleasure is *divided* with another or with many. The last part, from "When everything," to the end, is magnificent. The word *sincerely* bears its Latin signification.

The next is, *At a Solemn Music*. And I think you will agree with me that a sequence of rhymes never ran into such harmony as those at the conclusion, from "That we on earth."

Landor. Excepting the commencement of Dryden's *Religio Laici*, where indeed the poetry is of a much inferior order: for the head of Dryden does not reach so high as to the loins of Milton.

Southey. No, nor to the knees. We now come to the *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*. He has often much injured this beautiful metre by the prefix of a syllable which distorts every foot. The *entire* change in the *Allegro*, to welcome Euphrosyne, is admirably judicious. The flow in the poem before us is trochaic: he turns it into the iambic, which is exactly its opposite. The verses beginning

> The God that sits at marriage-feast,

are infinitely less beautiful than Ovid's. These,

> He at their invoking came,
> But with a scarce well-lighted flame,

bear a faint resemblance to

> Fax quoque quam tenuit lacrimoso stridula fumo
> Usque fuit, *nullosque invenit motibus ignes*.

Here the conclusion is ludicrously low,

> No marchioness, but now a queen.

In *Vacation Exercise*.

> Driving *dumb silence* from the *portal door*,
> Where he had *mutely sat* two years before.

What do you think of that?

Landor. Why, I think it would have been as well if he had sat there still. In the 27th verse he uses the noun substantive *suspect* for *suspicion*; and why not? I have already given my reasons for its propriety. From 33 to 44 is again such a series of couplets as you will vainly look for in any other poet.

Southey. "*On the Ens*." Nothing can be more ingenious. It was in such subjects that the royal James took delight. I know not what the Rivers have to do with the present, but they are very refreshing after coming out of the Schools.

The Epitaph on Shakspeare is thought unworthy of Milton. I entertain a very different opinion of it, considering it was the first poem he ever published. Omit the two lines,

> Thou in our wonder and astonishment
> Hast built thyself a live-long monument,

and the remainder is vigorous, direct, and enthusiastic; after invention, the greatest qualities of all great poetry.

On the Forces of Conscience. Milton is among the least witty of mankind. He seldom attempts a witticism unless he is angry; and then he stifles it by clenching his fist. His unrhymed translation of *Quis multâ gracilis*, is beautiful for four lines only. *Plain in thy neatness* is almost an equivoke; *neat in thy plainness of attire* would be nearer the mark.

Landor. *Simplex munditiis* does not mean that, nor *plain* in thy "ornaments," as Warton thinks; but, without any reference to ornaments, plain in *attire*. *Mundus muliebris* (and from *mundus munditiæ*) means the toilet; and always will mean it, as long as the world lasts. We now come upon the *Psalms*; so let us close the book.

Southey. Willingly; for I am desirous of hearing you say a little more about the Latin poetry of Milton than you have said in your *Dissertation*.

Landor. Johnson gives his opinion more freely than favourably. It is wonderful that a critic, so severe in his censures on the absurdities and extravagancies of Cowley, should prefer the very worst of them to the gracefulness and simplicity of Milton. His gracefulness he seldom loses; his simplicity he not always retains. But there is no Latin verse of Cowley worth preservation. Thomas May indeed is an admirable imitator of Lucan; so good a one, that if in Lucan you find little poetry, in May you find none. But his verses sound well upon the anvil. It is surprising that Milton, who professedly imitated Ovid, should so much more rarely have run into conceits than when he had no such leader. His early English poetry is full of them, and in the gravest the most. The best of his Latin poems is that addressed to Christina in the name of Cromwell: it is worthy of the classical and courtly Bembo. But in the second verse *lucida stella* violates the metre: *stella serena* would be more descriptive and applicable. It now occurs to me that he who edited the last *Ainsworth's Dictionary*, calls Cowley *poetarum sæculi sui facile princeps*, and totally omits all mention of Shakspeare in the obituary of illustrious men. Among these he has placed not only the most contemptible critics, who bore indeed some relation to learning, but even such people as lord Cornwallis and lord Thurlow. Egregious ass! above all other asses by a good ear's length! Ought a publication so negligent and injudicious to be admitted into our public schools, after the world has been enriched by the erudition of Facciolati and Furlani? Shall we open the book again, and go straight on.

Southey. If you please. But as you insist on me saying most about the English, I expect at your hands a compensation in the Latin.

Landor. I do not promise you a compensation, but I will waste no time in obeying your wishes. Severe and rigid as the character of Milton has been usually represented to us, it is impossible to read his *Elegies* without admiration for his

warmth of friendship, and his eloquence in expressing it. His early love of Ovid, as a master in poetry, is enthusiastic.

> Non tunc Ionio quidquam cessisset Homero,
> *Neve* foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro!

Neve is often used by the moderns for *neque*, very improperly. Although we hear much about the *Metamorphoses* and the *Æneid* being left incomplete, we may reasonably doubt whether the authors could have much improved them. There is a deficiency of skill in the composition of both poems; but every part is elaborately worked out. Nothing in Latin can excell the beauty of Virgil's versification. Ovid's at one moment has the fluency, at another the discontinuance, of mere conversation. Sorrow, passionate, dignified, and deep, is never seen in the *Metamorphoses* as in the *Æneid;* nor in the *Æneid* is any eloquence so sustained, any spirit so heroic, as in the contest between Ajax and Ulysses. But Ovid frequently, in other places, wants that gravity and potency in which Virgil rarely fails: declamation is no substitute for it. Milton, in his Latin verses, often places words beginning with *sc, st, sp,* &c., before a dactyl, which is inadmissible.

> Ah! quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
> Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis.

No such difficult a matter as he appears to represent it: for Jupiter, to the very last, was much given to such reparations. This elegy, with many slight faults, has great facility and spirit of its own, and has caught more by running at the side of Ovid and Tibullus. In the second elegy, *alipes* is a dactyl; *pes,* simple or compound, is long. This poem is altogether unworthy of its author. The third is on the death of Launcelot Andrews, bishop of Winchester. It is florid, puerile, and altogether deficient in pathos. The conclusion is curious:

> Flebam turbatos Cepheleiâ pellice somnos;
> *Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.*

Ovid has expressed the same wish in the same words, but the aspiration was for somewhat very dissimilar to a bishop of Winchester. The fourth is an epistle to Thomas Young, his preceptor, a man whose tenets were puritanical, but who encouraged in his scholar the love of poetry. Much of this piece is imitated from Ovid. There are several thoughts which might have been omitted, and several expressions which might have been improved. For instance:

> Namque eris ipse *Dei* radiante sub *ægide* tutus,
> Ille tibi custos et *pugil* ille tibi.

All the verses after these are magnificent. The next is on Spring; very inferior to its predecessors.

> Nam dolus et cædes *et vis,* cum nocte recessit
> *Neve* giganteum Dei metuere scelus.

How thick the faults lie here! But the invitation of the Earth to the Sun is quite Ovidian.

> Semicaperque deus semideusque caper

is too much so. Elegy the sixth is addressed to Deodati.

> Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
> Qua tu, distento, *forte* carere potes.

I have often observed in modern Latinists of the first order, that they use indifferently *forte* and *forsan* or *forsitan.* Here is an example. *Forte* is, *by accident,* without the implication of a doubt; *forsan* always implies one. Martial wrote bad latin when he wrote "Si *forsan.*" Runchenius himself writes questionably to D'Orville "sed *forte* res non est tanti." It surely would be better to have written *fortasse.* I should have less wondered to find *forte* in any modern Italian (excepting Bembo, who always writes with as much precision as Cicero or Cæsar), because *ma forse,* their idiom, would prompt *sed forte.*

> Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris.

Untrue. He himself was discontented with them because they had lost their playfulness; but their only fault lies in their adulation. I doubt whether all the elegiac verses that have been written in the Latin language ever since, are worth the books of them he sent from Pontus. Deducting one couplet from Joannes Secundus, I would strike the bargain.

> Si modo *saltem.*

The *saltem* is here redundant and contrary to Latinity.

Southey. This elegy, I think, is equable and pleasing, without any great fault or great beauty.

Landor. In the seventh he discloses the first effects of love on him. Here are two verses which I never have read without the heart-ache:

> Ut mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
> Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.

We perceive at one moment the first indication of love and of blindness. Happy, had the blindness been as unreal as the love. Cupid is not exalted by a comparison with Paris and Hylas, nor the frown of Apollo magnified by the Parthian. He writes, as many did, *author* for *auctor*: very improperly. In the sixtieth verse is again *neve* for *nec*; nor is it the last time. But here come beautiful verses:

> Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores;
> Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans.

I wish *cur* had been *qui.* Subjoined to this elegy are ten verses in which he regrets the time he had wasted in love. Probably it was on the day (for it could not have cost him more) on which he composed it.

Southey. The series of these compositions exhibits little more than so many exercises in mythology. You have repeated to me all that is good in them, and in such a tone of enthusiasm as made me think better of them than I had ever thought before. The first of his epigrams, on Leonora Baroni, has little merit: the second, which relates to Tasso, has much.

Landor. I wish however that in the sixth line he had substituted *illâ* for *eâdem*; and not on account of the metre; for *eadem* becomes a spondee, as *eodem* in Virgil's "uno *eodemque* igni." And *sibi*, which ends the poem, is superfluous; if there must be any word it should be *ei*, which the metre rejects. The *Scazons* against Salmasius are a miserable copy of Persius's heavy prologue to his satires; and moreover a copy at second-hand: for Ménage had imitated it in his invective against Mommor, whom he calls Gargilius. He begins,

Quis expedivit psittaco suo χαιρε.

But Persius's and Ménage's at least are metrical, which Milton's in one instance are not. The fifth foot should be an iambic. In *primatum* we have a spondee. The iambics which follow, on Salmasius again, are just as faulty. They start with a false quantity, and go on stumbling with the same infirmity. The epigram on More, the defender of Salmasius, is without wit; the pun is very poor. The next piece, a fable of the Farmer and Master, is equally vapid. But now comes the "Bellipotens Virgo," of which we often have spoken, but of which no one ever spoke too highly. Christina was flighty and insane; but it suited the policy of Cromwell to flatter a queen almost as vain as Elizabeth, who could still command the veterans of Gustavus Adolphus. We will pass over the Greek verses. They are such as no boy of the sixth form would venture to show up in any of our public schools. We have only one alcaic ode in the volume, and a very bad one it is. The canons of this metre were unknown in Milton's time. But, versed as he was in mythology, he never should have written

Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
Horribiles *barathri* recessus.

The good Doctor Goslyn was not rowed in that direction, nor could any such place be discovered from the bark of Charon, from whom Dr. Goslyn had every right, as Vice-Chancellor of the University, to expect civility and attention.

Southey. We come now to a longer poem, and in heroic verse, on the *Gunpowder Plot*. It appears to me to be even more Ovidian than the elegies. Monstrosus Typhoeus, Mavortigena Quirinus, the Pope, and the mendicant friars, meet strangely. However, here they are, and now come Saint Peter and Bromius.

Landor.

Hic Dolus insortis semper sedet ater *ocellis*.

Though *ocellus* is often used for *oculus*, being a diminutive, it is, if not always a word of endearment, yet never applicable to what is terrific or heroic. In the one hundredth and sixty-third verse the Pope is represented as declaring the Protestant religion to be the true one.

Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ.

This poem, which ends poorly, is a wonderful work for a boy of seventeen, although much less so than Chatterton's *Bristowe Tragedy* and *Ælla*.

Southey. I suspect you will be less an admirer of the next, on *Obitum Prœulis Elienses*,

Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet,

where he wishes Death were dead.

Et imprecor neci necem.

Again,

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
Sedesque subterraneas.

Landor. He never has descended before to such a bathos as this, where he runs against the coming blackamoor in the dark. However, he recovers from the momentary stupefaction, and there follow twenty magnificent verses, such as Horace himself, who excells in this metre, never wrote in it. But the next, *Naturam non pati senium*, is still more admirable. I wish only he had omitted the third verse.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem.

Sublime as *volvit sub pectore noctem* is, the lumbering and ill-composed word, *Œdipodioniam*, spoils it. Beside, the sentence would go on very well, omitting the whole line. Gray has much less vigour and animation in the fragment of his philosophical poem. Robert Smith alone has more: how much more! Enough to rival Lucretius in his noblest passages, and to deter the most aspiring from an attempt at Latin poetry. The next is also on a philosophical subject, and entitled *De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit*. This is obscure. Aristoteles *knew*, as others do, that Plato entertained the whimsy of God working from an archetype; but he himself was too sound and solid for the admission of such a notion. The first five verses are highly poetical: the sixth is Cowleian. At the close he scourges Plato for playing the fool so extravagantly, and tells him either to recall the poets he has turned out of doors, or to go out himself. There are people who look up in astonishment at this *archetypus gigas*, frightening God while he works at him. Milton has invested him with great dignity, and slips only once into the poetical corruptions of the age.

Southey. Lover as you are of Milton, how highly must you be gratified by the poem he addresses to his father!

Landor. I am happy, remote as we are, to think of the pleasure so good a father must have felt on this occasion, and how clearly he must have seen in prospective the glory of his son.

In the verses after the forty-second,

Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico fumabat cœna Lyæo,
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates, &c.

I wish he had omitted the two intermediate lines, and had written,

Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum, de more, &c.

The four toward the conclusion,

At tibi, chare pater, &c.

must have gratified the father as much almost by the harmony as the sentiment.

Southey. The scazons to Salsilli are a just and equitable return for his quatrain; for they are full of false quantities, without an iota of poetry.

Landor. But how gloriously he burst forth again in all his splendour for Manso; for Manso, who before had enjoyed the immortal honour of being the friend of Tasso.

> Diis dilecte senex! te Jupiter æquus oportet
> Nascentem et miti lustrárit lumine Phœbus,
> Atlantisque nepos; *neque enim nisi charus ab ortu*
> *Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.*

And the remainder of the poem is highly enthusiastic. What a glorious verse is,

> Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub marte phalanges.

Southey. I have often wondered that our poets, and Milton more especially, should be the partisans of the Britons rather than of the Saxons. I do not add the Normans; for very few of our poets are Norman by descent. The Britons seem to have been a barbarous and treacherous race, inclined to drunkenness and quarrels. Was the whole nation ever worth this noble verse of Milton? It seems to come sounding over the Ægean Sea, and not to have been modulated on the low country of the Tiber.

Landor. In his pastoral on the loss of Diodati, entitled *Epitaphium Damonis*, there are many beautiful verses: for instance,

> Ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
> Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

The pause at *mœrent*, and the word also, show the great master. In Virgil himself it is impossible to find anything more scientific. Here, as in *Lycidas*, mythologies are intermixed, and the heroic bursts forth from the pastoral. Apollo could not for ever be disguised as the shepherd-boy of Admetus.

> Supra caput imber et Eurus
> Triste sonant, *fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.*

Southey. This is finely expressed: but he found the idea not untouched before. Gray, and others have worked upon it since. It may be well to say little on the *Presentation of the poems to the Bodleian Library.* Strophes and antistrophes are here quite out of place; and on no occasion has any Latin poet so jumbled together the old metres. Many of these are irregular and imperfect.

> *Ion* Acteâ genitus Creusâ

is not a verse: *authorum* is not Latin.

> Et tutela dabit *solers* Roûsi

is defective in metre. This Pindaric ode to Rouse the librarian, is indeed fuller of faults than any other of his Latin compositions. He tells us himself that he has admitted a spondee for the third foot in the phaleucian verse, because Catullus had done so in the second. He never wrote such bad verses, or gave such bad reasons, all his life before. But beautifully and justly has he said,

> Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet.

Landor. I find traces in Milton of nearly all the best Latin poets, excepting Lucretius. This is singular; for there is in both of them a generous warmth and a contemptuous severity. I admire and love Lucretius. There is about him a simple majesty, a calm and lofty scorn of everything pusillanimous and abject: and consistently with this character, his poetry is masculine, plain, concentrated, and energetic. But since invention was precluded by the subject, and glimpses of imagination could be admitted through but few and narrow apertures, it is the insanity of enthusiasm to prefer his poetical powers to those of Virgil, of Catullus, and of Ovid; in all of whom every part of what constitutes the true poet is much more largely displayed. The excellence of Lucretius is, that his ornaments are never out of place, and are always to be found wherever there is a place for them. Ovid knows not what to do with his, and is as fond of accumulation as the frequenter of auction-rooms. He is playful so out of season, that he reminds me of a young lady I saw at Sta. Maria Novella, who at one moment crossed herself, and at the next tickled her companion, by which process they were both put upon their speed at their prayers, and made very good and happy. Small as is the portion of glory which accrues to Milton from his Latin poetry, there are single sentences in it, ay, single images, worth all that our island had produced before. In all the volume of Buchanan I doubt whether you can discover a glimpse of poetry; and few sparks fly off the anvil of May.

There is a confidence of better days expressed in this closing poem. Enough is to be found in his Latin to insure him a high rank and a lasting name. It is however to be regretted that late in life he ran back to the treasures of his youth, and estimated them with the fondness of that undiscerning age. No poet ever was sorry that he abstained from early publication. But Milton seems to have cherished his first effusions with undue partiality. Many things written later by him are unworthy of preservation, especially those which exhibit men who provoked him into bitterness. Hatred, the most vulgar of vulgarisms, could never have belonged to his natural character. He must have contracted the distemper from theologians and critics. The scholar in his days was half clown and half trooper. College-life could leave but few of its stains and incrustations on a man who had stept forward so soon into the amenities of Italy, and had conversed so familiarly with the most polished gentlemen of the most polished nation.

Southey. In his attacks on Salmasius, and others more obscure, he appears to have mistaken his talent in supposing he was witty.

Landor. Is there a man in the world wise enough to know whether he himself is witty or not, to the extent he aims at? I doubt whether any question needs more self-examination. It is only the fool's heart that is at rest upon it. He never asks how the matter stands, and feels con-

fident he has only to stoop for it. Milton's dough, it must be acknowledged, is never the lighter for the bitter barm he kneads up with it.

Southey. The sabbath of his mind required no levities, no excursions or amusements. But he was not ill-tempered. The worst-tempered men have often the greatest and readiest store of pleasantries. Milton, on all occasions indignant and wrathful at injustice, was unwilling to repress the signification of it when it was directed against himself. However, I can hardly think he felt so much as he expresses; but he seized on bad models in his resolution to show his scholarship. Disputants, and critics in particular, followed one another with invectives; and he was thought to have given the most manifest proof of original genius who had invented a new form of reproach. I doubt if Milton was so contented with his discomfiture of Satan, or even with his creation of Eve, as with the overthrow of Salmasius under the loads of fetid brimstone he fulminated against him.

It is fortunate we have been sitting quite alone while we detected the blemishes of a poet we both venerate. The malicious are always the most ready to bring forward an accusation of malice: and we should certainly have been served, before long, with a writ pushed under the door.

Landor. Are we not somewhat like two little beggar-boys, who, forgetting that they are in tatters, sit noticing a few stains and rents in their father's raiment?

Southey. But they love him.

Let us now walk homeward. We leave behind us the Severn and the sea and the mountains; and, if smaller things may be mentioned so suddenly after greater, we leave behind us the sundial, which marks, as we have been doing in regard to Milton, the course of the great luminary by a slender line of shadow.

Landor. After witnessing his glorious ascension, we are destined to lower our foreheads over the dreary hydropathy and flanelly voices of the swathed and sinewless.

Southey. Do not be over-sure that you are come to the worst, even there. Unless you sign a certificate of their health and vigour, your windows and lamps may be broken by the mischievous rabble below.

Landor. Marauders will cook their greens and bacon, though they tear down cedar pannels for the purpose.

Southey. There is an incessant chatterer, who has risen to the first dignities of state, by the same means as nearly all men rise now by; namely, opposition to whatever is done or projected by those invested with authority. He will never allow us to contemplate greatness at our leisure: he will not allow us indeed to look at it for a moment. Cæsar must be stript of his laurels and left bald; or some reeling soldier, some insolent swaggerer, some stilted ruffian, thrust before his triumph. If he fights, he does not know how to use his sword; if he speaks, he speaks vile Latin. I wonder that Cromwell fares no better; for he lived a hypocrite and he died a traitor. I should not recall to you this ridiculous man, to whom the Lords have given the *run of the House* . . a man pushed off his chair by every party he joins, and enjoying all the disgraces he incurs . . were it not that he has also, in the fulness of his impudence, raised his cracked voice and incondite language against Milton.

Landor. I hope his dapple fellow-creatures in the lanes will be less noisy and more modest as we pass along them homeward.

Southey. Wretched as he is in composition, superficial as he is in all things, without a glimmer of genius, or a grain of judgment, yet his abilities and acquirements raise him somewhat high above those more quiescent and unaspiring ones, you call his fellow-creatures.

Landor. The main difference is, that they are subject to have their usual burdens laid upon them all their lives, while his of the woolsack is taken off for ever. The allusion struck me from the loudness and dissonance of his voice, the wilfulness and perverseness of his disposition, and his habitude of turning round on a sudden and kicking up behind.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, CECIL, DUKE OF ANJOU, AND DE LA MOTTE FÉNELON.

Elizabeth. You are only nineteen, M. D'Anjou: I, as all the world knows, am bordering on thirty.

La Motte (*aside.*) Thirty-nine, that is. (Pretty bordering).

Elizabeth (*continuing.*) If in fifteen or twenty years, sooner or later, I should haply lose a part of those personal charms which, for the benefit of my people, God's providence hath so bountifully bestowed on me, and which your partial eye hath multiplied; if they should wane, and their power over your gentle heart become fainter . . die I must; die of grief; the grievousest of grief; the loss of your affection.

Anjou. Impossible! Such charms perish! wane! decline! in fifteen or twenty years!

La Motte (*aside.*) They have all been gone the best part of the time.

Anjou. Angelic vision! I am unworthy of them; Earth may be so too. Death alone can deprive her of their radiance; but the angels can be happy without them; and mankind hath not so sinned a second time as to deserve a deluge, a universal deluge of tears for which no ark hath been provided.

Elizabeth (*to Cecil.*) He speaks well, rationally, religiously: but, Cecil! the inches are wanting.

Anjou. A few years are as unlikely to produce a change on that countenance of a seraph, as eternity is to produce it in my passion.

Elizabeth. I can not but smile at you, my sweet

cousin! But surely you mock me. Do my features (which, alas! like my heart, were ever too flexible) seem to you so settled?

Anjou. Not otherwise than as the stars above are settled in the firmament.

Elizabeth. Believe it or not believe it, I have been more beautiful.

La Mothe (*aside.*) No heretic will ever be burnt for disputing the verity of that article.

Anjou. More beautiful still?

Elizabeth. Ay truly, two years ago.

Anjou. Truth is powerful; but modesty is powerfuller. Here indeed Truth flies before her. For this uncourteous speech, thus extorted from me, on my knees do I crave your pardon, O gracious queen! O empress of my heart!

Elizabeth. I increase in glory by that application.

Anjou. I have always heard that the lofty of both sexes love the less in stature, and that the beautiful are partial to the plain.

Elizabeth. Am I plain? false traitor! I could almost find it in my heart to beat you, for changing your tone so suddenly.

Anjou. That gracious glance could heal even wounds inflicted by the rack, and turn agonies into ecstacies. I spake (alas too truly!) of myself. Whatever are the graces which the world sees in my person, I am shorter than several in the courts of France and England. Indeed I never saw so many personable men before, as I have seen about your Majesty.

Elizabeth (*aside.*) He has caught some of his brother Henry's jealousy: maybe he hath spied at Dudley: maybe he hath heard of the admiral and .. the rest.

Sir! my cousin! they are well enough: that is, they are well enough for grooms, and servitors about the house.

Anjou. Your Majesty is now looking at those unfortunate holes and seams left all over my face by the small-pox.

Elizabeth. Dimples! dimples! hiding-places of Love.

La Motte! did you not assure me that there is a surgeon in London who can remove them all?

La Motte. And most truly. I have conversed with him myself, and have seen many whose faces he hath put into repair. You would believe that the greater part had never had a speck upon them.

Elizabeth. Touch your face? would you let him? would you suffer him to alter one feature, one component of feature, in that countenance?

Anjou. My mother has insisted that it might be improved.

Elizabeth. My dear sister the Queen Catarina is the wisest of queens and of women. A mother so perspicacious might espy a defect, when another of equal perspicacity (if any such existed) could find none.

(*To Cecil.*) What a monkey! How hideous! and how vain! worst of all!

Cecil. His Highness hath much penetration.

Elizabeth. But the inches! Cecil! the inches!

Anjou. I perceive your Majesty has been comparing my stature with my lord Burleigh's. I wish indeed I resembled his lordship in figure and dignity. I would gladly be half an inch taller.

Elizabeth. Men never are contented. You are between five and six feet high.

(*Aside.*) Eleven inches from six though.

Anjou. If my highth is unobjectionable, my heart is quite at ease: for it has been certified to me that the surgeon can render my face as smooth as ..

Elizabeth (*aside.*) The outside of an oyster-shell.

Anjou. And should he fail, should he peradventure, my beard in another year will overgrow the marks.

Elizabeth (*to Cecil.*) Such creatures are usually born with beards from chin to eyebrow, and from eyebrow to nose.

(*To Anjou.*) Beards so comprehensive add more to majesty than to comeliness.

(*To Cecil.*) 'Fore Gad! Cecil, I would not have him for a husband, were he ten inches taller, and ten wider across the shoulders. To gratify my beloved people, on whom all my thoughts are bent, I must look narrowly to the succession, seeing that from my body must descend the issue of their future kings. We want the inches, Cecil! we verily do want the inches. My father was a portly man, Cecil! and my grandfather, albeit spare, was wirily elastic. For reasons of state, I would never have my sister Mary's widower. The nation might possibly have been disappointed in the succession, and I should have wasted away among the bleeding hearts of my people. Say something to the man, and let him go. Were there the inches .. but we must not press upon that point.

Cecil. May it please your Majesty, ten or a dozen in highth and breadth would cover a multitude of sins, and almost atone for the mass.

Elizabeth. At him upon that!

Anjou. I do perceive there are difficulties; but I humbly trust that none of them are insurmountable.

Elizabeth. Excuse my maidenly sighs, sweet cousin!

La Motte (*aside.*) No sighs of that description have escaped her since she was fourteen. The first and last of them caught the sails of the High Admiral, and cast him on the breakers.

Anjou. Those tender breathings, most gracious lady, seem to arise from my breast, and to murmur on your lips; those beauteous lips which may soften or shorten the thread of my destiny.

Elizabeth. Faith and troth, Cecil, this rogue duke possesses a vast treasury of jewelled language. The boy is well educated and hath much discernment. It would cost no ordinary poet half a day's labour, and the better part of his ten nails, to have devised what our cousin hath spoken off-hand.

(*To Anjou*). Sir, my cousin! of all the princes who have wooed me, none so well knows the avenues to my heart as you do. I beseech you, urge me no further in this moment of my weakness. The woman who avoweth her love loseth her lover. Forbear! O forbear! have patience! leave my wits to settle! Time, too clearly I perceive it, will only rivet my chains.

La Motte (*to Anjou*). He hath taken his leisure in forging them, and hath left them brittle at last.

Anjou (*to La Motte*). Forty-nine years! Women of that age have bent down their spectacles over the cradles of their great-grandchildren. In God's name, La Motte! how much older do they ever grow?

Elizabeth. What did I overhear of children? The Lord vouchsafe us whatever number of girls it may please his Divine Providence! I would implore of it, in addition, only just two boys; one for France, and one for England.

La Motte. We can not be quite happy with fewer than four girls, may it please your majesty.

Elizabeth. It pleaseth me well: and I see no difficulty in inserting so discreet a prayer in our Litany. But why four? why four precisely?

La Motte. May it please your majesty! in order to represent their mother and the Graces. In the first I have presumed to mention, the cardinal virtues have already their representative.

Cecil. M. De La Motte Fénelon! her majesty has been graciously pleased to impose on me her royal command, that I should express her majesty's deep sorrow (since she herself is incapable in this presence of expressing any such sentiment) at the strange misadventure, the sad untoward demise, of so many Protestant lords and gentlemen, in his most Christian majesty's good city of Paris, on the feast of St. Bartholomew last past. And her most gracious majesty, in the tenderness of her royal heart, urged by the cries and clamours of her loving subjects, would remonstrate, however blandly, thereupon. In order to pacify her people, who are dearer to her than life, and in order that no delay whatever may be interposed to your forthcoming nuptials, her majesty would fain insure your highness's compliance with the established religion of the realm; and is ready to accept any valid security, that your and her royal progeny (the first-born and second-born son especially) be educated in the same. The daughters, in course, follow the footsteps of the mother.

Anjou. My children can receive no better instruction than from their most religious and accomplished mother. I am tolerant of all religions; and to give a proof of it, I am going to fight for the Protestants in the Low-Countries.

Elizabeth (*to Cecil*). Do not let him go: he will obtain great influence over them, and curtail our traffic and taxes.

(*To Anjou*). O Anjou! Anjou! O my beloved Francis! do you, must you, can you, leave us? My sobs choke me. Is war, is even glory, preferable to love? Alas! alas! you can not answer me: you know not what love is. O imperfection of speech! In the presence of Anjou to separate war and glory! But when will you return?

Anjou. Before the end of next month at farthest.

Elizabeth. What years, what ages, roll within that period! My heart is already on the ocean with you, swelling more tumultuously. The danger I most dread is from the elements; no other enemy is great enough to hurt you. Only look from the window! The waves are beating and roaring against our town of Sandwich, ready to engulf it.

Anjou. Sweet lady! the sun is shining on the eighth of February as brightly as it ever shone on May before. But shines it not at this moment on May?

Elizabeth. Flatterer! deceiver! I am shipwrecked and lost already. Adieu! adieu! . . . must I only say . . *my cousin!*

Anjou. She is gone . . God be praised! why did not you tell me, Fénelon! what a hyæna the creature is? Her smile cured me at once of love-qualms.

La Motte. She is not so amiss. Really she was well-looking no longer than some twenty years ago. But every woman has been several women if she has lived long. The English at this hour call her handsome.

Anjou. The English may be good historians; they are bad grammarians; they confound the preterite and the present. Beside, to call her otherwise, would cost the best among them his head. How many days ago is it that she chopped off the hand of the most eloquent and honest man in her universities, for disapproving of her intended marriage with me? and yet he praised her and spoke affectionately. What prince, whether in modern times or ancient, ever inflicted so many and such atrocious pains and penalties, or ever expected such enormous sums in proportion to the ability of the people? But in England the pack is well whipt in, and always follows the first hound at full cry, muzzle to hoof. The English have belief for everything but religion: there they would run wild; only a few good Catholics whimper and sit quiet. Englishmen verily believe the queen loves them tenderly, while they see one after another led with the halter round their necks up the ladder, some wanting their ears, some their noses, and some their hands. Talk to me of St. Bartholomew's day! The dead upon that day died whole.

What stomachs have these islanders! The Lord High Admiral well deserved his commission; but he was braver on land than at sea.

La Motte. The English drink valiantly, and do not see clearly small defects in beauty by bedtime. They are hale, and deem it unmeet and unmanly to be squeamish.

Anjou. So it appears, by what my brother told me, and by what (as we know) went against the grain with him. But he was heir-apparent. If Dudley had been a gentleman by descent, Charles

perhaps might not have so taken to heart his precedency.

La Motte. She has points about her.

Anjou. Ay truly; too many. Were her nose but awry, she might see to read through it. Then (mercy upon us!) those long narrow ferret's teeth, intersecting a face of such proportions, that it is like a pared cucumber set on end. And then those foxy eyelashes and eyebrows! And those wildfire eyes, equal in volubility to her tongue and her affections, and leering like a panther's when it yawns. Gramercy! the fellow who pretends he can fill up the trenches and pitfalls in my face, may try his hand at hers; I never will. Sacre! the skinny old goshawk, all talon and plumage. By St. Martin! I would not have her . . no, not even to nail against my stable-door. I do not wonder that Dudley requires a couple of wives to take the taste of this wormwood out of his mouth. My wonder is, that he should have been at the trouble to murder the same number of handsome ones to make room for her. I myself would have done a good deal, perhaps as much, or nearly so, to get a kingdom! but my charger could never overleap this bar. No, La Motte! I must be contented with the Netherlands.

WINDHAM AND SHERIDAN.

Windham. It is seldom, Mr. Sheridan, that we have met anywhere out of the House of Commons these last two years; and I rejoice in the opportunity of expressing my admiration of your generous conduct, on an occasion in which the country at large, and I particularly as minister, was deeply interested.

Sheridan. I am happy, sir, to be countenanced by your favourable opinion on any: but I presume you now refer to my speech on the mutiny at the Nore.

Windham. Indeed I do: you stood nobly forth from your party. Never was behaviour more ignominious than the behaviour of the Whigs has been, systematically, since the commencement of the war. Whatever they could do or suggest to the detriment of their country, or to the advancement of France, they seized on with avidity. But you manfully came forward and apart from those traitors, declaring that insubordination should be reduced, and that rebellion should be crushed. I heartily wish, and confidently hope, that you will display the same energy and decision in the great measure of the Union now projected with Ireland.

Sheridan. I have heard nothing about it, as likely to be carried speedily into execution. But the vast number of indigent and worthless people who have lately been made Irish peers, might excite a suspicion that something of moment was in agitation. Many must be bought over again. Such men, for instance, as Hely Hutchinson, Lord Clonmel, Lord Clare, and other exhalations of the bog and dunghill, who have always in readiness for the service of any Administration a menace, a defiance, and a pistol; such men will never be contented with the few thousands of income they have in various ways obtained: their demands will rise with their services; and unless the demands are satisfied, the petitioners will turn into patriots. In such a course is usually the beginning or the termination of public men: seldom both. The Irish have begun to learn arithmetic in the English school. Fortunes in this country have risen so high and so suddenly on the base of politics, as to have attracted the gaze and to have excited the aspiration of Ireland. She sees how the Grenvilles and Temples have always speculated on this grand Exchange. They have bought in and sold out with singular discretion. Hence a family of small pretensions to antiquity, far from affluent until recently, has been somewhat enriched at every generation. Lord Grenville, who receives forty thousand a-year from his tellership of the Exchequer, which in time of peace brought him scarcely a tenth, was strenuous for war; while Pitt hung back, in suspense for a moment whether he should comply with the king's wishes or retire from office. The Duke of Portland, as you know, stipulated for a renewal of the lease of Marybone Park, before he would join the ministry with his adherents. The value of this lease is calculated at two hundred thousand. The Irish peers may fairly demand something handsome for the surrender of their power and patronage; I should have added their *dignities*, had I not been aware that either to laugh or to excite laughter, is, at times, unseasonable.

Windham. The terms are not exactly known at present; and indeed the business is so complicated, that doubts are beginning to arise whether the scheme will be practicable in the present year.

Sheridan. Much depends on the amount of secret service money the parliament will consent to vote.

This union might be the greatest blessing that ever was conferred on Ireland. But when I consider how unjustly, how harshly, how treacherously, she has been treated by all administrations, my suspicions rise far above my hopes. It is rumoured that the conditions (which however there will be time enough to reconsider and to modify) are less favourable than were granted to Scotland: and that what is, and always has been in every country under heaven, the main object, is not to be conceded: I mean the religion of the majority. On the abolition of episcopacy in Scotland, its revenues were applied to the religious and moral education of the people, who renounced the old religion, rejected the formulary of the English, and chose another. Surely then in common justice, to say nothing of policy, nothing of conciliation, those from whom churches and church-lands were taken

away, having at least as fair a claim to such things as those who never were in possession of them, should receive the plunder back. In doing this to the full extent, you would still do less for Ireland than was done for Scotland.

Windham. We have always been tender in touching vested rights.

Sheridan. To my apprehension you were not very tender in your touch on the vestment of the Irish Catholic church. The vestment had indeed too many folds and flounces about it, and, instead of covering the brawny shoulders of twenty or thirty fathers, might have been conveniently cut up for the shirts and shifts of as many hundred children. But you never drew out scissars or measure for that purpose: you only stripped the vesture off one fat fellow to clap it on another fatter.

Windham. True enough. The bishop of Derry's landed property extends, I hear, over a hundred and fifty thousand acres; and cottagers pay thirty shillings a year for half acres, not the best, of this very land. Suppose that at the termination of the war, after hard cruises, hard battles, and harder blockades, all our admirals return home, many with amputated limbs, many with incurable wounds, many (indeed most) with broken or impaired constitutions; raise the number of them to half a hundred; and the consolidated pay of these half hundred great and glorious defenders of their country, will be less than the pay of one churchman.

Sheridan. And it is painful to think of how much shorter date.

Windham. Have they no reason to complain of such inequality? have they no right to check and correct it?

All of what are called church lands belong to the state, as the church itself does; and bishoprics have, since the Reformation, not only been curtailed, but abolished. If Parliament can take away a whole bishopric, it surely can take away a moiety, especially that moiety which bishops care least about, the temporalities. Grievous responsibility would be thus removed from them. No longer a necessity to rise early and to sit down late, for the purpose of supplying the indigent and afflicted: no longer a solicitude in seeking out the faithful, merciful, discreet, and active almoner: no longer the worldly care of laying aside the larger part of their revenues, in just and exact proportions, for families more or less numerous, for curates more or less laborious, "for sick widows and young children."

In other parts of Europe to which the Reformation has extended, not only the religion but also its emoluments have been revised and corrected. Government in England should exercise this authority where required. Where there are no, or only few, communicants of the Anglican church in Ireland, it is expedient for them to remove to places where there are many. At all events I would maintain no church establishment for a less number than a hundred adults.

Windham. There are gentlemen in the House of Commons who insist that where a single man, woman, or child, exists in any parish, that parish should enjoy its parson, if Protestant.

Sheridan. But there are many parishes in which there is not a single Protestant, man, woman, or child: however, as there is a steeple, and not only a steeple, but a pulpit, no doubt there should also be a minister of religion for their benefit. If towns which contain several thousand inhabitants have no representative at all, there would be no worse hardship in fewer than one hundred having no established pastor. But this hardship might not befall them: for they might elect one; and they might themselves pay him proportionally to the service he renders; or they might remove into a more convenient and less contracted fellowship. The most pious and serious of the English people are taught the doctrines of the English church by unendowed ministers. The followers of Wesley do not hanker after gowns and surplices; at least such gowns and surplices as mount the pulpit. Well-educated young men of his persuasion are always in readiness to accept the cure of souls. It is only the earnest and patient who are likely to file the old rust and new paint off the crucifix. The Wesleyans may be too impetuous, heady, and frothy; but a gutter that runs with rapidity is less unwholesome than a stagnant ditch. I feel that I lie open to a charge of partiality in this recommendation of the Methodists; but I do assure you I am not about to join them: and I venture to hope that your smile is not a smile of incredulity.

Windham. Be perfectly at ease. But seriously; in turning out this acid on such putridity, there would be a violent fermentation: there would be animosities and conflicts. However, what harm, if there should be? Turn out the weasel against the rat, and, at least while they are fighting, neither of them can corrode the rafters or infest the larder. Your countrymen are a joyous and light-hearted people, and run with alacrity to festivals and fairs. They would not so readily fall in with Calvinism; they are more disposed to fighting, frolic, and pardon.

Sheridan. Frolic and pardon they would never find among the Calvinists, who however in strict justice would amply make out the difference, with fighting.

Windham. We will revert to the right which all governments possess, of curtailing or abolishing the hire of their servants: I admit it. The question at last resolves itself into mere expediency. If our government, after a war, reduces the pay of its soldiers, and abolishes altogether the pay of its sailors, it may consistently, justly, and legally, do the same in regard to the church militant. Whether the pay arises from a turf or from a counter, no matter.

Sheridan. Apply the principle more especially to Ireland. A nation has been misruled for above six centuries by its conqueror. The conqueror has derived the most powerful and efficient

aid from it, against all his enemies, and wishes to derive more. To accomplish which, a sudden thought strikes him, which never entered his head until now; that by rendering it more flourishing, he renders it more effectual in his defence. Another sudden thought strikes him. He remembers that, a century ago, he made a compact of Union with another out-lying country, and that both grew richer and happier instantaneously. The out-lying country had fought, and would fight again, for the establishment and maintenance of its religion. The conqueror cares little about the matter, as far as God and conscience are concerned, but very much about the interests of some riotous idlers and rich absentees.

Ireland would be contented with a less measure of justice than was meted out to Scotland: and you may gain ten-fold as much by it. Scotland has no important bays and harbours: Ireland has more than any country of the same extent.

Windham. More than Norway?

Sheridan. Those of Norway are unimportant, although capacious. Surrounded by barren rocks, affording no anchorage, there is neither traffic nor population. Ireland has better and more than all France. What wars would not England engage in to wrest them from an enemy! What a bustle in the last century about Dunkirk! and in the century before about such a pitiful hole as Calais! A single act of beneficence, of justice, of policy, of policy the most advantageous to ourselves, would render these noble bays and harbours ours for ever, guarded at no expense to us, by as brave and loyal a nation as any upon earth. Can stubbornness and stupidity be imagined grosser, than in refusing to curtail the superfluity of about eight hundred inefficient drones, detested in general by the majority of their neighbours, when it would conciliate eight millions, and save the perpetual expenditure of a standing army to controll them.

Windham. His Majesty is averse to concession.

Sheridan. His Majesty was averse to concession to America: and into what disasters and disgraces, unexperienced, unapprehended, unheard of among us until His Majesty's reign, did this pig-headedness of His Majesty thrust us down!

Windham. By what I hear, there is also another thing which may disincline the Irish from the Union. Not only will the property of the Irish Catholic Church be withholden from its first destination, from which destination, I acknowledge, it was forcibly and violently torn away, but a certain part of our own national debt will be saddled on that people.

Sheridan. What! when we lie on the debtor's side, and they on the creditor's? If Ireland were paid for her soldiers, in the same proportion as we pay for the Hanoverians and Hessians and other Germans, what a balance would she strike against us!

By reducing the English Church in Ireland to the same condition of wealth as the reformed churches of Germany; by selling all church-lands there, and by devoting to the religious and moral education of the people the whole proceeds, in just proportion to the Papal and Protestant communicants, you would conciliate all far-sighted, all humane, all equitable men throughout the island. The lands held under the Crown might also be added.

Windham. Now indeed you are a visionary, Mr. Sheridan! You could sooner uproot the whole island from the Atlantic, than tear from His Majesty an acre of the worst land in it.

Sheridan. I do believe in my conscience he would rather lose the affection of half his subjects than the carcase of one fat sheep. I am informed that all his possessions in Ireland never yielded him five thousand a-year. Give him ten; and he will chuckle at over-reaching you; and not you only, but his own heirs for ever; as he chuckled when he cheated his eldest son of what he pocketed in twenty years from Cornwall, Lancashire, and Wales. The crown-lands in Ireland, unprofitable at present, are large enough to support half a million subjects, reduced to poverty and starvation by his oppressive policy and unjust wars.

Windham. You have been suggesting two impracticabilities, however desirable.

Sheridan. Ministers then have been suggesting another, the Union. They may bring about an Act of Parliament called an Act of Union: but they will be necessitated to piece out their parchment with cartridge paper.

Windham. We can have fighting enough on easier terms elsewhere. If the framers of the Union are equitable and indulgent, Ireland in half a century from its commencement may contribute ten millions a year to the national revenue. If they are unjust, not only will she contribute less than half that amount, but she will oblige the Government to keep up a standing army to coerce her. Instead of furnishing us with a third of our forces, she will paralyse a third of them and keep them sedentary.

Sheridan. Beside, she will become a temptation to France, and even to inferior Powers, to provoke us with aggression and insult, showing them that one hand is tied up behind us. What a farce in the meanwhile is the diversionary talk about the abolition of the slave-trade! What insanity to think of throwing down fifteen or twenty millions to compass an impracticability, to consolidate a dream! Half the money laid out upon Ireland, not in an unmanageable mass all at once, but million by million, year after year, would within ten years render that country prosperous and contented: not however if you resolve to proscribe her religion, to strip its ministers to the skin, and to parade before them and their communicants, on their own ground, your greasy pastors; mere boils and blotches covered with the vestments purloined from their church.

Windham. Indeed it would be well, and certainly is expedient, to conciliate so brave a people. When we are richer we may encourage their agriculture and their fisheries.

Sheridan. They want no other encouragement from you than equity and security. Let the people be contented; and tranquillity is necessarily the result. Let tranquillity be established, and speculators will cover land and sea with English capital.

Windham. As politicians we may rejoice in a religion which, were the natives in easy circumstances, would be favourable to the fisheries.

Sheridan. At the present time there are millions of Roman Catholics in the country who never tasted fish.

Windham. It must be acknowledged that little has been hitherto effected for the comforts of the people. The first man that ever made a movement to assist them was Lord Bacon. He would have given to them the same advantages of every kind as we ourselves enjoy. Humanity was never very urgent with him; but his consummate wisdom prompted to this counsel. I am afraid we must wait until we have men equally wise among us before the counsel is taken.

Sheridan. What hope then? No nation in Europe has treated the conquered so iniquitously as the English have treated the Irish. We must go back to Sparta and the Helots for a parallell. But Sparta did not send out missionaries to establish her pure faith in other lands: Sparta did not piously curse her poorer citizens if they happened to enjoy one day in seven. We, having such advantages over her, may feel somewhat too confident of God's countenance and blessing, and we may at last encroach and push his patience until he loudly cries out and curses us.

Windham. I indulge in few golden dreams about the green island; but certainly no country is capable of such improvement so easily effected.

Sheridan. Henry the Fourth expressed a wish and indulged a hope to see the day, when every householder in France should have a pullet for dinner once a-week: I only wish that every poor Irishman could add a duck annually to his household. Pig and duck (as Lord Castlereagh would express it, if he knew anything or cared anything about the matter) play into one another's hands very nicely. Even this addition to the comforts of an Irish family is little to be expected from the framers of the Union.

MARY AND BOTHWELL.

Mary. Bothwell! Bothwell! what would you have? I can hardly believe my senses. It was wrong, it was very wrong indeed, to commit such an outrage. You forget my condition, my station, and what you owe me . . the allegiance, the duty . .

Bothwell. Nay, nay, my gracious queen! I thought of nothing else all our ride. What a sweet fresh colour it has given my royal mistress! O! could the ugly Elizabeth but see it! I should hail you queen of England the next hour.

Mary. How dare you call my cousin ugly? and to my face! And do you think she would give the crown of England to look at me? O you silly man! But what can you mean?

Bothwell. I mean, she would burst and crack at it, like a dry and gnarly log of mountain-ash on a Christmas hearth.

Mary. At me! at my colour! I can not help laughing at your absurdity, most wicked, flattering, deceiving creature!

Bothwell. I flatter! I deceive! I never try to do what I am likely to fail in: here I must: here all must.

Mary. I wish you had indeed failed altogether.

Bothwell. So then, my royal dove! I did not quite?

Mary. Impudent man! go away.

Ah Bothwell! you are now a traitor after this. They would treat you like one. The laws call it abduction . . and God knows what beside.

Bothwell. Treat me like a traitor! me! the truest man among them. Yea, if I would let them, and this fair hand could sign it.

Mary. O heaven! Do not talk so; you make me very sad. I will never be so cruel to you as you have been to me.

Bothwell. The laws too; the laws forsooth! Neither in our country, nor in any other, do the laws touch anything higher than the collar of the most diminutive thief: and a lawyer is always at hand to change his coat and character with him for a groat.

Mary. With what derision and scorn you speak of laws and lawyers! You little know how vindictive they are.

Bothwell. Faith! we are not well acquainted; but I know enough of them to know that.

Mary. Are not you afraid?

Bothwell. I tremble in the presence of majesty and beauty. Where they are, there lies my law. I do confess I am afraid, and hugely; for I feel hard knockings (there must surely be all the Pandects) where my heart was lately.

Mary. You never had any heart, or you would not have treated me in this manner.

Bothwell. You shall want nothing with me: you shall never pine after the past.

Mary. Ah but! ah but! indeed, indeed, good Bothwell! he was very handsome; and you must acknowledge it . . if he had only been less cross and jealous and wayward and childish . .

Bothwell. Too childish by half for you, fair lady! and he was all those other little things beside.

Mary. What is over is over! God forgive you, bad man! Sinner! serpent! it was all you. And you dare smile! Shame upon you, varlet! Yes; now you look as you should do. Nobody ought

to be more contrite. You may speak again, if you will only speak to the purpose. Come; no wicked thoughts! I mean if you will speak reasonably. But you really are a very, very wicked man indeed.

Bothwell. Happy the man who hears those blessed words! they grow but on soft sweet lips, fresh pouting from ardent pressure.

Mary. If you presume to talk so, I will kill myself. Are you not ashamed?

Bothwell. My blushes quite consume me: I feel my hair crackle on my head: my beard would burn my fingers.

Mary. I will not laugh, sirrah!

Bothwell. No, my most gracious lady! in mercy stop half-way! that smile is quite sufficient.

Mary. Do you fancy I am capable of smiling? I am quite serious. You have carried me away, and now you have nothing to do but to take me back again.

Bothwell. It would be dangerous: you have too many enemies.

Mary. I do not mind them while you are with me. Am I wild? You have frightened me so I scarcely know what I say.

Bothwell. A part of your understanding, most gracious lady! seems at last to have fallen on me.

Mary. Whither now would you carry me? You know it is quite against my will: absolute downright force.

Bothwell. Pardon, sweet lady! pardon my excess of zeal and devotion, my unutterable . .

Mary. What?

Bothwell. Love.

Mary. A subject's is loyalty. Love indeed!

Bothwell. Let me perish, but not against an iceberg.

Mary. Ah, bold cruel man! this is scoffing. Does it end *so!*

Bothwell. Nay, never let it end *so;* never let it end at all; let one thing under heaven be eternal.

Mary. As if I, so helpless a creature, could order it.

Bothwell. What have the Powers above denied you?

Mary. Happiness, innocence, peace. No, they did not deny them. Bothwell! Bothwell! they were mine; were they not?

Bothwell. And good things they are, no doubt; but there are other good things beside; all which you possess, and these too. These should not always be shut up in the casket. Where there are peace and happiness, there is sure to be innocence; for what else can anyone wish? but those who can bring them into the hearts of others, and will not, I never will call innocent. I do not remember that any living person has entreated me and met with a refusal.

Mary. Ah! such men may be beloved, but can not love. What is that to me? It is unbecoming in me to reason with a profligate, or to listen any longer. You have often run then into such courses?

Bothwell. Alas! from my youth upward I have always been liable to these paroxysms.

Mary. For shame! I do not understand a single word of what you are saying. Again I ask you, and I insist upon an answer, whither are you conducting me?

Bothwell. To freedom, to safety, to the protection of a dutiful subject, to the burning heart of a gallant man.

Mary. I am frightened out of my senses at the mere mention of any such things. What can you possibly mean? I never knew the like. I will not hear of it, you rebel! And you dare already . .

Bothwell. Do you look so sternly on me, when you yourself have reduced me to this extremity? And now, worse! worse! do you deprive me of the last breath, by turning away from me those eyes, the bright unerring stars of my destiny?

Mary. If they had any power (but they have none!) I would strike you almost dead with them for that audacity? Again? O madman! madman! madman!

Bothwell. To mistake the lips for the hand! hallucination!

Mary. Now if you should (and you must!) be overtaken!

Bothwell. You would deliver me up to death and ignominy?

Mary. Our pure religion teaches us forgiveness.

Bothwell.

> Then by my troth is it pure and bright
> As a pewter plate on a Saturday night.

Here is a stave of my own to its honour and glory.

Mary. You sing too?

Bothwell. Yes; but I am no tenor.

Mary (*aside*). Ah! sweet soul! thou* wert gentle, fond, and faithful!

Bothwell (*catching the last word*). Capital for the faithful: and moreover it is the cleverest and rarest religion in the world. Few, even of the adventurously pious, so far interfere with the attributes of the Almighty as to take pardon into their own hands . . unless for offences against others. There indeed they find as little difficulty in practising as in preaching.

Mary. I am quite edified at seeing you grow so serious. I once heard that you had abandoned the religion of your ancestors.

Bothwell. I did not abandon it; it dropped off me unaware. Now to prove my constancy, I never would take another. It is hard that a man like me should be accused of irreligion. They may do anything with me they like, if they will only let me be quiet. I am long-suffering: I never preach again.

Mary. Well; at least you have not fallen into heresy? you are not malignant?

Bothwell. By Jupiter! no; neither the one nor the other. Sweet gracious lady! how could you suspect me?

Mary. Because you men are so violent and so

* Thinking of Rizzio.

fond of change. You will never hear reason; you will never do your duty.

Bothwell. By the stars above! I will do mine before I ever presume to pray again.

Mary. And so, you dare to swear and laugh in my presence! I do really think, Bothwell, you are one of the most impudent men I ever met withal.

Bothwell. Ah, my beloved lady!

Mary. Stop, stop! I shall not let you say that.

Bothwell. My most gracious queen and mistress!

Mary. You are now, I believe, within the rules and regulations . . that is, if you would not look up to me in such a very odd way. Modest men always look down on the eyelashes, not between them.

Bothwell. Happy the modest men, if they do.

Mary. There! now you look exactly as you should always.

Bothwell. Faint as I am and sinking betwixt fear and love, I feel that, by thus taking my hand, your Highness in part forgives and entirely pities the most unfortunate of your servants. For surely he is the most unfortunate, who, having ventured the most to serve you, has given you thereby the most offence. I do not say I hazarded my freedom; it was lost when I first beheld you: I do not say I hazarded my life; I had none until to-day: and who dares touch it on the altar where I devote it. Lady! vouchsafe to hear me!

Mary. What a rough hand you have, Bothwell! what a heavy one! and (holy Virgin!) what a vastly broad one; it would cover I don't know what! and what a briary bower of hair over-arching it! Curious! it is quite red all over; everywhere but where there is this long scar; and these two ugly warts. Do I hurt you?

Bothwell. My heart and every fibre feel it, but can well bear it.

Mary. How much whiter the back of the hand is, for a moment, by just passing two fingers over it! look! But really warts are frightful things; and scars not much better. And yet there are silly girls who, when they have nothing else to think about, could kiss them.

Bothwell. Ay, ay; but be girls as silly as they will, I never let them play such idle tricks with me.

Mary. I am glad to hear it: I fancied you had said something very different: you must not joke; it vexes me.

Bothwell. The warts will vanish under the royal touch. As for the scar, I would not lose the scar for the crown of Scotland, in defence whereof I fairly won it.

Mary. O! you are a very brave man, but a very bold one.

Bothwell. Illiterate and ignorant as I am, I would gladly learn from the best-informed and most intellectual of God's creatures, where lies the difference.

Mary. I don't know, I don't know; I am quite bewildered. Move your hand off my knee. Do not lay your cheek there, sir!

O Bothwell! I am tired to death. Take me back! O take me back! pray do! if you have any pity.

Bothwell. Would your Highness be pleased to repose awhile, and remain by yourself in a chamber up-stairs?

Mary. I think it might do me good.

Bothwell. May I order the trustiest of the handmaidens to attend your Highness?

Mary. You may. Go, go; I thought I desired you before not to look up at me in that manner. Thank you, gentle Bothwell! I did not speak too harshly, did I? If I did, you may kiss my hand.

Bothwell. If this scar and these warts (which are fast disappearing, I perceive) are become less frightful to your Highness, might the humblest of your servitors crave permission to conduct your Highness nigh unto the chamber-door?

Mary. Ah me! where are my own women? where are my ushers?

Bothwell. Your Highness, in all your wrongs and straits, has the appointment of one supernumerary.

Mary. Be it so: I can not help myself, as you know; and the blame is all yours.

Bothwell. When your Highness is ready to receive the services of the handmaiden, how may it please your Highness that she shall know it?

Mary. Let her tap twice with her knuckles: I can open the door myself . . or she may.

Bothwell. My queen's most gracious commands shall be duly executed.

TASSO AND CORNELIA.

Tasso. She is dead, Cornelia! she is dead!

Cornelia. Torquato! my Torquato! after so many years of separation do I bend once more your beloved head to my embrace?

Tasso. She is dead!

Cornelia. Tenderest of brothers! bravest and best and most unfortunate of men! What, in the name of heaven! so bewilders you?

Tasso. Sister! sister! sister! I could not save her.

Cornelia. Certainly it was a sad event; and they who are out of spirits may be ready to take it for an evil omen. At this season of the year the vintagers are joyous and negligent.

Tasso. How! what is this?

Cornelia. The little girl was crushed, they say, by a wheel of the car laden with grapes, as she held out a handful of vine-leaves to one of the oxen. And did you happen to be there just at the moment?

Tasso. So then the little too can suffer! the ignorant, the indigent, the unaspiring! Poor child! She was kind-hearted, else never would calamity have befallen her.

Cornelia. I wish you had not seen the accident.

Tasso. I see it? I? I saw it not. No other is crushed where I am. The little girl died for her kindness! Natural death!

Cornelia. Be calm, be composed, my brother!

Tasso. You would not require me to be composed or calm if you comprehended a thousandth part of my sufferings.

Cornelia. Peace! peace! we know them all.

Tasso. Who has dared to name them? Imprisonment, derision, madness.

Cornelia. Hush! sweet Torquato! If ever these existed, they are past.

Tasso. You do think they are sufferings? ay?

Cornelia. Too surely.

Tasso. No, not too surely: I will not have that answer. They would have been; but Leonora was then living. Unmanly as I am! did I complain of them? and while she was left me?

Cornelia. My own Torquato! is there no comfort in a sister's love? Is there no happiness but under the passions? Think, O my brother, how many courts there are in Italy: are the princes more fortunate than you? Which among them all loves truly, deeply, and virtuously? Among them all is there any one, for his genius, for his generosity, for his gentleness, ay, for his mere humanity, worthy to be beloved?

Tasso. Princes! talk to me of princes! How much cross-grained wood a little gypsum covers! a little carmine quite beautifies! Wet your forefinger with your spittle; stick a broken gold-leaf on the sinciput; clip off a beggar's beard to make it tresses; kiss it; fall down before it; worship it. Are you not irradiated by the light of its countenance! Princes! princes! Italian princes! Estes! What matters that costly carrion? Who thinks about it? (*After a pause*). She is dead! She is dead!

Cornelia. We have not heard it here.

Tasso. At Sorrento you hear nothing but the light surges of the sea, and the sweet sprinkles of the guitar.

Cornelia. Suppose the worst to be true.

Tasso. Always, always.

Cornelia. If she ceases, as then perhaps she must, to love and to lament you, think gratefully, contentedly, devoutly, that her arms had clasped your neck before they were crossed upon her bosom, in that long sleep which you have rendered placid, and from which your harmonious voice shall once more awaken her. Yes, Torquato! her bosom had throbbed to yours, often and often, before the organ-peal shook the fringes round the catafalc. Is not this much, from one so high, so beautiful?

Tasso. Much? yes; for abject me. But I did so love her! so love her!

Cornelia. Ah! let the tears flow: she sends you that balm from heaven.

Tasso. So love her did poor Tasso! Else, O Cornelia, it had indeed been much. I thought, in the simplicity of my heart, that God was as great as an emperor, and could bestow and had bestowed on me as much as the German had conferred or could confer on his vassal. No part of my insanity was ever held in such ridicule as this. And yet the idea cleaves to me strangely, and is liable to stick to my shroud.

Cornelia. Woe betide the woman who bids you to forget that woman who has loved you: she sins against her sex. Leonora was unblameable. Never think ill of her for what you have suffered.

Tasso. Think ill of her? I? I? I? No; those we love, we love for everything; even for the pain they have given us. But she gave me none: it was where she was not, that pain was.

Cornelia. Surely, if love and sorrow are destined for companionship, there is no reason why the last comer of the two should supersede the first.

Tasso. Argue with me, and you drive me into darkness. I am easily persuaded and led on while no reasons are thrown before me. With these you have made my temples throb again. Just Heaven! dost thou grant us fairer fields, and wider, for the whirlwind to lay waste? Dost thou build us up habitations above the street, above the palace, above the citadel, for the Plague to enter and carouse in? Has not my youth paid its dues, paid its penalties? Can not our griefs come first, while we have strength to bear them? The fool! the fool! who thinks it a misfortune that his love is unrequited. Happier young man! look at the violets until thou drop asleep on them. Ah! but thou must wake!

Cornelia. O heavens! what must you have suffered! for a man's heart is sensitive in proportion to its greatness.

Tasso. And a woman's?

Cornelia. Alas! I know not; but I think it can be no other. Comfort thee, comfort thee, dear Torquato!

Tasso. Then do not rest thy face upon my arm; it so reminds me of her. And thy tears too! they melt me into her grave.

Cornelia. Hear you not her voice as it appeals to you? saying to you, as the priests around have been saying to *her*, Blessed soul! rest in peace!

Tasso. I heard it not; and yet I am sure she said it. A thousand times has she repeated it, laying her hand on my heart to quiet it, simple girl! She told it to rest in peace . . and she went from me! Insatiable love! ever self-torturer, never self-destroyer! the world, with all its weight of miseries, can not crush thee, can not keep thee down. Generally men's tears, like the droppings of certain springs, only harden and petrify what they fall on; but mine sank deep into a tender heart, and were its very blood. Never will I believe she has left me utterly. Oftentimes, and long before her departure, I fancied we were in heaven together. I fancied it in the fields, in the gardens, in the palace, in the prison. I fancied it in the broad daylight, when my eyes were open, when blessed spirits drew around me that golden circle which one only of earth's inhabitants could enter. Oftentimes in my sleep also I fancied it; and sometimes in the intermediate state, in that serenity which breathes about the transported

soul, enjoying its pure and perfect rest, a span below the feet of the Immortal.

Cornelia. She has not left you; do not disturb her peace by these repinings.

Tasso. She will bear with them. Thou knowest not what she was, Cornelia; for I wrote to thee about her while she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her beautiful form, but her very voice bent over me. How girlish in the gracefulness of her lofty form! how pliable in her majesty! what composure at my petulance and reproaches! what pity in her reproofs! Like the air that angels breathe in the metropolitan temple of the Christian world, her soul at every season preserved one temperature. But it was when she could and did love me! Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the unchangeable. The purifying flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when they meet above.

Cornelia. Indulge in these delightful thoughts, my Torquato! and believe that your love is and ought to be imperishable as your glory. Generations of men move forward in endless procession to consecrate and commemorate both. Colour-grinders and gilders, year after year, are bargained with to refresh the crumbling monuments and tarnished decorations of rude unregarded royalty, and to fasten the nails that cramp the crown upon its head. Meanwhile, in the laurels of my Torquato there will always be one leaf above man's reach, above time's wrath and injury, inscribed with the name of Leonora.

Tasso. O Jerusalem! I have not then sung in vain the Holy Sepulchre.

Cornelia. After such devotion of your genius, you have undergone too many misfortunes.

Tasso. Congratulate the man who has had many, and may have more. I have had, I have, I can have, one only.

Cornelia. Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

Tasso. Have the stars smooth surfaces? No, no; but how they shine!

Cornelia. Capable of thoughts so exalted, so far above the earth we dwell on, why suffer any to depress and anguish you?

Tasso. Cornelia, Cornelia! the mind has within it temples and porticoes and palaces and towers: the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun and stronger than the storm; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the Psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee again, hath its hundred gates, compared whereto the Theban are but willow wickets; and all those hundred gates can genius throw open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them.

Cornelia. Torquato has thrown open those of his holy temple; Torquato hath stood, another angel, at his tomb; and am I the sister of Torquato? Kiss me, my brother, and let my tears run only from my pride and joy! Princes have bestowed knighthood on the worthy and unworthy; thou hast called forth those princes from their ranks, pushing back the arrogant and presumptuous of them like intrusive varlets, and conferring on the bettermost crowns and robes, imperishable and unfading.

Tasso. I seem to live back into those days. I feel the helmet on my head; I wave the standard over it: brave men smile upon me; beautiful maidens pull them gently back by the scarf, and will not let them break my slumber, nor undraw the curtain. Corneliolina! . . .

Cornelia. Well, my dear brother! why do you stop so suddenly in the midst of them? They are the pleasantest and best company, and they make you look quite happy and joyous.

Tasso. Corneliolina, dost thou remember Bergamo? What city was ever so celebrated for honest and valiant men, in all classes, or for beautiful girls! There is but one class of those: Beauty is above all ranks; the true Madonna, the patroness and bestower of felicity, the queen of heaven.

Cornelia. Hush, Torquato, hush! talk not so.

Tasso. What rivers, how sunshiny and revelling, are the Brembo and the Serio! What a country the Valtellina! I went back to our father's house, thinking to find thee again, my little sister; thinking to kick away thy ball of yellow silk as thou wast stooping for it, to make thee run after me and beat me. I woke early in the morning; thou wert grown up and gone. Away to Sorrento: I knew the road: a few strides brought me back: here I am. To-morrow, my Cornelia, we will walk together, as we used to do, into the cool and quiet caves on the shore; and we will catch the little breezes as they come in and go out again on the backs of the jocund waves.

Cornelia. We will indeed to-morrow; but before we set out we must take a few hours' rest, that we may enioy our ramble the better.

Tasso. Our Sorrentines, I see, are grown rich and avaricious. They have uprooted the old pomegranate hedges, and have built high walls to prohibit the wayfarer from their vineyards.

Cornelia. I have a basket of grapes for you in the book-room that overlooks our garden.

Tasso. Does the old twisted sage-tree grow still against the window?

Cornelia. It harboured too many insects at last, and there was always a nest of scorpions in the crevice.

Tasso. O! what a prince of a sage-tree! And the well too, with its bucket of shining metal, large enough for the largest cocomero* to cool in it for dinner.

Cornelia. The well, I assure you, is as cool as ever.

Tasso. Delicious! delicious! And the stone-work round it, bearing no other marks of waste than my pruning-hook and dagger left behind!

* Water-melon.

Cornelia. None whatever.

Tasso. White in that place no longer? There has been time enough for it to become all of one colour; grey, mossy, half-decayed.

Cornelia. No, no; not even the rope has wanted repair.

Tasso. Who sings yonder?

Cornelia. Enchanter! No sooner did you say the word *cocomero*, than here comes a boy carrying one upon his head.

Tasso. Listen! listen! I have read in some book or other those verses long ago. They are not unlike my *Aminta*. The very words!

Cornelia. Purifier of love, and humaniser of ferocity! how many, my Torquato, will your gentle thoughts make happy!

Tasso. At this moment I almost think I am one among them.*

Cornelia. Be quite persuaded of it. Come, brother, come with me. You shall bathe your heated brow and weary limbs in the chamber of your childhood. It is there we are always the most certain of repose. The boy shall sing to you those sweet verses; and we will reward him with a slice of his own fruit.

Tasso. He deserves it; cut it thick.

Cornelia. Come then, my truant! Come along, my sweet smiling Torquato!

Tasso. The passage is darker than ever. Is this the way to the little court? Surely those are not the steps that lead down toward the bath? O yes! we are right; I smell the lemon-blossoms. Beware of the old wilding that bears them; it may catch your veil; it may scratch your fingers! Pray, take care: it has many thorns about it. And now, Leonora! you shall hear my last verses! Lean your ear a little toward me; for I must repeat them softly under this low archway, else others may hear them too. Ah! you press my hand once more. Drop it, drop it! or the verses will sink into my breast again, and lie there silent! Good girl!

Many, well I know, there are
Ready in your joys to share,
And (I never blame it) you
Are almost as ready too.
But when comes the darker day,
And those friends have dropt away,
Which is there among them all
You should, if you could, recall?
One who wisely loves and well
Hears and shares the griefs you tell;
Him you ever call apart
When the springs o'erflow the heart;
For you know that he alone
Wishes they were *but* his own.
Give, while these he may divide,
Smiles to all the world beside.

Cornelia. We are now in the full light of the chamber: can not you remember it, having looked so intently all around?

Tasso. O sister! I could have slept another hour. You thought I wanted rest: why did you waken me so early? I could have slept another hour or longer. What a dream! But I am calm and happy.

Cornelia. May you never more be otherwise! Indeed, he can not be whose last verses are such as those.

Tasso. Have you written any since that morning?

Cornelia. What morning?

Tasso. When you caught the swallow in my curtains, and trod upon my knees in catching it, luckily with naked feet. The little girl of thirteen laughed at the outcry of her brother Torquatino, and sang without a blush her earliest lay.

Cornelia. I do not recollect it.

Tasso. I do.

Rondinello! rondinello!
Tu sei nero, ma sei bello.
Cosa fà se tu sei nero?
Rondinello! sei il primiero
De' volanti, palpitanti,
(E vi sono quanti quanti!)
Mai tenuto a questo petto,
E perciò sei il mio diletto.*

Cornelia. Here is the cocomero; it can not be more insipid. Try it.

Tasso. Where is the boy who brought it? where is the boy who sang my Aminta? Serve him first; give him largely. Cut deeper; the knife is too short: deeper; mia brava Corneliolina! quite through all the red, and into the middle of the seeds. Well done!

* The miseries of Tasso arose not only from the imagination and the heart. In the metropolis of the Christian world, with many admirers and many patrons, bishops, cardinals, princes, he was left destitute, and almost famished. These are his own words: "*Appena* in questo stato ho comprato *due meloni*: e benche io sia stato *quasi sempre infermo*, molte volte mi sono contentato del: manzo e la ministra di latte o di zucca, *quando ho potuto averne*, mi e stata in vece di delizie." In another part he says that he was unable to pay the carriage of a parcel. No wonder; if he had not wherewithal to buy enough of zucca for a meal. Even had he been in health and appetite, he might have satisfied his hunger with it for about five farthings, and have left half for supper. And now a word on his insanity. Having been so imprudent not only as to make it too evident in his poetry that he was the lover of Leonora, but also to signify (not very obscurely) that his love was returned, he much perplexed the Duke of Ferrara, who, with great discretion, suggested to him the necessity of feigning madness. The lady's honour required it from a brother; and a true lover, to convince the world, would embrace the project with alacrity. But there was no reason why the seclusion should be in a dungeon, or why exercise and air should be interdicted. This cruelty, and perhaps his uncertainty of Leonora's compassion, may well be imagined to have produced at last the malady he had feigned. But did Leonora love Tasso as a man would be loved? If we wish to do her honour, let us hope it: for what greater glory can there be, than to have estimated at the full value so exalted a genius, so affectionate and so generous a heart!

* The author wrote the verses first in English, but he found it easy to write them better in Italian: they stood in the text as below: they only do for a girl of thirteen:

Swallow! swallow! though so jetty
Are your pinions, you are pretty:
And what matter were it though
You were blacker than a crow?
Of the many birds that fly
And how many pass me by!
You're the first I ever prest,
Of the many, to my breast:
Therefore it is very right
You should be my own delight.

SOLON AND PISISTRATUS.

Pisistratus. Here is a proof, Solon, if any were wanting, that either my power is small or my inclination to abuse it: you speak just as freely to me as formerly, and add unreservedly, which you never did before, the keenest sarcasms and the bitterest reproaches. Even such a smile as that, so expressive of incredulity and contempt, would arouse a desire of vengeance, difficult to controll, in any whom you could justly call impostor and usurper.

Solon. I do you no injustice, Pisistratus, which I should do if I feared you. Neither your policy nor your temper, neither your early education nor the society you have since frequented, and whose power over the mind and affections you can not at once throw off, would permit you to kill or imprison, or even to insult or hurt me. Such an action, you well know, would excite in the people of Athens as vehement a sensation as your imposture of the wounds, and you would lose your authority as rapidly as you acquired it. This however, you also know, is not the consideration which hath induced me to approach you, and to entreat your return, while the path is yet open, to reason and humanity.

Pisistratus. What inhumanity, my friend, have I committed?

Solon. No deaths, no tortures, no imprisonments, no stripes: but worse than these; the conversion of our species into a lower; a crime which the poets never feigned, in the wild attempts of the Titans or others who rebelled against the gods, and against the order they established here below.

Pisistratus. Why then should you feign it of me?

Solon. I do not feign it; and you yourself shall bear me witness that no citizen is further removed from falsehood, from the perversion of truth by the heat of passion, than Solon. Choose between the friendship of the wise and the adulation of the vulgar. Choose, do I say, Pisistratus? no, you can not: your choice is already made. Choose then between a city in the dust and a city flourishing.

Pisistratus. How so? who could hesitate?

Solon. If the souls of the citizens are debased, who cares whether its walls and houses be still upright or thrown down? When free men become the property of one, when they are brought to believe that their interests repose on him alone, and must arise from him, their best energies are broken irreparably. They consider his will as the rule of their conduct, leading to emolument and dignity, securing from spoliation, from scorn, from contumely, from chains, and seize this compendious blessing (such they think it) without exertion and without reflection. From which cause alone there are several ancient nations so abject, that they have not produced in many thousand years as many rational creatures as we have seen together round one table in the narrowest lane of Athens.

Pisistratus. But, Solon, you yourself are an example, ill treated as you have been, that the levity of the Athenian people requires a guide and leader.

Solon. There are those who by their discourses and conduct, inflate and push forward this levity, that the guide and leader may be called for; and who then offer their kind services, modestly, and by means of friends, in pity to the weakness of their fellow-citizens; taking care not only of their follies, but also their little store of wisdom, putting it out to interest where they see fit, and directing how and where it shall be expended. Generous hearts! the Lacedemonians themselves, in the excess of their democracy, never were more zealous that corn and oil should be thrown into the common stock, than these are that minds should, and that no one swell a single line above another. Their own meanwhile are fully adequate to all necessary and useful purposes, and constitute them a superintending Providence over the rest.

Pisistratus. Solon, I did not think you so addicted to derision: you make me join you. This in the latter part is a description of despotism; a monster of Asia, and not yet known even in the most uncivilised region of Europe. For the Thracians and others, who have chieftains, have no kings, much less despots. In speaking of them we use the word carelessly, not thinking it worth our while to form names for such creatures, any more than to form collars and bracelets for them, or rings (if they use them) for their ears and noses.

Solon. Preposterous as this is, there are things more so, under our eyes: for instance, that the sound should become lame, the wise foolish, and this by no affliction of disease or age. You go further; and appear to wish that a man should become a child again: for what is it else, when he has governed himself, that he should go back to be governed by another? and for no better reason than because, as he is told, that other has been knocked down and stabbed. Incontrovertible proofs of his strength, his prudence, and the love he has been capable of conciliating in those about him!

Pisistratus. Solon! it would better become the gravity of your age, the dignity of your character, and the office you assume of adviser, to address me with decorous and liberal moderation, and to treat me as you find me.

Solon. So small a choice of words is left us, when we pass out of Atticism into barbarism, that I know not whether you, distinguished as you are both for the abundance and the selection of them, would call yourself in preference *king* or *tyrant*. The latter is usually the most violent, at least in

the beginning; the former the most pernicious. Tyrants, like ravens and vultures, are solitary: they either are swept off, or languish and pine away, and leave no brood in their places. Kings, as the origin of them is amid the swamps and wildernesses, take deeper root, and germinate more broadly in the loose and putrescent soil, and propagate their likenesses for several generations; a brood which (such is the power of habitude) does not seem monstrous, even to those whose corn, wine, and oil, it swallows up every day, and whose children it consumes in its freaks and festivals. I am ignorant under what number of them, at the present day, mankind in various countries lies prostrate; just as ignorant as I am how many are the desarts and caverns of the earth, or the eddies and whirlpools of the sea; but I should not be surprised to find it stated that, in Asia and Africa, there may be a dozen, greater or less. Europe has never been amazed at such a portent, either in the most corrupted or the most uncivilised of her nations, as a hereditary chief in possession of absolute power.

Pisistratus. The first despots were tyrannical and cruel.

Solon. And so the last will be. This is wanting, on some occasions, to arouse a people from the lethargy of servitude; and therefore I would rather see the cruellest usurper than the mildest king. Under him men lose the dignity of their nature: under the other they recover it.

Pisistratus. Hereditary kings too have been dethroned.

Solon. Certainly: for, besotted as those must be who have endured them, some subject at last hath had the hardihood and spirit to kick that fellow in the face and trample on him, who insists that the shoe must fit him because it fitted his father and grandfather, and that, if his foot will not enter, he will pare and rasp it.

Pisistratus. The worst of wickedness is that of bearing hard on the unfortunate; and near it is that of running down the fortunate: yet these are the two commonest occupations of mankind. We are despised if we are helpless; we are teased by petulance and tormented by reprehension if we are strong. One tribe of barbarians would drag us into their own dry desarts, and strip us to the skin: another would pierce us with arrows for being naked. What is to be done?

Solon. Simpler men run into no such perplexities. Your great wisdom, O Pisistratus! will enable you in some measure to defend your conduct; but your heart is the more vulnerable from its very greatness.

Pisistratus. I intend to exert the authority that is conferred on me by the people, in the maintenance of your laws, knowing no better.

Solon. Better there may be, but you will render worse necessary; and would you have it said hereafter by those who read them, "Pisistratus was less wise than Solon?"

Pisistratus. It must be said; for none among men hath enjoyed so high a character as you, in wisdom and integrity.

Solon. Either you lie now, Pisistratus, or you lied when you abolished my institutions.

Pisistratus. They exist, and shall exist, I swear to you.

Solon. Yes, they exist like the letters in a burnt paper, which are looked down on from curiosity, and just legible, while the last of the consuming fire is remaining, but they crumble at a touch, and indeed fly before it, weightless and incoherent.

Do you desire, Pisistratus, that your family shall inherit your anxieties? If you really feel none yourself, which you never will persuade me, nor (I think) attempt it, still you may be much happier, much more secure and tranquil, by ceasing to possess what you have acquired of late, provided you cease early; for long possession of any property makes us anxious to retain it, and insensible, if not to the cares it brings with it, at least to the real cause of them. Tyrants will never be persuaded that their alarms and sorrows, their perplexity and melancholy, are the product of tyranny: they will not attribute a tittle of them to their own obstinacy and perverseness, but look for it all in another's. They would move everything and be moved by nothing; and yet lighter things move them than any other particle of mankind.

Pisistratus. You are talking, Solon, of mere fools.

Solon. The worst of fools, Pisistratus, are those who once had wisdom. Not to possess what is good is a misfortune; to throw it away is a folly: but to change what we know hath served us, and would serve us still, for what never has and never can, for what on the contrary hath always been pernicious to the holder, is the action of an incorrigible idiot. Observations on arbitrary power can never be made usefully to its possessors. There is not a foot-page about them at the bath whose converse on this subject is not more reasonable than mine would be. I could adduce no argument which he would not controvert, by the magical words "practical things" and "present times:" a shrug of the shoulder would overset all that my meditations have taught me in half a century of laborious inquiry and intense thought. "These are theories," he would tell his master, "fit for Attica before the olive was sown among us. Old men must always have their way. Will their own grey beards never teach them that time changes things?"

One fortune hath ever befallen those whom the indignant gods have cursed with despotical power; to feed upon falsehood, to loath and sicken at truth, to avoid the friendly, to discard the wise, to suspect the honest, and to abominate the brave. Like grubs in rotten kernels, they coil up for safety in dark hollowness, and see nothing but death in bursting from it. Although they place violence in the highest rank of dignities and virtues, and draw closely round their bodies those whose valour,

from the centre to the extremities, should animate the state, yet they associate the most intimately with singers, with buffoons, with tellers of tales, with prodigies of eating and drinking, with mountebanks, with diviners. These captivate and enthrall their enfeebled and abject spirits; and the first cry that rouses them from their torpor is the cry that demands their blood. Then would it appear by their countenances, that all they had scattered among thousands, had come secretly back again to its vast repository, and was issuing forth from every limb and feature, from every pore, from every hair upon their heads.

What is man at last, O Pisistratus, when he is all he hath ever wished to be! the fortunate, the powerful, the supreme! Life in its fairest form (such he considers it) comes only to flatter and deceive him. Disappointments take their turn, and harass him; weakness and maladies cast him down: pleasures catch him again when he rises from them, to misguide and blind and carry him away: ambition struggles with those pleasures, and only in struggling with them seems to be his friend: they mar one another, and distract him: enemies encompass him; associates desert him; rivalries thwart, persecutions haunt him: another's thoughts molest and injure him; his own do worse than join with them: and yet he shudders and shrinks back at nothing so much as the creaking of that door by which alone there is any escape.

Pisistratus! O Pisistratus! do we tire out the patience of mankind, do we prey upon our hearts, for this? Does Nature crave it? Does Wisdom dictate it? Can Power avert it? Descend then from a precipice, it is difficult to stand, it is impossible to repose on. Take the arm that would lead you and support you back, and restore you to your friends and country. He who places himself far above them, is (any child might tell you) far from them. What on earth can be imagined so horrible and disheartening, as to live without ever seeing one creature of the same species! Being a tyrant or despot, you are in this calamity. Imprisonment in a dungeon could not reduce you to it: false friends have done that for you which enemies could but attempt. If such is the harvest of their zeal, when they are unsated and alert, what is that which remains to be gathered in by you, when they are full and weary? Bitterness; the bitterness of infamy! And how will you quench it? By swallowing the gall of self-reproach!

Let me put to you a few questions, near to the point: you will answer them, I am confident, easily and affably.

Pisistratus, have you not felt yourself the happier, when in the fulness of your heart, you have made a large offering to the gods?

Pisistratus. Solon, I am not impious: I have made many such offerings to them, and have always been the happier.

Solon. Did they need your sacrifice?

Pisistratus. They need nothing from us mortals; but I was happy in the performance of what I have been taught is my duty.

Solon. Piously, virtuously, and reasonably said, my friend. The gods did not indeed want your sacrifice: they, who give everything, can want nothing. The Athenians do want a sacrifice from you: *they* have an urgent necessity of something; the necessity of that very thing which you have taken from them, and which it can cost you nothing to replace. You have always been happier, you confess, in giving to the gods what you could have yourself used in your own house: believe me, you will not be less so in giving back to your fellow-citizens what you have taken out of theirs, and what you very well know they will seize when they can, together with your property and life. You have been taught, you tell me, that sacrifice to the gods is a duty: be it so: but who taught you it? Was it a wiser man than you or I? Or was it at a time of life when your reason was more mature than at present, or your interests better understood? No good man ever gave anything without being the more happy for it, unless to the undeserving, nor ever took anything away without being the less so. But here is anxiety and suspicion, a fear of the strong, a subjection to the weak; here is fawning, in order to be fawned on again, as among sucking whelps half awake. He alone is the master of his fellow-men, who can instruct and improve them; while he who makes the people another thing from what it was, is master of that other thing, but not of the people. And supposing we could direct the city exactly as we would, is our greatness to be founded on this? A ditcher may do greater things: he may turn a torrent (a thing even more turbid and more precipitate) by his ditch! A sudden increase of power, like a sudden increase of blood, gives pleasure; but the new excitement being once gratified, the pleasure ceases.

I do not imagine the children of the powerful to be at any time more contented than the children of others, although I concede that the powerful themselves may be so for some moments, paying however very dearly for those moments, by more in quantity and in value. Give a stranger, who has rendered you no service, four talents: the suddenness of the gift surprises and delights him: take them away again, saying, "Excuse me; I intended them for your brother; still, not wholly to disappoint you, I give you two." What think you; do you augment or diminish that man's store of happiness?

Pisistratus. It must depend on his temper and character: but I think in nearly all instances you would diminish it.

Solon. Certainly. When we can not have what we expect, we are dissatisfied; and what we have ceases to afford us pleasure. We are like infants; deprive them of one toy, and they push the rest away, or break them, and turn their faces from you, crying inconsolably.

If you desire an increase of happiness, do not

look for it, O Pisistratus, in an increase of power. Follow the laws of nature on the earth. Spread the seeds of it far and wide: your crop shall be in proportion to your industry and liberality. What you concentrate in yourself, you stifle; you propagate what you communicate.

Still silent? Who is at the door?

Pisistratus. The boys.

Solon. Come, my little fugitives! turn back again hither! come to me, Hippias and Hipparchus! I wish you had entered earlier; that you might have witnessed my expostulation with your father, and that your tender age might have produced upon him the effect my declining one has failed in. Children, you have lost your patrimony. Start not, Pisistratus! I do not tell them that you have squandered it away: no, I will never teach them irreverence to their parent: aid me, I entreat you, to teach them reverence. Do not, while the thing is recoverable, deprive them of filial love, of a free city, of popular esteem, of congenial sports, of kind confidence, of that which all ages run in pursuit of, equals. Children seek those of the same age, men those of the same condition. Misfortunes come upon all: who can best ward them off? not those above us nor those below, but those on a level with ourselves. Tell me, Pisistratus, what arm hath ever raised up the pillow of a dying despot? He hath loosened the bonds of nature: in no hour, and least of all in the last, can they be strengthened and drawn together. It is a custom, as you know, for you have not yet forgotten all our customs, to conduct youths with us when we mark the boundaries of our lands, that they may give their testimony on any suit about them in time to come. Unfortunate boys! their testimony can not be received: the landmarks are removed from their own inheritance by their own father. Armed men are placed in front of them for ever, and their pleasantest walks throughout life must be guarded by armed men. Who would endure it! one of the hardest things to which the captive, or even the criminal, is condemned. The restraints which everyone would wish away, are eternally about them; those which the best of us require through life, are removed from them on entering it. Their passions not only are uncontrolled, but excited, fed, and flattered, by all around, and mostly by their teachers. Do not expose them to worse monsters than the young Athenians were exposed to in the time of Theseus. Never hath our city, before or since, endured such calamity, such ignominy. A king, a conqueror, an injured and exasperated enemy, imposed them: shall a citizen, shall a beneficent man, shall a father, devise more cruel and more shameful terms, and admit none but his own offspring to fulfill them? That monster perhaps was fabulous. O that these were so! and that pride, injustice, lust, were tractable to any clue or conquerable by any courage, of despotism!

Weak man! will sighing suffocate them? will holding down the head confound them?

Hippias and Hipparchus! you are now the children of Solon, the orphans of Pisistratus. If I have any wisdom, it is the wisdom of experience: it shall cost you nothing from me, from others much. I present to you a fruit which the gods themselves have fenced round, not only from the animals, but from most men; one which I have nurtured and watched day and night for seventy years, reckoning from the time when my letters and duties were first taught me; a lovely, sweet, and wholesome fruit, my children, and which, like the ambrosia of the blessed in Olympus, grows by participation and enjoyment.

You receive it attentively and gratefully: your father, who ought to know its value, listens and rejects it. I am not angry with him for this; and, if I censure him before you, I blame myself also in his presence. Too frequently have I repeated my admonition: I am throwing my time away . . I who have so little left me: I am consuming my heart with sorrow . . when sorrow and solicitudes should have ceased . . and from whom? from him principally who will derive no good from it, and will suffer none to flow on others, not even on those the dearest to him. Think, my children, how unwise a man is Solon, how hard a man Pisistratus, how mistaken in both are the Athenians. Study to avoid our errors, to correct our faults, and by simplicity of life, by moderation in your hopes and wishes, to set a purer and (grant it, Heaven!) a more stabile example than we have done.

LOUIS XVIII. AND TALLEYRAND.

Louis. M. Talleyrand! in common with all my family, all France, all Europe, I entertain the highest opinion of your abilities and integrity. You have convinced me that your heart, throughout the storms of the revolution, leaned constantly toward royalty; and that you permitted and even encouraged the caresses of the usurper, merely that you might strangle the more certainly and the more easily his new-born empire. After this, it is impossible to withhold my confidence from you.

Talleyrand. Conscious of the ridicule his arrogance and presumption would incur, the usurper attempted to silence and stifle it with other and far different emotions. Half his cruelties were perpetrated that his vanity might not be wounded: for scorn is superseded by horror. Whenever he committed an action or uttered a sentiment which would render him an object of derision, he instantly gave vent to another which paralysed by its enormous wickedness. He would extirpate a nation to extinguish a smile. No man alive could deceive your Majesty: the extremely few who would wish to do it, lie under

that vigilant and piercing eye, which discerned in perspective from the gardens of Hartwell those of the Tuileries and Versailles. As joy arises from calamity, so spring arises from the bosom of winter, purely to receive your Majesty, inviting the august descendant of their glorious founder to adorn and animate them again with his beneficent and gracious presence. The waters murmur, in voices half-suppressed, the reverential hymn of peace restored: the woods bow their heads . . .

Louis. Talking of woods, I am apprehensive all the game has been wofully killed up in my forests.

Talleyrand. A single year will replenish them.

Louis. Meanwhile! M. Talleyrand! meanwhile!

Talleyrand. Honest and active and watchful gamekeepers, in sufficient number, must be sought; and immediately.

Louis. Alas! if the children of my nobility had been educated like the children of the English, I might have promoted some hundreds of them in this department. But their talents lie totally within the binding of their breviaries. Those of them who shoot, can shoot only with pistols; which accomplishment they acquired in England, that they might challenge any of the islanders who should happen to look with surprise or displeasure in their faces, expecting to be noticed by them in Paris, for the little hospitalities the proud young gentlemen, and their prouder fathers, were permitted to offer them in London and at their country seats. What we call *reconnaisance*, they call *gratitude*, treating a recollector like a debtor. This is a want of courtesy, a defect in civilisation, which it behoves us to supply. Our memories are as tenacious as theirs, and rather more eclectic.

Since my return to my kingdom I have undergone great indignities from this unreflecting people. One Canova, a sculptor at Rome, visited Paris in the name of the Pope, and in quality of his envoy, and insisted on the cession of those statues and pictures which were brought into France by the French armies. He began to remove them out of the Gallery: I told him I would never give my consent: he replied, he thought it sufficient that he had Wellington's. Therefore, the next time Wellington presented himself at the Tuileries, I turned my back upon him before the whole court. Let the English and their allies be aware, that I owe my restoration not to them, but partly to God and partly to Saint Louis. They and their armies are only brute instruments in the hands of my progenitor and intercessor.

Talleyrand. Fortunate, that the conqueror of France bears no resemblance to the conqueror of Spain. Peterborough (I shudder at the idea) would have ordered a file of soldiers to seat your Majesty in your travelling carriage, and would have reinstalled you at Hartwell. The English people are so barbarous, that he would have done it not only with impunity, but with applause.

Louis. But the sovran of his country . . would the sovran suffer it?

Talleyrand. Alas! sire! Confronted with such men, what are sovrans, when the people are the judges? Wellington can drill armies: Peterborough could marshal nations.

Louis. Thank God! we have no longer any such pests on earth. The most consummate general of our days (such is Wellington) sees nothing one single inch beyond the field of battle; and he is so observant of discipline, that if I ordered him to be flogged in the presence of the allied armies, he would not utter a complaint nor shrug a shoulder; he would only write a despatch.

Talleyrand. But his soldiers would execute the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, and Paris would sink into her catacombs. No man so little beloved was ever so well obeyed: and there is not a man in England, of either party, citizen or soldier, who would not rather die than see him disgraced. His firmness, his moderation, his probity, place him more opposite to Napoleon than he stood in the field of Waterloo. These are his lofty lines of Torres Vedras, which no enemy dares assail throughout their whole extent.

Louis. M. Talleyrand! is it quite right to extol an enemy and an Englishman in this manner?

Talleyrand. Pardon! Sire! I stand corrected. Forgive me a momentary fit of enthusiasm, in favour of those qualities by which, although an Englishman's, I am placed again in your Majesty's service.

Louis. We will now then go seriously to business. Wellington and the allied armies have interrupted and occupied us. I will instantly write, with my own hand, to the Marquis of Buckingham, desiring him to send me five hundred pheasant-eggs. I am restored to my throne, M. Talleyrand! but in what a condition! Not a pheasant on the table! I must throw myself on the mercy of foreigners, even for a pheasant! When I have written my letter, I shall be ready to converse with you on the business on which I desired your presence. [*Writes.*

Here; read it. Give me your opinion: is not the note a model?

Talleyrand. If the charms of language could be copied, it would be. But what is intended for delight may terminate in despair: and there are words which, unapproachable by distance and sublimity, may wither the laurels on the most exalted of literary brows.

Louis. There is grace in that expression of yours, M. Talleyrand! there is really no inconsiderable grace in it. Seal my letter: direct it to the Marquis of Buckingham at Stowe. Wait: open it again: no, no: write another in your own name: instruct him how sure you are it will be agreeable to me, if he sends at the same time fifty or a hundred brace of the birds as well as the eggs. At present I am desolate. My heart is torn, M. Talleyrand! it is almost plucked out of my bosom. I have no other care, no other thought,

day or night, but the happiness of my people. The allies, who have most shamefully overlooked the destitution of my kitchen, seem resolved to turn a deaf ear to its cries evermore; nay, even to render them shriller and shriller. The allies, I suspect, are resolved to execute the design of the mischievous Pitt.

Talleyrand. May it please your Majesty to inform me *which* of them; for he formed a thousand, all mischievous, but greatly more mischievous to England than to France. Resolved to seize the sword, in his drunkenness, he seized it by the edge, and struck at us with the hilt, until he broke it off, and until he himself was exhausted by loss of breath and of blood. We owe alike to him the energy of our armies, the bloody scaffolds of Public Safety, the Reign of Terror, the empire of usurpation, and finally, as the calm is successor to the tempest, and sweet fruit to bitter kernel, the blessing of your Majesty's restoration. Excepting in this one event, he was mischievous to our country; but in all events, and in all undertakings, he was pernicious to his own. No man ever brought into the world such enduring evil; few men such extensive.

Louis. His king ordered it. George the Third loved battles and blood.

Talleyrand. But he was prudent in his appetite for them.

Louis. He talked of peppering his people as I would talk of peppering a capon.

Talleyrand. Having split it. His subjects cut up by his subjects were only capers to his leg of mutton. From none of his palaces and parks was there any view so rural, so composing to his spirits, as the shambles. When these were not fresh, the gibbet would do.

I wish better luck to the pheasant-eggs than befell Mr. Pitt's designs. Not one brought forth anything.

Louis. No: but he declared in the face of his parliament, and of Europe, that he would insist on indemnity for the past and security for the future. These were his words. Now, all the money and other wealth the French armies levied in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and everywhere else, would scarcely be sufficient for this indemnity.

Talleyrand. England shall never receive from us a tithe of that amount.

Louis. A tithe of it! She may demand a quarter or a third, and leave us wondering at her moderation and forbearance.

Talleyrand. The matter must be arranged immediately, before she has time for calculation or reflection. A new peace maddens England to the same paroxysm as a new war maddens France. She hath sent over hither for minister . . or rather her prime minister himself is come to transact all the business . . the most ignorant and most short-sighted man to be found in any station of any public office throughout the whole of Europe. He must be treated as her arbiter: we must talk to him of restoring her, of regenerating her, of preserving her, of guiding her, which (we must protest with our hands within our frills) he alone is capable of doing. We must enlarge on his generosity (and generous he indeed is), and there is nothing he will not concede.

Louis. But if they do not come over in a week, we shall lose the season. I ought to be eating a pheasant-poult by the middle of July. O! but you were talking to me about the other matter, and perhaps the weightier of the two; ay, certainly. If this indemnity is paid to England, what becomes of our civil list, the dignity of my family and household?

Talleyrand. I do assure your Majesty, England shall never receive . . did I say a tithe? . . I say she shall never receive a fiftieth of what she expended in the war against us. It would be out of all reason, and out of all custom in her to expect it. Indeed it would place her in almost as good a condition as ourselves. Even if she were beaten she could hardly hope *that:* she never in the last three centuries has demanded it when she was victorious. Of all the sufferers by the war, we shall be the least.

Louis. The English are calculators and traders.

Talleyrand. Wild speculators, gamblers in trade, who hazard more ventures than their books can register. It will take England some years to cast up the amount of her losses.

Louis. But she, in common with her allies, will insist on our ceding those provinces which my predecessor Louis the Fourteenth annexed to his kingdom. Be quite certain that nothing short of Alsace, Lorraine, and Franc Comté, will satisfy the German princes. They must restore the German language in those provinces: for languages are the only true boundaries of nations, and there will always be dissension where there is difference of tongue. We must likewise be prepared to surrender the remainder of the Netherlands; not indeed to England, who refused them in the reign of Elizabeth: she wants only Dunkirk, and Dunkirk she will have.

Talleyrand. This seems reasonable: for which reason it must never be. Diplomacy, when she yields to such simple arguments as plain reason urges against her, loses her office, her efficacy, and her name.

Louis. I would not surrender our conquests in Germany, if I could help it.

Talleyrand. Nothing more easy. The Emperor Alexander may be persuaded that Germany united and entire, as she would then become, must be a dangerous rival to Russia.

Louis. It appears to me that Poland will be more so, with her free institutions.

Talleyrand. There is only one statesman in the whole number of those assembled at Paris, who believes that her institutions will continue free; and he would rather they did not; but he stipulates for it, to gratify and mystify the people of England.

Louis. I see this clearly. I have a great mind to send Blacas over to Stowe. I can trust to him to look to the crates and coops, and to see that

the pheasants have enough of air and water, and that the governor of Calais finds a commodious place for them to roost in, forbidding the drums to beat and disturb them, evening or morning. The next night, according to my calculation, they repose at Montreuil. I must look at them before they are let loose. I can not well imagine why the public men employed by England are usually, indeed constantly, so inferior in abilities to those of France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. What say you, M. Talleyrand? I do not mean about the pheasants; I mean about the envoys.

Talleyrand. It can only be that I have considered the subject more frequently and attentively than suited the avocations of your Majesty, that the reason comes out before me clearly and distinctly. The prime ministers, in all these countries, are independent, and uncontrolled in the choice of agents. A prime minister in France may perhaps be willing to promote the interests of his own family; and hence he may appoint from it one unworthy of the place. In regard to other families, he cares little or nothing about them, knowing that his power lies in the palace, and not in the club-room. Whereas in England he must conciliate the great families, the hereditary dependents of his faction, whig or tory. Hence even the highest commands have been conferred on such ignorant and worthless men as the Duke of York and the Earl of Chatham, although the minister was fully aware that the honour of his nation was tarnished, and that its safety was in jeopardy, by such appointments. Meanwhile he kept his seat however, and fed from it his tame creatures in the cub.

Louis. Do you apprehend any danger (talking of cubs) that my pheasants will be bruised against the wooden bars, or suffer by sea-sickness? I would not command my bishops to offer up public prayers against such contingencies: for people must never have positive evidence that the prayers of the church can possibly be ineffectual: and we can not pray for pheasants as we pray for fine weather, by the barometer. We must drop it. Now go on with the others, if you have done with England.

Talleyrand. A succession of intelligent men rules Prussia, Russia, and Austria; because these three are economical, and must get their bread by creeping, day after day, through the hedges next to them, and by filching a sheaf or two, early and late, from cottager or small farmer; that is to say, from free states and petty princes. Prussia, like a mongrel, would fly at the legs of Austria and Russia, catching them with the sack upon their shoulders, unless they untied it and tossed a morsel to her. These great powers take especial care to impose a protective duty on intellect; to let none enter the country, and none leave it, without a passport. Their diplomatists are as clever and conciliatory as those of England are ignorant and repulsive, who, while they offer an uncounted sum of secret-service money with the left hand, give a sounding slap on the face with the right.

Louis. We, by adopting a contrary policy, gain more information, raise more respect, inspire more awe, and exercise more authority. The weightiest of our disbursements are smiles and flatteries, with a ribbon and a cross at the end of them.

But, between the Duke of York and the Earl of Chatham, I must confess, I find very little difference.

Talleyrand. Some, however. The one was only drunk all the evening and all the night; the other was only asleep all the day. The accumulated fogs of Walcheren seemed to concentrate in his brain, puffing out at intervals just sufficient to affect with typhus and blindness four thousand soldiers. A cake of powder rusted their musket-pans, which they were too weak to open and wipe. Turning round upon their scanty and mouldy straw, they beheld their bayonets piled together against the green dripping wall of the chamber, which neither bayonet nor soldier was ever to leave again.

Louis. We suffer by the presence of the allied armies in our capital: but we shall soon be avenged: for the English minister in another fortnight will return and remain at home.

Talleyrand. England was once so infatuated as to give up Malta to us, although fifty Gibraltars would be of inferior value to her. Napoleon laughed at her: she was angry: she began to suspect she had been duped and befooled: and she broke her faith.

Louis. For the first time, M. Talleyrand, and with a man who never had any.

Talleyrand. We shall now induce her to evacuate Sicily, in violation of her promises to the people of that island. Faith, having lost her virginity, braves public opinion, and never blushes more.

Louis. Sicily is the key to India, Egypt is the lock.

Talleyrand. What, if I induce the minister to restore to us Pondicherry?

Louis. M. Talleyrand! you have done great things, and without boasting. Whenever you do boast, let it be that you will perform only the thing which is possible. The English know well enough what it is to allow us a near standing-place anywhere. If they permit a Frenchman to plant one foot in India, it will upset all Asia before the other touches the ground. It behoves them to prohibit a single one of us from ever landing on those shores. Improbable as it is that a man uniting to the same degree as Hyder-Ali did political and military genius, will appear in the world again for centuries; most of the princes are politic, some are brave, and perhaps no few are credulous. While England is confiding in our loyalty, we might expatiate on her perfidy, and our tears fall copiously on the broken sceptre in the dust of Delhi. Ignorant and stupid as the king's ministers may be, the East India Company is well-informed on its interests, and alert in maintaining them. I wonder that a republic so wealthy and so wise should be supported on the

bosom of royalty. Believe me, her merchants will take alarm, and arouse the nation.

Talleyrand. We must do all we have to do, while the nation is feasting and unsober. It will awaken with sore eyes and stiff limbs.

Louis. Profuse as the English are, they will never cut the bottom of their purses.

Talleyrand. They have already done it. Whenever I look toward the shores of England, I fancy I descry the Danaids there, toiling at the replenishment of their perforated vases, and all the Nereids leering and laughing at them in the mischievous fulness of their hearts.

Louis. Certainly she can do me little harm at present, and for several years to come: but we must always have an eye upon her, and be ready to assert our superiority.

Talleyrand. We feel it. In fifty years, by abstaining from war, we may discharge our debt and replenish our arsenals. England will never shake off the heavy old man from her shoulders. Overladen and morose, she will be palsied in the hand she unremittingly holds up against Ireland. Proud and perverse, she runs into domestic warfare as blindly as France runs into foreign: and she refuses to her subject what she surrenders to her enemy.

Louis. Her whole policy tends to my security.

Talleyrand. We must now consider how your Majesty may enjoy it at home, all the remainder of your reign.

Louis. Indeed you must, M. Talleyrand! Between you and me be it spoken, I trust but little my loyal people; their loyalty being so ebullient, that it often overflows the vessel which should contain it, and is a perquisite of scouts and scullions. I do not wish to offend you.

Talleyrand. Really I can see no other sure method of containing and controlling them, than by bastions and redoubts, the whole circuit of the city.

Louis. M. Talleyrand! I will not doubt your sincerity: I am confident you have reserved the whole of it for my service; and there are large arrears. But M. Talleyrand! such an attempt would be resisted by any people which had ever heard of liberty, and much more by a people which had ever dreamt of enjoying it.

Talleyrand. Forts are built in all directions above Genoa.

Louis. Yes; by her conqueror, not by her king.

Talleyrand. Your Majesty comes with both titles, and rules, like your great progenitor,

"Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance."

Louis. True; my arms have subdued the rebellious; but not without great firmness and great valour on my part, and some assistance (however tardy) on the part of my allies. Conquerors must conciliate: fatherly kings must offer digestible spoon-meat to their ill-conditioned children. There would be sad screaming and kicking were I to swaddle mine in stone-work. No, M. Talleyrand; if ever Paris is surrounded by fortifications to coerce the populace, it must be the work of some democrat, some aspirant to supreme power, who resolves to maintain it, exercising a domination too hazardous for legitimacy. I will only scrape from the Chambers the effervescence of superficial letters and of corrosive law.

Talleyrand. Sire! under all their governments the good people of Paris have submitted to the *octroi*. Now, all complaints, physical or political, arise from the stomach. Were it decorous in a subject to ask a question (however humbly) of his king, I would beg permission to inquire of your Majesty, in your wisdom, whether a bar across the shoulders is less endurable than a bar across the palate. Sire! the French can bear anything now they have the honour of bowing before your Majesty.

Louis. The compliment is in a slight degree (a *very* slight degree) ambiguous, and (accept in good part my criticism, M. Talleyrand) not turned with your usual grace.

Announce it as my will and pleasure that the Duc de Blacas do superintend the debarcation of the pheasants; and I pray God, M. de Talleyrand, to have you in his holy keeping.

ÆSOP AND RHODOPE.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Æsop. And so, our fellow-slaves are given to contention on the score of dignity?

Rhodope. I do not believe they are much addicted to contention: for, whenever the good Xanthus hears a signal of such misbehaviour, he either brings a scourge into the midst of them, or sends our lady to scold them smartly for it.

Æsop. Admirable evidence against their propensity!

Rhodope. I will not have you find them out so, nor laugh at them.

Æsop. Seeing that the good Xanthus and our lady are equally fond of thee, and always visit thee both together, the girls, however envious, can not well or safely be arrogant, but must of necessity yield the first place to thee.

Rhodope. They indeed are observant of the kindness thus bestowed upon me: yet they afflict me by taunting me continually with what I am unable to deny.

Æsop. If it is true, it ought little to trouble thee; if untrue, less. I know, for I have looked into nothing else of late, no evil can thy heart have admitted: a sigh of thine before the Gods would remove the heaviest that could fall on it. Pray tell me what it may be. Come, be courageous; be cheerful. I can easily pardon a smile if thou empleadest me of curiosity.

Rhodope. They remark to me that enemies or robbers took them forcibly from their parents . . and that . . and that . . .

Æsop. Likely enough: what then? Why desist from speaking? why cover thy face with thy hair and hands? Rhodope! Rhodope! dost thou weep moreover?

Rhodope. It is so sure!

Æsop. Was the fault thine?

Rhodope. O that it were . . if there was any.

Æsop. While it pains thee to tell it, keep thy silence: but when utterance is a solace, then impart it.

Rhodope. They remind me (oh! who could have had the cruelty to relate it?) that my father, my own dear father . . .

Æsop. Say not the rest: I know it: his day was come.

Rhodope. Sold me, sold me. You start: you did not at the lightning, last night, nor at the rolling sounds above. And do you, generous Æsop! do you also call a misfortune a disgrace?

Æsop. If it is, I am among the most disgraceful of men. Didst thou dearly love thy father?

Rhodope. All loved him. He was very fond of me.

Æsop. And yet sold thee! sold thee to a stranger!

Rhodope. He was the kindest of all kind fathers, nevertheless. Nine summers ago, you may have heard perhaps, there was a grievous famine in our land of Thrace.

Æsop. I remember it perfectly.

Rhodope. O poor Æsop! and were you too famishing in your native Phrygia?

Æsop. The calamity extended beyond the narrow sea that separates our countries. My appetite was sharpened: but the appetite and the wits are equally set on the same grindstone.

Rhodope. I was then scarcely five years old: my mother died the year before: my father sighed at every funereal, but he sighed more deeply at every bridal, song. He loved me because he loved her who bore me: and yet I made him sorrowful whether I cried or smiled. If ever I vexed him, it was because I would not play when he told me, but made him, by my weeping, weep again.

Æsop. And yet he could endure to lose thee! he, thy father! Could any other? could any who lives on the fruits of the earth, endure it? O age, that art incumbent over me! blessed be thou; thrice blessed! Not that thou stillest the tumults of the heart, and promisest eternal calm, but that, prevented by thy beneficence, I never shall experience this only intolerable wretchedness.

Rhodope. Alas! alas!

Æsop. Thou art now happy, and shouldst not utter that useless exclamation.

Rhodope. You said something angrily and vehemently when you stepped aside. Is it not enough that the handmaidens doubt the kindness of my father? Must so virtuous and so wise a man as Æsop blame him also?

Æsop. Perhaps he is little to be blamed; certainly he is much to be pitied.

Rhodope. Kind heart! on which mine must never rest.

Æsop. Rest on it for comfort and for counsel when they fail thee: rest on it, as the Deities on the breast of mortals, to console and purify it.

Rhodope. Could I remove any sorrow from it, I should be contented.

Æsop. Then be so; and proceed in thy narrative.

Rhodope. Bear with me a little yet. My thoughts have overpowered my words, and now themselves are overpowered and scattered.

Forty-seven days ago (this is only the forty-eighth since I beheld you first) I was a child: I was ignorant, I was careless.

Æsop. If these qualities are signs of childhood, the universe is a nursery.

Rhodope. Affliction, which makes many wiser, had no such effect on me. But reverence and love (why should I hesitate at the one avowal more than at the other?) came over me, to ripen my understanding.

Æsop. O Rhodope! we must loiter no longer upon this discourse.

Rhodope. Why not?

Æsop. Pleasant is yonder beanfield, seen over the high papyrus when it waves and bends: deep-laden with the sweet heaviness of its odour is the listless air that palpitates dizzily above it: but Death is lurking for the slumberer beneath its blossoms.

Rhodope. You must not love then! . . but may not I?

Æsop. We will . . but . . .

Rhodope. *We!* O sound that is to vibrate on my breast for ever! O hour! happier than all other hours since time began! O gracious Gods! who brought me into bondage!

Æsop. Be calm, be composed, be circumspect. We must hide our treasure that we may not lose it.

Rhodope. I do not think that you can love me; and I fear and tremble to hope so. Ah, yes; you have said you did. But again you only look at me, and sigh as if you repented.

Æsop. Unworthy as I may be of thy fond regard, I am not unworthy of thy fullest confidence: why distrust me?

Rhodope. Never will I . . never, never. To know that I possess your love, surpasses all other knowledge, dear as is all that I receive from you. I should be tired of my own voice if I heard it on aught beside: and even yours is less melodious in any other sound than *Rhodope.*

Æsop. Do such little girls learn to flatter?

Rhodope. Teach me how to speak, since you could not teach me how to be silent.

Æsop. Speak no longer of me, but of thyself; and only of things that never pain thee.

Rhodope. Nothing can pain me now.

Æsop. Relate thy story then, from infancy.

Rhodope. I must hold your hand: I am afraid of losing you again.

Æsop. Now begin. Why silent so long?

Rhodope. I have dropped all memory of what is told by me and what is untold.

Æsop. Recollect a little. I can be patient with this hand in mine.

Rhodope. I am not certain that yours is any help to recollection.

Æsop. Shall I remove it?

Rhodope. O! now I think I can recall the whole story. What did you say? did you ask any question?

Æsop. None, excepting what thou hast answered.

Rhodope. Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn-chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and, finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking however about the corn. A faint and transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out; and I know not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many; and some he placed in my bosom, and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first that I could arrange them better, and again that I would have only the white. However, when he had selected all the white, and I had placed a few of them according to my fancy, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown me with the remainder. The splendour of my apparel gave me a sensation of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market-place, where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me; some commending, others disparaging; but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the chlamys, but there was something less saleable in the child and flowers.

Æsop. Had thy features been coarse and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and found no fault in thee.

Rhodope. As it was, everyone had bought exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom, from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offered for me, and by the very man who in the beginning had undervalued me the most, and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him, and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game, and began to wonder what it could be, since I never had seen it played before. Then I fancied it might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man, who said gravely, "Thou hast stolen this child: her vesture alone is worth above a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee." Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow-citizens, I laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, "I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine."

Again I laughed aloud and heartily; and, thinking it was now my part of the game, I held out both my arms and protruded my whole body toward the stranger. He would not receive me from my father's neck, but he asked me with benignity and solicitude if I was hungry: at which I laughed again, and more than ever: for it was early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most carefully and plentifully in all the days of the famine. But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried at his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of honey-comb, and gave them to me. I held the honey-comb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most of a dainty. He dashed it to the ground; but, seizing the bread, he began to devour it ferociously. This also I thought was in play; and I clapped my hands at his distortions. But Xanthus looked on him like one afraid, and smote the cake from him, crying aloud, "Name the price." My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, "The Gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child." But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay. Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before: alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you they ended? I

could not have closed his eyes; I was too young; but I might have received his last breath; the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blameable, O Æsop?

Æsop. It was sublime humanity: it was forbearance and self-denial which even the immortal gods have never shown us. He could endure to perish by those torments which alone are both acute and slow: he could number the steps of death and miss not one: but he could never see thy tears, nor let thee see his. O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate. Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful. The dominion of Pity has usually this extent, no wider. Thy father was exposed to the obloquy not only of the malicious, but also of the ignorant and thoughtless, who condemn in the unfortunate what they applaud in the prosperous. There is no shame in poverty or in slavery, if we neither make ourselves poor by our improvidence nor slaves by our venality. The lowest and highest of the human race are sold: most of the intermediate are also slaves, but slaves who bring no money in the market.

Rhodope. Surely the great and powerful are never to be purchased: are they?

Æsop. It may be a defect in my vision, but I can not see greatness on the earth. What they tell me is great and aspiring, to me seems little and crawling. Let me meet thy question with another. What monarch gives his daughter for nothing? Either he receives stone walls and unwilling cities in return, or he barters her for a parcel of spears and horses and horsemen, waving away from his declining and helpless age young joyous life, and trampling down the freshest and the sweetest memories. Midas in the height of prosperity would have given his daughter to Lycaon, rather than to the gentlest, the most virtuous, the most intelligent of his subjects. Thy father threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of Virtue, rose up from the house of Famine to partake in the festivals of the gods.

Release my neck, O Rhodope! for I have other questions to ask of thee about him.

Rhodope. To hear thee converse on him in such a manner, I can do even that.

Æsop. Before the day of separation was he never sorrowful? did he never by tears or silence reveal the secret of his soul?

Rhodope. I was too infantine to perceive or imagine his intention. The night before I became the slave of Xanthus, he sat on the edge of my bed. I pretended to be asleep: he moved away silently and softly. I saw him collect in the hollow of his hand the crumbs I had wasted on the floor, and then eat them, and then look if any were remaining. I thought he did so out of fondness for me, remembering that, even before the famine, he had often swept up off the table the bread I had broken, and had made me put it between his lips. I would not dissemble very long, but said,

"Come, now you have wakened me, you must sing me asleep again, as you did when I was little."

He smiled faintly at this, and, after some delay, when he had walked up and down the chamber, thus began:

"I will sing to thee one song more, my wakeful Rhodope! my chirping bird! over whom is no mother's wing! That it may lull thee asleep, I will celebrate no longer, as in the days of wine and plenteousness, the glory of Mars, guiding in their invisibly rapid onset the dappled steeds of Rhæsus. What hast thou to do, my little one, with arrows tired of clustering in the quiver? How much quieter is thy pallet than the tents which whitened the plain of Simöis! What knowest thou about the river Eurotas? What knowest thou about its ancient palace, once trodden by assembled Gods, and then polluted by the Phrygian? What knowest thou of perfidious men or of sanguinary deeds?

"Pardon me, O goddess who presidest in Cythera! I am not irreverent to thee, but ever grateful. May she upon whose brow I lay my hand, praise and bless thee for evermore!

"Ah yes! continue to hold up above the coverlet those fresh and rosy palms claspt together: her benefits have descended on thy beauteous head, my child! The Fates also have sung, beyond thy hearing, of pleasanter scenes than snow-fed Hebrus; of more than dim grottoes and sky-bright waters. Even now a low murmur swells upward to my ear: and not from the spindle comes the sound, but from those who sing slowly over it, bending all three their tremulous heads together. I wish thou couldst hear it; for seldom are their voices so sweet. Thy pillow intercepts the song perhaps: lie down again, lie down, my Rhodope! I will repeat what they are saying:

"'Happier shalt thou be, nor less glorious, than even she, the truly beloved, for whose return to the distaff and the lyre the portals of Tænarus flew open. In the woody dells of Ismarus, and when she bathed among the swans of Strymon, the Nymphs called her Eurydice. Thou shalt behold that fairest and that fondest one hereafter. But first thou must go unto the land of the lotos, where famine never cometh, and where alone the works of man are immortal.'

"O my child! the undeceiving Fates have uttered this. Other Powers have visited me, and have strengthened my heart with dreams and visions. We shall meet again, my Rhodope! in shady groves and verdant meadows, and we shall sit by the side of those who loved us."

He was rising: I threw my arms about his neck, and, before I would let him go, I made him promise to place me, not by the side, but between them: for I thought of her who had left us. At that time there were but two, O Æsop.

You ponder: you are about to reprove my assurance in having thus repeated my own praises.

I would have omitted some of the words, only that it might have disturbed the measure and cadences, and have put me out. They are the very words my dearest father sang; and they are the last: yet shame upon me! the nurse (the same who stood listening near, who attended me into this country) could remember them more perfectly: it is from her I have learnt them since: she often sings them, even by herself.

Æsop. So shall others. There is much both in them and in thee to render them memorable.

Rhodope. Who flatters now?

Æsop. Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her; but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, could never misinterpret the prophecy of the Fates.

If, turning back, I could overpass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain-top, and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand in hand, O Rhodope, and we would only sigh at last when we found ourselves below with others.

ROMILLY AND WILBERFORCE.

Romilly. Indeed, sir, I can not but suspect that the agitation of this question on the abolition of the slave-trade, is countenanced by Mr. Pitt chiefly to divert the attention of the people from crying grievances nearer home. Our paupers are increasing daily both in number and in wretchedness; our workhouses, our hospitals, and our jails, are crowded and overflowing; our manufactories are almost as stifling as slave-ships, and more immoral; apprentices, milliners, dressmakers, work throughout the greater part of the night, and, at last disabled by toil, take the sorrowful refuge of the street. After so many have coldly repeated that vice leads to misery, is there no generous man who will proclaim aloud that misery leads to vice? We all see it every day: we warn the wretched too late: we are afraid of warning the affluent too soon: we are prodigal of reproaches that make the crushed heart bleed afresh: we think it indecorous to approach the obdurate one, and unsafe to touch it . . barbarous and dastardly as we are.

Wilberforce. Postponing all these considerations, not immediately applicable to the subject on which, Mr. Romilly, I have taken the liberty to knock at your door, I must assure you that my friend Mr. Pitt is not only the most unbending and unchanging, but also the most sincere man living.

Romilly. It is happy when we can think so of any, especially of one in power.

Wilberforce. Do you doubt it?

Romilly. I never oppose, without reluctance, opinion to sentiment; or, when I can help it, a bad opinion to a good one.

Wilberforce. O! if you knew him as I do!

Romilly. The thing is impossible.

Wilberforce. Why so? I should be proud to introduce you.

Romilly. The pride would rest entirely apart from me. It may be that coarse metals are less flexible than finer; certain it is that they do not well cohere.

Wilberforce. But on this occasion you invariably vote together.

Romilly. In the House of Commons.

Wilberforce. It is there we must draw up our forces.

Romilly. Do you never doubt, however slightly, and only on one occasion, the fidelity of your leader?

Wilberforce. Leader! Mr. Romilly! leader! Humble as I am, the humblest indeed of that august assembly, on this question, on this alone perhaps, yes, certainly on this alone, I am acknowledged, universally acknowledged, I know too well how unworthily, yet I do know, and God has given me strength and grace to declare it before men, that I, the weakest of his creatures, *there* am leader. It is I, a band of withy, who bind giants: it is I who keep together on this ground the two rival parties: it is I, a potter's vessel, who hold out across the Atlantic the cup of freedom and of fellowship.

Romilly. Certainly you have seconded with admirable zeal the indefatigable Clarkson. Those who run with spirit and celerity have no breath for words: the whole is expended in action.

Wilberforce. Just so with me. However, I can spare a speech of a few hours every session, in expounding the vexations and evils of slavery, and in showing how opposite it is to Christianity.

Romilly. I am almost a believer in that doctrine.

Wilberforce. Almost?

Romilly. I should be entirely, if many of the most orthodox men in both Houses, including a great part of the bishops, had been assenters.

Wilberforce. Are they not?

Romilly. Apparently no. Otherwise they would never be absent when the question is discussed, nor would they abstain from a petition to the Crown, that a practice so dangerous to salvation, so certain to bring down a curse on the country, be, with all expedient speed, abolished.

Wilberforce. It is unnecessary for me to defend the conduct of my Right Reverend friends; men of such piety as no other country hath exhibited; but permit me to remark, Mr. Romilly, that you yourself betray a lukewarmness in the cause, when you talk of expedient speed. Expedient indeed! Gracious Jesu! Ought such a crime to be tolerated for one hour? Are there no lightnings in heaven . .

Romilly. Probably there are: there were last summer. But I would rather see them purifying the air than scorching the earth before me. My

good Mr. Wilberforce! abstain, I beseech you, from a species of eloquence in which Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Pitt excell you, especially when it is late in the evening: at that season such men are usually the most pious. The lightnings of heaven fall as frequently on granaries as on slave-ships. It is better at all times to abstain from expostulating with God; and more especially on the righteousness of his judgments and the delay of his vengeance.

Wilberforce. Mr. Romilly! Mr. Romilly! the royal psalmist . . .

Romilly. Was too often like other royal personages, and, with much power of doing evil, was desirous of much more. Whenever we are conscious of such propensities, it would be wiser and more religious to implore of God to pardon than to promote them.

Wilberforce. We must bow to authority in all things.

Romilly. So we hear: but we may be so much in the habit of bowing as at last to be unable to stand upright. Before we begin at all, it is useful to inquire what is authority. We are accustomed to mistake place and power for it. Now the Devil, on this earth at least, possesses as much power as the Deity, and more place. Unless he did, we tell a manifest lie in every prayer and supplication. For we declare that we are, and always have been, miserable sinners, and that there is no truth in us.

Wilberforce. Ah, my dear sir! you are no theologian, I see. Some of us, by the blessing of God, are under grace; and, once under grace, we are safe. But it is not on this business I visit you. Here we may differ; but on the Abolition we think alike.

Romilly. I am not quite sure of that.

Wilberforce. Indeed! Then, pray, my dear sir, correct your judgment.

Romilly. I have been doing it, to the best of my ability, all my life.

Wilberforce. If you had only clung to the Cross, you would have been sure and stedfast from your very childhood.

Romilly. Alas! I see but one cross remaining on earth, and it is that of the unrepentant thief. What thousands of the most venomous wasps and hornets swarm about it, and fight for its putrescencies! The blessed one was pulled down long ago, indeed soon after its erection, in the scuffle of those who would sell the splinters. Great fortunes are daily made by it, and it maintains as many clerks and treasurers as the South-sea. The money-changers in the Temple of old did at least give change: ours bag the money and say *call to-morrow.*

Wilberforce. Unholy as the gains may be, we must not meddle with vested rights and ancient institutions.

Romilly. Then, worthy Mr. Wilberforce, let slavery continue; for certainly no institution is more ancient. In this also am I to correct my judgment?

Wilberforce. The fact is too true. You were erroneous there only where you differed from me on that subject, which I had examined attentively and minutely.

Romilly. Namely, the Abolition.

Wilberforce. Exactly so.

Romilly. The clearers of ground in the forests of America clear first the places round about the homestead. On this principle I would begin to emancipate and enlighten the suffering labourers in my own vicinity. Look at the draught-horses now passing under the window. The first quarter of their lives was given to their growth: plentiful food came before painful service. They are ignorant of our vices, insensible of our affections: ease is all in all to them; and while they want it most, and while it is most profitable or promissory to the master, they enjoy it.

Wilberforce. We then put blinkers before their eyes, that nothing may make them swerve on the road. Here is another act of humanity.

Romilly. If you attempt to put blinkers before the intellectual eye, you only increase its obliquity. Give as much clear-sightedness as possible, give reasonable leisure, or you never will conciliate affection to your institutions. Inflict on men the labour and privations of brutes, and you impress on them the brutal character: render them rationally happy, and they are already on the highway to heaven. No man rationally happy will barter the possession he enjoys for the most brilliant theory: but the unhappy will dream of daggers until he clutches them. If your friend Mr. Pitt wishes to retard the revolutionary movement, he will not attempt to put the fetter on the white man while you are taking it off the black: he will not bring forward a flogged soldiery to confront an enthusiastical one: he will not display to the vigorous sons of starving yeomen the sight of twenty farm-houses rising up from the ruins of one *château.* Peace is easier to retain than to recall.

Wilberforce. Well, Mr. Romilly! we are departing a little from the object of my visit: and, if we continue to digress, I am afraid you may not be so entirely at leisure to hear me repeat the speech I have prepared on the Abolition. Your room appears to be well adapted to my voice.

Romilly. Already I have had the benefit of your observations the three last sessions.

Wilberforce. You will hear me again, I confidently hope, with the same pleasure in a very crowded House.

Romilly. You represent a Riding in the county of York.

Wilberforce. I have that honour.

Romilly. To represent a county is not in itself an honour; but it offers opportunities of earning many. Inform your constituents that the slavery in the West Indies is less cruel and pernicious than the slavery in their own parishes: that the condition of the Black is better on the whole than the condition of the pauper in England, and that his children are incomparably more comfortable and happy.

Wilberforce. Lord of mercy! do I hear this from a philanthropist?

Romilly. I venture to assert, you do, however deficient I may be in the means of showing it. You might, in any Session of Parliament, obtain a majority of votes in favour of a Bill to diminish the hours of a child's labour in factories. Every country gentleman, every peer, would vote that none under his eighth year should be incarcerated in these pesthouses.

Wilberforce. O Sir! is such a word applicable?

Romilly. Precisely: although a pesthouse is usually the appellation of that building which excludes the malady and receives the endangered. From eight years to twelve, I would prohibit a longer daily work than of six hours, with two hours between each three, for food and exercise. After the twelfth year the sexes should not be confounded.

Wilberforce. The first regulation would create much discontent among our wealthiest supporters; and even the parents would object to them.

Romilly. Two signal and sorrowful truths! There are also two additional. They who feel the least for others feel the most for themselves: and the parents who waste away their own strength in gin-shops are ready to waste their children's in factories. If our inconsiderate war and our prodigal expenditure permitted the exercise of policy, we should bethink ourselves that manly hearts and sound bodies are the support of states, not creaking looms nor over-pressed cotton-bags in human shape. We have no right to break down the sinews of the rising generation: we have no right to devote the children of the poor either to Belial or to Moloch. I do care about the Blacks; I do care greatly and anxiously about them; but I would rather that slavery should exist for seven centuries longer in the West Indies, than for seven years longer in Lancashire and Yorkshire. If there be any sincerity in the heart of Mr. Pitt, why does he not order his dependents in both Houses (and nearly all are his dependents in both alike) to vote for your motion?

Wilberforce. He wishes us well: but he is aware that a compensation must be made to the masters of the slaves; and he has not money for it.

Romilly. Whose fault is that? He always has found money enough for extending the miseries of other nations and the corruption of his own. By his extravagance and the excess of taxation he is leading to that catastrophe which he avowed it was his object to prevent.

Wilberforce. God forbid!

Romilly. God has forbidden; but he does not mind that.

Wilberforce. You force me to say, Mr. Romilly, what I hope you will not think a personality. The French Revolution was brought about in great measure by the gentlemen of your profession.

Romilly. The people were rendered so extremely poor by the imposts, that there were few litigations in the courts of law. Hence the lawyers, who starved others until now, began to be starved in turn, and incited the people to revolution, that there might be crime and change of property. England has now taken the sins of the world upon her, and pays for all.

Wilberforce. Awful expression! Let us return to the Blacks. It is calculated that twenty millions are requisite to indemnify the slave-holders.

Romilly. Do you wonder then that he is evasive?

Wilberforce. I should wonder if a man of his integrity were so upon any occasion. But he has frankly told me that he does not see clearly at what time the measure may be expedient.

Romilly. Everything can be calculated, except the hour for the abolition of injustice. It is not always in our power to retrace our steps when we have committed it. Nay, sometimes is it requisite not only to go on with it, but even to add fresh. We waged a most unnecessary, a most impolitic, a most unjust war against France. Nothing else could have united her people: nothing else could have endangered or have interrupted our commerce. Having taken the American islands from our enemy, we should have exported from them the younger slaves into our own, taking care that the number of females be proportional to the number of males. We should have granted our protection to Brazil and Cuba, on condition that the traffic in African slaves immediately cease, and that everyone belonging to Spaniard or Portuguese, who had served fourteen years, should be free. Unhappily we ourselves can do little more at present for our own, without a grievous injustice to a large body of our fellow-subjects. We can however place adequate power in the hands of the civil and military governors, authorising them to grant any slave his freedom who shall be proved to have been cruelly treated by his master. What a curse is it upon us, that at present we neither can make peace nor abolish slavery! We can decree, and we ought instantly, that the importation and sale of slaves do cease at this very hour throughout the world. We can decree, and we ought instantly, that husband and wife be united, and separated no more. We can decree, and ought instantly, that children from seven to ten years of age be instructed one hour daily. But, as things are now constituted, I think I have no right to deprive a proprietor of his property, unless he has forfeited it by a violation of law. To repay me for my protection, and for granting him a monopoly during the war, I would stipulate with him, that whoever had served him fourteen years should be emancipated. He should also be obliged to maintain as many females as males, or nearly, and to set apart a plot of ground for every emancipated slave, enough for his support, on lease for life, at such a rent as those deputed by the governor may think reasonable. The proposition of granting twenty, or ten, or five millions to carry into execution the abolition of slavery, by way of indemnity to the slave-holders, is absurd. Abolish all duties of importation and

exportation; that will be sufficient. The abolition of the slave-trade is greatly more important than the abolition of slavery in our islands. The traffic can be terminated at once; the servitude but gradually. It is in politics as in diet. They who have committed excesses can not become quite temperate at the first perception of their perilous situation. The consequences of a sudden change might be fatal.

Wilberforce. Religion teaches us that we should consent to no truce with Sin.

Romilly. We should enter into no engagements with her: but the union is easier than the divorce. There are materials which, being warped, are not to be set right again by a stroke of the hammer, but by temperance and time. Our system of slavery is in this condition. We have done wrong with impunity; we can not with impunity do right. We wound the state in stripping the individual.

Wilberforce. I would not strip him; I would grant him a fair and full indemnity.

Romilly. What! when all your property is mortgaged? When you are without a hope of redeeming it, and can hardly find wherewithal to pay the interest? If ever you attempt the undertaking, it can be only at the peace.

Wilberforce. I am sorry to find you so despondent.

Romilly. I am more despondent than I have yet appeared to be.

Wilberforce. With what reason?

Romilly. Hostilities having ceased, the people will be clamorous for the removal of many taxes; and some of the most productive will be remitted the first. In my opinion, unwise as was the war, and entered into for the gratification of an old madman, who never knew the difference between a battle and a review, and who chuckled at the idea of his subjects being *peppered* when they were *shot;* a war conducted by grasping men, outrageous at the extortion of their compliance, and at the alternative that either their places or their principles must be surrendered; we nevertheless ought to discharge the debt we contracted, and not to leave the burden for our children. If our affairs are as ill conducted in peace as they are in war, it is greatly to be feared that we may injure the colonist more than we benefit the slave. We may even carry our imprudence so far as to restore to our enemies the lands we have conquered from them, cultivated by blacks.

Wilberforce. Impossible. Mr. Pitt has declared that peace is never to be signed without indemnity for the past, and security for the future. These are his very words.

Romilly. Not as a politician, but as an arithmetician, he knew when he uttered these words that they never could be accomplished. War is alike the parent and the child of evil. It would surpass your ingenuity, or Mr. Pitt's, to discover any whatsoever which does not arise from war, or follow war, or romp and revel in the midst of war. It begins in pride and malice, it continues in cruelty and rapine, it terminates in poverty and oppression. Our bishops, who pray for success in it, are much bolder men than our soldiers who engage in it bayonet to bayonet. For the soldier fights only against man, and under the command of man: the bishop fights against the command of God, and against God himself. Every hand lifted up in prayer for homicide, strikes him in the face.

Wilberforce. Mr. Romilly! I entertain a due respect for you, as being eminent in your profession, a member of Parliament, a virtuous and (I hope) a religious man: you would however rise higher in my estimation if you reverenced your superiors.

Romilly. It must be a man immeasurably above me, both in virtue and intellect, whom, knowing my own deficiency, I could reverence. Seldom is it that I quote a verse or a sentiment, but there is in a poet not very original a thought so original that nobody seems ever to have applied it to himself or others:

> "Below the good how far! how far above the great!"

Wilberforce. There is only one half of it I would hear willingly. When men begin to think themselves above the great, social order is wofully deranged. I deplore the absence of that self-abasement on which is laid the foundation of all Christian virtues.

Romilly. Unless we respect ourselves, our respect for superiors is prone to servility. No man can be thrown by another from such a height as he can throw himself from. I never have observed that a tendency toward the powerful was a sufficient check to spiritual pride: and extremely few have I known, or heard of, who, tossing up their nostrils into the air and giving tongue that they have hit upon the trail to heaven, could distinguish humility from baseness. Mostly they dirty those they fawn on, and get kicked before they get fed.

Wilberforce. Christianity makes allowances for human infirmity.

Romilly. Christianity, as now practised by the highest of its professors, makes more infirmities than allowances. Can we believe in *their* belief who wallow in wealth and war? in theirs who vote subsidies for slaughter? who speed the slave-ship with their prayers? who bind and lacerate and stifle the helpless wretches they call men and brethren?

Wilberforce. Parliamentary steps must be taken before you can expect to mitigate the curses of war and slavery.

Romilly. By whom first should the steps be taken? Persuade the bishops, if you can, to raise their voices for the double abolition. Let them at least unite and join you in that which, apparently, you have most at heart. In order to effect it gradually, I am ready to subscribe my name to any society, of which the main object shall be the conversion of our spiritual lords to Christianity. The waters of Jordan, which were

ormerly used for bleaching, serve at present no ther purpose than the setting of scarlet and urple.

Wilberforce. There is danger in touching the ltar. We may overturn the table and bruise the halice in attempting any restoration of the tructure.

Romilly. Christianity is a plant which grows rell from seed, but ill from cuttings: they who ave grafted it on a wilding have sometimes succeeded; never they who (as we have) inoculated it n one cracked in the stem and oozing over with oul luxuriance. I do not deny that families and mall communities have profited by secession rom more corrupt religions: but as soon as ever ities and provinces have embraced the purer reed, ambitious men have always been ready to aterialize the word of God and to raise houses nd estates upon it.

Wilberforce. The prosperity of the labourers in Christ's vineyard has excited the envy of the ill-isposed.

Romilly. What prosperity? Success in improving it?

Wilberforce. No indeed, but their honest arnings.

Romilly. Did the master pay such earnings to hose whose work was harder? or did he comand, or will, that such should be paid on any ture day?

Wilberforce. I am sorry, Mr. Romilly, that you uestion and quibble (pardon me the expression) ist like those unhappy men, miscalled philosohers, who have brought down the vengeance of Heaven on France, Voltaire at the head of them.

Romilly. No indeed; I never have sunned myelf on the trim and short grass bordered by the apered pinks and powdered ranunculuses of Voltaire. His pertness is amusing: but I thought t pleasanter to bathe in the deep wisdom of wit unning up to its banks through the romantic cenery of Cervantes.

Wilberforce. Little better than infidelity.

Romilly. But not, as infidelity generally is, terile and flimsy. Christians themselves are all nfidels in the sight of some other Christians; and hey who come nearest to them are the most obnoxious. Strange interpretation of "Love your eighbour!" If there are grades of belief, there nust also be grades of unbelief. The worst of nbelief is that which regrets the goodness of our eavenly Father, and from which there springs in is a desire of breaking what we can not bend, and f twisting wire after wire and tying knot after knot n his scourge. Christianity, as I understand it, lies not in belief but in action. That servant is a good servant who obeys the just orders of his master; not he who repeats his words, measures his stature, or traces his pedigree! On all occasions it is well to be a little more than tolerant; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us. Religious minds will find an additional reason for their humility, when they observe such excellent men as Borromeo and Fénelon adhering to the religion they were born in, amidst the discussions and commotions of every land around.

Wilberforce. My opinion is, that religion should be mixed up in all our institutions, and that it not only should be a part, but the main part of the state.

Romilly. I am unwilling to obtrude my sentiments on this question, and even to answer any. For I always have observed that the most religious men become the most impatient in the course of discussion, calling their opponents weak wavering sceptics, or obstinate reckless unbelievers. But since the constitution of our country is involved in it, together with its present defects and future meliorations, I must declare to you my conviction that even the best government and the best religion should be kept apart in their ministries.

In building a house, brick and lime are ingredients. Let the brick be imbedded in the lime reduced to mortar: but if you mix it in the composition of the brick, it swells and cracks and falls to pieces in the kiln.

Wilberforce. That is no argument.

*Romilly.** Arguments cease to be arguments the moment they come home. But this, I acknowledge, is only an illustration. To detain you no longer, Mr. Wilberforce, I give you my promise I will attend at the debate, and vote with you. Neither of us can live long enough to see the Africans secure from bondage, or from the violence of tribe against tribe, and from the myriads of other calamities that precede it. Europe is semi-barbarous at the present hour; and, even among the more civilized, one state is as suspicious of another as one Black is of another in the belligerents of Senegal and Gambia. For many years to come, no nation will unite with us in any work or project for the furtherance of our mutual well-being: little then can we expect that Honour, now totally lost sight of on the Continent, will be recognised in a character so novel as the Knight-errant of Humanity.

One more remark at parting; the only one by which in this business I can hope to serve you materially. Permit me to advise you, Mr. Wilberforce, to display as small a portion of historical research as you possibly can, consistently with your eloquence and enthusiasm.

Wilberforce. Why so, Mr. Romilly?

Romilly. Because it may counteract your benevolent intentions.

Wilberforce. Nothing shall counteract them.

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* Parliament has been proved in our times, and indeed in most others, a slippery foundation for names, although a commodious one for fortunes. But Romilly went into public life with temperate and healthy aspirations. Providence, having blessed him with domestic peace, withheld him from political animosities. He knew that the sweetest fruits grow nearest the ground, and he waited for the higher to fall into his bosom, without an effort or a wish to seize on them. No man whosoever in our Parliamentary history has united in more perfect accordance and constancy pure virtue and lofty wisdom.

Romilly. Are you aware to which of our sovrans we must attribute the deadly curse of African slavery, inasmuch as our country is concerned in it?

Wilberforce. Certainly to none of our justly revered kings can so horrible a crime be imputed, although the royal power, according to the limitations of our constitution, may have been insufficient to repress it effectively.

Romilly. Queen Elizabeth equipped two vessels for her own sole profit, in which two vessels, escorted by the fleet under the command of Hawkins, were the first unhappy Blacks inveigled from their shores by Englishmen, and doomed to end their lives in servitude. Elizabeth was avaricious and cruel; but a small segment of her heart had a brief sunshine on it, darting obliquely. We are under a king notoriously more avaricious; one who passes without a shudder the gibbets his sign-manual has garnished; one who sees on the field of the most disastrous battles, battles in which he ordered his people to fight his people, nothing else to be regretted than the loss of horses and saddles, of haversacs and jackets. If this insensate and insatiable man even hears that Queen Elizabeth was a slave-dealer, he will assert the inalienable rights of the Crown, and swamp your motion.

QUEEN POMARE, PRITCHARD, CAPTAINS POLVEREL AND DES MITRAILLES, LIEUTENANT POIGNAUNEZ, MARINERS.

Polverel. Mr. Pritchard, I have desired your presence, as a gentleman of great influence and authority.

Pritchard. Sir, I know not exactly in what manner I can be of service to crews of vessels which invade this island.

Polverel. The island is in a state of insurrection. We come opportunely to aid the legitimate Power in quelling it. Among the natives there are many discontented, as you know.

Pritchard. The very men who apparently ought to be the most contented: for they not only enjoy the fruits of French principles, but also of French manufactures, and they possess many luxuries which the others never heard of.

Polverel. Is it possible?

Pritchard. They have displayed, most ostentatiously and boastingly, knives, cutlasses, tobacco, brandy, rum, plates, dishes, mirrors, and other articles of furniture and luxury, which a generous magnanimous ally, ever devoted to their welfare, ever watchful over their prosperity, has munificently bestowed.

Polverel. Mr. Pritchard! every word you utter raises my wonder higher. We are both of us philanthropists: let us then, dispassionately and amicably, talk together on the present condition of these misguided people, so mysteriously deluded.

Pritchard. Our conversation, I suspect, would alter but little what is predetermined.

Polverel. Mon Dieu! What can that be?

Pritchard. Evidently the subjugation of the natives.

Polverel. Mr. Pritchard! your language is quite unintelligible to me. France never subjugates. She receives with open arms all nations who run into her bosom for protection: she endows them with all the blessings of peace, of civilisation, of industry, of the sciences, of the fine arts.

Pritchard. Certainly no arts are finer than the arts they receive from that bosom of hers, at once so expansive and so stringent.

Polverel. Ah, Mr. Pritchard! Mr. Pritchard! you know my humour, my temperament, my taste, by intuition. I enjoy a joke, no man better.

Pritchard. Especially such jokes, M. le Capitaine, as you utter vivaciously from the mouth of your cannon, and which play with lambent light about your cutlasses and bayonets.

Polverel. We have done with war, totally and for ever done with it. France, having conquered the confederated world, desires only peace. She has subdued and civilised Africa. The desert teems with her harvests. Temples and theatres rise above and beyond the remotest tent of Moor and Arab. The conquerors of Spain implore the pardon of France. The camel bends his arched neck and falls on his flat knees, supplicating the children of mothers from our beautiful country, to mount the protuberance which provident Nature framed expressly for the purpose, and to alight from it in the astonished streets of Timbuctoo. We swear he shall alight in safety. Yes, we swear it, Mr. Pritchard!

Pritchard. You have sworn many things, M. le Capitaine, some of which were very soon countersworn, and others are unaccomplished: but in this, impracticable as it appears to me, I heartily wish you success.

Polverel. Consider it as done, completely, irreversibly.

Pritchard. Population is increasing rapidly both in France and England: industry should increase proportionally. By conciliating and humanising the various tribes in Africa, you enlarge the field of commerce, in which the most industrious and the most honest will ultimately be the most successful. It might be offensive to you if, in addition to this, I mention to you the blessings of religion.

Polverel. Not at all, not at all. I have given proofs already that I can endure very dark reflections, and can make very large allowances. Our soldiers will relieve the poor devils of Mahometans from the grievous sin of polygamy. If anyone of them is rich enough to keep a couple of wives or concubines, he is also rich enough to

keep a confessor, who will relax a little the bonds of Satan for him, and carry a link or two of the chain on his own shoulders. Seriously, for at bottom I am a true believer and a good catholic, we must establish the mass both there and here. France has recovered her fine old attitude, and can endure no longer the curse of irreligion. Asia now lies at her feet, but intermediately the Pacific Ocean. It shall roll its vast waves before her with due submission, and everyone of them shall reflect her tricolor.

Pritchard. Sir, you promised that we should converse together amicably, and that neither of us, in the course of our discussion, should give or take offence.

Polverel. A Frenchman's word was never violated: a grain of dust never could lie upon his honour.

Pritchard (aside). Certainly not without the cramp, if dust could catch it.

Polverel. I perceive your mute acknowledgment. Speak then freely.

Pritchard. How happens it, M. le Capitaine, that having subdued such restless and powerful tribes, and thereby possessing such extensive territories, so fertile, so secure, so near home, you covet what can bring you no glory and no advantage?

Polverel. The honour of France demands it.

Pritchard. You promised you would retire from Barbary when you had avenged the insults you complained of; and Europe believed you.

Polverel. The more fool Europe.

Pritchard. And the more what France?

Polverel. No remarks on France, sir! She is never to be questioned. Reasons of state, let me tell you, are above all other reasons, as the sword is the apex of the law. We often see after a few steps what we never saw until those steps were taken. Thus my country sees the necessity of retaining her conquests in Barbary. England is reconciled to what she could not prevent nor resist.

Pritchard. She destroyed those batteries which you occupied.

Polverel. Exactly so. She is always so complaisant as to pave the way for us, either with her iron or her gold. She has in some measure done it here; but neglecting to support legitimate power, the task devolves on us of protecting the queen from the violence and artifice of her enemies. We offer the *Entente Cordiale* to Queen Pomare as we offered it to Queen Victoria. The one is unsuspicious; the other would be if evil counsellors were removed from about her. I have difficulties to surmount, if indeed, where Frenchmen are, difficulties can be.

Pritchard. Certainly there are fewer impediments and restrictions in their way than in the way of any other men upon earth.

Polverel. Bravo! M. Pritchard! I love an enlightened and unprejudiced man, rarely found (if ever) among your countrymen.

Pritchard. We have indeed our prejudices: and although we are perhaps more free in general from suspicion than might be expected in a nation so calm and contemplative, yet, if armed men landed in England, and demanded terms and conditions, and on protecting those who refused their protection, we should suspect a hostile disposition.

Polverel. On this remark of yours, M. Pritchard, I declare to you, as a man who have studied my profession in all its parts, and who am far from ignorant of England and of her present means of defence, we could at any time land twenty thousand men upon her shores, and as many on the coast of Ireland.

Pritchard. Nelson saw this before steamers were invented: and the most intelligent and far-sighted of our engineers, General Birch, has recently warned the nation of its danger. Wooden heads still reverberate the sound of *our wooden walls:* we want these: but we also want such as render France secure on every coast. Beside which, we require a strong central fortress, not indeed so extensive as those of Paris, but capable of protecting a large body of troops in readiness for any quarter of the island. Birmingham, which may be considered as our grand arsenal and foundry, is unfit: but Warwick, united to it by canals and railway, is so situated that all access to the town may be inundated by three or four brooks, and the river and an artificial piece of water, broad and deep, render it a place admirably suited for an entrenched camp.

Polverel. You talk, M. Pritchard, of places which may hereafter be defended, but which at present are without defence. Our generosity alone has spared you.

Pritchard. Doubtless, the King of the French, so prompt to gratify the humour of his Parisians for hostilities with us, which this wanton aggression fully proves, would have invaded Ireland, were it not for the certainty of insurrection in various parts of his own kingdom. All the liberals and robbers and rabble are republicans: half the poorer tradesmen and ignorant peasants are royalists, in favour of the ejected dynasty.

Polverel. Insurrection indeed! Do you Englishmen talk of insurrection? you whose whole army is wanted, and would be insufficient, to keep it down in Ireland.

Pritchard. It must be acknowledged that all the atrocities of France are fewer and lighter and more intermittent than ours in Ireland. In that country, not one in eight is of the religion whose priesthood all are equally bound to maintain. And to maintain in what manner! Far more sumptuously than the favourites of the Pope are maintained in Italy. I could mention ten bishoprics in the Papal and Neapolitan states, of which the united emoluments fall short of a single protestant one in Ireland. The least reformed church is our reformed church. But I see not how one injustice can authorise another in another country. We refuse to the Irish what we granted to the Scotch. And we are in danger of losing

Ireland in our first war, whatever may be our enemy. The people are justly exasperated against us: and they will throw up many advantages rather than continue in the endurance of an indignity.

Polverel. I am charmed at hearing a man speak so reasonably, especially an Englishman: for I respect and esteem you in such a degree that I would rather have the pleasure of fighting you than any other people upon earth.

Pritchard. I am apprehensive the pleasure you anticipate is not remote. For certainly, ill able as we are at present to cope with any enemy, the people of England will never bear your interference with a nation they always have protected, and have taught the advantages of peace, commerce, morality, and religion.

Polverel. Religion! Never shall the poor Tahitians lose that blessing by any interference or any negligence of ours. I have brought over with me a few gentlemen of the *Company of Jesus.*

Pritchard. In these latter ages the company kept by the blessed Jesus, much against his will, as when he was among the scourgers and between the thieves, is a very different sort of company from what he was accustomed to meet by the Sea of Galilee and at the Mount of Olives.

Polverel. Between ourselves, they are sad dogs. If ever we land, which is possible, I fear my sailors and they will speedily come to blows about certain articles of the first necessity: and the Jesuits are the least likely to be the sufferers.

Pritchard. It is not because I am a missionary, and profess a doctrine widely different from theirs, that I adjure you to abstain from giving any countenance to the turbulent and the traitorous. It is already well known at whose instigation they became so: and not only the English, but also the Americans, will promulgate the disgraceful fact. If war (which God forbid!) is to rage again between the two nations which alone could impose eternal peace on the world, let it never spring from wanton insolence, but rather from some great motive, which must display to future generations how much less potent, in the wisest of rulers, is reason than resentment and ambition. We have been fighting seven hundred years, nearly eight hundred, and have lately breathed longer between the rounds than we ever breathed before: we have time and room to consider how little has either party gained, and how much both have suffered.

Polverel. M. Pritchard! I really beg your pardon: I yawned quite involuntarily, I do assure you.

Pritchard. What afflicts me most, is the certainty that my countrymen will be confirmed in their old prejudices and antipathies, by this aggression in the season of profound peace, and that they will call it treachery.

Polverel. The ignorant call that treachery which the wiser call policy and decision.

Pritchard. And by what name do the virtuous call it.

Polverel. I carry no dictionary in my pocket. We can discourse more intelligibly on the condition of Ireland.

Parbleu! I believe there neither is nor ever was anything similar in any other country under the sun. We must invade Ireland; I see we must. My ship is in readiness to sail into the bay of Dublin: my brave crew has already planted the tricolor on the castle-walls. I see the Atlantic, the Pacific, California, China, India. We have been too merciful, M. Pritchard! we have been too merciful to you; but we must correct that error.

Pritchard. It is a foible, sir, in you, of which few beside yourselves have complained. If others had shown as little of it, I should not at this moment have had the honour of conversing with you on the protectorate of Tahiti.

Polverel. We fear and respect no power that omits its opportunity of crushing an enemy. You have omitted this, and more. America and France, justly proud of free institutions, have each its *National Guards.* Where are yours? You ought to have in England at least two hundred thousand of them, beside forty thousand artillerymen and engineers; and in Ireland half the number. If there is in England any class of men which apprehends the danger of such an institution, you must instantly annihilate that class, or submit to annihilation. Have you any reply for this?

Pritchard. I wish I had. More temperate men than yourself entertain the same opinion. You happen to be governed at the present time by the wisest king that ever reigned over you, or perhaps over any people; his wisdom would render him pacific, if his power and popularity consented. But our negligence is a temptation to him. There are many who would not tear a straw-bonnet off the head of a girl wide awake, yet would draw a diamond-ring from the finger if they caught her unprotected and fast asleep. We must fortify all our ports and roadsteads in both islands. To conciliate popularity, every minister is ready to abolish a tax. We should never have abolished one: on the contrary we should have quoted the authority of Nelson on the dangers we have escaped, and on the necessity of guarding against them for the future. My own opinion is, that a less sum than twenty millions of pounds sterling would be inadequate. But in twenty weeks of the last war we expended as much: we may now disburse more leisurely.

Polverel. We shall at all times be a match for you.

Pritchard. As a minister of religion, and an advocate for whatever tends to promote the interests of humanity, of which things peace is the first, I can not but regret this commencement of hostilities, so unworthy in its object, even if the object be ultimately attained.

Polverel. Sir, after such strong language, so derogatory to the dignity of France, I must inform you that I merely sent for you in order to let you know that I am not ignorant of your designs.

Pritchard. You have greatly the advantage over me, M. le Capitaine, I remain in profound ignorance of yours, if you intend no aggression.

Polverel. I come by order of his Majesty the king of the French to protect the queen and people of Tahiti, from rebels, incendiaries, and fanatics.

Pritchard. Namely, those who have risen in all quarters of the island to escape from the protection you offer.

Polverel. At your instigation.

Pritchard. It required no instigation from me, or from any other man, native or stranger. For many years, indeed ever since we discovered the country they inhabit, they have lived peaceably and happily, subject to no foreign laws or control. Under the guidance of disinterested men, men contented with laborious poverty, they have abandoned their ancient superstitions, immoral and sanguinary, and have listened to the promises of the Gospel.

Polverel. It is now their duty to listen to ours, more positive and immediate. We have nothing to do with Gospel or with missionaries: we come to liberate a people crushed by your avarice.

Pritchard. Of what have we ever deprived them? what taxes, what concessions, what obedience, have we ever exacted? They never fought against us, never fled from us, never complained of us.

Polverel. How dared they?

Pritchard. Yet they dare attack men so much braver.

Polverel. M. Pritchard! I perceive you are a person of impartiality and discernment. You bestow on us unreservedly the character we claim and merit. The rabble is not to be consulted in affairs of state: and the rabble alone is in insurrection against us.

Pritchard. I did imagine, sir, that the word *rabble* had no longer a place in the French language.

Polverel. It never had for the French. But these wretches must be taught obedience to the laws.

Pritchard. What laws?

[*Des Mitrailles enters.*]

Polverel. Permit me to present to you M. le Capitaine Des Mitrailles, and to take my leave.

Des Mitrailles. On my entrance you were asking what laws the people of Tahiti are to obey: the answer is easy and simple: ours, and no other.

Pritchard. The answer is easier than the execution.

[*Des Mitrailles, clenching his fist.*]

Pritchard. I am a man of peace, M. le Capitaine, and a servant of God. But if any impertinent arrogant outrageous aggressor should strike me, I might peradventure wipe the dust off the wall with his whiskers: so take care. King Louis-Philippe, I imagine, issued no orders to bestow on so humble an individual as myself an earnest of his Protectorate by a blow in the face, which is a ceremonial he reserves for the defenceless, in order to establish the glory of his navy. You begin it with a priest, and (no doubt) you will end it with a woman.

Des Mitrailles. If that abominable hag Pomare were present at this instant, I would strike her to the earth, were it only to irritate the English.

Pritchard. You would succeed in both exploits. Our queen must be enamoured of your king's gallantry, when she hears that his officers have executed his commission so delicately.

Des Mitrailles. The queen Pomare has concealed herself.

Pritchard. How! From the Protectorate she solicited so earnestly?

Des Mitrailles. Find her: bring her in: or expect the confiscation of your property, and a prison.

Pritchard. Find her! bring her in! I am no bloodhound.

Des Mitrailles. Unless she comes forward and acknowledges our Protectorate, I dethrone her in the name of Louis Philippe, king of the French.

Pritchard. Europe may not see with tranquillity the execution of such violence.

Des Mitrailles. We have a long account to settle with Europe, and our quarrel must commence with her Paymaster-general.

Pritchard. I hope he does not reside in Tahiti.

Des Mitrailles. You understand me better.

Pritchard. Until now there has been little discord in the island, no insurrection and murder. He who first brings war into any country will be remembered and execrated by all others to the end of time. Can Englishmen believe that a king who hath seen so much suffering, and hath endured so much himself, will ever enjoy a phantom of power rising up over blood and carnage? This happy people want protection against no enemy. Our mariners discovered their island, and have continued to live among them not as masters, or what you call protectors, but simply as instructors. We do not even exercise the right which is usually conceded to discoverers: we are unwilling to receive, and more unwilling to exact, submission. Improbable then is it that we should let another, under any pretext, usurp it.

Des Mitrailles. We are aware of that sentiment; otherwise my frigate would not have sailed at present to the South Sea. I shall act according to my orders.

Pritchard. Consider, sir, the responsibility. What is now occurring in this obscure little island, may agitate the minds of the most powerful in the present age, and of the most intellectual in the future. What were once the events of the day are become the events of all days. Historians and orators of the first order have founded their fame on what at the beginning raised only a little dust round the market-place.

Des Mitrailles. You have the presumption and impertinence, sir, to reason and argue and dogmatise with me, and even to call me to account. I

am responsible only to the king my master, and to the minister who gave me his instructions.

Pritchard. If that minister is a demagogue whose daily bread is baked on the ashes of ruined habitations; if that minister is a firebrand of which every spark is supplied by the conflagration of the household gods . .

Des Mitrailles. Do not talk to me of households and gods.

Pritchard. Depend upon it there are men in England who can catch the ball with whatever force you bat it; and you will not win the game.

You threatened to strike a woman to the ground, a defenceless woman, whom you avowedly came to protect.

Des Mitrailles. We did come to protect her, and she insults our generosity by her flight. A Frenchman never threatens what he finds himself unable to execute. Were the wretch here, you should see the proof.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. My captain! we have brought in the fugitive, the incendiary, the traitress.

Des Mitrailles. Chain her, and carry her aboard.

Pritchard. I protest against either outrage.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. You protest! who are you?

Pritchard. British Consul.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. What are British consuls in the presence of French officers? My captain! with submission! knock out at least a tooth as a trophy. I have set my heart on a couple of her front teeth; they are worth a louis in the Palais Royal. M. du Petit Thouars, our admiral, has extorted his six thousand dollars; are a couple of teeth above a lieutenant's share of the booty?

Des Mitrailles. Knock out one yourself; it is not among the duties of a French capitaine de vaisseau. You may strike her safely; she is so heavy with child she can not run after you.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. Madame, the queen! I carry the orders of Monsieur le Capitaine, serving in the Pacific, by appointment of his Majesty Louis-Philippe, king of the French, to knock out a tooth.

[*Strikes her in the face; sailors hold Pritchard.*

Pomare. O inhumanity! Although I am a woman, a Christian, and a queen, and although you are Frenchmen, I never could have expected this.

Des Mitrailles. Bravo! bravo! but rather lower, Poignaunez! hit rather lower. How the tiger defends her breast! Well; the eyes will do. Again! Bravo! you have pretty nearly knocked out one.

Pomare. Spare my life! do not murder me! O brave captain! can such be your orders?

Des Mitrailles. May it please your Majesty! I bear no such injunctions from the King my master, or from Monsieur his minister of state for the marine and colonies.

Pritchard. Have you received or given orders that I should be seized and detained?

Des Mitrailles. Sir, I call upon you to attest in writing the perfect good-faith and composure with which we have acted.

Pritchard. Every man in England receives a slap in the face when a woman receives one in any quarter of the globe.

Des Mitrailles. Queen Pomare did not receive a slap on the face.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. By no means.

Des Mitrailles. She had only a tooth knocked out.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. My captain! pardon! you concede too much. The tooth is in its place, and in accordance with all the rest: it has merely undergone the declension of a few degrees toward the horizon.

Des Mitrailles. Madame! I am exceedingly concerned, and intimately penetrated, that, by some strange unaccountable interpretation, so untoward an accident has befallen your Majesty.

Lieutenant Poignaunez (*to the crew*). Cry, you fools, cry.

Sailor. I thought, M. le Lieutenant, we were to carry her off in chains. Here they are.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. Presently, presently. But now deploy your throats, and cry, rascals, cry 'Vive la Reine.'

Crew. Vive la Reine! À bas les fuyards! À bas les Anglais! À bas les tyrans. Vive le Roi!

LA FONTAINE AND DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

La Fontaine. I am truly sensible of the honour I receive, M. de la Rochefoucault, in a visit from a personage so distinguished by his birth and by his genius. Pardon my ambition, if I confess to you that I have long and ardently wished for the good fortune, which I never could promise myself, of knowing you personally.

Rochefoucault. My dear M. de la Fontaine!

La Fontaine. Not '*de* la,' not '*de* la.' I am *La* Fontaine purely and simply.

Rochefoucault. The whole; not derivative. You appear, in the midst of your purity, to have been educated at court, in the lap of the ladies. What was the last day (pardon!) I had the misfortune to miss you there?

La Fontaine. I never go to court. They say one can not go without silk stockings; and I have only thread: plenty of them indeed, thank God! Yet, would you believe it? Nanon, in putting a *solette* to the bottom of one, last week, sewed it so carelessly, she made a kind of cord across: and I verily believe it will lame me for life; for I walked the whole morning upon it.

Rochefoucault. She ought to be whipt.

La Fontaine. I thought so too, and grew the warmer at being unable to find a wisp of osier

or a roll of packthread in the house. Barely had I begun with my garter, when in came the bishop of Grasse, my old friend Godeau, and another lord, whose name he mentioned, and they both interceded for her so long and so touchingly, that at last I was fain to let her rise up and go. I never saw men look down on the erring and afflicted more compassionately. The bishop was quite concerned for me also. But the other, although he professed to feel even more, and said that it must surely be the pain of purgatory to me, took a pinch of snuff, opened his waistcoat, drew down his ruffles, and seemed rather more indifferent.

Rochefoucault. Providentially, in such moving scenes, the worst is soon over. But Godeau's friend was not too sensitive.

La Fontaine. Sensitive! no more than if he had been educated at the butcher's or the Sorbonne.

Rochefoucault. I am afraid there are as many hard hearts under satin waistcoats, as there are ugly visages under the same material in miniature-cases.

La Fontaine. My lord, I could show you a miniature-case which contains your humble servant, in which the painter has done what no tailor in his senses would do; he has given me credit for a coat of violet silk, with silver frogs as large as tortoises. But I am loth to get up for it while the generous heart of this dog (if I mentioned his name he would jump up) places such confidence on my knee.

Rochefoucault. Pray do not move on any account; above all, lest you should disturb that amiable grey cat, fast asleep in his innocence on your shoulder.

La Fontaine. Ah rogue! art thou there? Why! thou hast not licked my face this half-hour.

Rochefoucault. And more too, I should imagine. I do not judge from his somnolency, which, if he were President of the Parliament, could not be graver, but from his natural sagacity. Cats weigh practicabilities. What sort of tongue has he?

La Fontaine. He has the roughest tongue and the tenderest heart of any cat in Paris. If you observe the colour of his coat, it is rather blue than grey; a certain indication of goodness in these contemplative creatures.

Rochefoucault. We were talking of his tongue alone; by which cats, like men, are flatterers.

La Fontaine. Ah! you gentlemen of the court are much mistaken in thinking that vices have so extensive a range. There are some of our vices, like some of our diseases, from which the quadrupeds are exempt; and those, both diseases and vices, are the most discreditable.

Rochefoucault. I do not bear patiently any evil spoken of the court: for it must be acknowledged, by the most malicious, that the court is the purifier of the whole nation.

La Fontaine. I know little of the court, and less of the whole nation; but how can this be?

Rochefoucault. It collects all ramblers and gamblers; all the market-men and market-women who deal in articles which God has thrown into their baskets, without any trouble on their part; all the seducers and all who wish to be seduced; all the duellists who erase their crimes with their swords, and sweat out their cowardice with daily practice; all the nobles whose patents of nobility lie in gold snuff-boxes, or have worn Mechlin ruffles, or are deposited within the archives of knee-deep waistcoats; all stock-jobbers and church-jobbers, the black-legged and the red-legged game, the flower of the *justaucorps*, the *robe*, and the *soutane*. If these were spread over the surface of France, instead of close compressure in the court or cabinet, they would corrupt the whole country in two years. As matters now stand, it will require a quarter of a century to effect it.

La Fontaine. Am I not right then in preferring my beasts to yours? But if yours were loose, mine, (as you prove to me,) would be the last to suffer by it, poor dear creatures! Speaking of cats, I would have avoided all personality that might be offensive to them: I would not exactly have said, in so many words, that, by their tongues, they are flatterers, like men. Language may take a turn advantageously in favour of our friends. True, we resemble all animals in something. I am quite ashamed and mortified that your lordship, or anybody, should have had the start of me in this reflection. When a cat flatters with his tongue he is not insincere: you may safely take it for a real kindness. He is loyal, M. de la Rochefoucault! my word for him, he is loyal. Observe too, if you please, no cat ever licks you when he wants anything from you; so that there is nothing of baseness in such an act of adulation, if we must call it so. For my part, I am slow to designate by so foul a name, that (be it what it may) which is subsequent to a kindness. Cats ask plainly for what they want.

Rochefoucault. And, if they can not get it by protocols, they get it by invasion and assault.

La Fontaine. No! no! usually they go elsewhere, and fondle those from whom they obtain it. In this I see no resemblance to invaders and conquerors. I draw no parallels: I would excite no heart-burnings between us and them. Let all have their due.

I do not like to lift this creature off, for it would waken him, else I could find out, by some subsequent action, the reason why he has not been on the alert to lick my cheek for so long a time.

Rochefoucault. Cats are wary and provident. He would not enter into any contest with you, however friendly. He only licks your face, I presume, while your beard is but a match for his tongue.

La Fontaine. Ha! you remind me. Indeed I did begin to think my beard was rather of the roughest; for yesterday Madame de Rambouillet sent me a plate of strawberries, the first of the season, and raised (would you believe it?) under

glass. One of these strawberries was dropping from my lips, and I attempted to stop it. When I thought it had fallen to the ground, "Look for it, Nanon; pick it up and eat it," said I.

"Master!" cried the wench, "your beard has skewered and spitted it." "Honest girl," I answered, "come, cull it from the bed of its adoption."

I had resolved to shave myself this morning: but our wisest and best resolutions too often come to nothing, poor mortals!

Rochefoucault. We often do very well everything but the only thing we hope to do best of all; and our projects often drop from us by their weight. A little while ago your friend Molière exhibited a remarkable proof of it.

La Fontaine. Ah, poor Molière! the best man in the world; but flighty, negligent, thoughtless. He throws himself into other men, and does not remember where. The sight of an eagle, M. de la Rochefoucault, but the memory of a fly!

Rochefoucault. I will give you an example: but perhaps it is already known to you.

La Fontaine. Likely enough. We have each so many friends, neither of us can trip but the other is invited to the laugh. Well; I am sure he has no malice, and I hope I have none: but who can see his own faults?

Rochefoucault. He had brought out a new edition of his comedies.

La Fontaine. There will be fifty; there will be a hundred: nothing in our language, or in any, is so delightful, so graceful; I will add, so clear at once and so profound.

Rochefoucault. You are among the few who, seeing well his other qualities, see that Molière is also profound. In order to present the new edition to the Dauphin, he had put on a sky-blue velvet coat, powdered with fleur-de-lis. He laid the volume on his library-table; and, resolving that none of the courtiers should have an opportunity of ridiculing him for anything like absence of mind, he returned to his bedroom, which, as may often be the case in the economy of poets, is also his dressing-room. Here he surveyed himself in his mirror, as well as the creeks and lagoons in it would permit.

La Fontaine. I do assure you, from my own observation, M. de la Rochefoucault, that his mirror is a splendid one. I should take it to be nearly three feet high, reckoning the frame with the Cupid above and the elephant under. I suspected it was the present of some great lady; and indeed I have since heard as much.

Rochefoucault. Perhaps then the whole story may be quite as fabulous as the part of it which I have been relating.

La Fontaine. In that case, I may be able to set you right again.

Rochefoucault. He found his peruke a model of perfection; tight, yet easy; not an inch more on one side than on the other. The black patch on the forehead . .

La Fontaine. Black patch too! I would have given a fifteen-sous piece to have caught him with that black patch.

Rochefoucault. He found it lovely, marvellous, irresistible. Those on each cheek . .

La Fontaine. Do you tell me he had one on each cheek?

Rochefoucault. Symmetrically. The cravat was of its proper descent, and with its appropriate charge of the best Strasburg snuff upon it. The waistcoat, for a moment, puzzled and perplexed him. He was not quite sure whether the right number of buttons were in their holes; nor how many above, nor how many below, it was the fashion of the week to leave without occupation. Such a piece of ignorance is enough to disgrace any courtier on earth. He was in the act of striking his forehead with desperation; but he thought of the patch, fell on his knees, and thanked heaven for the intervention.

La Fontaine. Just like him! just like him! good soul!

Rochefoucault. The breeches . . ah! those require attention: all proper: everything in its place. Magnificent! The stockings rolled up, neither too loosely nor too negligently. A picture! The buckles in the shoes . . all but one . . soon set to rights . . well thought of! And now the sword . . ah that cursed sword! it will bring at least one man to the ground if it has its own way much longer . . up with it! up with it higher . . *Allons!* we are out of danger.

La Fontaine. Delightful! I have him before my eyes. What simplicity! aye, what simplicity!

Rochefoucault. Now for hat. Feather in? Five at least. Bravo.

He took up hat and plumage, extended his arm to the full length, raised it a foot above his head, lowered it thereon, opened his fingers, and let them fall again at his side.

La Fontaine. Something of the comedian in that; aye, M. de la Rochefoucault? But, on the stage or off, all is natural in Molière.

Rochefoucault. Away he went: he reached the palace, stood before the Dauphin . . O consternation! O despair! "Morbleau! bête que je suis," exclaimed the hapless man, "le livre, où donc est-il?" You are forcibly struck, I perceive, by this adventure of your friend.

La Fontaine. Strange coincidence! quite unaccountable! There are agents at work in our dreams, M. de la Rochefoucault, which we shall never see out of them, on this side the grave. [*To himself*]. Sky-blue? no. Fleurs-de-lis? bah! bah! Patches? I never wore one in my life.

Rochefoucault. It well becomes your character for generosity, M. La Fontaine, to look grave, and ponder, and ejaculate, on a friend's untoward accident, instead of laughing, as those who little know you, might expect. I beg your pardon for relating the occurrence.

La Fontaine. Right or wrong, I can not help laughing any longer. Comical, by my faith! above the tip-top of comedy. Excuse my flashes and dashes and rushes of merriment. Incon-

trollable! incontrollable! Indeed the laughter is immoderate. And you allt he while are sitting as grave as a judge; I mean a criminal one; who has nothing to do but to keep up his popularity by sending his rogues to the gallows. The civil indeed have much weighty matter on their minds: they must displease one party: and sometimes a doubt arises whether the fairer hand or the fuller shall turn the balance.

Rochefoucault. I congratulate you on the return of your gravity and composure.

La Fontaine. Seriously now: all my lifetime I have been the plaything of dreams. Sometimes they have taken such possession of me, that nobody could persuade me afterward they were other than real events. Some are very oppressive, very painful, M. de la Rochefoucault! I have never been able, altogether, to disembarrass my head of the most wonderful vision that ever took possession of any man's. There are some truly important differences, but in many respects this laughable adventure of my innocent honest friend Moliere, seemed to have befallen myself. I can only account for it by having heard the tale when I was half-asleep.

Rochefoucault. Nothing more probable.

La Fontaine. You absolutely have relieved me from an incubus.

Rochefoucault. I do not yet see how.

La Fontaine. No longer ago than when you entered this chamber, I would have sworn that I myself had gone to the Louvre, that I myself had been commanded to attend the dauphin, that I myself had come into his presence,* had fallen on my knee, and cried, "Peste! où est donc le livre!" Ah, M. de la Rochefoucault, permit me to embrace you: this is really to find a friend at court.

Rochefoucault. My visit is even more auspicious than I could have ventured to expect: it was chiefly for the purpose of asking your permission to make another at my return to Paris.. I am forced to go into the country on some family affairs: but hearing that you have spoken favourably of my *Maxims*, I presume to express my satisfaction and delight at your good opinion.

La Fontaine. Pray, M. de la Rochefoucault, do me the favour to continue here a few minutes: I would gladly reason with you on some of your doctrines.

Rochefoucault. For the pleasure of hearing your sentiments on the topics I have treated, I will, although it is late, steal a few minutes from the court, of which I must take my leave on parting for the province.

La Fontaine. Are you quite certain that all your Maxims are true, or, what is of greater consequence, that they are all original? I have lately read a treatise written by an Englishman, M. Hobbes; so loyal a man that, while others tell you kings are appointed by God, he tells you God is appointed by kings.

* This happened.

Rochefoucault. Ah! such are precisely the men we want. If he establishes this verity, the rest will follow.

La Fontaine. He does not seem to care so much about the rest. In his treatise I find the groundplan of your chief positions.

Rochefoucault. I have indeed looked over his publication; and we agree on the natural depravity of man.

La Fontaine. Reconsider your expression. It appears to me that what is natural is not depraved: that depravity is deflection from nature. Let it pass: I can not however concede to you that the generality of men are naturally bad. Badness is accidental, like disease. We find more tempers good than bad, where proper care is taken in proper time.

Rochefoucault. Care is not nature.

La Fontaine. Nature is soon inoperative without it; so soon indeed as to allow no opportunity for experiment or hypothesis. Life itself requires care, and more continually than tempers and morals do. The strongest body ceases to be a body in a few days without a supply of food. When we speak of men being naturally bad or good, we mean susceptible and retentive and communicative of them. In this case (and there can be no other true or ostensible one) I believe that the more are good; and nearly in the same proportion as there are animals and plants produced healthy and vigorous than wayward and weakly. Strange is the opinion of M. Hobbes, that, when God hath poured so abundantly his benefits on other creatures, the only one capable of great good should be uniformly disposed to greater evil.

Rochefoucault. Yet Holy Writ, to which Hobbes would reluctantly appeal, countenances the supposition.

La Fontaine. The Jews, above all nations, were morose and splenetic. Nothing is holy to me that lessens in my view the beneficence of my Creator. If you could show him ungentle and unkind in a single instance, you would render myriads of men so, throughout the whole course of their lives, and those too among the most religious. The less that people talk about God, the better. He has left us a design to fill up: he has placed the canvas, the colours, and the pencils, within reach; his directing hand is over ours incessantly; it is our business to follow it, and neither to turn round and argue with our master, nor to kiss and fondle him. We must mind our lesson, and not neglect our time: for the room is closed early, and the lights are suspended in another, where no one works. If every man would do all the good he might within an hour's walk from his house, he would live the happier and the longer: for nothing is so conducive to longevity as the union of activity and content. But, like children, we deviate from the road, however well we know it, and run into mire and puddles in despite of frown and ferule.

Rochefoucault. Go on, M. la Fontaine! pray go on. We are walking in the same labyrinth,

always within call, always within sight of each other. We set out at its two extremities, and shall meet at last.

La Fontaine. I doubt it. From deficiency of care proceed many vices, both in men and children, and more still from care taken improperly. M. Hobbes attributes not only the order and peace of society, but equity and moderation and every other virtue, to the coercion and restriction of the laws. The laws, as now constituted, do a great deal of good; they also do a great deal of mischief. They transfer more property from the right owner in six months than all the thieves of the kingdom do in twelve. What the thieves take they soon disseminate abroad again; what the laws take they hoard. The thief takes a part of your property: he who prosecutes the thief for you takes another part: he who condemns the thief, goes to the tax-gatherer and takes the third. Power has been hitherto occupied in no employment but in keeping down Wisdom. Perhaps the time may come when Wisdom shall exert her energy in repressing the sallies of Power.

Rochefoucault. I think it more probable that they will agree; that they will call together their servants of all liveries, to collect what they can lay their hands upon; and that meanwhile they will sit together like good housewives, making nets from our purses to cover the coop for us. If you would be plump and in feather, pick up your millet and be quiet in your darkness. Speculate on nothing here below, and I promise you a nosegay in Paradise.

La Fontaine. Believe me, I shall be most happy to receive it there at your hands, my lord duke.

The greater number of men, I am inclined to think, with all the defects of education, all the frauds committed on their credulity, all the advantages taken of their ignorance and supineness, are disposed, on most occasions, rather to virtue than to vice, rather to the kindly affections than the unkindly, rather to the social than the selfish.

Rochefoucault. Here we differ, and were my opinion the same as yours, my book would be little read and less commended.

La Fontaine. Why think so?

Rochefoucault. For this reason. Every man likes to hear evil of all men: every man is delighted to take the air of the common, though not a soul will consent to stand within his own allotment. No inclosure-act! no finger-posts! You may call every creature under heaven fool and rogue, and your auditor will join with you heartily: hint to him the slightest of his own defects or foibles, and he draws the rapier. You and he are the judges of the world, but not its denizens.

La Fontaine. M. Hobbes has taken advantage of these weaknesses. In his dissertation he betrays the timidity and malice of his character. It must be granted, he reasons well, according to the view he has taken of things; but he has given no proof whatever that his view is a correct one. I will believe that it is, when I am persuaded that sickness is the natural state of the body, and health the unnatural. If you call him a sound philosopher, you may call a mummy a sound man. Its darkness, its hardness, its forced uprightness, and the place in which you find it, may commend it to you: give me rather some weakness and peccability, with vital warmth and human sympathies. A shrewd reasoner is one thing, a sound philosopher is another. I admire your power and precision. Monks will admonish us how little the author of the *Maxims* knows of the world; and heads of colleges will cry out "a libel on human nature!" but when they hear your titles, and, above all, your credit at court, they will cast back cowl and peruke, and lick your boots. You start with great advantages. Throwing off from a dukedom, you are sure of enjoying, if not the tongue of these puzzlers, the full cry of the more animating, and will certainly be as long-lived as the imperfection of our language will allow. I consider your *Maxims* as a broken ridge of hills, on the shady side of which you are fondest of taking your exercise: but the same ridge hath also a sunny one. You attribute (let me say it again) all actions to self-interest. Now a sentiment of interest must be preceded by calculation, long or brief, right or erroneous. Tell me then in what region lies the origin of that pleasure which a family in the country feels on the arrival of an unexpected friend. I say a family in the country; because the sweetest souls, like the sweetest flowers, soon canker in cities, and no purity is rarer there than the purity of delight. If I may judge from the few examples I have been in a position to see, no earthly one can be greater. There are pleasures which lie near the surface, and which are blocked up by artificial ones, or are diverted by some mechanical scheme, or are confined by some stiff evergreen vista of low advantage. But these pleasures do occasionally burst forth in all their brightness; and, if ever you shall by chance find one of them, you will sit by it, I hope, complacently and cheerfully, and turn toward it the kindliest aspect of your meditations.

Rochefoucault. Many, indeed most people, will differ from me. Nothing is quite the same to the intellect of any two men, much less of all. When one says to another, "I am entirely of your opinion," he uses in general an easy and indifferent phrase, believing in its accuracy, without examination, without thought. The nearest resemblance in opinions, if we could trace every line of it, would be found greatly more divergent than the nearest in the human form or countenance, and in the same proportion as the varieties of mental qualities are more numerous and fine than of the bodily. Hence I do not expect nor wish that my opinions should in all cases be similar to those of others: but in many I shall be gratified if, by just degrees and after a long survey, those of others approximate to mine. Nor does this my sentiment spring from a love of power, as in

many good men quite unconsciously, when they would make proselytes, since I shall see few and converse with fewer of them, and profit in no way by their adherence and favour; but it springs from a natural and a cultivated love of all truths whatever, and from a certainty that these delivered by me are conducive to the happiness and dignity of man. You shake your head.

La Fontaine. Make it out.

Rochefoucault. I have pointed out to him at what passes he hath deviated from his true interest, and where he hath mistaken selfishness for generosity, coldness for judgment, contraction of heart for policy, rank for merit, pomp for dignity; of all mistakes, the commonest and the greatest. I am accused of paradox and distortion. On paradox I shall only say, that every new moral truth has been called so. Inexperienced and negligent observers see no difference in the operations of raveling and unraveling: they never come close enough: they despise plain work.

La Fontaine. The more we simplify things, the better we descry their substances and qualities. A good writer will not coil them up and press them into the narrowest possible space, nor macerate them into such particles that nothing shall be remaining of their natural contexture. You are accused of this too, by such as have forgotten your title-page, and who look for treatises where maxims only have been promised. Some of them perhaps are spinning out sermons and dissertations from the poorest paragraph in the volume.

Rochefoucault. Let them copy and write as they please; against or for, modestly or impudently. I have hitherto had no assailant who is not of too slender a make to be detained an hour in the stocks he has unwarily put his foot into. If you hear of any, do not tell of them. On the subjects of my remarks, had others thought as I do, my labour would have been spared me. I am ready to point out the road where I know it, to whosoever wants it; but I walk side by side with few or none.

La Fontaine. We usually like those roads which show us the fronts of our friends' houses and the pleasure-grounds about them, and the smooth garden-walks, and the trim espaliers, and look at them with more satisfaction than at the docks and nettles that are thrown in heaps behind. The *Offices* of Cicero are imperfect; yet who would not rather guide his children by them than by the line and compass of harder-handed guides; such as Hobbes for instance?

Rochefoucault. Imperfect as some gentlemen in hoods may call the *Offices*, no founder of a philosophical or of a religious sect has been able to add to them anything important.

La Fontaine. Pity! that Cicero carried with him no better authorities than reason and humanity. He neither could work miracles, nor damn you for disbelieving them. Had he lived fourscore years later, who knows but he might have been another Simon Peter, and have talked Hebrew as fluently as Latin, all at once! Who knows but we might have heard of his patrimony! who knows but our venerable popes might have claimed dominion from him, as descendant from the kings of Rome!

Rochefoucault. The hint, some centuries ago, would have made your fortune, and that saintly cat there would have kittened in a mitre.

La Fontaine. Alas! the hint could have done nothing: Cicero could not have lived later.

Rochefoucault. I warrant him. Nothing is easier to correct than chronology. There is not a lady in Paris, nor a jockey in Normandy, that is not eligible to a professor's chair in it. I have seen a man's ancestor, whom nobody ever saw before, spring back over twenty generations. Our Vatican Jupiters have as little respect for old Chronos as the Cretan had: they mutilate him when and where they think necessary, limp as he may by the operation.

La Fontaine. When I think, as you make me do, how ambitious men are, even those whose teeth are too loose (one would fancy) for a bite at so hard an apple as the devil of ambition offers them, I am inclined to believe that we are actuated not so much by selfishness as you represent it, but under another form, the love of power. Not to speak of territorial dominion or political office, and such other things as we usually class under its appurtenances, do we not desire an exclusive control over what is beautiful and lovely? the possession of pleasant fields, of well-situated houses, of cabinets, of images, of pictures, and indeed of many things pleasant to see but useless to possess; even of rocks, of streams, and of fountains? These things, you will tell me, have their utility. True, but not to the wisher, nor does the idea of it enter his mind. Do not we wish that the object of our love should be devoted to us only; and that our children should love us better than their brothers and sisters, or even than the mother who bore them? Love would be arrayed in the purple robe of sovranty, mildly as he may resolve to exercise his power.

Rochefoucault. Many things which appear to be incontrovertible, are such for their age only, and must yield to others which, in their age, are equally so. There are only a few points that are always above the waves. Plain truths, like plain dishes, are commended by everybody, and everybody leaves them whole. If it were not even more impertinent and presumptuous to praise a great writer in his presence than to censure him in his absence, I would venture to say that your prose, from the few specimens you have given of it, is equal to your verse. Yet, even were I the possessor of such a style as yours, I would never employ it to support my Maxims. You would think a writer very impudent and self-sufficient who should quote his own works: to defend them is doing more. We are the worst auxiliaries in the world to the opinions we have brought into the field. Our business is, to measure the ground,

and to calculate the forces; then let them try their strength. If the weak assails me, he thinks me weak; if the strong, he thinks me strong. He is more likely to compute ill his own vigour than mine. At all events, I love inquiry, even when I myself sit down. And I am not offended in my walks if my visitor asks me whither does that alley lead? It proves that he is ready to go on with me; that he sees some space before him; and that he believes there may be something worth looking after.

La Fontaine. You have been standing a long time, my lord duke: I must entreat you to be seated.

Rochefoucault. Excuse me, my dear M. la Fontaine; I would much rather stand.

La Fontaine. Mercy on us! have you been upon your legs ever since you rose to leave me?

Rochefoucault. A change of position is agreeable: a friend always permits it.

La Fontaine. Sad doings! sad oversight! The other two chairs were sent yesterday evening to be scoured and mended. But that dog is the best-tempered dog! an angel of a dog, I do assure you; he would have gone down in a moment, at a word. I am quite ashamed of myself for such inattention. With your sentiments of friendship for me, why could you not have taken the liberty to shove him gently off, rather than give me this uneasiness?

Rochefoucault. My true and kind friend! we authors are too sedentary; we are heartily glad of standing to converse, whenever we can do it without any restraint on our acquaintance.

La Fontaine. I must reprove that animal when he uncurls his body. He seems to be dreaming of Paradise and Houris. Ay, twitch thy ear, my child! I wish at my heart there were as troublesome a fly about the other: God forgive me! The rogue covers all my clean linen! shirt and cravat! what cares he!

Rochefoucault. Dogs are not very modest.

La Fontaine. Never say that, M. de la Rochefoucault! The most modest people upon earth! Look at a dog's eyes; and he half-closes them, or gently turns them away, with a motion of the lips, which he licks languidly, and of the tail, which he stirs tremulously, begging your forbearance. I am neither blind nor indifferent to the defects of these good and generous creatures. They are subject to many such as men are subject to: among the rest, they disturb the neighbourhood in the discussion of their private causes; they quarrel and fight on small motives, such as a little bad food, or a little vain-glory, or the sex. But it must be something present or near that excites them; and they calculate not the extent of evil they may do or suffer.

Rochefoucault. Certainly not: how should dogs calculate?

La Fontaine. I know nothing of the process. I am unable to inform you how they leap over hedges and brooks, with exertion just sufficient, and no more. In regard to honour and a sense of dignity, let me tell you, a dog accepts the subsidies of his friends, but never claims them: a dog would not take the field to obtain power for a son, but would leave the son to obtain it by his own activity and prowess. He conducts his visitor or inmate out a-hunting, and makes a present of the game to him as freely as an emperor to an elector. Fond as he is of slumber, which is indeed one of the pleasantest and best things in the universe, particularly after dinner, he shakes it off as willingly as he would a gadfly, in order to defend his master from theft or violence. Let the robber or assailant speak as courteously as he may, he waives your diplomatical terms, gives his reasons in plain language, and makes war. I could say many other things to his advantage; but I never was malicious, and would rather let both parties plead for themselves: give me the dog, however.

Rochefoucault. Faith! I will give you both, and never boast of my largess in so doing.

La Fontaine. I trust I have removed from you the suspicion of selfishness in my client, and I feel it quite as easy to make a properer disposal of another ill attribute, namely cruelty, which we vainly try to shuffle off our own shoulders upon others, by employing the offensive and most unjust term, brutality. But to convince you of my impartiality, now I have defended the dog from the first obloquy, I will defend the man from the last, hoping to make you think better of each. What you attribute to cruelty, both while we are children and afterward may be assigned for the greater part, to curiosity. Cruelty tends to the extinction of life, the dissolution of matter, the imprisonment and sepulture of truth; and if it were our ruling and chief propensity, the human race would have been extinguished in a few centuries after its appearance. Curiosity, in its primary sense, implies care and consideration.

Rochefoucault. Words often deflect from their primary sense. We find the most curious men the most idle and silly, the least observant and conservative.

La Fontaine. So we think; because we see every hour the idly curious, and not the strenuously; we see only the persons of the one set, and only the works of the other.

More is heard of cruelty than of curiosity, because while curiosity is silent both in itself and about its object, cruelty on most occasions is like the wind, boisterous in itself, and exciting a murmur and bustle in all the things it moves among. Added to which, many of the higher topics whereto our curiosity would turn, are intercepted from it by the policy of our guides and rulers; while the principal ones on which cruelty is most active, are pointed to by the sceptre and the truncheon, and wealth and dignity are the rewards of their attainment. What perversion! He who brings a bullock into a city for its sustenance is called a butcher, and nobody has the civility to take off the hat to him, although knowing him as perfectly as I know Matthieu le Mince, who

served me with those fine kidneys you must have remarked in passing through the kitchen: on the contrary, he who reduces the same city to famine is styled M. le General or M. le Marechal, and gentlemen like you, unprejudiced (as one would think) and upright, make room for him in the antechamber.

Rochefoucault. He obeys orders without the degrading influence of any passion.

La Fontaine. Then he commits a baseness the more, a cruelty the greater. He goes off at another man's setting, as ingloriously as a rat-trap: he produces the worst effects of fury, and feels none: a Cain unirritated by a brother's incense.

Rochefoucault. I would hide from you this little rapier, which, like the barber's pole, I have often thought too obtrusive in the streets.

La Fontaine. Never shall I think my countrymen half civilised while on the dress of a courtier is hung the instrument of a cut-throat. How deplorably feeble must be that honour which requires defending at every hour of the day!

Rochefoucault. Ingenious as you are, M. Fontaine, I do not believe that, on this subject, you could add anything to what you have spoken already: but really, I do think, one of the most instructive things in the world would be a dissertation on dress by you.

La Fontaine. Nothing can be devised more commodious than the dress in fashion. Perukes have fallen among us by the peculiar dispensation of Providence. As in all the regions of the globe the indigenous have given way to stronger creatures, so have they (partly at least) on the human head. At present the wren and the squirrel are dominant there. Whenever I have a mind for a filbert, I have only to shake my foretop. Improvement does not end in that quarter. I might forget to take my pinch of snuff when it would do me good, unless I saw a store of it on another's cravat. Furthermore, the slit in the coat behind tells in a moment what it was made for: a thing of which, in regard to ourselves, the best preachers have to remind us all our lives: then the central part of our habiliment has either its loop-hole or its portcullis in the opposite direction, still more demonstrative. All these are for very mundane purposes: but Religion and Humanity have whispered some later utilities. We pray the more commodiously, and of course the more frequently, for rolling up a royal ell of stocking round about our knees: and our high-heeled shoes must surely have been worn by some angel, to save those insects which the flat-footed would have crushed to death.

Rochefoucault. Ah! the good dog has awakened: he saw me and my rapier, and ran away. Of what breed is he? for I know nothing of dogs.

La Fontaine. And write so well!

Rochefoucault. Is he a trufler?

La Fontaine. No, not he; but quite as innocent.

Rochefoucault. Something of the shepherd-dog, I suspect.

La Fontaine. Nor that neither; although he fain would make you believe it. Indeed he is very like one: pointed nose, pointed ears, apparently stiff, but readily yielding; long hair, particularly about the neck; noble tail over his back, three curls deep, exceedingly pleasant to stroke down again; straw-colour all above, white all below. He might take it ill if you looked for it; but so it is, upon my word: an ermeline might envy it.

Rochefoucault. What are his pursuits?

La Fontaine. As to pursuit and occupation, he is good for nothing. In fact, I like those dogs best . . and those men too.

Rochefoucault. Send Nanon then for a pair of silk stockings, and mount my carriage with me: it stops at the Louvre.

VITTORIA COLONNA AND MICHEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Vittoria. What has detained you so long, Michel-Angelo? Were we not to have read together, early in the forenoon, the little book of poetry which is lying there on the table?

Michel-Angelo. Excuse me, Madonna. The fault, if mine at all, is mine only in part.

Vittoria. I will pardon it the rather, because, whatever it was, it has removed the traces of care and of study from your brow, and supplanted them with an unwonted smile. Pray now what provokes this hilarity?

Michel-Angelo. Not the delay, I assure you, which never has any such effect when I am coming to the Palazzo Pescara, but merely the mention of poetry.

Vittoria. Why so? I perceive there is mischief in your countenance; let me also have a hand in it, if I find it is such as I like.

Michel-Angelo. When I was walking hither, a middle-aged gentleman, tall, round-shouldered, somewhat grizzly, of a complexion rather cindery than pale, with a look half leering and half imploring, and in a voice half querulous and half passionate, accosted me. He offered many apologies for never having heard of me until this morning, although my fame (he protested) had filled the universe. Whatever he said at one instant he unsaid the next, in like manner.

"But you shall forgive me; you shall soon forgive me," cried he, thrusting into my hand a large volume, from its more opportune station under the coat-flap. I felt it damp, having lain perhaps in the middle of a thousand, two entire winters; and I apprehended cold and rheumatism as much almost at the cover as at the contents. While I held it, uncertain how to reply, he suddenly snatched it back, and cut open the leaves with a very sharp penknife, injuring few of them by the operation, for he was cautious and tender in the extreme.

"I would not delay you in the reading," said he, returning it, "for your praise will richly crown my labours."

Vittoria. What was it? and where is it?

Michel-Angelo. Madonna, let me be an example of patience to you. Wait a little, and you shall hear the whole.

Vittoria. No, no, no!

Michel-Angelo. I do not mean the whole of the poem, I mean only the whole of the occurrence. I saw on the title-page that it was a poem in twenty-four cantos, each containing a hundred stanzas, entitled *The Strangulation of Cethegus.* Between the moments of my surprise and my dismay, . .

"You will find," exclaimed the author, "how wrongfully I have been accused by the malevolent and invidious (and there are few others in the world) of copying our most celebrated writers, and of being destitute of originality myself. If occasionally I resemble them in some sort, it is only to show them how they might have written, with a little more care, judgment, and . . we will not say . . genius!"

Vittoria. On such emergencies, a spice of ridicule is our speediest and most palatable remedy for disgust.

Michel-Angelo. When I inquired of him to what gentleman I was indebted for so valuable a present, he stood in amaze at first; then he repeated his family name, then his baptismal, then a poetical intermediate one of his own invention. These, he told me, I must frequently have heard. I now recognised the peculiar object of ebullient jocularity among my juvenile scholars, one of whom said, "He has cracked a biscuit which was baked for a long voyage, and, pouring a profusion of tepid water on it, he has quadrupled its bulk and heaviness!"

Vittoria. Poor man! his vanity must often be wounded.

Michel-Angelo. He has none.

Vittoria. None?

Michel-Angelo. He told me so himself.

"I have been called vain," said he; "but only by those who never knew me. Proud! yes, proud I am! Vanity, in my opinion, (and I am certain that you and all sensible men must think with me,) belongs only to weak minds; pride to the strongest and most sublime. Poets, we hear, are often vain; ay, but *what* poets?"

His eyes, which before were only on a level with the cheek-bones and the frontal, now expanded beyond, and assumed the full majesty of the orbicular.

Vittoria. Well, in what manner has he treated his subject?

Michel-Angelo. He could not resist the pleasure of telling me:

"I believe, Signor Buonarotti, you are, among other things, a painter. Proportions! ay, proportions! The pyramidal, ay! We look to that, don't we? See here then. Cæsar is a stripling, just old enough to fall in love. In Pagan Rome they fell early. The man of genius will seize on the most trifling objects in nature, and raise up a new creation from them. Did you never see an apple or a strawberry which had another more diminutive growing to it? Well, now from this double strawberry or apple I have made out a double Cæsar, such as never was seen before; one the stern resolute senator; the other the gentle sentimental young lover."

On which I submissively asked, whether the stripling who had been received so favorably by the lady, would on the same afternoon be sure of the same facility at his entrance into the senate; and whether it was not requisite to have attained his fortieth year? He smiled at me, and said,

"Surely no, when a poet of the first order gives him a ticket of admission. Does not Horace say we poets have the privilege of daring anything?"

I was afraid to answer, "Yes: but, unhappily, we readers have not the power of *bearing* anything." He continued,

"Cicero is an old gentleman."

Here I ventured to interrupt him, asking if there were in reality more than five or six years between their ages, and by remarking, that although in obscure men and matters, introduced into works of invention, facts might be represented not quite accordant with exact chronology, yet that the two most remarkable characters in the Roman Commonwealth, known by every schoolboy to have entered into public life at the same time, could safely be pushed so far asunder.

"No matter, sir!" replied he sharply; "there they are, the poet's own creation. Observe, if you please, I have placed Cethegus between them; a well-grown personage, in his meridian. Behold my pyramid!"

I was silent.

"No originality, I suppose?"

"Very great indeed!" answered I.

"Here is one man," cried he, seizing my hand, "one man in the world, willing to the uttermost of his power to do me justice. Strangers give me praise; friends give me only advice; and such advice, Signor Buonarotti, as would impoverish the realms of literature, if taken."

I stared at him even more wildly than before.

"Perhaps you do not recognise me?" said he. "Many have taken me for Ariosto; but I hope I am loftier and graver, and more innocent. Wherever he has gone I have followed him, in order to abolish the impression of wantonness, and to purify (I repeat the words of our mutual admirers) the too warm air of his enchantments."

"I hope you have not forgotten," said I, "that in lustral water salt is always an ingredient."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, misunderstanding me; at which action I could not but smile. He perceived it; and, after a pause, "Ha! ha! ha!" replied he, in measured laughter, "you are a wit too, Messer Michel-Angelo! Who would have thought it of so considerable a man? Well now, I never venture on it, even

among friends. We may be easy and familiar in writing or conversing, without letting ourselves down; we may countenance wit; we may even suggest it; I am not rigorous on that head, as some other great writers are. You see I have helped you to a trifle of it; a mere trifle. Now you must confess you caught the spark from me," added he, coaxingly. "I will never claim it in public; I will not indeed! I scarcely consider it in the light of a plagiarism. I have forborne greater things very long, and have only been compelled at last to declare, in a preface, that I wrote the better part of *Orlando Furioso* many years before it was conceived by Messer Ludovico. I heard his injurious claims, and told nobody the fact."

"How does your poem end, sir?" said I, with all the rapidity of impatience.

He mistook my motive, and cried, "Really I am flattered and charmed at the interest you take in it. You have devoured it in your mind already, and would have the very shell. In compliance with your earnestness I will answer the question, although it might be hurtful, I fear, to the effect the whole composition, grasped at once, would produce on you."

I declared the contrary, with many protestations. He raised up his head from its slanting position of distrust and doubt. Again I assured him of my resolution to despatch it at a sitting.

Vittoria. I never thought you capable of such duplicity.

Michel-Angelo. Of what may I not be capable, if you absolve me with so gracious a smile?

"I will then tell you how it ends," continued he, "if you never have read the history. Cethegus was, I am sorry to say, a person of bad character, although of birth. With perfect fidelity I have translated the speeches of Sallust; but Sallust had no notion (and history could do nothing for him) of placing the culprit bound between two Turkish mutes, with a friar in the rear, while the great bell tolled from Santa Maria Maggiore."

I started.

"That is the place, the real place; he was strangled just below."

"*Bell!*" I soliloquized, rather too audibly.

"If you never have felt the effect of a bell at executions, and particularly on the stage; if you never have felt the effect of a bell, Signor Buonarotti, through your brain and heart," said he, breathing hard, and allowing his watery diagonal eyes only half their width, "then do I most sincerely pity you, Signor Buonarotti, and wish you a very good morning."

I bowed, and fancied my deliverance was accomplished. But he instantly turned round again, and added,

"If you object to a bell, you may object to a clock. Now, it was precisely as the clock struck midnight that justice was done by me upon the execrable Cethegus, as a warning to all future generations."

"Nobody can be more firmly convinced," said I, "how execrable is this violation of all laws, moral, social, political, and," I was about to add inwardly, poetical, when he seized my hand, and said, with firm deliberation,

"There are two men in degenerate Rome who abhor the vicious in conduct and embrace the pure in poetry. When you have bestowed as much time as I have on the contemplation and composition of it, your surprise (but not your admiration, I humbly trust) will be considerably diminished, on the repeated perusal of my few edited volumes. I am as sure of eternal fame as if I had it in my pocket. Fame, Signor Michel-Angelo, has a snail's growth; true, real, genuine fame has, and you may know it by that. But, I promise you, in another century or two you shall see mine a very giant. I have sometimes thought I have a host of enemies: I now begin to think I can have only one: I have him in my eye. He is capable of putting on all manner of faces. I myself have seen him looking like an elderly man; some of my friends have seen him looking quite young; and others have seen him what they thought was middle-aged. He manages his voice equally well. If you go into twenty streets, only mention me, and you will find him at the same moment in all of them. Happily, he always hits in the wrong place. He says I am restless for celebrity! he says I want vigour and originality!"

He ended with three little titters; and these at least were in good metre, and showed care in the composition.

Vittoria. Happy man! for vanity is rarely attended by vexation of spirit, and nobody is oppressed by a sense of emptiness. I must now undertake his defence.

Michel-Angelo. Properly then have you exclaimed *happy man!*

Vittoria. The clock and bell indeed are stumbling-blocks; but there are some instances in which even so inopportune an introduction of them is less censurable than in others. Suppose for example a dramatic poet in an age when the greater part of his audience was rude and ignorant. After he had supplied the more learned and intellectual with the requisites of his art, I would not quarrel with him for indulging the market-folk with a hearty peal of bells, or perhaps a discharge of artillery, while they are following the triumphal car of Cæsar, or shouting round the conflagration of Persepolis! But if another, in offering his tragedy for the perusal of our times, should neglect to sweep away the remnants of an old largess given to the multitude, it can only be from the conviction that they are his proper company; that he is about to be tried by his own order; that his services are mostly due to the majority; and that the world's population in simpletons is by no means on the wane. Consider now, my dear Michel-Angelo, if inconsistencies, absurdities, anachronisms, are to be found only in one department of the arts. I appeal to you, the president, prince, dictator of them all, whether it is as ridiculous to represent an angel playing on a violin, for which

your master Ghirlandaio and some other more ancient painters have been reprehended, as it is to represent, what we find on many recent monuments, a poet or a musician with a lyre in his hand. For, if angels play on any instrument at all, they may as well play on such as men invented late as early; since, at whatever time men invented them, angels may have invented them before.

Michel-Angelo. A lyre in the hand of poet or musician born in our times, is a contradiction to ages, a defiance to chronology, and might mislead in regard to usages a remote posterity. So indeed might our silly inscriptions about the *manes* and *ashes* of our uncles and aunts, who would have been horrified at the idea of being burnt like Pagans, bottled up in urns, and standing bolt-upright, where milk and honey are lapped and sucked before their faces, by an ugly brood of devils unamenable to priest or purgatory. But while emperors and kings are hoisted upon columns a hundred palms above the earth, where only a pigeon would feel secure, and while saints and martyrs, instead of receiving us at the door or on the steps, are perched on the slope of a ballustrade, we need not look on the ground for a fresh crop of absurdities. The ancient Romans, quite barbarous enough in violating the pure architecture of Greece, abstained from such as these, and went no farther (nor truly was there any occasion) than to narrow the street, instead of enlarging it, for the march of armies through triumphal arches. The idea, so abused, was taken from the boughs and branches hung on poles, which shaded their forefathers at their return from plunder, while wine was poured out to them in the dusty path by wives and daughters. The songs alone continued just the same as they were at first, coarse, ribald, in the trochaic measure, which appears to be the commonest and earliest in most nations.

Vittoria. The difference between poetry and all other arts, all other kinds of composition, is this: in them utility comes before delight; in this, delight comes before utility.

Michel-Angelo. In some pleasing poems there is nothing whatsoever of the useful.

Vittoria. My friend, I think you are mistaken. An obvious moral is indeed a heavy protuberance, which injures the gracefulness of a poem; but there is wisdom of one kind or other in every sentence of a really good composition, and it produces its effect in various ways. You employ gold in your pictures; not always of the same consistency or the same preparation, but several of your colours, even the most different, are in part composed of it. This is a matter of which those in general who are gratified with the piece are unsuspicious. The beautiful in itself is useful by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action. A well-ordered mind touches no branch of intellectual pleasure so brittle and incompliant as never to be turned to profit.

Michel-Angelo. The gift that was just now forced into my hand, I sadly suspect would have produced but little.

Vittoria. Have you brought your treasure with you? Where is it?

Michel-Angelo. Knowing your antipathy to bad smells and bad poems, knowing also that Father Tiber is accustomed to both of them, I devoutly made my offering to him as I crossed the bridge.

Vittoria. Indeed I am not over-curious about a specimen; and few things that are hopeless ever gave anyone less concern.

Michel-Angelo. Such resignation merits all possible reward; and all that lies in me you shall receive. As the last page fluttered on the battlement, I caught two verses, without the intermediate:

> "Signor Cetego! la preghiera é vana.
> Spiociti! senti! suona la campana."

and these two in sequence, which are the conclusion:

> "Cetego casca in terra come un bove,
> E l'anima gli scappa . . che sà dove!"

Vittoria. If I could suppress my smile, perhaps I should reprove you; but at last I will be grave. Men like yourself, men of reputation and authority, should not only be lenient and indulgent, but even grateful, to the vain and imbecile who attempt to please us. If we are amused at an ebullition of frowardness in children, at their little contortions, stamps, and menaces, are not the same things at least inoffensive to us, when children of the same character are grey, wrinkled, and toothless? From those of three feet we only see ourselves in a convex mirror; we see what we were at the same age; but from others of six feet we gather stores for pleasantry, for imagination, and for thought. Against their blank wall is inserted the standard by which we may measure our friends and ourselves. As we look up at it, Comedy often lays her playful hand on our shoulder; and, as we turn our faces back, we observe Philosophy close behind her. If men in general were much nearer to perfection than they are, the noblest of human works would be farther from it. From the fall of Adam to the slaughter of Hector, how vastly has genius been elevated by our imperfections! What history, what romance, what poem, interests us by unmixed good or by unwavering consistency? We require in you strong motives, pertinacious resolves, inflexible wills, and ardent passions; you require in us all our weaknesses. From your shore start forth abrupt and lofty precipices; on ours, diametrically opposite, lie sequestered bays and deep recesses. We deride the man who is, or would be, like us in anything, the vain one in particular. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart; in men it always is: therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.

Michel-Angelo. You prove to me, Donna Vittoria, that from base materials may rise clear and true reflections!

Vittoria. I wonder that poets who have encountered what they call the injustice of the world, hold with such pertinacity to the objects of attack.

Michel-Angelo. We are unwilling to drown our blind puppies, because they are blind; we are then unwilling to throw them into the pond, because they are just beginning to open their eyes; lastly, we refuse idle boys, who stand ready for the sport, the most mis-shapen one of the litter, he having been trodden on in the stable, and kicked about by the grooms for his lameness.

Vittoria. Pretty tropes indeed! and before one who dabbles in poetry.

Michel-Angelo. So the silver-footed Thetis dabbled in the sea, when she could descend at pleasure to its innermost depths.

Vittoria. You must certainly think in good earnest that I lay high claims to poetry. Here is more than enough flattery for the vainest woman, who is not a poetess also. Speak, if you please, about others, particularising or generalising.

Michel-Angelo. Then to generalise a little. In our days poetry is a vehicle which does not carry much within it, but is top-heavy with what is corded on. Children, in a hurry to raise plants, cover their allotment of border with all the seeds the pinafore will hold: so do small authors their poetry-plots. Hence what springs up in either quarter has nothing of stamen, but only sickly succulence for grubs to feed on.

Vittoria. Never say *in our days*, unless you include many other days in most ages. In those when poetry was very flourishing there were complaints against it, as we find by Horace and Aristophanes. I am afraid, Michel-Angelo, some idle boy has been putting a pebble into his sling and aiming at your architraves; in other words, some poetaster or criticaster has been irreverent toward you. I do not mean about your poetry, which perhaps you undervalue, but about the greater things in which you are engaged.

Michel-Angelo. Nothing more likely; but as only the worst can be guilty of it, I shall let them fall into other offences, that heavier punishment than I ever take the trouble to inflict, may befall them. It is only the few that have found the way into my heart, who can wound it!

Vittoria. You are safe then.

Michel-Angelo. Whoever is engaged in great and difficult works, as I am, must inevitably meet with rivals and enemies!

Vittoria. Enemies! yes! Say that word only. What a pyramid of skulls from the insanely hostile does every predominant genius erect! Leave those of your light assailants to whiten in their native deserts; and march on. Indeed it is unnecessary to exhort you to magnanimity, for you appear unusually at ease and serene.

Michel-Angelo. Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable, and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract. The children of Niobe fell by the arrows of Diana under a bright and cloudless sky.

Vittoria. Alas! the intellectual, the beautiful, and the happy, are always the nearest to danger.

Michel-Angelo. I come to you at all times, my indulgent friend, to calm my anxieties whensoever they oppress me. You never fail; you never falter. Sometimes a compassionate look, sometimes a cheerful one, alights on the earthly thought, and dries up all its noxiousness. Music, and a voice that is more and better, are its last resorts. The gentleness of your nature has led you to them when we both had paused. There are songs that attract and melt the heart more sweetly than the Siren's. Ah! there is love too, even here below, more precious than immortality; but it is not the love of a Circe or a Calypso.

Vittoria. Nor were they happy themselves; and yet perhaps they were not altogether undeserving of it, they who could select for the object of their affections the courageous, the enduring, and the intelligent. There are few men at any time whom moral dignity and elevation of genius have made conspicuous above the mass of society; and fewer still are the women who can distinguish them from persons of ordinary capacity, endowed with qualities merely agreeable. But if it happens that a man of highest worth has been read attentively and thoroughly by those eyes which he has taught the art of divination, let another object intervene and occupy their attention, let the beloved be induced to think it a merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory is not an outcast nor an alien when the company of the day is gone, but says many things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

Michel-Angelo. The morning comes, the fresh world opens, and the vestiges of one are trodden out by many: they were only on the dew, and with the dew they are departed.

Vittoria. Although you are not alluding to yourself at the present time, nor liable to be interrupted in the secreter paths of life, yet I think you too susceptible in those you are pursuing, and I was anxious to discover if anything unpleasant had occurred. For, little minds in high places are the worst impediments to great. Chestnuts and esculent oaks permit the traveller to pass onward under them; briars and thorns and unthrifty grass entangle him.

Michel-Angelo. You teach me also to talk figuratively; yet not remotely from one of the arts I profess. We may make a large hole in a brick wall and easily fill it up; but the slightest flaw in a ruby or a crysolite is irreparable. Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence and (as they call it) make it up again; the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering, but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all.

Vittoria. Are you quite certain you are without any?

Michel-Angelo. You and Saint Peter insure me. The immortal are invulnerable!

Vittoria. Evader! but glad am I that you have spoken the word, although you set at nought thereby the authority of Homer. For you remind me that he, like Dante, often has a latent meaning by the side of an evident one, which indeed is peculiar to great poets. Unwise commanders call out all their forces to the field; the more prudent have their reserves posted where it is not everybody that can discover them.

In the Iliad two immortals are wounded; Venus slightly, Mars severely. The deities of Love and War are the only ones exposed to violence. In the former, weakness is shown to be open to aggression; in the latter, violence to resistance and repulse; and both are subject to more pain than they can well endure. At the same time, Juno and Pallas, Mercury and Apollo and Neptune, do not stand aloof, but stand unassailable. Here we perceive that sometimes the greater gods are subtilised and attenuated into allegories. Homer bestows on them more or less potency at his pleasure. One moment we see a bright and beautiful god stand manifest before us; presently his form and radiance are indistinct; at last, in the place where he was standing, there are only some scattered leaves, inscribed with irregular and uncouth characters; these invite our curiosity with strange similitudes; we look more attentively, and they seem brought closer together: the god has receded to deliver the oracle of his wisdom.

Michel-Angelo. Homer left a highway, overshadowed with lofty trees and perennial leafage, between the regions of Allegory and Olympus. The gloom of Dante is deeper, and the boundaries even more indiscernible. We know the one is censured for it; perhaps the other was.

Vittoria. To the glory of our Italy be it spoken, we are less detractive than our forefathers the Romans. Dante and Petrarca were estimated highly by those nearest them. Indeed, to confess the truth, Petrarca has received for his poetry what ought rather to have been awarded him for rarer and sublimer deserts. Dante has fared less sumptuously, and there are fewer who could entertain him. Petty latin things called *classics*, as their betters are, smooth, round, light, hollow, regularly figured like pasteboard zodiacs, were long compared and even preferred to the triple world of Dante. I speak not of Grecian literature, because I know it not sufficiently; but I imagine Rome is to Greece what a bull-ring is to a palæstra, the games of the circus to the Olympic, fighting bondmen to the brothers of Helen, the starry twins of Jupiter and Leda.

Michel-Angelo. Boccaccio first scattered the illusion by which the guide seemed loftier and grander than the guided. The spirit of the immortal master, our Tuscan, no longer led by the hand, nor submissively following, soared beyond Italy, and is seen at last, in his just proportions, right against the highest pinnacle of Greece. Ariosto has not yet been countenanced by the Italian potentates, nor fostered in the genial fur of our Holy Fathers, with the same tenderness as some minute poets, who dirty their cold fingers with making little clay models after old colossal marbles. But Ariosto is too marked in his features to be fondled, and too broad in his shoulders for the chairs they occupy. He is to Ovid what Sicily is to Italy; divided by a narrow channel; the same warm climate, the same flowery glebe; less variety, less extent. Not only these, but perhaps all poets excepting Pindar and Æschylus, want compression and curtailment; yet the parings of some would be worth the pulp of others.

Vittoria. Those to whom, I will not say genius, but splendid talents have been given, are subject to weaknesses to which inferior men are less liable; as the children of the rich are to diseases from which those of the poorer generally are exempt.

Michel-Angelo. The reason, I conceive, is this. Modern times have produced no critic contemporary with an eminent poet. There is a pettishness and frowardness about some literary men, in which, at the mention of certain names, they indulge without moderation or shame. They are prompt and alert at showing their sore places, and strip for it up to the elbow. They feel only a comfortable warmth when they are reproved for their prejudices and antipathies, which often are no more to be traced to their origin than the diseases of the body, and come without contact, without even breathing the same air. No remedy being sought for them, they rapidly sink into the mental constitution, weakening its internal strength and disfiguring its external character. In some persons at first they are covered and concealed; but afterward, when they are seen and remarked, are exhibited in all their virulence with swaggering effrontery.

Vittoria. Geese and buffaloes are enraged at certain colours; there are certain colours also of the mind lively enough to excite choler at a distance in the silly and ferine. I have witnessed in authors the most vehement expression of hatred against those whose writings they never read, and whose persons they never approached: all these are professors of Christianity, and some of moral philosophy.

Michel-Angelo. Do not wonder then if I take my walk at a distance from the sibilant throat and short-flighted wing; at a distance from the miry hide and blindly directed horn. Such people as you describe to me may be men of talents; but talents lie below genius.

Occasionally we attribute to a want of benevolence what in reality is only a want of discernment. The bad sticks as closely as the good, and often more readily. If we would cover with gold a cornice or a statue, we require a preparation for it; smoke does its business in a moment.

Vittoria. Sometimes we ourselves may have exercised our ingenuity, but without any consciousness of spleen or ill-humour, in detecting and discussing the peculiar faults of great poets. This has never been done, or done very clumsily,

by our critics, who fancy that a measureless and shapeless phantom of enthusiasm leaves an impression of a powerful mind, and a quick apprehension of the beautiful.

"Who," they ask us, "who would look for small defects in such an admirable writer? who is not transported by his animation, and blinded by his brightness?"

To this interrogation my answer is,

"Very few indeed; only the deliberate, the instructed, and the wise. Only they who partake in some degree of his nature know exactly where to find his infirmities."

We perhaps on some occasions have spoken of Dante in such a manner as would make the unwary, if they heard us, believe that we estimate him no higher than Statius, Silius, Valerius, and the like. On the other hand, we have admired the versatility, facility, and invention of Ovid, to such a degree as would excite a suspicion that we prefer him even to Virgil. But in one we spoke of the worst parts, in the other of the best. Censure and praise can not leave the lips at the same breath: one is caught before the other comes: our verdict is distributed abroad when we have summed up only one column of the evidence.

Michel-Angelo. Surely I have heard you declare that you could produce faults out of Virgil graver than any in Ovid.

Vittoria. The faults of Ovid are those of a playful and unruly boy; the faults of Virgil are those of his master. I do not find in Ovid (as you may remember I then observed) the hypallage; such for instance as Virgil's, '*The odour brought the wind*,' instead of '*The wind brought the odour*.' No child could refrain from laughter at such absurdity, no pedagogue from whipping him for laughing at such authority. This figure (so the grammarians are pleased to call it) far exceeds all other faults in language, for it reverses the thing it should represent. If I buy a mirror, I would rather buy one which has fifty small flaws in it, than one which places my feet where my head should be.

There are poems of Ovid which I have been counselled to cast aside, and my curiosity has never violated the interdict. But even in Homer himself nothing of the same extent is more spirited, or truly epic, than the contest of Ajax and Ulysses. You shall hear in this apartment, some day soon, what our Bembo thinks about it. No Roman, of any age, either has written more purely, or shown himself a more consummate judge both of style and matter.

Michel-Angelo. I think so too; but some have considered him rather as correct and elegant than forcible and original.

Vittoria. Because he *is* correct; of which alone they can form a notion, and of this imperfectly. Had he written in a negligent and disorderly manner, they would have admired his freedom and copiousness, ignorant that, in literature as in life, the rich and noble are as often frugal as the indigent and obscure. The cardinal never talks vaguely and superficially on any species of composition; no, not even with his friends. Where a thing is to be admired or censured, he explains in what it consists. He points to the star in the ascendant, and tells us accurately at what distance other stars are from it. In lighter mood, on lighter matters, he shakes the beetle out of the rose, and shows us what species of insect that is which he has thrown on its back at our feet, and in what part and to what extent the flower has been corroded by it. He is too noble in his nature to be habitually sarcastic, and too conscious of power to be declamatory or diffuse.

Michel-Angelo. Nevertheless, in regard to sarcasm, I have known him to wither a fungus of vanity by a single beam of wit.

Vittoria. He may indeed have chastised an evil-doer, but a glance of the eye or a motion of the hand is enough. Throughout the ample palace of his mind not an instrument of torture can be found.

Michel-Angelo. Perhaps in the offices below, a scourge may be suspended for intrusive curs, or for thieves disguised in stolen liveries. I wish my friend of this morning had met the Cardinal instead of me. Possessing no sense of shame or decency, and fancying that wherever he has thrust a book he has conferred a distinction, he would have taken the same easy liberty with his Eminence.

Vittoria. If he continues to be so prolific, we shall soon see another island emerging from the Tiber. Our friend the Cardinal has indeed no time to squander on those who, like your waylayer, infest the public roads of literature, by singing old songs and screaming old complaints. But I wish his political occupations would allow him to pursue his pleasanter studies, and especially in exercising his acute judgment on our primary poets. For our country, both anciently and of late, has always wanted a philosophical critic on poetical works, and none are popular in the present day but such as generalise or joke. Ariosto, in despite of them, is, however tardily and difficultly, coming into favour. There is quite enough in him for our admiration, although we never can compare him with some among the ancients. For the human heart is the world of poetry; the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and genii, and angels themselves, are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.

Michel-Angelo. You have been accustomed, O Madonna, to contemplate in person those illustrious men who themselves were the destinies of nations, and you are therefore less to be satisfied with the imaginative and illusory.

Vittoria. There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know; however, the most-part of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those also are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great, who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds

into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies, compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is indeed far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort, and guidance; to lead us in spirit from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

Michel-Angelo. By the wise indeed; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false lights.

Vittoria. It was beautifully and piously said in days of old, that, wherever a spring rises from the earth, an altar should be erected. Ought not we, my friend, to bear the same veneration to the genius which springs from obscurity in the loneliness of lofty places, and which descends to irrigate the pastures of the mind with a perennial freshness and vivifying force? If great poets build their own temples, as indeed they do, let us at least offer up to them our praises and thanksgivings, and hope to render them acceptable by the purest incense of the heart.

Michel-Angelo. First, we must find the priests, for ours are inconvertible from their crumbling altars. Too surely we are without an Aristoteles to precede and direct them.

Vittoria. We want him not only for poetry, but philosophy. Much of the dusty perfumery, which thickened for a season the pure air of Attica, was dissipated by his breath. Calm reasoning, deep investigation, patient experiment, succeeded to contentious quibbles and trivial irony. The sun of Aristoteles dispersed the unwholesome vapour that arose from the garden of Academus. Instead of spectral demons, instead of the monstrous progeny of mystery and immodesty, there arose tangible images of perfect symmetry. Homer was recalled from banishment: Æschylus followed: the choruses bowed before him, divided, and took their stands. Symphonies were heard; what symphonies! So powerful as to lighten the chain that Jupiter had riveted on his rival. The conquerors of kings until then omnipotent, kings who had trampled on the towers of Babylon and had shaken the eternal sanctuaries of Thebes, the conquerors of these kings bowed their olive-crowned heads to the sceptre of Destiny, and their tears ran profusely over the immeasurable wilderness of human woes.

Michel-Angelo. We have no poetry of this kind now, nor have we auditors who could estimate or know it if we had. Yet, as the fine arts have raised up their own judges, literature may, ere long, do the same. Instead of undervaluing and beating down, let us acknowledge and praise any resemblance we may trace to the lineaments of a past and stronger generation.

Vittoria. But by the manners and habitudes of antiquity ours are little to be improved. Scholars who scorn the levity of Ariosto, and speak disdainfully of the middle ages, in the very centre of the enchantment thrown over them by the magician of Ferrara, never think how much we owe, not only to him, but also to those ages; never think by what energies, corporeal and mental, from the barbarous soldier rose the partially polished knight, and high above him, by slower degrees, the accomplished and perfect gentleman, the summit of nobility.

Michel-Angelo. O that Pescara were present! Pescara! whom your words seem to have embodied and recalled! Pescara! the lover of all glory, but mostly of yours, Madonna! he to whom your beauty was eloquence and your eloquence beauty, inseparable as the influences of deity.

Vittoria. Present! and is he not? Where I am there is he, for evermore. Earth may divide, Heaven never does. The beauty you speak of is the only thing departed from me, and that also is with him perhaps. He may, I hope he may, see me as he left me, only more pacified, more resigned. After I had known Pescara, even if I had never been his, I should have been espoused to him; espoused to him before the assembled testimonies of his innumerable virtues, before his genius, his fortitude, his respectful superiority, his manly gentleness. Yes, I should have been married to his glory; and, neither in his lifetime nor when he left the world, would I have endured, O Michel-Angelo, any other alliance. The very thought, the very words conveying it, are impiety. But friendship helps to support that heavy pall to which the devoted cling tenaciously for ever.

Michel-Angelo. Oh! that at this moment . . .

Vittoria. Hush! hush! Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears. If there are griefs, which we know there are, so intense as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify, regulate, and adorn them. We sometimes spring above happiness, and fall on the other side. This hath happened to me; but strength enough is left me to raise myself up again, and to follow the guide who calls me.

Michel-Angelo. Surely God hath shown that mortal what his own love is, for whom he hath harmonised a responsive bosom, warm in the last as in the first embraces. One look of sympathy, one regret at parting, is enough, is too much; it burdens the heart with overpayment. You can not gather up the blossoms which, by blast after blast, have been scattered and whirled behind you. Are they requisite? The fruit was formed within them ere they fell upon the walk; you have culled it in its season.

Vittoria. Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many?) the images of early love return with

an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

Did we not begin to converse on another subject? Why have you not spoken to me this half-hour?

Michel-Angelo. I see, O Donna Vittoria, I may close the volume we were to read and criticise.

Vittoria. Then I hope you have something of your own for me instead.

Michel-Angelo. Are you not tired of my verses? Your smile is too splendid a reward, but too indistinct an answer. Pray, pray tell me, Madonna! and yet I have hardly the courage to hear you tell me . . have I not sometimes written to you? . .

Vittoria. My cabinet can answer for that. Lift up your sphinx if you desire to find it. Anything in particular?

Michel-Angelo. I would say, written to you with . . .

Vittoria. With what? a golden pen?

Michel-Angelo. No, no.

Vittoria. An adamantine one?

You child! you child! are you hiding it in my sleeve? An eagle's plume? a nightingale's? a dove's? I must have recourse to the living sphinx, if there is any, not to the porphyry. Have you other pens than these? I know the traces of them all, and am unwilling to give you credit for any fresh variety. But come, tell me, what is it?

Michel-Angelo. I am apprehensive that I sometimes have written to you with an irrepressible gush of tenderness, which is but narrowed and deepened and precipitated by entering the channel of verse. This, falling upon vulgar ears, might be misinterpreted.

Vittoria. If I have deserved a wise man's praise and a virtuous man's affection, I am not to be defrauded of them by stealthy whispers, nor deterred from them by intemperate clamour. She whom Pescara selected for his own, must excite the envy of too many; but the object of envy is not the sufferer by it: there are those who convert it even into recreation. One star hath ruled my destiny and shaped my course. Perhaps . . no, not perhaps, but surely, under that clear light I may enjoy unreproved the enthusiasm of his friend, the greatest man, the most ardent and universal genius, he has left behind him. Courage! courage! Lift up again the head which nothing on earth should lower. When death approaches me, be present, Michel-Angelo, and shed as pure tears on this hand as I did shed on the hand of Pescara.

Michel-Angelo. Madonna! they are these; they are these! endure them now rather!

Merciful God! if there is piety in either, grant me to behold her at that hour, not in the palace of a hero, not in the chamber of a saint, but from thine everlasting mansions!

MELANCTHON AND CALVIN.

Calvin. Are you sure, O Melancthon! that you yourself are among the elect?

Melancthon. My dear brother! so please it God, I would rather be among the many.

Calvin. Of the damned?

Melancthon. Alas! no. But I am inclined to believe that the many will be saved and will be happy, since Christ came into the world for the redemption of sinners.

Calvin. Hath not our Saviour said explicitly, that many are called, but few chosen.

Melancthon. Our Saviour? hath he said it?

Calvin. *Hath* he forsooth! Where is your New Testament?

Melancthon. In my heart.

Calvin. Without this page however.

Melancthon. When we are wiser and more docile, that is, when we are above the jars and turmoils and disputations of the world, our Saviour will vouchsafe to interpret what, through the fumes of our intemperate vanity, is now indistinct or dark. He will plead for us before no inexorable judge. He came to remit the sins of man; not the sins of a few, but of many; not the sins of many, but of all.

Calvin. What! of the benighted heathen too? of the pagan? of the idolater?

Melancthon. I hope so; but I dare not say it.

Calvin. You would include even the negligent, the indifferent, the sceptic, the unbeliever.

Melancthon. Pitying them for a want of happiness in a want of faith. They are my brethren: they are God's children. He will pardon the presumption of my wishes for their welfare; my sorrow that they have fallen, some through their blindness, others through their deafness, others through their terror, others through their anger peradventure at the loud denunciations of unforgiving man. If I would forgive a brother, may not he, who is immeasurably better and more merciful, have pity on a child? He came on earth to take our nature upon him: will he punish, will he reprehend us, for an attempt to take as much as may be of his upon ourselves?

Calvin. There is no bearing any such fallacies.

Melancthon. Is it harder to bear these fallacies (as they appear to you, and perhaps are, for we all are fallible, and many even of our best thoughts are fallacies), is it harder, O my friend, to bear these, than to believe in the eternal punishment of the erroneous?

Calvin. *Erroneous* indeed! Have they not the Book of Life, now at last laid open before them, for their guidance?

Melancthon. No, indeed; they have only two or three places, dog-eared and bedaubed, which they

are commanded to look into and study. These are so uninviting, that many close again the volume of salvation, clasp it tight, and throw it back in our faces. I would rather show a man green fields than gibbets: and if I called him to enter the service of a plenteous house and powerful master, he may not be rendered the more willing to enter it by my pointing out to him the stocks in the gateway, and telling him that nine-tenths of the household, however orderly, must occupy that position. The book of *good news* under your interpretation, tells people not only that they may go and be damned, but that unless they are lucky, they must inevitably. Again it informs another set of inquirers that if once they have been under what they feel to be the influence of grace, they never can relapse. All must go well who have once gone well; and a name once written in the list of favorites can never be erased.

Calvin. This is certain.

Melancthon. Let us hope then, and in holy confidence let us believe, that the book is large and voluminous; that it begins at an early date of man's existence; and that amid the agitation of inquiry, it comprehends the humble and submissive doubter. For doubt itself, between the richest patrimony and utter destitution, is quite sufficiently painful: and surely it is a hardship to be turned over into a criminal court for having lost in a civil one. But if all who have once gone right can never go astray, how happens it that so large a part of the angels fell off from their allegiance? They were purer and wiser than we are, and had the advantage of seeing God face to face. They were the ministers of his power; they knew its extent; yet they defied it. If we err, it is in relying too confidently on his mercies; not in questioning his omnipotence. If our hopes forsake us, if the bonds of sin bruise and corrode us, so that we can not walk upright, there is, in the midst of these calamities, no proof that we are utterly lost. Danger far greater is there in the presumption of an especial favour, which men incomparably better than ourselves can never have deserved. Let us pray, O Calvin, that we may hereafter be happier than our contentions and animosities will permit us to be at present; and that our opponents, whether now in the right or in the wrong, may come at last where all error ceases.

Calvin. I am uncertain whether such a wish is rational: and I doubt more whether it is religious. God hath willed them to walk in their blindness. To hope against it, seems like repining at his unalterable decree; a weak indulgence in an unpermitted desire; an unholy entreaty of the heart that He will forego his vengeance, and abrogate the law that was from the beginning. Of one thing I am certain: we must lop off the unsound.

Melancthon. What a curse hath metaphor been to religion! It is the wedge that holds asunder the two great portions of the Christian world. We hear of nothing so commonly as fire and sword. And here indeed what was metaphor is converted into substance and applied to practice. The unsoundness of doctrine is not cut off nor cauterised; the professor is. The head falls on the scaffold, or fire surrounds the stake, because a doctrine is bloodless and incombustible. Fierce outrageous animals, for want of the man who has escaped them, lacerate and trample his cloak or bonnet. This, although the work of brutes, is not half so brutal as the practice of theologians, seizing the man himself, instead of bonnet or cloak.

Calvin. We must leave such matters to the magistrate.

Melancthon. Let us instruct the magistrate in his duty; this is ours. Unless we can teach humanity, we may resign the charge of religion. For fifteen centuries, Christianity has been conveyed into many houses, in many cities, in many regions, but always through slender pipes; and never yet into any great reservoir in any part of the earth. Its principal ordinances have never been observed in the polity of any state whatever. Abstinence from spoliation, from oppression, from bloodshed, has never been inculcated by the chief priests of any. These two facts excite the doubts of many in regard to a divine origin and a divine protection. Wherefore it behoves us the more especially to preach forbearance. If the people are tolerant one toward another in the same country, they will become tolerant in time toward those whom rivers or seas have separated from them. For surely it is strange and wonderful that nations which are near enough for hostility should never be near enough for concord. This arises from bad government; and bad government arises from a negligent choice of counsellors by the prince, usually led or terrified by a corrupt, ambitious, wealthy (and therefore unchristian) priesthood. While their wealth lay beyond the visible horizon, they tarried at the cottage, instead of pricking on for the palace.

Calvin. By the grace and help of God we will turn them back again to their quiet and wholesome resting-place, before the people lay a rough hand upon the silk.

But you evaded my argument on predestination.

Melancthon. Our blessed Lord himself, in his last hours, ventured to express a wish before his heavenly Father, that the bitter cup might pass away from him. I humbly dare to implore that a cup much bitterer may be removed from the great body of mankind; a cup containing the poison of eternal punishment, where agony succeeds to agony, but never death.

Calvin. I come armed with the Gospel.

Melancthon. Tremendous weapon! as we have seen it through many ages, if man wields it against man: but like the fabled spear of old mythology, endued with the faculty of healing the saddest wound its most violent wielder can inflict. Obscured and rusting with the blood upon it, let us hasten to take it up again, and apply it, as best we may, to its appointed uses.

The life of our Saviour is the simplest exposition of his words. Strife is what he both discountenanced and forbade. We ourselves are right-minded, each of us all: and others are right-minded in proportion as they agree with us, chiefly in matters which we insist are well worthy of our adherence, but which whosoever refuses to embrace displays a factious and unchristian spirit. These for the most part are matters which neither they nor we understand, and which, if we did understand them, would little profit us. The weak will be supported by the strong, if they can; if they can not, they are ready to be supported even by the weaker, and cry out against the strong, as arrogant or negligent, or deaf or blind; at last even their strength is questioned, and the more if, while there is fury all around them, they are quiet.

I remember no discussion on religion in which religion was not a sufferer by it, if mutual forbearance, and belief in another's good motives and intentions, are (as I must always think they are) its proper and necessary appurtenances.

Calvin. Would you never make inquiries?

Melancthon. Yes; and as deep as possible; but into my own heart; for that belongs to me; and God hath entrusted it most especially to my own superintendence.

Calvin. We must also keep others from going astray, by showing them the right road, and, if they are obstinate in resistance, then by coercing and chastising them through the magistrate.

Melancthon. It is sorrowful to dream that we are scourges in God's hand, and that he appoints for us no better work than lacerating one another. I am no enemy to inquiry, where I see abuses, and where I suspect falsehood. The Romanists, our great oppressors, think it presumptuous to search into things abstruse; and let us do them the justice to acknowledge that, if it is a fault, it is one which they never commit. But surely we are kept sufficiently in the dark by the infirmity of our nature: no need to creep into a corner and put our hands before our eyes. To throw away or turn aside from God's best gifts is verily a curious sign of obedience and submission. He not only hath given us a garden to walk in, but he hath planted it also for us, and he wills us to know the nature and properties of everything that grows up within it. Unless we look into them and handle them and register them, how shall we discover this to be salutary, that to be poisonous; this annual, that perennial?

Calvin. Here we coincide; and I am pleased to find in you less apathy than I expected. It becomes us, moreover, to denounce God's vengeance on a sinful world.

Melancthon. Is it not better and pleasanter to show the wanderer by what course of life it may be avoided? is it not better and pleasanter to enlarge on God's promises of salvation, than to insist on his denunciations of wrath? is it not better and pleasanter to lead the wretched up to his mercy-seat, than to hurl them by thousands under his fiery chariot?

Calvin. We have no option. By our heavenly Father many are called, but few are chosen.

Melancthon. There is scarcely a text in the Holy Scriptures to which there is not an opposite text, written in characters equally large and legible; and there has usually been a sword laid upon each. Even the weakest disputant is made so conceited by what he calls religion, as to think himself wiser than the wisest who thinks differently from him; and he becomes so ferocious by what he calls holding it fast, that he appears to me as if he held it fast much in the same manner as a terrier holds a rat, and you have about as much trouble in getting it from between his incisors. When at last it does come out, it is mangled, distorted, and extinct.

Calvin. M. Melancthon! you have taken a very perverse view of the subject. Such language as yours would extinguish that zeal which is to enlighten the nations, and to consume the tares by which they are overrun.

Melancthon. The tares and the corn are so intermingled throughout the wide plain which our God hath given us to cultivate, that I would rather turn the patient and humble into it to weed it carefully, than a thresher who would thresh wheat and tare together before the grain is ripened, or who would carry fire into the furrows when it is.

Calvin. Yet even the most gentle, and of the gentler sex, are inflamed with a holy zeal in the propagation of the faith.

Melancthon. I do not censure them for their earnestness in maintaining truth. We not only owe our birth to them, but also the better part of our education; and if we were not divided after their first lesson, we should continue to live in a widening circle of brothers and sisters all our lives. After our infancy and removal from home, the use of the rod is the principal thing we learn of our alien preceptors; and, catching their dictatorial language, we soon begin to exercise their instrument of enforcing it, and swing it right and left, even after we are paralysed by age, and until Death's hand strikes it out of ours. I am sorry you have cited the gentler part of the creation to appear before you, obliged as I am to bear witness that I myself have known a few specimens of the fair sex become a shade less fair, among the perplexities of religion. Indeed I am credibly informed that certain of them have lost their patience, running up and down in the dust where many roads diverge. This surely is not walking humbly with their God, nor walking with him at all; for those who walk with him are always readier to hear *His* voice than their own, and to admit that it is more persuasive. But at last the zealot is so infatuated, by the serious mockeries he imitates and repeats, that he really takes his own voice for God's. Is it not wonderful that the words of eternal life should have hitherto produced only eternal litigation; and

that, in our progress heavenward, we should think it expedient to plant unthrifty thorns over bitter wells of blood in the wilderness we leave behind us?

Calvin. It appears to me that you are inclined to tolerate even the rank idolatry of our persecutors. Shame! shame!

Melancthon. Greater shame if I tolerated it within my own dark heart, and waved before it the foul incense of self-love.

Calvin. I do not understand you. What I do understand is this, and deny it at your peril . . I mean at the peril of your salvation . . that God is a jealous God: he himself declares it.

Melancthon. We are in the habit of considering the God of Nature as a jealous God, and idolatry as an enormous evil; an evil which is about to come back into the world, and to subdue or seduce once more our strongest and most sublime affections. Why do you lift up your eyes and hands?

Calvin. An evil *about* to come back! *about* to come! Do we not find it in high places?

Melancthon. We do indeed, and always shall, while there are any high places upon earth. Thither will men creep, and there fall prostrate.

Calvin. Against idolatry we still implore the Almighty that he will incline our hearts to keep his law.

Melancthon. The Jewish law; the Jewish idolatry. You fear the approach of this, and do not suspect the presence of a worse.

Calvin. A worse than that which the living God hath denounced?

Melancthon. Even so.

Calvin. Would it not offend, would it not wound to the quick, a mere human creature, to be likened to a piece of metal or stone, a calf or monkey?

Melancthon. A mere human creature might be angry; because his influence among his neighbours arises in great measure from the light in which he appears to them; and this light does not emanate from himself, but may be thrown on him by any hand that is expert at mischief: beside, the likeness of such animals to him could never be suggested by reverence or esteem, nor be regarded as a type of any virtue. The mere human creature, such as human creatures for the most-part are, would be angry; because he has nothing which he can oppose to ridicule but resentment.

Calvin. I am in consternation at your lukewarmness. If you treat idolaters thus lightly, what hope can I entertain of discussing with you the doctrine of grace and predestination.

Melancthon. Entertain no such hope at all. Wherever I find in the Holy Scriptures a disputable doctrine, I interpret it as judges do, in favour of the culprit: such is man: the benevolent judge is God. But in regard to idolatry, I see more criminals who are guilty of it than you do. I go beyond the stone-quarry and the pasture, beyond the graven image and the ox-stall. If we bow before the distant image of good, while there exists within our reach one solitary object of substantial sorrow, which sorrow our efforts can remove, we are guilty (I pronounce it) of idolatry: we prefer the intangible effigy to the living form. Surely we neglect the service of our Maker if we neglect his children. He left us in the chamber with them, to take care of them, to feed them, to admonish them, and occasionally to amuse them: instead of which, after a warning not to run into the fire, we slam the door behind us in their faces, and run eagerly down-stairs to dispute and quarrel with our fellows of the household who are about their business. The wickedness of idolatry does not consist in any inadequate representation of the Deity, for whether our hands or our hearts represent him, the representation is almost alike inadequate. Every man does what he hopes and believes will be most pleasing to his God; and God, in his wisdom and mercy, will not punish gratitude in its error.

Calvin. How do you know that?

Melancthon. Because I know his loving-kindness, and experience it daily.

Calvin. If men blindly and wilfully run into error when God hath shown the right way, he will visit it on their souls.

Melancthon. He will observe from the serenity of heaven, a serenity emanating from his presence, that there is scarcely any work of his creation on earth which hath not excited, in some people or other a remembrance, an admiration, a symbol, of his power. The evil of idolatry is this. Rival nations have raised up rival deities: war hath been denounced in the name of Heaven: men have been murdered for the love of God: and such impiety hath darkened all the regions of the world, that the Lord of all things hath been invoked by all simultaneously as the Lord of Hosts. This is the only invocation in which men of every creed are united: an invocation to which Satan, bent on the perdition of the human race, might have listened from the fallen angels.

Calvin. We can not hope to purify men's hearts until we lead them away from the abomination of Babylon: nor will they be led away from it until we reduce the images to dust. So long as they stand, the eye will hanker after them, and the spirit be corrupt.

Melancthon. And long afterward, I sadly fear.

We attribute to the weakest of men the appellations and powers of Deity: we fall down before them: we call the impious and cruel by the title of *gracious* and *most religious*: and, even in the house of God himself, and before his very altar, we split his Divine Majesty asunder, and offer the largest part to the most corrupt and most corrupting of his creatures.

Calvin. Not *we*, M. Melancthon. I will preach, I will exist, in no land of such abomination.

Melancthon. So far, well: but religion demands more. Our reformers knock off the head from Jupiter: thunderbolt and sceptre stand. The attractive, the impressive, the august, they would annihilate, leaving men nothing but their sordid fears of vindictive punishment, and their impious doubts of our Saviour's promises.

Calvin. We should teach men to retain for ever the fear of God before their eyes, never to cease from the apprehension of His wrath, to be well aware that He often afflicts when He is farthest from wrath, and that such infliction is a benefit bestowed by Him.

Melancthon. What! if only a few are to be saved when the infliction is over?

Calvin. It becometh not us to repine at the number of vessels which the supremely wise artificer forms, breaks, and casts away, or at the paucity it pleaseth him to preserve. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.

Melancthon. Some of them are, and some of them are not; and in these it seems to be his design that we should see and adore his wisdom. We fancy that all our inflictions are sent us directly and immediately from above: sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would, however, be well if we attempted to trace the causes of them. We should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us, come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

Why should we scribble our own devices over the Book of God, erasing the plainest words, and rendering the Holy Scriptures a worthless palimpsest? Can not we agree to show the nations of the world that the whole of Christianity is practicable, although the better parts never have been practised, no, not even by the priesthood, in any single one of them. Bishops, confessors, saints, martyrs, have never denounced to king or people, nor ever have attempted to delay or mitigate, the most accursed of crimes, the crime of Cain, the crime indeed whereof Cain's was only a germ, the crime of fratricide, war, war, devastating, depopulating, soul-slaughtering, heaven-defying war. Alas! the gentle call of mercy sounds feebly, and soon dies away, leaving no trace on the memory: but the swelling cries of vengeance, in which we believe we imitate the voice of Heaven, run and reverberate in loud peals and multiplied echoes along the whole vault of the brain. All the man is shaken by them; and he shakes all the earth.

Calvin! I beseech you, do you who guide and govern so many, do you (whatever others may) spare your brethren. Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immovable verity. It sounds strange; it sounds contradictory.

Calvin. I am curious to hear it.

Melancthon. You shall. This is the tenet. There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.

WALKER, HATTAJI, GONDA, AND DEWAH.*

Walker. Hattaji! you may rest assured that the operation is not dangerous to the boys, and that it will preserve them in future from the most loathsome and devastating of maladies.

Hattaji. I do not fear that it will impair the strength of the children, or remove an evil by a worse: but will it not, like the other, leave marks, and spoil the features?

Gonda. Spoil what features, father? Are we not boys?

Dewah. Gonda! be still!

Walker. How is this? what do they mean, Hattaji? why do you look so discomposed?

Hattaji. Ah, children! you now discover your sex. Dissimulation with you will soon grow easier, with me never. Praise be to God! I am a robber, not a merchant: falsehood is my abhorrence.

Thou knowest the custom of our Jerijah tribe. Every female our wives bring forth, is, in less time and with less trouble, removed from the sunshine that falls upon the threshold of life. A drop of poppy-juice restores it to the stillness it has just quitted; or the parent lays on the lip an unrelenting finger, saying, "O pretty rose-bud, thou must breathe no fragrance! I must never irrigate, I must never wear thee!"

Walker. We know this horrid custom. Thou hast then broken through it? Eternal glory to thee, Hattaji! The peace of God, that dwells in every man's breast while he will let it dwell there, be with thee now and evermore!

Hattaji. Children! you must keep this secret better than your own. He wishes me the peace of God. I should be grieved were he condemned to many penances for it. The Portuguese call it heresy to hope anything from God for men of another creed. Will not thy priests, like theirs, force thee to swallow some ass-loads of salt for it? When I was last in Goa, I saw several of them in girl's frocks, and with little wet rods in their hands, put a quantity of it into the mouth of a Malay, as we do into the mouths of carp and eels, to purify them before we eat them; and with the same effect. Incredible what a quantity of heresies of all colours it brought up. He would have performed his ablutions after this function; and never did they appear more necessary; but the priests buffetted him well, and dragged him away, lest, as they said, he should relapse into idolatry. You Englishmen do not entertain half so much abhorrence of idolatry, as the French and Portuguese do: for I have seen many of you wash your hands and faces, without fear and without shame;

* Among the Jerijahs, a tribe in Guserat, it was customary for mothers to kill every female infant, and the race was perpetuated by women from Sada. Hattaji had saved two daughters, Gonda and Dewah, dressed like boys, and brought to Colonel Walker's camp to be vaccinated. Walker abolished this infanticide; yet we hear of no equestrian statue or monument of any kind erected to him in England or India.

and it is reported that your women are still less scrupulous.

You can pardon me the preservation of my girls. So careful are you yourselves in the concealment of your daughters, that I have heard of several sent over to India, to keep them away from the sofa of Rajahs, and the finger of mothers: even the Portuguese take due precautions. None perhaps of their little ones born across the ocean, are considered worth the expenditure of so long a voyage, like yours; but those who are born in Goa, are seldom left to the mercy of a parent. The young creatures are suckled and nursed, and soon afterward are sent into places where they are amused by bells and beads and embroidery, and where none beside their priests and santons can get access to them. These holy men not only save their lives, but treat them with every imaginable kindness, teaching them many mysteries. Indeed, they perform such a number of good offices in their behalf, that on this account alone they, after mature deliberation, hold it quite unnecessary to hang by the hair or ribs from trees and columns, or to look up at the sun till they are blind.

Walker. Were I a santon, I should be much of the same opinion.

Gonda. O no, no, no. So good a man would gladly teach us anything, but surely would rather think with our blessed dervishes, and would be overjoyed to hang by the hair or the ribs, to please God.

Walker. Sweet child! We are accustomed to so many sights of cruelty on the side of the powerful, that our intellects stagger under us, until we fancy we see in the mightiest of beings, the most cruel.

Does not every kind action, every fond word of your father, please you greatly?

Gonda. Everyone: but I am little; all things please me.

Walker. Well, Hattaji! *thou* art not little; tell me then, does not every caress of these children awaken thy tenderness?

Hattaji. It makes me bless myself that I gave them existence, and it makes me bless God that he destined me to preserve it.

Walker. It opens to thee in the desarts of life, the two most exuberant and refreshing sources of earthly happiness, love and piety. And if either of these little ones should cut a foot with a stone, or prick a finger with a thorn, would it delight thee?

Hattaji. A drop of their blood is worth all mine: the stone would lame me, the thorn would pierce my eye-balls.

Walker. Wise Hattaji! for tender love is true wisdom; the truest wisdom being perfect happiness. Thinkest thou God less wise, less beneficent than thyself, or better pleased with the sufferings of his creatures?

Gonda. No; God is wiser even than my father, and quite as kind: for God has done many things which my father could never do, nor understand, he tells us; and God has made us all three happy, and my father has made happy only me and Dewah. He seems to love no one else in the world; and now we are with him, he seldom goes forth to demand his tribute of the Rajahs, and is grown so idle, he permits them to take it from every poor labourer; so that in time a Rajah will begin to think himself as brave and honest a man as a robber. Can not you alter this? Why do you smile?

Walker. We Englishmen exercise both dignities, and therefore are quite impartial, but we must not interfere with Hattaji and his subsidiary Rajahs. Have you lately been at Goa, Hattaji?

Hattaji. Not very.

Walker. Nevertheless you appear to have paid great attention to their religious rites.

Hattaji. They are better off than you are in those matters. I would advise you to establish a fishery as near as possible to the coasts of their territory, and seize upon their salt-works for curing the fish.

Walker. Why so?

Hattaji. They have several kinds which are effectual remedies for sins. I do not know whether they have any that are preventative; nor does that seem a consideration in their religion. Indeed, why should it? when the most flagrant crime can be extinguished by putting a fish against it, with a trifle of gold or silver at head and tail.

Walker. A very ingenious contrivance!

Hattaji. I would not offend . . but surely their priests outdo yours.

Walker. In the application of fish? or what?

Hattaji. When I say it of yours, I say it also of ours, in one thing. We have people among us, who can subdue our worst serpents, by singing: theirs manage a great one, of which perhaps you may have heard some account, and make him appear and disappear, and devour one man and spare another, although of the same size and flavour; which the wisest of our serpent-singers can not do with the most tractable and the best-conditioned snake.

Gonda. O my dear father! what are you saying! You would make these infidels as great as those of the true faith. Be sure it is all a deception; and we have jugglers as good as theirs. We alone have real miracles, framed on purpose for us, not false ones like those of the Mahometans and Portuguese.

Walker. What are theirs, my dear?

Gonda. I do not know: I only know they are false ones.

Hattaji. Who told thee so? ay, child!

Gonda. Whenever a holy man of our blessed faith has come to visit you, he seized the opportunity, as he told me, if you were away for a moment, to enlighten and instruct me, taking my hand and kissing me, and telling me to believe him in everything as I would Vishnou, and assuring me that nothing is very hateful but unbelief, and that I may do what I like if I believe.

Walker. And what was your answer?

Gonda. I leaped and danced for joy, and cried "may I indeed? Then I will believe everything; for then I may follow my dear father all over Guzerat; and if ever he should be wounded again, I may take out my finest shawl (for he gave me two) and tear it and tie it round the place."

Hattaji. Chieftain! I did well to save this girl. . . And thou, timid tender Dewah! wilt thou too follow me all over Guzerat?

Dewah. Father! I am afraid of elephants and horses, and armed men: I should run away.

Hattaji. What then wilt thou do for me?

Dewah. I can do nothing.

Hattaji (to himself). I saved her: yes, I am glad I saved her: I only wish I had not questioned her: she pains me now for the first time. He has heard her: O, this is worst! I might forget it; can he?

Child why art thou afraid?

Dewah. I am two years younger than Gonda.

Hattaji. But the women of Sada would slay thee certainly, wert thou left behind, and perhaps with stripes and tortures, for having so long escaped.

Dewah. I do not fear women; they dress rice, and weave robes, and gather flowers.

Hattaji. Dewah! I fear for thee more than thou fearest for thyself.

Dewah. Dear, dear father! I am ready to go with you all over Guzerat, and to be afraid of anything as much as you are, if you will only let me. I tremble to think I could do nothing if a wicked man should try to wound you; or even if only a tiger came unawares upon you, I could but shriek and pray; and it is not always that Vishnou hears in time. And now, O father, do remember that, although Gonda has two shawls, I have one; and she likes both hers better than mine. If ever you are hurt anywhere . . Ah, gracious God forbid it! . . have mine first: I will try to help her: how can I! how can I! I can not see you even now: I shall cry all the way through Guzerat! For shame, Gonda! I am but nine years old, and you are eleven. Do girls at your age ever cry? Is there one tear left upon my cheek?

Hattaji. By my soul, there is one on mine, worth an empire to me.

Dewah. O Vishnou! hear me in thy happy world! and never let Gonda tear her shawl for my father!

Hattaji. And should it please Vishnou to take thy father away?

Dewah. I would cling to him and kiss him from one end of heaven to the other.

Hattaji. Vishnou would not let thee come back again.

Dewah. Hush! hush! would you ask him? Do not let him hear what you are saying.

Hattaji. Chieftain! this is indeed the peace of God.

May he spare you to me, pure and placid souls! rendering pure and placid everything around you.

And have thousands like you been cast away! One innocent smile of yours hath more virtue in it than all manhood, is more powerful than all wealth, and more beautiful than all glory. I possess new life, I will take a new name;* *the daughter-gifted Hattaji.*

OLIVER CROMWELL AND SIR OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sir Oliver. How many saints and Sions dost carry under thy cloak, lad? Ay, what dost groan at? What art about to be delivered of? Troth, it must be a vast and oddly-shapen piece of roguery which findeth no issue at such capacious quarters. I never thought to see thy face again. Prythee what, in God's name, hath brought thee to Ramsey, fair Master Oliver?

Oliver. In His name verily I come, and upon His errand; and the love and duty I bear unto my godfather and uncle have added wings, in a sort, unto my zeal.

Sir Oliver. Take 'em off thy zeal and dust thy conscience with 'em. I have heard an account of a saint, one Phil Neri, who in the midst of his devotions was lifted up several yards from the ground. Now I do suspect, Nol, thou wilt finish by being a saint of his order; and nobody will promise or wish thee the luck to come down on thy feet again, as he did. So! because a rabble of fanatics at Huntingdon have equipped thee as their representative in Parliament, thou art free of all men's houses, forsooth! I would have thee to understand, sirrah, that thou art fitter for the house they have chaired thee unto than for mine. Yet I do not question but thou wilt be as troublesome and unruly there as here. Did I not turn thee out of Hinchinbrook when thou wert scarcely half the rogue thou art latterly grown up to? And yet wert thou immeasurably too big a one for it to hold.

Oliver. It repenteth me, O mine uncle! that in my boyhood and youth the Lord had not touched me.

Sir Oliver. Touch thee! thou wast too dirty a dog by half.

Oliver. Yea, sorely doth it vex and harrow me that I was then of ill conditions, and that my name . . even your godson's . . stank in your nostrils.

Sir Oliver. Ha! polecat! it was not thy name, although bad enough, that stank first; in my house, at least.† But perhaps there are worse maggots in stauncher mummeries.

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* The Orientals are fond of taking an additional name from some fortunate occurrence.

† See Forster's *Life of Cromwell.*

Oliver. Whereas in the bowels of your charity you then vouchsafed me forgiveness, so the more confidently may I crave it now in this my urgency.

Sir Oliver. More confidently! What! hast got more confidence? Where didst find it? I never thought the wide circle of the world had within it another jot for thee. Well, Nol, I see no reason why thou shouldst stand before me with thy hat off, in the courtyard and in the sun, counting the stones in the pavement. Thou hast some knavery in thy head, I warrant thee. Come, put on thy beaver.

Oliver. Uncle Sir Oliver! I know my duty too well to stand covered in the presence of so worshipful a kinsman, who, moreover, hath answered at baptism for my good behaviour.

Sir Oliver. God forgive me for playing the fool before Him so presumptuously and unprofitably! Nobody shall ever take me in again to do such an absurd and wicked thing. But thou hast some left-handed business in the neighbourhood, no doubt, or thou wouldst never more have come under my archway.

Oliver. These are hard times for them that seek peace. We are clay in the hand of the potter.

Sir Oliver. I wish your potters sought nothing costlier, and dug in their own grounds for it. Most of us, as thou sayest, have been upon the wheel of these artificers; and little was left but rags when we got off. Sanctified folks are the cleverest skinners in all Christendom, and their Jordan tans and constringes us to the averdupois of mummies.

Oliver. The Lord hath chosen his own vessels.

Sir Oliver. I wish heartily He would pack them off, and send them anywhere on ass-back or cart, (cart preferably,) to rid our country of 'em. But now again to the point: for if we fall among the potsherds we shall hobble on but lamely. Since thou art raised unto a high command in the army, and hast a dragoon to hold yonder thy solid and stately piece of horse-flesh, I can not but take it into my fancy that thou hast some commission of array or disarray to execute hereabout.

Oliver. With a sad sinking of spirit, to the pitch well-nigh of swounding, and with a sight of bitter tears, which will not be put back nor staid in anywise, as you bear testimony unto me, uncle Oliver!

Sir Oliver. No tears, Master Nol, I beseech thee! Wet days, among those of thy kidney, portend the letting of blood. What dost whimper at?

Oliver. That I, that I, of all men living, should be put upon this work!

Sir Oliver. What work, prythee?

Oliver. I am sent hither by them who (the Lord in his loving-kindness having pity and mercy upon these poor realms) do, under his right hand, administer unto our necessities, and righteously command us, *by the aforesaid as aforesaid* (thus runs the commission), hither am I deputed (woe is me!) to levy certain fines in this county, or shire, on such as the Parliament in its wisdom doth style malignants.

Sir Oliver. If there is anything left about the house, never be over-nice: dismiss thy modesty and lay hands upon it. In this county or shire, we let go the civet-bag to save the weazon.

Oliver. O mine uncle and godfather! be witness for me.

Sir Oliver. Witness for thee! not I indeed. But I would rather be witness than surety, lad, where thou art docketed.

Oliver. From the most despised doth the Lord ever choose his servants.

Sir Oliver. Then, faith! thou art his first butler.

Oliver. Serving him with humility, I may peradventure be found worthy of advancement.

Sir Oliver. Ha! now if any devil speaks from within thee, it is thy own: he does not sniffle: to my ears he speaks plain English. Worthy or unworthy of advancement, thou wilt attain it. Come in; at least for an hour's rest. Formerly thou knewest the means of setting the heaviest heart afloat, let it be sticking in what mud-bank it might: and my wet-dock at Ramsey is pretty near as commodious as that over-yonder at Hinchinbrook was erewhile. Times are changed, and places too! yet the cellar holds good.

Oliver. Many and great thanks! But there are certain men on the other side of the gate, who might take it ill if I turn away and neglect them.

Sir Oliver. Let them enter also, or eat their victuals where they are.

Oliver. They have proud stomachs: they are recusants.

Sir Oliver. Recusants of what? of beef and ale! We have claret, I trust, for the squeamish, if they are above the condition of tradespeople. But of course you leave no person of higher quality in the outer court.

Oliver. Vain are they and worldly, although such wickedness is the most abominable in their cases. Idle folks are fond of sitting in the sun: I would not forbid them this indulgence.

Sir Oliver. But who are they?

Oliver. The Lord knows. May-be priests, deacons, and such like.

Sir Oliver. Then, sir, they are gentlemen. And the commission you bear from the parliamentary thieves, to sack and pillage my mansion-house, is far less vexatious and insulting to me, than your behaviour in keeping them so long at my stable-door. With your permission, or without it, I shall take the liberty to invite them to partake of my poor hospitality.

Oliver. But, uncle Sir Oliver! there are rules and ordinances whereby it must be manifested that they lie under displeasure . . not mine . . not mine . . but my milk must not flow for them.

Sir Oliver. You may enter the house or remain where you are, at your option; I make my visit to these gentlemen immediately, for I am tired of

standing. If thou ever reachest my age,* Oliver! (but God will not surely let this be) thou wilt know that the legs become at last of doubtful fidelity in the service of the body.

Oliver. Uncle Sir Oliver! now that, as it seemeth, you have been taking a survey of the courtyard and its contents, am I indiscreet in asking your worship whether I acted not prudently in keeping the *men-at-belly* under the custody of the *men-at-arms*? This pestilence, like unto one I remember to have read about in some poetry of Master Chapman's,† began with the dogs and the mules, and afterwards crope up into the breasts of men.

Sir Oliver. I call such treatment barbarous; their troopers will not let the gentlemen come with me into the house, but insist on sitting down to dinner with them. And yet, having brought them out of their colleges, these brutal half-soldiers must know that they are fellows.

Oliver. Yea, of a truth are they, and fellows well met. Out of their superfluities they give nothing to the Lord or his Saints; no, not even stirrup or girth, wherewith we may mount our horses and go forth against those who thirst for our blood. Their eyes are fat, and they raise not up their voices to cry for our deliverance.

Sir Oliver. Art mad? What stirrups and girths are hung up in college halls and libraries? For what are these gentlemen brought hither?

Oliver. They have elected me, with somewhat short of unanimity, not indeed to be one of themselves, for of that distinction I acknowledge and deplore my unworthiness, nor indeed to be a poor scholar, to which, unless it be a very poor one, I have almost as small pretension, but simply to undertake a while the heavier office of burser for them; to cast up their accounts; to overlook the scouring of their plate; and to lay a list thereof, with a few specimens, before those who fight the fight of the Lord, that his Saints, seeing the abasement of the proud and the chastisement of worldly-mindedness, may rejoice.

Sir Oliver. I am grown accustomed to such saints and such rejoicings. But, little could I have thought, threescore years ago, that the hearty and jovial people of England would ever join in so filching and stabbing a jocularity. Even the petticoated torch-bearers from rotten Rome, who lighted the faggots in Smithfield some years before, if more blustering and cocksy, were less bitter and vulturine. They were all intolerant, but they were not all hypocritical; they had not always "*the Lord*" in their mouth.

Oliver. According to their own notions, they might have had, at an outlay of a farthing.

Sir Oliver. Art facetious, Nol? for it is as hard to find that out as anything else in thee, only it makes thee look, at times, a little the grimmer and sourer.

But, regarding these gentlemen from Cambridge. Not being such as, by their habits and professions, could have opposed you in the field, I hold it unmilitary and unmanly to put them under any restraint, and to lead them away from their peaceful and useful occupations.

Oliver. I always bow submissively before the judgment of mine elders; and the more reverentially when I know them to be endowed with greater wisdom, and guided by surer experience than myself. Alas! those collegians not only are strong men, as you may readily see if you measure them round the waistband, but boisterous and pertinacious challengers. When we, who live in the fear of God, exhorted them earnestly unto peace and brotherly love, they held us in derision. Thus far indeed it might be an advantage to us, teaching us forbearance and self-seeking, but we can not countenance the evil spirit moving them thereunto. Their occupations, as you remark most wisely, might have been useful and peaceful, and had formerly been so. Why then did they gird the sword of strife about their loins against the children of Israel? By their own declaration, not only are they our enemies, but enemies the most spiteful and untractable. When I came quietly, lawfully, and in the name of the Lord, for their plate, what did they? Instead of surrendering it like honest and conscientious men, they attacked me and my people on horseback, with syllogisms and enthymemes, and the Lord knows with what other such gimcracks; such venemous and rankling old weapons as those who have the fear of God before their eyes are fain to lay aside. Learning should not make folks mockers . . should not make folks malignants . . should not harden their hearts. We came with bowels for them.

Sir Oliver. That ye did! and bowels which would have stowed within them all the plate on board of a galloon. If tankards and wassail-bowls had stuck between your teeth, you would not have felt them.

Oliver. We did feel them; some at least: perhaps we missed too many.

Sir Oliver. How can these learned societies raise the money you exact from them, beside plate? dost think they can create and coin it?

Oliver. In Cambridge, uncle Sir Oliver, and more especially in that college named in honour (as they profanely call it) of the blessed Trinity, there are great conjurors or chemists. Now the said conjurors or chemists not only do possess the faculty of making the precious metals out of old books and parchments, but out of the skulls of young lordlings and gentlefolks, which verily pro-

* Sir Oliver, who died in 1655, aged ninety-three, might, by possibility, have seen all the men of great genius, excepting Chaucer and Roger Bacon, whom England has produced from its first discovery down to our own times. Francis Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, and the prodigious shoal that attended these leviathans through the intellectual deep. Newton was but in his thirteenth year at Sir Oliver's death. Raleigh, Spenser, Hooker, Eliot, Selden, Taylor, Hobbes, Sidney, Shaftesbury, and Locke, were existing in his lifetime; and several more, who may be compared with the smaller of these.

† Chapman's *Homer*, first book.

mise less. And this they bring about by certain gold wires fastened at the top of certain caps. Of said metals, thus devilishly converted, do they make a vain and sumptuous use; so that, finally, they are afraid of cutting their lips with glass. But indeed it is high time to call them.

Sir Oliver. Well . . at last thou hast some mercy.

Oliver (*aloud*). Cuffsatan Ramsbottom! Sadsoul Kiteclaw! advance! Let every gown, together with the belly that is therein, mount up behind you and your comrades in good fellowship. And forasmuch as you at the country-places look to bit and bridle, it seemeth fair and equitable that ye should leave unto them, in full propriety, the mancipular office of discharging the account. If there be any spare beds at the inns, allow the doctors and dons to occupy the same . . they being used to lie softly; and be not urgent that more than three lie in each . . they being mostly corpulent. Let pass quietly and unreproved any light bubble of pride or impetuosity, seeing that they have not always been accustomed to the service of guards and ushers. The Lord be with ye! . . Slow trot! And now, uncle Sir Oliver, I can resist no longer your loving-kindness. I kiss you, my godfather, in heart's and soul's duty; and most humbly and gratefully do I accept of your invitation to dine and lodge with you, albeit the least worthy of your family and kinsfolk. After the refreshment of needful food, more needful prayer, and that sleep which descendeth on the innocent like the dew of Hermon, to-morrow at daybreak I proceed on my journey Londonward.

Sir Oliver (*aloud*). Ho, there! (*To a servant.*) Let dinner be prepared in the great dining-room; let every servant be in waiting, each in full livery; let every delicacy the house affords be placed upon the table in due courses; arrange all the plate upon the side-board: a gentleman by descent . . a stranger . . has claimed my hospitality. (*Servant goes.*)

Sir! you are now master. Grant me dispensation, I entreat you, from a further attendance on you.

THE COUNT GLEICHEM: THE COUNTESS: THEIR CHILDREN, AND ZAIDA.*

Countess. Ludolph! my beloved Ludolph! do we meet again! Ah! I am jealous of these little ones, and of the embraces you are giving them.

Why sigh, my sweet husband?

Come back again, Wilhelm! Come back again, Annabella! How could you run away? Do you think you can see better out of the corner?

Annabella. Is this indeed our papa? What, in the name of mercy, can have given him so dark a colour? I hope I shall never be like that; and yet everybody tells me I am very like papa.

Wilhelm. Do not let her plague you, papa; but take me between your knees (I am too old to sit upon them), and tell me all about the Turks, and how you ran away from them.

Countess. Wilhelm! if your father had run away from the enemy, we should not have been deprived of him two whole years.

Wilhelm. I am hardly such a child as to suppose that a Christian knight would run away from a rebel Turk in battle. But even Christians are taken, somehow, by their tricks and contrivances, and their dog Mahomet. Beside, you know you yourself told me, with tear after tear, and scolding me for mine, that papa was taken by them.

Annabella. Neither am I, who am only one year younger, so foolish as to believe there is any dog Mahomet. And, if there were, we have dogs that are better and faithfuller and stronger.

Wilhelm (*to his father*). I can hardly help laughing to think what curious fancies girls have about Mahomet. We know that Mahomet is a dog-spirit with three horsetails.

Annabella. Papa! I am glad to see you smile at Wilhelm. I do assure you he is not half so bad a boy as he was, although he did point at me, and did tell you some mischief.

Count. I ought to be indeed most happy at seeing you all again.

Annabella. And so you are. Don't pretend to look grave now. I very easily find you out. I often look grave when I am the happiest. But forth it bursts at last: there is no room for it in tongue, or eyes, or anywhere.

Count. And so, my little angel, you begin to recollect me.

Annabella. At first I used to dream of papa, but at last I forgot how to dream of him: and then I cried, but at last I left off crying. And then, papa, who could come to me in my sleep, seldom came again.

Count. Why do you now draw back from me, Annabella?

Annabella. Because you really are so very very brown: just like those ugly Turks who sawed the pines in the saw-pit under the wood, and who refused to drink wine in the heat of summer, when Wilhelm and I brought it to them. Do not be angry; we did it only once.

Wilhelm. Because one of them stamped and frightened her when the other seemed to bless us.

Count. Are they still living?

Countess. One of them is.

Wilhelm. The fierce one.

Count. We will set him free, and wish it were the other.

Annabella. Papa! I am glad you are come back without your spurs.

* Andreas Hundorff relates that the Pope sanctioned the double marriage of Count Gleichem, who carried his second wife into Thuringia, where she was well received by the first, and, having no children, was devoted to her rival's.

Countess. Hush, child, hush.

Annabella. Why, mama? Do not you remember how they tore my frock when I clung to him at parting? Now I begin to think of him again: I lose everything between that day and this.

Countess. The girl's idle prattle about the spurs has pained you: always too sensitive; always soon hurt, though never soon offended.

Count. O God! O my children! O my wife! it is not the loss of spurs I now must blush for.

Annabella. Indeed, papa, you never can blush at all, until you cut that horrid beard off.

Countess. Well may you say, my own Ludolph, as you do; for most gallant was your bearing in the battle.

Count. Ah! why was it ever fought?

Countess. Why were most battles? But they may lead to glory even through slavery.

Count. And to shame and sorrow.

Countess. Have I lost the little beauty I possessed, that you hold my hand so languidly, and turn away your eyes when they meet mine? It was not so formerly . . unless when first we loved. That one kiss restores to me all my lost happiness.

Come; the table is ready: there are your old wines upon it: you must want that refreshment.

Count. Go, my sweet children! you must eat your supper before I do.

Countess. Run into your own room for it.

Annabella. I will not go until papa has patted me again on the shoulder, now I begin to remember it. I do not much mind the beard: I grow used to it already: but indeed I liked better to stroke and pat the smooth laughing cheek, with my arm across the neck behind. It is very pleasant even so. Am I not grown? I can put the whole length of my finger between your lips.

Count. And now, will not *you* come, Wilhelm?

Wilhelm. I am too tall and too heavy: she is but a child. (*Whispers.*) Yet I think, papa, I am hardly so much of a man but you may kiss me over again . . if you will not let her see it.

Countess. My dears! why do not you go to your supper?

Annabella. Because he has come to show us what Turks are like.

Wilhelm. Do not be angry with her. Do not look down, papa!

Count. Blessings on you both, sweet children!

Wilhelm. We may go now.

Countess. And now, Ludolph, come to the table, and tell me all your sufferings.

Count. The worst begin here.

Countess. Ungrateful Ludolph!

Count. I am he: that is my name in full.

Countess. You have then ceased to love me?

Count. Worse; if worse can be: I have ceased to deserve your love.

Countess. No: Ludolph hath spoken falsely for once; but Ludolph is not false.

Count. I have forfeited all I ever could boast of, your affection and my own esteem. Away with caresses! Repulse me, abjure me; hate, and never pardon me. Let the abject heart lie untorn by one remorse. Forgiveness would split and shiver what slavery but abased.

Countess. Again you embrace me; and yet tell me never to pardon you! O inconsiderate man! O idle deviser of impossible things!

But you have not introduced to me those who purchased your freedom, or who achieved it by their valour.

Count. Mercy! O God!

Countess. Are they dead? Was the plague abroad.

Count. I will not dissemble . . such was never my intention . . that my deliverance was brought about by means of . .

Countess. Say it at once . . a lady.

Count. It was.

Countess. She fled with you.

Count. She did.

Countess. And have you left her, sir?

Count. Alas! alas! I have not; and never can.

Countess. Now come to my arms, brave, honourable Ludolph! Did I not say thou couldst not be ungrateful? Where, where is she who has given me back my husband?

Count. Dare I utter it! in this house.

Countess. Call the children.

Count. No; they must not affront her: they must not even stare at her: other eyes, not theirs, must stab me to the heart.

Countess. They shall bless her; we will all. Bring her in. [*Zaida is led in by the Count.*

Countess. We three have stood silent long enough: and much there may be on which we will for ever keep silence. But, sweet young creature! can I refuse my protection, or my love, to the preserver of my husband? Can I think it a crime, or even a folly, to have pitied the brave and the unfortunate? to have pressed (but alas! that it ever should have been so here!) a generous heart to a tender one?

Why do you begin to weep?

Zaida. Under your kindness, O lady, lie the sources of these tears.

But why has he left us? He might help me to say many things which I want to say.

Countess. Did he never tell you he was married?

Zaida. He did indeed.

Countess. That he had children?

Zaida. It comforted me a little to hear it.

Countess. Why? prythee why?

Zaida. When I was in grief at the certainty of holding but the second place in his bosom, I thought I could at least go and play with them, and win perhaps their love.

Countess. According to our religion, a man must have only one wife.

Zaida. That troubled me again. But the dispenser of your religion, who binds and unbinds, does for sequins or services what our Prophet does purely through kindness.

Countess. We can love but one.

Zaida. *We* indeed can love only one: but men have large hearts.

Countess. Unhappy girl!

Zaida. The very happiest in the world.

Countess. Ah! inexperienced creature!

Zaida. The happier for that perhaps.

Countess. But the sin!

Zaida. Where sin is, there must be sorrow: and I, my sweet sister, feel none whatever. Even when tears fall from my eyes, they fall only to cool my breast: I would not have one the fewer: they all are for him: whatever he does, whatever he causes, is dear to me.

Countess (*aside*). This is too much. I could hardly endure to have him so beloved by another, even at the extremity of the earth. (*To Zaida*). You would not lead him into perdition.

Zaida. I have led him (Allah be praised!) to his wife and children. It was for those I left my father. He whom we love might have stayed with me at home: but there he would have been only half happy, even had he been free. I could not often let him see me through the lattice; I was too afraid: and I dared only once let fall the water-melon; it made such a noise in dropping and rolling on the terrace: but, another day, when I had pared it nicely, and had swathed it up well among vine-leaves, dipped in sugar and sherbet, I was quite happy. I leaped and danced to have been so ingenious. I wonder what creature could have found and eaten it. I wish he were here, that I might ask him if he knew.

Countess. He quite forgot home then!

Zaida. When we could speak together at all, he spoke perpetually of those whom the calamity of war had separated from him.

Countess. It appears that you could comfort him in his distress, and did it willingly.

Zaida. It is delightful to kiss the eye-lashes of the beloved: is it not? but never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.

Countess. And even this too? you did this?

Zaida. Fifty times.

Countess. Insupportable!

He often then spoke about me?

Zaida. As sure as ever we met: for he knew I loved him the better when I heard him speak so fondly.

Countess (*to herself*). Is this possible? It may be . . of the absent, the unknown, the unfeared, the unsuspected.

Zaida. We shall now be so happy, all three.

Countess. How can we all live together?

Zaida. Now he is here, is there no bond of union?

Countess. Of union? of union? (*Aside*). Slavery is a frightful thing! slavery for life too! And she released him from it. What then? Impossible! impossible! (*To Zaida*). We are rich . .

Zaida. I am glad to hear it. Nothing anywhere goes on well without riches.

Countess. We can provide for you amply . .

Zaida. Our husband . .

Countess. Our! . . husband! . .

Zaida. Yes, yes; I know he is yours too; and you, being the elder and having children, are lady above all. He can tell you how little I want: a bath, a slave, a dish of pilau, one jonquil every morning, as usual; nothing more. But he must swear that he has kissed it first. No, he need not swear it; I may always see him do it, now.

Countess (*aside*). She agonizes me. (*To Zaida.*) Will you never be induced to return to your own country? Could not Ludolph persuade you?

Zaida. He who could once persuade me anything, may now command me everything: when he says I must go, I go. But he knows what awaits me.

Countess. No, child! he never shall say it.

Zaida. Thanks, lady! eternal thanks! The breaking of his word would break my heart; and better *that* break first. Let the command come from you, and not from him.

Countess (*calling aloud*). Ludolph! Ludolph! hither! Kiss the hand I present to you, and never forget it is the hand of a preserver.

DANTE AND GEMMA DONATI.

Gemma. We have now been blessed with seven children, my dear husband!

Dante. And the newly-born, as always happens, is the fairest, lovely as were all the rest.

Gemma. Whether it so happens or not, we always think so, the mother in particular. And your tenderness is like a mother's.

Dante. What a sweet smile is that, my Gemma! But do not talk long, although you talk with the voice and the serenity of an angel. How fresh you look! escaped from so great a danger, and so recently. A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

There is something playful, I perceive, in your thoughts, my little wife! Can not you as readily trust me with them as with the playfulness about them?

Gemma. I do not know whether I can.

Dante. Beware! I shall steady those lips with kisses if they are not soon more quiet. Irresolute! why do not you tell me at once what is thrilling and quivering at each corner of your beautiful mouth?

Gemma. I will, my Dante! But already it makes me graver.

Healthy as is the infant, it was predicted by the astrologer and caster of nativities, and the prediction has been confirmed by the most intelligent of nurses, that it must be our last.

Dante. While I look on it, I think I could not love another so well.

Gemma. And yet you have loved them

all equally, tenderest of fathers, best of husbands!

Dante. Say *happiest*, my Gemma! It was not always that you could have said it; and it may not be always; but it shall be now.

Gemma. Well spoken! yes, it shall. Therefore promise me that henceforward you will never again be a suitor for embassies abroad, or nail down your noble intellect to the coarse-grained wood of council-boards.

Dante. I can easily and willingly make that promise.

Gemma. Recollecting that they have caused you trouble enough already.

Dante. If they alone had occupied my mind, they would have contracted and abased it. The larger a plant is, the sooner it sickens and withers in close confinement, and in a place too low for it. But a mind that has never been strained to exertions, and troubled by anxieties, will never project far any useful faculty. The stream must swell before it fertilises. It is pleasant to gaze on green meadows and gentle declivities: but the soul, O my Gemma, that men look up to with long wonder, is suspended on rocks, and exposed to be riven by lightning. The eagle neither builds his nest nor pursues his quarry in the marsh.

Gemma. Should my Dante then in the piazza?

Dante. However, we must all, when called upon, serve our country as we can best.

Gemma. Despicable is the man who loveth not his country: but detestable is he who prefers even his country to her who worships him, supremely on earth, and solely.

Dante. To me a city is less than a home. The world around me is but narrow; the present age is but annual. I will plant my Tree in Paradise; I will water it with the waters of immortality; and my beloved shall repose beneath its shadow.

Gemma. O Dante! there are many who would be contented to die early, that after-ages might contemplate them as the lover did; young, ardent, radiant, uncrossed by fortune, and undisturbed by any anxiety but the gentlest. I am happier than poetry, with all its praise and all its fiction, could render me: let another be glorious. I have been truly blessed.

If Florence had never exiled you, if she had honoured you as highly as she must honour you hereafter, tell me, could you have loved her as you loved your Bice?

Dante. You also loved Bice.

Gemma. Answer me plainly and directly, sly evader!

Dante. We can hardly love the terrestrial as we love the heavenly. The stars that fall on the earth are not stars of eternal light; they are not our hope; they are not our guidance; they often blight, they never purify. Distinctions might have become too precious in my sight, if never a thought of her had intervened.

Gemma. Indignant as you were at the injustice of your fellow-citizens, did not the recollection of the little maid honey your bitter bread, and quite console you?

Dante. I will pour into your faithful bosom not only all my present love, but all my past. I lost my country; I went into another; into many others. To men like me, irksome is it, O Gemma! to mount the stairs of princes; hard to beseech their favour; harder to feel the impossibility of requiting it; hardest of all to share it with the worthless. But I carried with me everywhere the memory of Bice: I carried with me that palladium which had preserved the citadel of my soul. Under her guard what evil could enter it? Before her image how faintly and evanescently fell on me the shadows of injury and grief!

Gemma. Brave, brave Dante! I love you for all things; nor least for your love of her. It was she, under God, who rendered you the perfect creature I behold in you. She animated you with true glory when she inspired you with the purity of her love. Worthier of it than I am, she left you on earth for me.

Dante. And with nothing on earth to wish beyond.

Ought I to be indignant that my country has neglected me? Do not men in all countries like those best who most resemble them? And would you wish me to resemble the multitude who are deluded? or would you rather that I were seated among the select who are in a situation to delude? My Gemma! I could never, by any knowledge or discipline, teach foxes to be honest, wolves to be abstemious, or vipers to be grateful. For the more ravenous I have excavated a pitfall, deep and durable as the foundations of the earth; to the reptile I toss the file. Let us love those who love us, and be contented to teach those who will hear us. Neither the voice nor the affections can extend beyond a contracted circle. But we may carry a wand with us and mark out with it that circle in every path of life. Never in future will I let men approach too near me. Familiarities are the aphides that imperceptibly suck out the juices intended for the germ of love. Contented with the few who can read my heart, and proud, my sweet Gemma, of the precious casket that encloses it, I am certainly this day the happiest of men.

Gemma. To-morrow you shall be happier.

Dante. By what possibility?

Gemma. It is too late in the evening to carry our infant to the baptismal font: but to-morrow, early in the morning, in the presence of God and angels, in the presence of the blessed Virgin, I name it Beatrice.

Dante. Gemma! she hears thee. Gemma! she loves thee for it more than she ever could love me: for this is heavenly.

Gemma. How much I owe her! Under her influence hath grown up into full maturity the happiness of my existence.

Dante. And of mine. Modesty is the bridemaid of Concord. She not only hangs her garland on the door of the nuptial chamber, but she bestrews with refreshing herbs the whole apartment

every day of life. Without her where is Harmony? or what is Beauty? Without her, the sight of returning spring has bitter pangs in it: without her, the songs of love in the woodland, and the symbols of mated innocence on the tree apart, afflict the bosom, sensitive no longer but to reminiscences and wrath. Can it be wondered that she who held my first affections holds them yet? the same spirit in another form, the same beauty in another countenance, the same expression in another voice . . the girl Beatrice in the bride Gemma. O how much more than bride! but bride still!

Gemma. Kiss me, Dante! And now let me sleep! Gently! Do not disturb the child . . your Beatrice to-morrow. Further, further from the cradle! Your eyes upon her would surely awaken her. Beloved! beloved! how considerate and careful! I am sleepy . . can I sleep? I am too happy.

GALILEO, MILTON, AND A DOMINICAN.

Milton. Friend! let me pass.

Dominican. Whither? To whom?

Milton. Into the prison; to Galileo Galilei.

Dominican. Prison! we have no prison.

Milton. No prison here! What sayest thou?

Dominican. Son! For heretical pravity indeed, and some other less atrocious crimes, we have a seclusion, a confinement, a penitentiary: we have a locality for softening the obdurate, and furnishing them copiously with reflection and recollection: but prison we have none.

Milton. Open!

Dominican (to himself). What sweetness! what authority! what a form! what an attitude! what a voice!

Milton. Open! delay me no longer.

Dominican. In whose name?

Milton. In the name of humanity and of God.

Dominican. My sight staggers: the walls shake: he must be .... Do angels ever come hither?

Milton. Be reverent, and stand apart. [*To Galileo.*] Pardon me, sir, an intrusion.

Galileo. Young man! if I may judge by your voice and manner, you are little apt to ask pardon or to want it. I am as happy at hearing you as you seem unhappy at seeing me. I perceive at once that you are an Englishman.

Milton. I am.

Galileo. Speak then freely; and I will speak freely too. In no other man's presence, for these many years, indeed from my very childhood, have I done it.

Milton. Sad fate for any man! most sad for one like you! the follower of Truth, the companion of Reason in her wanderings on earth!

Galileo. We live among priests and princes and empoisoners. Your dog, by his growling, seems to be taking up the quarrel against them.

Milton. We think and feel alike in many things. I have observed that the horses and dogs of every country, bear a resemblance in character to the men. We English have a wonderful variety of both creatures. To begin with the horses: some are remarkable for strength, others for spirit; while in France there is little diversity of race; all are noisy and windy, skittish and mordacious, prancing and libidinous, fit only for a rope, and fond only of a riband. Where the riband is not to be had, the jowl of a badger will do: anything but what is native to the creature is a decoration. In Flanders you find them slow and safe, tractable and substantial. In Italy there are few good for work, none for battle; many for light carriages, for standing at doors, and for every kind of street-work.

Galileo. Do let us get among the dogs.

Milton. In France they are finely combed and pert and pettish; ready to bite if hurt, and to fondle if caressed; without fear, without animosity, without affection. In Italy they creep and shiver and rub their skins against you, and insinuate their slender beaks into the patronage of your hand, and lick it, and look up modestly, and whine decorously, and supplicate with grace. The moment you give them anything, they grow importunate; and the moment you refuse them, they bite. In Spain and England the races are similar; so indeed are those of the men. Spaniards are Englishmen in an ungrafted state, however with this great difference, that the English have ever been the least cruel of nations, excepting the Swedes; and the Spaniards the most cruel, excepting the French. Then they were under one and the same religion, the most sanguinary and sordid of all the institutions that ever pressed upon mankind.

Galileo. To the dogs, to the dogs again, be they of what breed they may.

Milton. The worst of them could never have driven you up into this corner, merely because he had been dreaming, and you had disturbed his dream. How long shall this endure?

Galileo. I sometimes ask God how long. I should repine, and almost despair, in putting the question to myself or another.

Milton. Be strong in Him, through reason, his great gift.

Galileo. I fail not, and shall not fail. I can fancy that the heaviest link in my heavy chain has dropped off me since you entered.

Milton. Let me then praise our God for it! Not those alone are criminal who placed you here, but those no less who left unto them the power of doing it. If the learned and intelligent in all the regions of Europe would unite their learning and intellect, and would exert their energy in disseminating the truth throughout the countries they inhabit, soon must the ignorant and oppressive, now at the summit of power, resign their offices; and the most versatile nations, after this purify-

ing and perfect revolution, rest for ages. But, bursting from their collegiate kennels, they range and hunt only for their masters; and are content at last to rear up and catch the offal thrown among them negligently, and often too with scourges on their cringing spines, as they scramble for it. Do they run through mire and thorns, do they sweat from their tongues' ends, do they breathe out blood, for this? The Dominican is looking in; not to interrupt us, I hope, for my idle exclamation.

Galileo. Continue to speak generously, rationally, and in Latin, and he will not understand one sentence. The fellow is the most stupid, the most superstitious, the most hard-hearted, and the most libidinous, in the confraternity. He is usually at my door, that he may not be at others', where he would be more in the way of his superiors. You Englishmen are inclined to melancholy; but what makes you so very grave? so much graver than before?

Milton. I hardly know which is most afflicting; to hear the loudest expression of intolerable anguish from the weak who are sinking under it, or to witness an aged and venerable man bearing up against his sufferings with unshaken constancy. And, alas! that blindness should consummate your sufferings!

Galileo. There are worse evils than blindness, and the best men suffer most by them. The spirit of liberty, now rising up in your country, will excite a blind enthusiasm, and leave behind a bitter disappointment. Vicious men will grow popular, and the interests of the nation will be intrusted to them, because they descend from their station, in order, as they say, to serve you.

Milton. Profligate impostors! We know there are such among us; but truth shall prevail against them.

Galileo. In argument, truth always prevails finally; in politics, falsehood always; else would never states fall into decay. Even good men, if indeed good men will ever mix with evil ones for any purpose, take up the trade of politics, at first intending to deal honestly; the calm bower of the conscience is soon converted into the booth of inebriating popularity; the shouts of the multitude then grow unexciting, then indifferent, then troublesome; lastly, the riotous supporters of the condescendent falling half-asleep, he looks agape in their faces, springs upon his legs again, flings the door behind him, and escapes in the livery of Power. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct him where the looser passions were wandering; he did not conduct him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a soilure to our frail human nature; no, he led him up to an exceedingly high mountain, and showed him palaces and towers and treasuries, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and beatitude. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of his miracles was accomplished. After which, even the father of lies never ventured to dispute His divine nature.

Dominican. I must not suffer you to argue on theology; you may pervert the young man.

Milton. In addition to confinement, must this fungus of vapid folly stain your cell? If so, let me hope you have received the assurance that the term of your imprisonment will be short.

Galileo. It may be, or not, as God wills: it is for life.

Milton. For life!

Galileo. Even so. I regret that I can not go forth; and my depression is far below regret when I think that, if ever I should be able to make a discovery, the world is never to derive the benefit. I love the fields, and the country air, and the sunny sky, and the starry; and I could keep my temper when, in the midst of my calculations, the girls brought me flowers from lonely places, and asked me their names, and puzzled me. But now I fear lest a compulsory solitude should have rendered me a little moroser. And yet methinks I could bear again a stalk to be thrown in my face, as a deceiver, for calling the blossom that had been on it Andromeda; and could pardon as easily as ever a slap on the shoulder for my Ursa Major. Pleasant Arcetri!

Milton. I often walk along its quiet lanes, somewhat too full of the white eglantine in the narrower parts of them. They are so long and pliant, a little wind is enough to blow them in the face; and they scratch as much as their betters.

Galileo. Pleasant Arcetri!

Milton. The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

Galileo. I sighed not at any thought of friendship. How do I know that any friend is left me? I was thinking that, in those unfrequented lanes, the birds that were frightened could fly away. Pleasant Arcetri! Well: we (I mean those who are not blind) can see the stars from all places; we may know that there are other worlds, and we may hope that there are happier. So then you often walk to that village?

Milton. Oftener to Fiesole.

Galileo. You like Fiesole better?

Milton Must I confess it? For a walk, I do.

Galileo. So did I, so did I. What friends we are already! I made some observations from Fiesole.

Milton. I shall remember it on my return, and shall revisit the scenery with fresh delight. Alas! is this a promise I can keep, when I must think of you here?

Galileo. My good compassionate young man! I am concerned that my apartment allows you so little space to walk about.

Milton. Could ever I have been guilty of such disrespect! O sir, far remote, far beyond all others, is that sentiment from my heart! It swelled, and put every sinew of every limb into motion, at your indignity. No, no! Suffer me

still to bend in reverence and humility on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity! . . on this hand, which Science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open.

Galileo. Ah my too friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity.

Milton. At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom . . mitres, tiaras, crowns, and the trumpery whereon they rest. I know but two genera of men, the annual and the perennial. Those who die down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them; those on the contrary who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt the highest, those are surely the spirits of God, both when upon earth and when with Him. What do I see, in letting fall the sleeve! The scars and lacerations on your arms show me that you have fought for your country.

Galileo. I can not claim that honour. Do not look at them. My guardian may understand that.

Milton. Great God! they are the marks of the torture!

Galileo. My guardian may understand that likewise. Let us converse about something else.

Milton. Italy! Italy! Italy! drive thy poets into exile, into prison, into madness! spare, spare thy one philosopher! What track can the mind pursue, in her elevations or her plains or her recesses, without the dogging and prowling of the priesthood?

Galileo. They have not done with me yet. A few days ago they informed me that I was accused or suspected of disbelieving the existence of devils. When I protested that in my opinion there are almost as many devils as there are men, and that every wise man is the creator of hundreds at his first appearance, they told me with much austerity and scornfulness of rebuke, that this opinion is as heretical as the other; and that we have no authority from Scripture for believing that the complement exceeded some few legions, several of which were thinned and broken by beating up their quarters: thanks chiefly to the Dominicans. I bowed, as became me: for these our worthy masters, and their superiors, the successors of Peter, would burn us for teaching anything untaught before.

Milton. They would burn you then for resembling the great apostle himself?

Galileo. In what but denying the truth and wearing chains?

Milton. Educated with such examples before them, literary societies are scarcely more tolerant to the luminaries of imagination than theological societies are to the luminaries of science. I myself indeed should hesitate to place Tasso on an equality, or nearly on an equality, with Ariosto; yet, since his pen hath been excelled on the Continent by only two in sixteen centuries, he might have expected more favour, more forbearance, than he found. I was shocked at the impudence of his critics in this country: their ignorance less surprised me.*

Galileo. Of yours I am unable to speak.

Milton. So much the better.

Galileo. Instead of it, you will allow me to express my admiration of what (if I understand anything) I understand. No nation has produced any man, except Aristoteles, comparable to either of the Bacons. The elder was the more wonderful: the later in season was the riper and the greater. Neither of them told all he knew, or half he thought; and each was alike prodigal in giving, and prudent in withholding. The learning and genius of Francis led him onward to many things which his nobility and stateliness disallowed. Hence was he like the leisurely and rich agriculturist, who goeth out a-field after dinner, well knowing where lie the nests and covies; and in such idle hour throweth his hat partly over them, and they clutter and run and rise and escape from him without his heed, to make a louder whirr thereafter, and a longer flight elsewhere.

Milton. I believe I have discovered no few inaccuracies in his reasoning, voluntary or involuntary. But I apprehend he committed them designedly, and that he wanted in wisdom but the highest . . the wisdom of honesty. It is comfortable to escape from him, and return again to Sorrento and Tasso. He should have been hailed as the worthy successor, not scrutinised as the presumptuous rival, of the happy Ferrarese. He was ingenious, he was gentle, he was brave: and what was the reward? Did cities contend for his residence within them? did princes throw open their palaces at his approach? did academies send deputations to invite and solicit his attendance? did senators cast branches of laurel under his horse's hoofs? did prelates and princes hang tapestries from their windows, meet him at the gates, and conduct him in triumph to the Capitol? Instead of it, his genius was derided, his friendship scorned, his love rejected; he lived despairingly, he died broken-hearted.

Galileo. My friend! my friend! you yourself in your language are almost a poet.

Milton. I may be in time to come.

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* Criticism is still very low in Italy. Tiraboschi has done little for it: nothing can be less exact than his judgments on the poets. There is not one remarkable sentence, or one happy expression, in all his volumes. The same may be said of Abbate Cesarotti, and of the Signor Calsabigi, who wrote on Alfieri. There is scarcely a glimpse of poetry in Alfieri, yet his verses are tight-braced, and his strokes are animating: not indeed to the Signor Calsibigi. The Italians are grown more generous to their literary men in proportion as they are grown poorer in them. Italy is the only great division of Europe where there never hath existed a Review bearing some authority or credit. These things do not greatly serve literature, but they rise from it, and show it.

Galileo. What! with such an example before your eyes? Rather be a philosopher: you may be derided in this too, but you will not be broken-hearted. I am ashamed when I reflect that the worst enemies of Torquato, pushing him rudely against Ariosto, are to be found in Florence.

Milton. Be the difference what it may between them, your academicians ought to be aware that the lowest of the animals are nearer to the highest of them, than these highest are to the lowest of those two. For in what greatly more do they benefit the world than the animals do, or how much longer remain in the memory of their species?

Galileo. Little, very little; and the same thing may be easily proved of those whom they praise and venerate. My knowledge of poetry is narrow; and, having little enthusiasm, I discover faults where beauties escape me. I never would venture to say before our Italians what I will confess to you. In reading the *Gerusalemme Liberata* I remarked, that among the epithets the poet is fondest of *grande*: I had remarked that Virgil is fondest of *altus*. Now we can not make anything greater or higher by clapping these words upon it: where the substructure is not sufficiently broad and solid, they will not stick. The first verses in the *Gerusalemme* for instance, are,

> "Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano
> Che il *gran* sepolcro liberò di Cristo."

Surely the poet would rather have had a great captain than a great cenotaph.

Milton. He might have written, with a modester and less sonorous exordium,

> Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano,
> *Lui che il* sepolcro liberò di Cristo.

Galileo. It would not have done for our people, either the unlearned or learned. They must have *high, gigantic, immense;* they must have ebony, gold, azure; they must have honey, sugar, cinnamon, as regularly in their places as blue-lettered jars, full or empty, are found in apothecaries' shops. Dante and Ariosto, different as they are, equally avoided these sweet viscidities. I wish you would help me to exonerate Tasso from the puffy piece of impediment at the beginning of his march.

Milton. Let us imagine that he considered all Jerusalem as the sepulchre of Christ.

Galileo. No friend or countryman hath said it for him. We will accept it, and go on. Our best histories, excepting Giovio's and Davila's, contain no picture, no character, no passion, no eloquence; and Giovio's is partial and faithless. Criticism is more verbose and less logical here than among the French, the Germans, and the Dutch.

Milton. Let us return to Ariosto and Tasso, who, whatever the academicians may gabble in their assemblies, have delighted the most cultivated minds, and will delight them for incalculable ages.

Galileo. An academician, a dunghill-cock, and a worm, do indeed form a triangle more nearly equilateral than an Academician, a Lodovico, and a Torquato. The Dominican is listening yet. Behold, he comes in!

Dominican. Young gentleman, I did not suspect, when you entered, that you would ever talk about authors whose writings are prohibited. Ariosto is obscene. I have heard the same of Tasso, in some part or other.

Milton. Prythee, begone!

Dominican. We retire together.

Galileo. It would be better to leave me, if he urges it, otherwise I may never expect again the pleasure I have received to-day.

Dominican. Signor Galileo, do you talk of pleasure to young persons? Most illustrious signorino, the orders of my superior are to reconduct you.

Milton. Adieu then, O too great man!

Galileo. For to-day adieu!

Dominican (*out of the door*). In my lowly cell, O signorino! (if your excellency in her inborn gentleness could condescend to favour her humblest slave with her most desired presence) are prepared some light refreshments.

Milton. Swallow them, swallow them; thou seemest thirsty: I enter but one cell here.

Dominican (*aside, having bowed respectfully*). Devil! heretic! never shalt thou more!

TALLEYRAND AND ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

Archbishop. M. de Talleyrand, it is painful to me to see you in this deplorable state of health, although it places me in the company of the most distinguished and celebrated man in France, and offers me the opportunity of rendering him a service and a duty.

Talleyrand. Infinite thanks, Monseigneur, for so friendly a visit, quite without ceremony, quite without even an invitation or request. It overpowers me. I can not express my sense of your goodness.

Archbishop. Alas! What are the dignities and honours of the world!

Talleyrand. Ask the spy-dukes Savery and Fouché. Because they were dukes I would not be one. But is not the Prince of Piombino a prince? Is not the king of Naples a king? Is not Francis of Austria an emperor? Games are to be played with counters of the same form and valuation.

Archbishop. All these things are by God's appointment.

Talleyrand. No doubt of it; none whatever.

Archbishop. We mortals are too dimsighted to discern the fitness or utility of them.

Talleyrand. I do think, I do humbly think, I can espy it. They render the poorest devils on

earth almost contented, finding that they are at least beyond the finger of scorn for assuming false appearances.

Archbishop. M. le Prince! we are now most especially in the presence of the Almighty. Your Highness has had leisure to contemplate the nothingness of the world, and to see that we all are but dust; one particle each.

Talleyrand. I am unused to pay compliments, (*aside*) . . or indeed to pay anything else if I could help it . . yet, Monseigneur, I do declare to you that, dry and old as the dust is, there is something to my mind very *spiritual* in *one particle each.* I never met with it before. The rest is found in most books of divinity, I believe; but I suspect the *one particle each* is extra-parochial.

Archbishop. I am much flattered, M. de Talleyrand, by your criticism. I know the extent of your information and its exactness. Believe me, I did not come hither quite unprepared for so ingenious and acute a penitent. I filed down my preparatory exhortation to this point. If you are pleased with it, I take infinite glory to myself, and have half accomplished my mission. We must all regret that, having embraced the church, you left her (unwillingly, no doubt) without your powerful support.

Talleyrand. I saw her tottering over my head, which she had clawed and bitten rather sharply now and then, and I was afraid of her falling down on me and crushing me. After picking up a few of her spangles, I set fire to the gauze about her, and scorched a little of the flannel; but it only made her the more alert; and she begins to walk the streets again with as brave an air as ever.

Archbishop. Fie! fie! M. de Talleyrand. This resembles levity.

Talleyrand. I am so gratified at the sight of it, I can not but be light-hearted for a moment. Ah, Monseigneur! what should we all be without the Church?

Archbishop. Infidels, heretics, Mahometans, anabaptists.

Talleyrand. Worse, worse: without respectability, without hotels. Now I think of it, I have this morning a few little money-matters to arrange. How are the stocks?

Archbishop. Indeed I am utterly ignorant of all such affairs. Reduced as my dignity is, I have barely sufficient to supply my table with twelve covers, exclusive of dessert. But if your Highness has transactions at the Bourse this morning, may it not be as well that I should execute first the object of my visit?

Talleyrand. Certainly, O certainly.

Archbishop. You are going, by the appointment of our Heavenly Father, to exchange.

Talleyrand. First let me hear what fluctuations there have been since yesterday, and whether La Fitte . .

Archbishop. My dear Prince! pardon! pardon! you seem wandering.

Talleyrand. Quite the contrary. I never turn my eyes from their object. I caught a word about the exchange.

Archbishop. Alas! Alas!

Talleyrand. The devil! Down then? aye?

Archbishop. I can not but be amused at so curious a mistake. No, upon the honour of a Peer of France and the faith of an Archbishop of Paris, I never have heard by any accident that the funds had fallen.

Talleyrand. My Lord Archbishop! your words were enough to shake any man's nerves, lying in this horizontal position.

Archbishop. I firmly hope, M. de Talleyrand, I have some for you more comfortable. I was saying, and confidently, that, within a time which the wisest of mortals can not fix definitively, you will throw aside these mundane honours for much higher.

Talleyrand. I have no cupidity: it is all past: I would stay as I am: a quarter per cent. more might be welcome: it would make me easier: I do not want it, and shall not ever, but I hate to be foiled in my speculations. It would vex me if anybody could say, the Prince Talleyrand lost his wits before he left the world; and he, who threw the most sagacious diplomatists off their scent, omitted by his stupidity to acquire a thousand francs the day before his death.

Archbishop. Durum! sed levius fit patientiâ.

Talleyrand. What would Monseigneur in his wisdom and piety suggest?

Archbishop. With submission, with hesitation, and with all the deference due to your manifold wishes and your exalted rank, I would suggest, my prince, that you have taken several, not false (the expression were unpolite and inadmissible), but contradictory oaths.

Talleyrand. All good Frenchmen have taken as many of the same quality, for the glory of France. Where should we have been if we had not? Verily our hands would have lain on one side of the fosse and our honour on the other. I thought it best never to separate the active from the passive, and I have kept them both together down to the present hour.

Archbishop. As a religious man, although not as a gentleman and a peer, I am bound to place an oath above a word of honour.

Talleyrand. I am no chamberlain or master of ceremonies, and would excite no heartburnings between them on the score of precedency. A word, whether thumped out of the breast as *parole d'honneur*, or demanded at the drum-head as an oath, is but a small portion of a man's breath, which, whether he will or not, he must breathe out continually; a breath is but a small portion of his life; a word of honour is but the gaseous and volatile part of honour, which would blow up a true Frenchman if he tried to retain it within him. He may give a dozen, or a score, one after another, black and white alternately, like the chequers of a backgammon-board, and devised like them on purpose for moves. I never thought, Monseigneur, that you were infected with the

Anglomania, of which an imagining of such vain things is among the primary symptoms. It was only the very old practitioner who held that a trivial stroke through the epidermis of honour is as fatal as through the same cuticle of the heart.

Archbishop. Religion alone can reconcile these discordances. The holy chrism, and the equally holy crucifix, are the only remedies. One loosens and removes all rust from the wards of the lock; the other taps gently, but audibly and effectually, at the door of eternal life.

Talleyrand. I had once a flask of the oil in my keeping, but it was thought the premises were too hot for it.

Archbishop. Excuse my interpolation. Are you ready to confess, my prince?

Talleyrand. Perfectly. On second thoughts . . but let this serve for the beginning . . I have forgotten how, in great measure.

Archbishop. Try to recollect any little foible.

Talleyrand. I must go very far back to find any worth the trouble.

Archbishop. Possibly, at one time or other, in so long a life, you may, to a certain extent, have been ambitious of titles and dignities.

Talleyrand. Let me recall and refresh my memory . . . Your lordship has spoken with much insight into my heart, and has observed the few black specks left by a fire which now is extinct. A book, whatever be its contents, is unfit for the drawing-room unless it is bound and gilt: in like manner a gentleman is unfit for state or society unless he is decorated and titled.

Archbishop. It is well, my prince, that these wise and quiet considerations have mortified in you the domineering influences of Lucifer and Mammon.

Talleyrand. It is honest and religious to confess the worst.

Archbishop. God be praised for placing you, my prince, in this frame of mind! Confess freely; and unload altogether from your conscience the last remnant that oppresses it.

Talleyrand. It is said, my lord archbishop, that we are too much inclined to look narrowly into one another's faults, and to neglect the examination of our own. Certainly I can never be accused of this inhumanity. Wherever I have found them I have always turned them to some account. Neither in the body nor in the mind is it advantageous to possess too microscopic a vision. Pitfalls may be found in those pores which are of a satin texture to the gentle touch of a discreet observer; and those lips which to the enthusiastic poet are roses, rise before the minute philosopher into the ruggedest coral rocks, not uninhabited by their peculiar monsters. For which reason, my good lord archbishop, I never pry too inquisitively into the physical or the moral of those about me; and I abstain on all occasions from exercising any severity on others or myself. Nevertheless, if I thought my confession would be satisfactory to your lordship, nothing on my part should be wanting but memory, which appears to me to be as needful to it as fat bacon to a fricandeau of veal.

But in regard to the last remnant of concupiscence, since it is so recent and so near at hand, confess it I will, if time and courage are left me. As things have turned round again, I am afraid I may occasionally have had a hankering . . .

Archbishop. After what?

Talleyrand. After the archbishopric of Paris.

Archbishop. Alas! it will soon be vacant: I am half-starved.

Talleyrand. I am not half-starved, but I am half-asleep: the medicine is beginning to operate, or my hour is come. [*Turns aside.*

Archbishop (*retiring*). He must go to the devil his own way, with a piece of fresh malice in his mouth as a ticket of admittance. However, I have his conversion at full length, at home, in readiness for the papers. He shall perform the harmonious trio with Voltaire and Alfieri, for the benefit of the faithful.

ESSEX AND SPENSER.

Essex. Instantly on hearing of thy arrival from Ireland, I sent a message to thee, good Edmund, that I might learn from one so judicious and dispassionate as thou art, the real state of things in that distracted country; it having pleased the queen's majesty to think of appointing me her deputy, in order to bring the rebellious to submission.

Spenser. Wisely and well considered; but more worthily of her judgment than her affection. May your lordship overcome, as you have ever done, the difficulties and dangers you foresee.

Essex. We grow weak by striking at random; and knowing that I must strike, and strike heavily, I would fain see exactly where the stroke shall fall.

Some attribute to the Irish all sorts of excesses; others tell us that these are old stories; that there is not a more inoffensive race of merry creatures under heaven, and that their crimes are all hatched for them here in England, by the incubation of printers' boys, and are brought to market at times of distressing dearth in news. From all that I myself have seen of them, I can only say that the civilised (I mean the richer and titled) are as susceptible of heat as iron, and as impenetrable to light as granite. The half-barbarous are probably worse; the utterly barbarous may be somewhat better. Like game-cocks, they must spur when they meet. One fights because he fights an Englishman; another because the fellow he quarrels with comes from a distant county; a third because the next parish is an eyesore to him, and his fist-mate is from it. The only thing in which

they all agree as proper law is the tooth-for-tooth act. Luckily we have a bishop who is a native, and we called him before the queen. He represented to her majesty, that everything in Old Ireland tended to re-produce its kind; crimes among others; and he declared frankly, that if an honest man is murdered, or what is dearer to an honest man, if his honour is wounded in the person of his wife, it must be expected that he will retaliate. Her majesty delivered it as her opinion, that the latter case of vindictiveness was more likely to take effect than the former. But the bishop replied, that in his conscience he could not answer for either if the man was up. The dean of the same diocese gave us a more favourable report. Being a justice of the peace, he averred most solemnly that no man ever had complained to him of murder, excepting one who had lost so many fore-teeth by a cudgel that his deposition could not be taken exactly; added to which, his head was a little clouded with drunkenness; furthermore, that extremely few women had adduced sufficiently clear proofs of violence, excepting those who were wilful, and resisted with tooth and nail. In all which cases it was difficult, nay impossible, to ascertain which violence began first and lasted longest.

There is not a nation upon earth that pretends to be so superlatively generous and high-minded; and there is not one (I speak from experience) so utterly base and venal. I have positive proof that the nobility, in a mass, are agreed to sell, for a stipulated sum, all their rights and privileges, so much per man; and the queen is inclined thereunto. But would our parliament consent to pay money for a cargo of rotten pilchards? And would not our captains be readier to swamp than to import them? The noisiest rogues in that kingdom, if not quieted by a halter, may be quieted by making them brief-collectors, and by allowing them first to encourage the incendiary, then to denounce and hang him, and lastly to collect all the money they can, running up and down with the whining ferocity of half-starved hyænas, under pretence of repairing the damages their exhausted country hath sustained. Others ask modestly a few thousands a year, and no more, from those whom they represent to us as naked and famished; and prove clearly to every dispassionate man who hath a single drop of free blood in his veins, that at least this pittance is due to them for abandoning their liberal and lucrative professions, and for endangering their valuable lives on the tempestuous seas, in order that the voice of Truth may sound for once upon the shores of England, and Humanity cast her shadow on the council-chamber.

I gave a dinner to a party of these fellows a few weeks ago. I know not how many kings and princes were among them, nor how many poets and prophets and legislators and sages. When they were half-drunk, they coaxed and threatened; when they had gone somewhat deeper, they joked; and croaked, and hiccupped, and wept over sweet Ireland; and when they could neither stand nor sit any longer, they fell upon their knees and their noddles, and swore that limbs, life, liberty, Ireland, and God himself, were all at the queen's service. It was only their holy religion, the religion of their forefathers . . . here sobs interrupted some, howls others, execrations more, and the liquor they had ingulfed the rest. I looked down on them with stupor and astonishment, seeing faces, forms, dresses, much like ours, and recollecting their ignorance, levity, and ferocity. My pages drew them gently by the heels down the steps; my grooms set them upright (inasmuch as might be) on their horses; and the people in the streets, shouting and pelting, sent forward the beasts to their straw.

Various plans have been laid before us for civilising or coercing them. Among the pacific, it was proposed to make an offer to five hundred of the richer Jews in the Hanse-towns and in Poland, who should be raised to the dignity of the Irish peerage, and endowed with four thousand acres of good forfeited land, on condition of each paying two thousand pounds, and of keeping up ten horsemen and twenty foot, Germans or Poles, in readiness for service.

The Catholics bear nowhere such ill-will toward Jews as toward Protestants. Brooks make even worse neighbours than oceans do.

I myself saw no objection to the measure: but our gracious queen declared she had an insuperable one; *they stank!* We all acknowledged the strength of the argument, and took out our handkerchiefs. Lord Burleigh almost fainted; and Raleigh wondered how the Emperor Titus could bring up his men against Jerusalem.

"Ah!" said he, looking reverentially at her majesty, "the star of Berenice shone above him! and what evil influence could that star not quell! what malignancy could it not annihilate!"

Hereupon he touched the earth with his brow until the queen said,

"Sir Walter! lift me up those laurels."

At which manifestation of princely good-will he was advancing to kiss her majesty's hand, but she waved it, and said sharply,

"Stand there, dog!"

Now what tale have you for us?

Spenser. Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in sad confusion at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex. Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs as thou leftest them; for I would rather know one part well, than all imperfectly; and the violences of which I have heard within the day surpass belief.

Why weepest thou, my gentle Spenser? Have the rebels sacked thy house?

Spenser. They have plundered and utterly destroyed it.

Essex. I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

Spenser. In this they have little harmed me.

Essex. How! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion * large and pleasant.

Spenser. If river and lake and meadow-ground and mountain could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed!

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my playfullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah! surely of all cruelties the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone: I love the people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them; I may speak injuriously.

Essex. Think rather then of thy happier hours and busier occupations; these likewise may instruct me.

Spenser. The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone, and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex. Well, well; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

Spenser. Poison may ooze from beautiful plants; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences.

I *must* grieve, I *must* weep: it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex. Spenser! I wish I had at hand any arguments or persuasions, of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow: but really I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at anything, except the loss of favour at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck-hound. And were I to swear out my condolences to a man of thy discernment, in the same round roll-call phrases we employ with one another upon these occasions, I should be guilty, not of insincerity but of insolence. True grief hath ever something sacred in it; and when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy.

Nay, kiss not my hand: he whom God smiteth hath God with him. In his presence what am I?

Spenser. Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May He guide your counsels, and preserve your life and glory!

Essex. Where are thy friends? Are they with thee?

Spenser. Ah, where, indeed! Generous, true-hearted Philip! where art thou! whose presence was unto me peace and safety; whose smile was contentment, and whose praise renown. My lord! I can not but think of him among still heavier losses: he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex. Pastoral poetry, my dear Spenser, doth not require tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes; rebuild thine house: the queen and council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What! does that enforce thee to wail yet louder?

Spenser. Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart! I have lost what no council, no queen, no Essex, can restore.

Essex. We will see that. There are other swords, and other arms to wield them, beside a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies and serve their friends.

Spenser. O my sweet child! And of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee? None! none!

Essex. I now perceive that thou lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment may be delayed. Consider; the same calamity might have befallen thee here in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity, that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependant?

Spenser. God avert it!

Essex. Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mournest.

Spenser. Oh, no, no, no! Calamities there are around us; calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons; but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway, or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it; nevertheless, thou mayest say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings: and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.†

Spenser. For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting: I never shall see those fallen leaves. No leaf, no bud, will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

Essex. Thou, who art wiser than most men, shouldst bear with patience, equanimity, and courage, what is common to all.

Spenser. Enough! enough! enough! Have

* It was purchased by a victualler and banker, the father or grandfather of Lord Riversdale.

† It happened so.

all men seen their infant burned to ashes before their eyes?

Essex. Gracious God! Merciful Father! what is this?

Spenser. Burned alive! burned to ashes! burned to ashes! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery-window. I can not quit thee, my Elizabeth! I can not lay down our Edmund. Oh these flames! they persecute, they enthrall me, they curl round my temples, they hiss upon my brain, they taunt me with their fierce foul voices, they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to me a little of life, to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me. Ask me, my lord, the things you wish to know from me; I may answer them; I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord! I would yet serve you; soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up; you have borne with me; you have pitied me, even like one not powerful; you have brought comfort, and will leave it with me; for gratitude is comfort.

Oh! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one burning point: when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me: ask me nothing; let me weep before you in peace; the kindest act of greatness.

Essex. I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration than I now dare intreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will staunch and heal it in their sacred stream, but not without hope in God.

Spenser. My hope in God is that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amid the myriads of angels there is not one so beautiful: and even he (if there be any) who is appointed my guardian, could never love me so. Ah! these are idle thoughts, vain wanderings, distempered dreams. If there ever were guardian angels, he who so wanted one, my helpless boy, would not have left these arms upon my knees.

Essex. God help and sustain thee, too gentle Spenser! I never will desert thee. But what am I? Great they have called me! Alas, how powerless then and infantile is greatness in the presence of calamity!

Come, give me thy hand: let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raleigh.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD AND ARAB CHIEFTAIN.

Bugeaud. Such is the chastisement the God of battles in his justice and indignation has inflicted on you. Of seven hundred refractory and rebellious, who took refuge in the caverns, thirty, and thirty only, are alive: and of these thirty there are four only who are capable of labour, or indeed of motion. Thy advanced age ought to have rendered thee wiser, even if my proclamation, dictated from above in the pure spirit of humanity and fraternity, had not been issued. Is thy tongue scorched, that thou listenest and starest and scowlest, without answering me? What mercy after this obstinacy can thy tribe expect?

Arab. None; even if it lived. Nothing is now wanting to complete the glory of France. Mothers and children, in her own land, hath she butchered on the scaffold: mothers and children in her own land hath she bound together and cast into the deep: mothers and children in her own land hath she stabbed in the streets, in the prisons, in the temples. Ferocity such as no tales record, no lover of the marvellous and of the horrible could listen to or endure! In every country she has repeated the same atrocities, unexampled by the most sanguinary of the Infidels. To consume the helpless with fire, for the crime of flying from pollution and persecution, was wanting to her glory: She has won it. We are not indeed her children; we are not even her allies; this, and this alone, may, to her modesty, leave it incomplete.

Bugeaud. Traitor! I never ordered the conflagration.

Arab. Certainly thou didst not forbid it: and, when I consider the falsehood of thy people, I disbelieve thy assertion, even though thou hast not sworn it.

Bugeaud. Miscreant! disbelieve, doubt a moment, the word of a Frenchman!

Arab. Was it not the word of a Frenchman that no conquest should be made of this country? Was it not the word of a Frenchman that when chastisement had been inflicted on the Dey of Algiers, even the Algerines should be unmolested! Was it not the word of two kings, repeated by their ministers to every nation round? But we never were Algerines, and never fought for them. Was it not the word of a Frenchman which promised liberty and independence to every nation upon earth. Of all who believed in it, is there one with which it has not been broken? Perfidy and insolence brought down on your nation the vengeance of all others. Simultaneously a just indignation burst forth from every quarter of the earth against it, for there existed no people within its reach or influence who had not suffered by its deceptions.

Bugeaud. At least you Arabs have not been deceived by us. I promised you the vengeance of heaven; and it has befallen you.

Arab. The storm hath swept our country, and still sweeps it. But wait. The course of pestilence is from south to north. The chastisement that overtook you thirty years ago, turns back again to consummate its imperfect and needful work. Impossible that the rulers of Europe, whoever or whatever they are, should be so torpid to honour, so deaf to humanity, as to suffer in the midst of them a people so full of lies and treachery,

so sportive in cruelty, so insensible to shame. If they are, God's armoury contains heavier and sharper and surer instruments. A brave and just man, inflexible, unconquerable, Abdul Kader, will never abandon our cause. Every child of Islam, near and far, roused by the conflagration in the cavern, will rush forward to exterminate the heartless murderers.

Bugeaud. A Frenchman hears no threat without resenting it: his honour forbids him.

Arab. That honour which never has forbidden him to break an engagement or an oath: that honour which binds him to remain and to devastate the country he swore before all nations he would leave in peace: that honour which impels him to burn our harvests, to seize our cattle, to murder our youths, to violate our women. Europe has long experienced this honour: we Arabs have learned it perfectly in much less time.

Bugeaud. Guards! seize this mad chatterer.

Go, thief! assassin! traitor! blind grey-beard! lame beggar!

Arab. Cease there. Thou canst never make me beg, for bread, for water, or for life. My grey beard is from God: my blindness and lameness are from thee.

Bugeaud. Begone, reptile! Expect full justice; no mercy. The president of my military tribunal will read to thee *what is written.*

Arab. Go; enter; and sing and whistle in the cavern, where the bones of brave men are never to bleach, are never to decay. Go, where the mother and infant are inseparable for ever; one mass of charcoal; the breasts that gave life, the lips that received it; all, all; save only where two arms, in colour and hardness like corroded iron, cling round a brittle stem, shrunken, warped, and where two heads are calcined. Go; strike now; strike bravely: let thy sword in its playfulness ring against them. What are they but white stones, under an arch of black; the work of thy creation!

Bugeaud. Singed porcupine! thy quills are blunted, and stick only into thyself.

Arab. Is it not in the memory of our elders, and will it not remain in the memory of all generations, that, when four thousand of those who spoke our language and obeyed our Prophet, were promised peace and freedom on laying down their arms, in the land of Syria, all, to a man, were slain under the eyes of your leader? Is it not notorious that this perfidious and sanguinary wretch is the very man whom, above all others, the best of you glory in imitating, and whom you rejected only when fortune had forsaken him? It is then only that atrocious crimes are visible or looked for in your country. Even this last massacre, no doubt, will find defenders and admirers there; but neither in Africa nor in Asia, nor in Europe, one. Many of you will palliate it, many of you will deny it: for it is the custom of your country to cover blood with lies, and lies with blood.

Bugeaud. And, here and there, a sprinkling of ashes over both, it seems.

Arab. Ending in merriment, as befits ye. But *is* it ended?

Bugeaud. Yes, yes, at least for thee, vile prowler, traitor, fugitive, incendiary! And thou too, singed porcupine, canst laugh!

Arab. At thy threats and stamps and screams. Verily our Prophet did well and with farsightedness, in forbidding the human form and features to be graven or depicted, if such be human. Henceforward will monkeys and hyænas abhor the resemblance and disclaim the relationship.*

P. SCIPIO ÆMILIANUS, POLYBIUS, PANÆTIUS.

Scipio. Polybius, if you have found me slow in rising to you, if I lifted not up my eyes to salute you on your entrance, do not hold me ungrateful . . proud there is no danger that you will ever call me: this day of all days would least make me so: it shows me the power of the immortal gods, the mutability of fortune, the instability of empire, the feebleness, the nothingness, of man. The earth stands motionless; the grass upon it bends and returns, the same to-day as yesterday, the same in this age as in a hundred past; the sky darkens and is serene again; the clouds melt away, but they are clouds another time, and float like triumphal pageants along the heavens. Carthage is fallen! to rise no more! the funereal horns have this hour announced to us, that, after eighteen days and eighteen nights of conflagration, her last embers are extinguished.

Polybius. Perhaps, O Æmilianus, I ought not to have come in.

Scipio. Welcome, my friend.

Polybius. While you were speaking I would by no means interrupt you so idly, as to ask you to whom you have been proud, or to whom could you be ungrateful.

Scipio. To him, if to any, whose hand is in mine; to him on whose shoulder I rest my head, weary with presages and vigils. Collect my thoughts for me, O my friend! the fall of Carthage hath shaken and scattered them. There are moments when, if we are quite contented with ourselves, we never can remount to what we were before.

Polybius. Panætius is absent.

Scipio. Feeling the necessity, at the moment, of utter loneliness, I despatched him toward the city. There may be (yes, even there) some sufferings which the Senate would not censure us for assuaging. But behold he returns! We were speaking of you, Panætius!

Panætius. And about what beside? Come, honestly tell me, Polybius, on what are you re-

* Sismondi relates a similar massacre by the French in the caverns of Masaro, near Vicenza, in which six thousand perished. Vol. 14, p. 47.

flecting and meditating with such sedately intense enthusiasm?

Polybius. After the burning of some village, or the overleaping of some garden-wall, to exterminate a few pirates or highwaymen, I have seen the commander's tent thronged with officers; I have heard as many trumpets around him as would have shaken down the places of themselves; I have seen the horses start from the pretorium, as if they would fly from under their trappings, and spurred as if they were to reach the east and west before sunset, that nations might hear of the exploit, and sleep soundly. And now do I behold in solitude, almost in gloom, and in such silence that, unless my voice prevents it, the grasshopper is audible, him who has levelled to the earth the strongest and most populous of cities, the wealthiest and most formidable of empires. I had seen Rome; I had seen (what those who never saw never *will* see) Carthage; I thought I had seen Scipio: it was but the image of him: here I find him.

Scipio. There are many hearts that ache this day: there are many that never will ache more: hath one man done it? one man's breath? What air, upon the earth, or upon the waters, or in the void of heaven, is lost so quickly! it flies away at the point of an arrow, and returns no more! the sea-foam stifles it! the tooth of a reptile stops it! a noxious leaf suppresses it What are we in our greatness? whence rises it? whither tends it?

Merciful gods! may not Rome be what Carthage is? may not those who love her devotedly, those who will look on her with fondness and affection after life, see her in such condition as to wish she were so?

Polybius. One of the heaviest groans over fallen Carthage, burst from the breast of Scipio: who would believe this tale?

Scipio. Men like my Polybius: others must never hear it.

Polybius. You have not ridden forth, Æmilianus, to survey the ruins.

Scipio. No, Polybius: since I removed my tent to avoid the heat from the conflagration, I never have ridden nor walked nor looked toward them. At this elevation, and three miles off, the temperature of the season is altered. I do not believe, as those about me would have persuaded me, that the gods were visible in the clouds; that thrones of ebony and gold were scattered in all directions; that broken chariots, and flaming steeds, and brazen bridges, had cast their fragments upon the earth; that eagles and lions, dolphins and tridents, and other emblems of power and empire, were visible at one moment, and at the next had vanished; that purple and scarlet overspread the mansions of the gods; that their voices were heard at first confusedly and discordantly; and that the apparition closed with their high festivals. I could not keep my eyes on the heavens: a crash of arch or of theatre or of tower, a column of flame rising higher than they were, or a universal cry, as if none until then had perished, drew them thitherward. Such were the dismal sights and sounds, a fresh city seemed to have been taken every hour, for seventeen days. This is the eighteenth since the smoke arose from the level roofs and from the lofty temples, and thousands died, and tens of thousands ran in search of death.

Calamity moves me; heroism moves me more. That a nation whose avarice we have so often reprehended, should have cast into the furnace gold and silver, from the insufficiency of brass and iron for arms; that palaces the most magnificent should have been demolished by the proprietor for their beams and rafters, in order to build a fleet against us; that the ropes whereby the slaves hauled them down to the new harbour, should in part be composed of hair, for one lock of which kings would have laid down their diadems; that Asdrubal should have found equals, his wife none . . my mind, my very limbs, are unsteady with admiration.

O Liberty! what art thou to the valiant and brave, when thou art thus to the weak and timid! dearer than life, stronger than death, higher than purest love. Never will I call upon thee where thy name can be profaned, and never shall my soul acknowledge a more exalted power than thee.

Panætius. The Carthaginians and Moors have, beyond other nations, a delicate feeling on female chastity. Rather than that their women should become slaves and concubines, they slay them: is it certain that Asdrubal did not observe or cause to be observed, the custom of his country?

Polybius. Certain: on the surrender of his army his wife threw herself and her two infants into the flames. Not only memorable acts, of what the dastardly will call desperation, were performed, but some also of deliberate and signal justice. Avaricious as we called the people, and unjustly, as you have proved, Æmilianus, I will relate what I myself was witness to.

In a part of the city where the fire had subsided, we were excited by loud cries, rather of indignation, we thought, than of such as fear or lament or threaten or exhort; and we pressed forward to disperse the multitude. Our horses often plunged in the soft dust, and in the holes whence the pavement had been removed for missiles, and often reared up and snorted violently at smells which we could not perceive, but which we discovered to rise from bodies, mutilated and half-burnt, of soldiers and horses, laid bare, some partly, some wholly, by the march of the troop. Although the distance from the place whence we parted to that where we heard the cries, was very short, yet from the incumbrances in that street, and from the dust and smoke issuing out of others, we were some time before we reached it. On our near approach, two old men threw themselves on the ground before us, and the elder spake thus. "Our age, O Romans, neither will nor ought to be our protection: we are, or rather we have been, judges of this land;

and to the uttermost of our power we have invited our countrymen to resist you. The laws are now yours."

The expectation of the people was intense and silent: we had heard some groans; and now the last words of the old man were taken up by others, by men in agony.

"Yes, O Romans!" said the elder who accompanied him that had addressed us, "the laws are yours; and none punish more severely than you do treason and parricide. Let your horses turn this corner, and you will see before you traitors and parricides."

We entered a small square: it had been a market-place: the roofs of the stalls were demolished, and the stones of several columns, (thrown down to extract the cramps of iron and the lead that fastened them) served for the spectators, male and female to mount on. Five men were nailed on crosses; two others were nailed against a wall, from scarcity (as we were told) of wood.

"Can seven men have murdered their parents in the same year?" cried I.

"No, nor has any of the seven," replied the first who had spoken. "But when heavy impositions were laid upon those who were backward in voluntary contributions, these men, among the richest in our city, protested by the gods that they had no gold or silver left. They protested truly."

"And they die for this! inhuman, insatiable, inexorable wretch!"

"Their books," added he, unmoved at my reproaches, "were seized by public authority and examined. It was discovered that, instead of employing their riches in external or internal commerce, or in manufactories, or in agriculture, instead of reserving it for the embellishment of the city, or the utility of the citizens, instead of lending it on interest to the industrious and the needy, they had lent it to foreign kings and tyrants, some of whom were waging unjust wars by these very means, and others were enslaving their own country. For so heinous a crime the laws had appointed no specific punishment. On such occasions the people and elders vote in what manner the delinquent shall be prosecuted, lest any offender should escape with impunity, from their humanity or improvidence. Some voted that these wretches should be cast amid the panthers; the majority decreed them (I think wisely) a more lingering and more ignominious death."

The men upon the crosses held down their heads, whether from shame or pain or feebleness. The sunbeams were striking them fiercely; sweat ran from them, liquefying the blood that had blackened and hardened on their hands and feet. A soldier stood by the side of each, lowering the point of his spear to the ground; but no one of them gave it up to us. A centurion asked the nearest of them how he dared to stand armed before him.

"Because the city is in ruins, and the laws still live," said he. "At the first order of the conqueror or the elders, I surrender my spear."

"What is your pleasure, O commander?" said the elder.

"That an act of justice be the last public act performed by the citizens of Carthage, and that the sufferings of these wretches be not abridged."

Such was my reply. The soldiers piled their spears, for the points of which the hearts of the crucified men thirsted; and the people hailed us as they would have hailed deliverers.

Scipio. It is wonderful that a city, in which private men are so wealthy as to furnish the armories of tyrants, should have existed so long, and flourishing in power and freedom.

Panætius. It survived but shortly this flagrant crime in its richer citizens. An admirable form of government, spacious and safe harbours, a fertile soil, a healthy climate, industry and science in agriculture, in which no nation is equal to the Moorish, were the causes of its prosperity: there are many of its decline.

Scipio. Enumerate them, Panætius, with your wonted clearness.

Panætius. We are fond, O my friends! of likening power and greatness to the luminaries of heaven; and we think ourselves quite moderate when we compare the agitations of elevated souls to whatever is highest and strongest on the earth, liable alike to shocks and sufferings, and able alike to survive and overcome them. And truly thus to reason, as if all things around and above us sympathized, is good both for heart and intellect. I have little or nothing of the poetical in my character; and yet from reading over and considering these similitudes, I am fain to look upon nations with somewhat of the same feeling; and, dropping from the mountains and disentangling myself from the woods and forests, to fancy I see in states what I have seen in cornfields. The green blades rise up vigorously in an inclement season, and the wind itself makes them shine against the sun. There is room enough for all of them; none wounds another by collision or weakens by overtopping it; but, rising and bending simultaneously, they seem equally and mutually supported. No sooner do the ears of corn upon them lie close together in their full maturity, than a slight inundation is enough to cast them down, or a faint blast of wind to shed and scatter them. In Carthage we have seen the powerful families, however discordant among themselves, unite against the popular; and it was only when their lives were at stake that the people co-operated with the senate.

A mercantile democracy may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy can not stand. What people will endure the supremacy of those, uneducated and presumptuous, from whom they buy their mats and faggots, and who receive their money for the most ordinary and vile utensils? If no conqueror enslaves them from abroad, they would, under such disgrace, welcome as their deliverer, and acknowledge as their master, the

citizen most distinguished for his military achievements. The rich men who were crucified in the weltering wilderness beneath us, would not have employed such criminal means of growing richer, had they never been persuaded to the contrary, and that enormous wealth would enable them to commit another and a more flagitious act of treason against their country, in raising them above the people, and enabling them to become its taxers and oppressors.

O Æmilianus! what a costly beacon here hath Rome before her in this awful conflagration: the greatest (I hope) ever to be, until that wherein the world must perish.

Polybius. How many Sibylline books are legible in yonder embers.

The causes, O Panætius, which you have stated, of Carthage's former most flourishing condition, are also those why a hostile senate hath seen the necessity of her destruction, necessary not only to the dominion, but to the security of Rome. Italy has the fewest and the worst harbours of any country known to us: a third of her soil is sterile, a third of the remainder is pestiferous: and her inhabitants are more addicted to war and rapine than to industry and commerce. To make room for her few merchants on the Adriatic and Ionian seas, she burns Corinth: to leave no rival in traffic or in power, she burns Carthage.

Panætius. If the Carthaginians had extended their laws and language over the surrounding states of Africa, which they might have done by moderation and equity, this ruin could not have been effected. Rome has been victorious by having been the first to adopt a liberal policy, which even in war itself is a wise one. The parricides who lent their money to the petty tyrants of other countries, would have found it greatly more advantageous to employ it in cultivation nearer home, and in feeding those as husbandmen whom else they must fear as enemies. So little is the Carthaginian language known, that I doubt whether we shall in our lifetime see anyone translate their annals into Latin or Greek: and within these few days what treasures of antiquity have been irreparably lost! The Romans will repose at *citrean** tables for ages, and never know at last perhaps whence the Carthaginians brought their wood.

Scipio. It is an awful thing to close as we have done the history of a people. If the intelligence brought this morning to Polybius be true,† in one year the two most flourishing and most beautiful cities in the world have perished, in comparison with which our Rome presents but the pent-houses of artisans or the sheds of shepherds. With whatever celerity the messenger fled from Corinth and arrived here, the particulars must have been known at Rome as early, and I shall receive them ere many days are past.

Panætius. I hardly know whether we are not less affected at the occurrence of two or three momentous and terrible events, than at one; and whether the gods do not usually place them together in the order of things, that we may be awe-stricken by the former, and reconciled to their decrees by the latter, from an impression of their power. I know not what Babylon may have been; but I presume that, as in the case of all other great Asiatic capitals, the habitations of the people (who are slaves) were wretched, and that the magnificence of the place consisted in the property of the king and priesthood, and in the walls erected for the defence of it. Many streets probably were hardly worth a little bronze cow of Myron, such as a stripling could steal and carry off. The case of Corinth and of Carthage was very different. Wealth overspread the greater part of them, competence and content the whole. Wherever there are despotical governments, poverty and industry dwell together; Shame dogs them in the public walks; Humiliation is among their household gods.

Scipio. I do not remember the overthrow of any two other great cities within so short an interval.

Panætius. I was not thinking so much of cities or their inhabitants, when I began to speak of what a breath of the Gods removes at once from earth. I was recollecting, O Æmilianus, that in one Olympiad the three greatest men that ever appeared together were swept off. What is Babylon, or Corinth, or Carthage, in comparison with these! what would their destruction be, if every hair on the head of every inhabitant had become a man, such as most men are! First in order of removal was, he whose steps you have followed and whose labours you have completed, Africanus: then Philopœmen, whose task was more difficult, more complex, more perfect: and lastly Hannibal. What he was you know better than any.

Scipio. Had he been supported by his country, had only his losses been filled up, and skilful engineers sent out to him with machinery and implements for sieges, we should not be discoursing here on what he was: the Roman name had been extinguished.

Polybius. Since Æmilianus is as unwilling to blame an enemy as a friend, I take it on myself to censure Hannibal for two things, subject however to the decision of him who has conquered Carthage.

Scipio. The first I anticipate: now what is the second?

Panætius. I would hear both stated and discoursed on, although the knowledge will be of little use to me.

* The *trabs citrea* is not *citron wood* as we understand the fruit tree. It was often of great dimensions: it appears from the description of its colour to have been mahogany. The trade to the Atlantic continent and islands must have been possessed by a company, bound to secrecy by oath and interest. The prodigious price of this wood at Rome proves that it had ceased to be imported, or perhaps found, in the time of Cicero.

† Corinth in fact was not burnt until some months after Carthage; but as one success is always followed by the rumour of another, the relation is not improbable.

Polybius. I condemn, as everyone does, his inaction after the battle of Cannæ; and, in his last engagement with Africanus, I condemn no less his bringing into the front of the centre, as became some showy tetrarch rather than Hannibal, his eighty elephants, by the refractoriness of which he lost the battle.

Scipio. What would you have done with them, Polybius?

Polybius. Scipio, I think it unwise and unmilitary to employ any force on which we can by no means calculate.

Scipio. Gravely said, and worthy of Polybius. In the first book of your history, which leaves me no other wish or desire than that you should continue as you begin it, we have, in three different engagements, three different effects produced by the employment of elephants. The first, when our soldiers in Sicily, under Lucius Postumius and Quinctus Mamilius, drove the Carthaginians into Heraclea; in which battle the advanced guard of the enemy, being repulsed, propelled these animals before it upon the main body of the army, causing an irreparable disaster: the second, in the ill-conducted engagement of Atilius Regulus, who, fearing the shock of them, condensed his centre, and was outflanked. He should have opened the lines to them and have suffered them to pass through, as the enemy's cavalry was in the wings, and the infantry not enough in advance to profit by such an evolution. The third was evinced at Panormus, when Metellus gave orders to the light-armed troops to harass them and retreat into the trenches, from which, wounded and confounded, and finding no way open, they rushed back (as many as could) against the Carthaginian army, and accelerated its discomfiture.

Polybius. If I had employed the elephants at all, it should rather have been in the rear or on the flank; and even there not at the beginning of the engagement, unless I knew that the horses or the soldiers were unused to encounter them. Hannibal must have well remembered (being equally great in memory and invention) that the Romans had been accustomed to them in the war with Pyrrhus, and must have expected more service from them against the barbarians of the two Gauls, against the Insubres and Taurini, than against our legions. He knew that the Romans had on more than one occasion made them detrimental to their masters. Having with him a large body of troops collected by force from various nations, and kept together with difficulty, he should have placed the elephants where they would have been a terror to these soldiers, not without a threat that they were to trample down such of them as attempted to fly or declined to fight.

Scipio. Now, what think you, Panætius?

Panætius. It is well, O Æmilianus, when soldiers would be philosophers; but it is ill when philosophers would be soldiers. Do you and Polybius agree on the point? if you do, the question need be asked of none other.

Scipio. Truly, O Panætius, I would rather hear the thing from him than that Hannibal should have heard it: for a wise man will say many things which even a wiser may not have thought of. Let me tell you both however, what Polybius may perhaps know already, that combustibles were placed by Africanus both in flank and rear, at equal distances, with archers from among the light horsemen, whose arrows had liquid fire attached to them, and whose movements would have irritated, distracted, and wearied down the elephants, even if the wounds and scorchings had been ineffectual. But come, Polybius, you must talk now as others talk; we all do sometimes.

Polybius. I am the last to admit the authority of the vulgar; but here we all meet and unite. Without asserting or believing that the general opinion is of any weight against a captain like Hannibal; agreeing on the contrary with Panætius, and firmly persuaded that myriads of little men can no more compensate a great one than they can make him; you will listen to me if I adduce the authority of Lælius.

Scipio. Great authority! and perhaps, as living and conversing with those who remembered the action of Cannæ, preferable even to your own.

Polybius. It was his opinion that, from the consternation of Rome, the city might have been taken.

Scipio. It suited not the wisdom or the experience of Hannibal to rely on the consternation of the Roman people. I too, that we may be on equal terms, have some authority to bring forward. The son of Africanus, he who adopted me into the family of the Scipios, was, as you both remember, a man of delicate health and sedentary habits, learned, elegant, and retired. He related to me, as having heard it from his father, that Hannibal after the battle sent home the rings of the Roman knights, and said in his letter, "If you will instantly give me a soldier for each ring, together with such machines as are already in the arsenal, I will replace them surmounted by the statue of Capitoline Jupiter, and our supplications to the gods of our country shall be made along the streets and in the temples, on the robes of the Roman senate." Could he doubt of so moderate a supply? he waited for it in vain.

And now I will relate to you another thing, which I am persuaded you will accept as a sufficient reason of itself why Hannibal did not besiege our city after the battle of Cannæ. His own loss was so severe, that, in his whole army, he could not muster ten thousand men.*

But, my friends, as I am certain that neither of you will ever think me invidious, and as the greatness of Hannibal does not diminish the reputation of Africanus, but augment it, I will venture to remark that he had little skill or practice in sieges; that, after the battle of Thrasymene, he attacked (you remember) Spoletum unsuccessfully;

* Plutarch says, and undoubtedly upon some ancient authority, that *both* armies did not contain that number.

and that, a short time before the unhappy day at Cannæ, a much smaller town than Spoletum had resisted and repulsed him. Perhaps he rejoiced in his heart that he was not supplied with materials requisite for the capture of strong places; since in Rome, he well knew, he would have found a body of men, partly citizens who had formerly borne arms, partly the wealthier of our allies who had taken refuge there, together with their slaves and clients, exceeding his army in number, not inferior in valour, compensating the want of generalship by the advantage of position and by the desperation of their fortunes, and possessing the abundant means of a vigorous and long defence. Unnecessary is it to speak of its duration. When a garrison can hold our city six months, or even less, the besieger must retire. Such is the humidity of the air in its vicinity, that the Carthaginians, who enjoyed here at home a very dry and salubrious climate, would have perished utterly. The Gauls, I imagine, left us unconquered on a former occasion from the same necessity. Beside, they are impatient of inaction, and would have been most so under a general to whom, without any cause in common, they were but hired auxiliaries. None in any age hath performed such wonderful exploits as Hannibal; and we ought not to censure him for deficiency in an art which we ourselves have acquired but lately. Is there, Polybius, any proof or record that Alexander of Macedon was master of it?

Polybius. I have found none. We know that he exposed his person, and had nearly lost his life, by leaping from the walls of a city; which a commander-in-chief ought never to do, unless he would rather hear the *huzzas* of children, than the approbation of military men, or any men of discretion or sense. Alexander was without an excuse for his temerity, since he was attended by the generals who had taken Thebes, and who therefore, he might well know, would take the weaker and less bravely defended towns of Asia.

Scipio. Here again you must observe the superiority of Hannibal. He was accompanied by no general of extraordinary talents, resolute as were many of them, and indeed all. His irruption into and through Gaul, with so inconsiderable a force; his formation of allies out of enemies, in so brief a space of time; and then his holding them together so long; are such miracles, that, cutting through eternal snows, and marching through paths which seem to us suspended loosely and hardly poised in the heavens, are less. And these too were his device and work. Drawing of parallels, captain against captain, is the occupation of a trifling and scholastic mind, and seldom is commenced, and never conducted, impartially. Yet, my friends, who of these idlers in parallelograms is so idle, as to compare the invasion of Persia with the invasion of Gaul, the Alps, and Italy; Moors and Carthaginians with Macedonians and Greeks; Darius and his hordes and satraps with Roman legions under Roman consuls?

While Hannibal lived, O Polybius and Panætius! although his city lay before us smouldering in its ashes, ours would be ever insecure.

Panætius. You said, O Scipio, that the Romans had learnt but recently the business of sieges; and yet many cities in Italy appear to me very strong, which your armies took long ago.

Scipio. By force and patience. If Pyrrhus had never invaded us, we should scarcely have excelled the Carthaginians, or even the nomades, in castrametation, and have been inferior to both in cavalry. Whatever we know, we have learned from your country, whether it be useful in peace or war . . I say your country; for the Macedonians were instructed by the Greeks. The father of Alexander, the first of his family who was not as barbarous and ignorant as a Carian or Armenian slave, received his rudiments in the house of Epaminondas.

Panætius. Permit me now to return, O Scipio, to a question not unconnected with philosophy. Whether it was prudent or not in Hannibal to invest the city of Rome after his victory, he might somewhere have employed his army, where it should not waste away with luxury.

Scipio. Philosophers, O Panætius, seem to know more about luxury than we military men do. I can not say upon what their apprehensions of it are founded, but certainly they sadly fear it.

Polybius. For us. I wish I could as easily make you smile to-day, O Æmilianus, as I shall our good-tempered and liberal Panætius; a philosopher, as we have experienced, less inclined to speak ill or ludicrously of others, be the sect what it may, than any I know or have heard of.

In my early days, one of a different kind, and whose alarms at luxury were (as we discovered) subdued in some degree, in some places, was invited by Critolaus to dine with a party of us, all then young officers, on our march from Achaia into Elis. His florid and open countenance made his company very acceptable; and the more so, as we were informed by Critolaus that he never was importunate with his morality at dinner-time.

Philosophers, if they deserve the name, are by no means indifferent as to the places in which it is their intention to sow their seeds of virtue. They choose the ingenuous, the modest, the sensible, the obedient. We thought rather of where we should place our table. Behind us lay the forest of Pholöe, with its many glens opening to the plain: before us the Temple of Olympian Zeus, indistinctly discernible, leaned against the azure heavens: and the rivulet of Selinus ran a few stadions from us, seen only where it received a smaller streamlet, originating at a fountain close by.

The cistus, the pomegranate, the myrtle, the serpolet, bloomed over our heads and beside us; for we had chosen a platform where a projecting rock, formerly a stone-quarry, shaded us, and where a little rill, of which the spring was there, bedimmed our goblets with the purest water.

The awnings we had brought with us to protect us from the sun, were unnecessary for that purpose: we rolled them therefore into two long seats, filling them with moss, which grew profusely a few paces below. "When our guest arrives," said Critolaus, "every one of these flowers will serve him for some moral illustration; every shrub will be the rod of Mercury in his hands." We were impatient for the time of his coming. Thelymnia, the beloved of Critolaus, had been instructed by him in a stratagem, to subvert, or shake at least and stagger, the philosophy of Euthymedes. Has the name escaped me! no matter.. perhaps he is dead.. if living, he would smile at a recoverable lapse, as easily as we did.

Thelymnia wore a dress like ours, and acceded to every advice of Critolaus, excepting that she would not consent so readily to entwine her head with ivy. At first she objected that there was not enough of it for all. Instantly two or three of us pulled down (for nothing is more brittle) a vast quantity from the rock, which loosened some stones, and brought down together with them a bird's nest of the last year. Then she said, "I dare not use this ivy: the omen is a bad one."

"Do you mean the nest, Thelymnia?" said Critolaus.

"No, not the nest so much as the stones," replied she, faltering.

"Ah! those signify the dogmas of Euthymedes, which you, my lovely Thelymnia, are to loosen and throw down."

At this she smiled faintly and briefly, and began to break off some of the more glossy leaves; and we who stood around her were ready to take them and place them in her hair; when suddenly she held them tighter, and let her hand drop. On her lover's asking her why she hesitated, she blushed deeply, and said, "Phoroneus told me I look best in myrtle."

Innocent and simple and most sweet (I remember) was her voice, and, when she had spoken, the traces of it were remaining on her lips. Her beautiful throat itself changed colour; it seemed to undulate; and the roseate predominated in its pearly hue. Phoroneus had been her admirer: she gave the preference to Critolaus: yet the name of Phoroneus at that moment had greater effect upon him than the recollection of his defeat.

Thelymnia recovered herself sooner. We ran wherever we saw myrtles, and there were many about, and she took a part of her coronal from every one of us, smiling on each; but it was only of Critolaus that she asked if he thought that myrtle became her best. "Phoroneus," answered he, not without melancholy, "is infallible as Paris." There was something in the tint of the tender sprays resembling that of the hair they encircled: the blossoms too were white as her forehead. She reminded me of those ancient fables which represent the favorites of the gods as turning into plants; so accordant and identified was her beauty with the flowers and foliage she had chosen to adorn it.

In the midst of our felicitations to her we heard the approach of horses, for the ground was dry and solid; and Euthymedes was presently with us. The mounted slave who led off his master's charger, for such he appeared to be in all points, suddenly disappeared; I presume lest the sight of luxury should corrupt him. I know not where the groom rested, nor where the two animals (no neglected ones certainly, for they were plump and stately) found provender.

Euthymedes was of lofty stature, had somewhat passed the middle age, but the Graces had not left his person, as they usually do when it begins to bear an impression of authority. He was placed by the side of Thelymnia. Gladness and expectation sparkled from every eye: the beauty of Thelymnia seemed to be a light sent from heaven for the festival; a light the pure radiance of which cheered and replenished the whole heart. Desire of her was chastened, I may rather say was removed, by the confidence of Critolaus in our friendship.

Panætius. Well said! The story begins to please and interest me. Where love finds the soul he neglects the body, and only turns to it in his idleness as to an afterthought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.

Polybius. We exulted in the felicity of our friend, and wished for nothing which even he would not have granted. Happy still was the man from whom the glancing eye of Thelymnia seemed to ask some advice, how she should act or answer! Happy he who, offering her an apple in the midst of her discourse, fixed his keen survey upon the next, anxious to mark where she had touched it! For it was a calamity to doubt upon what streak or speck, while she was inattentive to the basket, she had placed her finger.

Panætius. I wish, Æmilianus, you would look rather more severely than you do.. upon my life! I can not.. and put an end to these dithyrambics. The ivy runs about us, and may infuriate us.

Scipio. The dithyrambics, I do assure you, Panætius, are not of my composing. We are both in danger from the same thyrsus: we will parry it as well as we can, or bend our heads before it.

Panætius. Come, Polybius, we must follow you then, I see, or fly you.

Polybius. Would you rather hear the remainder another time?

Panætius. By Hercules! I have more curiosity than becomes me.

Polybius. No doubt, in the course of the conversation, Euthymedes had made the discovery we hoped to obviate. Never was his philosophy more amiable or more impressive. Pleasure was treated as a friend, not as a master: many things were found innocent that had long been doubtful: excesses alone were condemned. Thelymnia was

enchanted by the frankness and liberality of her philosopher, although, in addressing her, more purity on his part and more rigour were discernible. His delicacy was exquisite. When his eyes met hers, they did not retire with rapidity and confusion, but softly and complacently, and as though it were the proper time and season of reposing from the splendours they had encountered. Hers from the beginning were less governable: when she found that they were so, she contrived scheme after scheme for diverting them from the table, and entertaining his unobservedly.

The higher part of the quarry, which had protected us always from the western sun, was covered with birch and hazel; the lower with innumerable shrubs, principally the arbutus and myrtle.

"Look at those goats above us," said Thelymnia. "What has tangled their hair so? they seem wet."

"They have been lying on the cistus in the plain," replied Euthymedes; "many of its broken flowers are sticking upon them yet, resisting all the efforts, as you see, of hoof and tongue."

"How beauteous," said she, "are the flexible and crimson branches of this arbutus," taking it in one hand and beating with it the back of the other. "It seems only to have come out of its crevice to pat my shoulder at dinner, and twitch my myrtle when my head leaned back. I wonder how it can grow in such a rock."

"The arbutus," answered he, "clings to the Earth with the most fondness where it finds her in the worst poverty, and covers her bewintered bosom with leaves, berries, and flowers. On the same branch is unripe fruit of the most vivid green; ripening, of the richest orange; ripened, of perfect scarlet. The maidens of Tyre could never give so brilliant and sweet a lustre to the fleeces of Miletus; nor did they ever string such even and graceful pearls as the blossoms are, for the brides of Assyrian or Persian kings."

"And yet the myrtle is preferred to the arbutus," said Thelymnia, with some slight uneasiness.

"I know why," replied he . . "may I tell it?" She bowed and smiled, perhaps not without the expectation of some compliment. He continued . . "The myrtle has done what the arbutus comes too late for.

"The myrtle has covered with her starry crown the beloved of the reaper and vintager: the myrtle was around the head of many a maiden celebrated in song, when the breezes of autumn scattered the first leaves, and rustled among them on the ground, and when she cried timidly, Rise, rise! people are coming! here! there! many!"

Thelymnia said, "That now is not true. Where did you hear it?" and in a softer and lower voice, if I may trust Androcles, "O Euthymedes, do not believe it!"

Either he did not hear her, or dissembled it; and went on. . "This deserves preference; this deserves immortality; this deserves a place in the temple of Venus; in her hand, in her hair, in her breast: Thelymnia herself wears it."

We laughed and applauded: she blushed and looked grave and sighed . . for she had never heard anyone, I imagine, talk so long at once. However it was, she sighed: I saw and heard her. Critolaus gave her some glances: she did not catch them. One of the party clapped his hands longer than the rest, whether in approbation or derision of this rhapsody, delivered with glee and melody, and entreated the philosopher to indulge us with a few of his adventures.

"You deserve, young man," said Euthymedes gravely, "to have as few as I have had, you whose idle curiosity would thus intemperately reveal the most sacred mysteries. Poets and philosophers may reason on love, and dream about it, but rarely do they possess the object, and, whenever they do, that object is the invisible deity of a silent worshipper."

"Reason then or dream," replied the other, breathing an air of scorn to sooth the soreness of the reproof.

"When we reason on love," said Euthymedes, "we often talk as if we were dreaming: let me try whether the recital of my dream can make you think I talk as if I were reasoning. You may call it a dream, a vision, or what you will.

"I was in a place not very unlike this, my head lying back against a rock, where its crevices were tufted with soft and odoriferous herbs, and where vine-leaves protected my face from the sun, and from the bees, which however were less likely to molest me, being busy in their first hours of honey-making among the blossoms. Sleep soon fell upon me; for of all philosophers I am certainly the drowsiest, though perhaps there are many quite of equal ability in communicating the gift of drowsiness. Presently I saw three figures, two of which were beautiful, very differently, but in the same degree: the other was much less so. The least of the three, at the first glance, I recognised to be Love, although I saw no wings, nor arrows, nor quiver, nor torch, nor emblem of any kind designating his attributes. The next was not Venus, nor a Grace, nor a Nymph, nor Goddess of whom in worship or meditation I had ever conceived an idea; and yet my heart persuaded me she was a Goddess, and from the manner in which she spoke to Love, and he again to her, I was convinced she must be. Quietly and unmovedly as she was standing, her figure I perceived was adapted to the perfection of activity. With all the succulence and suppleness of early youth, scarcely beyond puberty, it however gave me the idea, from its graceful and easy languor, of its being possessed by a fondness for repose. Her eyes were large and serene, and of a quality to exhibit the intensity of thought, or even the habitude of reflection, but incapable of expressing the plenitude of joy; and her countenance was tinged with so delicate a colour, that it appeared an effluence from an irradiated cloud, passing over it in the heavens. The

third figure, who sometimes stood in one place and sometimes in another, and of whose countenance I could only distinguish that it was pale, anxious, and mistrustful, interrupted her perpetually. I listened attentively and with curiosity to the conversation, and by degrees I caught the appellations they interchanged. The one I found was Hope; and I wondered I did not find it out sooner: the other was Fear; which I should not have found out at all; for she did not look terrible nor aghast, but more like Sorrow or Despondency. The first words I could collect of Hope were these, spoken very mildly, and rather with a look of appeal than of accusation. 'Too surely you have forgotten, for never was child more forgetful or more ungrateful, how many times I have carried you in my bosom, when even your mother drove you from her, and when you could find no other resting-place in heaven or earth.'

"'O unsteady unruly Love!' cried the pale Goddess with much energy, 'it has often been by my intervention that thy wavering authority was fixed. For this I have thrown alarm after alarm into the heedless breast that Hope had once beguiled, and that was growing insensible and torpid under her feebler influence. I do not upbraid thee; and it never was my nature to caress thee; but I claim from thee my portion of the human heart, mine, ever mine, abhorrent as it may be of me. Let Hope stand on one side of thy altars, but let my place be on the other; or, I swear by all the gods! not any altars shalt thou possess upon the globe.'

"She ceased . . and Love trembled. He turned his eyes upon Hope, as if in his turn appealing to her. She said, 'It must be so; it was so from the beginning of the world: only let me never lose you from my sight.' She clasped her hands upon her breast, as she said it, and he looked on her with a smile, and was going up (I thought) to kiss her, when he was recalled, and stopped.

"'Where Love is, there will I be also,' said Fear, 'and even thou, O Hope! never shalt be beyond my power.'

"At these words I saw them both depart. I then looked toward Love: I did not see him go; but he was gone."

The narration being ended, there were some who remarked what very odd things dreams are: but Thelymnia looked almost as if she herself was dreaming; and Alcimus, who sat opposite, and fancied she was pondering on what the vision could mean, said it appeared to him a thing next to certainty, that it signified how love can not exist without hope or without fear. Euthymedes nodded assent, and assured him that a soothsayer in great repute had given the same interpretation. Upon which the younger friends of Alcimus immediately took the ivy from his forehead, and crowned him with laurel, as being worthy to serve Apollo. But they did it with so much noise and festivity, that, before the operation was completed, he began to suspect they were in jest. Thelymnia had listened to many stories in her lifetime, yet never had she heard one from any man before who had been favored by the deities with a vision. Hope and Love, as her excited imagination represented them to her, seemed still to be with Euthymedes. She thought the tale would have been better without the mention of Fear: but perhaps this part was only a dream, all the rest a really true vision. She had many things to ask him: she did not know when, nor exactly what, for she was afraid of putting too hard a question to him in the presence of so many, lest it might abash him if he could not answer it: but she wished to ask him something, anything. She soon did it, not without faltering, and was enchanted by the frankness and liberality of her philosopher.

"Did you ever love?" said she smiling, though not inclined to smile, but doing it to conceal (as in her simplicity she thought it would) her blushes, and looking a little aside, at the only cloud in the heavens, which crossed the moon, as if adorning her for a festival, with a fillet of pale sapphire and interlucent gold.

"I thought I did," replied he, lowering his eyes that she might lower hers to rest upon him.

"Do then people ever doubt this?" she asked in wonder, looking full in his face with earnest curiosity.

"Alas!" said he softly, "until a few hours ago, until Thelymnia was placed beside me, until an ungenerous heart exposed the treasure that should have dwelt within it, to the tarnish of a stranger, if that stranger had the baseness to employ the sophistry that was in part expected from him, never should I have known that I had not loved before. We may be uncertain if a vase or an image be of the richest metal, until the richest metal be set right against it. Thelymnia! if I thought it possible at any time hereafter, that you should love me as I love you, I would exert to the uttermost my humble powers of persuasion to avert it."

"Oh! there is no danger," said she, disconcerted; "I did not love anyone: I thought I did, just like you; but indeed, indeed, Euthymedes, I was equally in an error. Women have dropped into the grave from it, and have declared to the last moment that they never loved: men have sworn they should die with desperation, and have lived merrily, and have dared to run into the peril fifty times. They have hard cold hearts, incommunicative and distrustful."

"Have I too, Thelymnia?" gently he expostulated.

"No, not you," said she; "you may believe I was not thinking of you when I was speaking. But the idea does really make me smile and almost laugh, that you should fear me, supposing it possible, if you could suppose any such thing. Love does not kill men, take my word for it."

He looked rather in sorrow than in doubt, and answered: "Unpropitious love may not kill us always, may not deprive us at once of what at their festivals the idle and inconsiderate call life; but,

O Thelymnia! our lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer. Existence may be continued, or rather may be renewed, yet the agonies of death and the chilliness of the grave have been passed through; nor are there Elysian fields, nor the sports that delighted in former times, awaiting us, nor pleasant converse, nor walks with linked hands, nor intermitted songs, nor vengeful kisses for leaving them off abruptly, nor looks that shake us to assure us afterward, nor that bland inquietude, as gently tremulous as the expansion of buds into blossoms, which hurries us from repose to exercise and from exercise to repose."

"O! I have been very near loving!" cried Thelymnia. "Where in the world can a philosopher have learned all this about it!"

The beauty of Thelymnia, her blushes, first at the deceit, afterward at the encouragement she received in her replies, and lastly from some other things which we could not penetrate, highly gratified Critolaus. Soon however (for wine always brings back to us our last strong feeling) he thought again of Phoroneus, as young, as handsome, and once (is that the word?) as dear to her. He saddened at the myrtle on the head of his beloved; it threw shadows and gloom upon his soul; her smiles, her spirits, her wit, above all her nods of approbation, wounded him. He sighed when she covered her face with her hand; when she disclosed it he sighed again. Every glance of pleasure, every turn of surprise, every movement of her body, pained and oppressed him. He cursed in his heart whoever it was who had stuffed that portion of the couch; there was so little moss, thought he, between Thelymnia and Euthymedes. He might have seen Athos part them, and would have murmured still.

The rest of us were in admiration at the facility and grace with which Thelymnia sustained her part, and observing less Critolaus than we did in the commencement, when he acknowledged and enjoyed our transports, indifferently and contentedly saw him rise from the table and go away, thinking his departure a preconcerted section of the stratagem. He retired, as he told us afterward, into a grot. So totally was his mind abstracted from the entertainment, he left the table athirst, covered as it was with fruit and wine, and abundant as ran beside us the clearest and sweetest and most refreshing rill. He related to me that, at the extremity of the cavern, he applied his parched tongue to the dripping rock, shunning the light of day, the voice of friendship, so violent was his desire of solitude and concealment, and he held his forehead and his palms against it when his lips had closed. We knew not and suspected not his feelings at the time, and rejoiced at the anticipation of the silly things a philosopher should have whispered, which Thelymnia in the morning of the festival had promised us to detail the next day. Love is apt to get entangled and to trip and stumble when he puts on the garb of Friendship: it is too long and loose for him to walk in, although he sometimes finds it convenient for a covering. Euthymedes the philosopher made this discovery, to which perhaps others may lay equal claim.

After the lesson he had been giving her, which amused her in the dictation, she stood composed and thoughtful, and then said hesitatingly, "But would it be quite proper? would there be nothing of insincerity and falsehood in it, my Critolaus?" He caught her up in his arms, and, as in his enthusiasm he had raised her head above his, he kissed her bosom. She reproved and pardoned him, making him first declare and protest he would never do the like again. "O soul of truth and delicacy!" cried he aloud; and Thelymnia, no doubt, trembled lest her lover should in a moment be forsworn; so imminent and inevitable seemed the repetition of his offence. But he observed on her eyelashes, what had arisen from his precipitation in our presence,

> A hesitating long suspended tear,
> Like that which hangs upon the vine fresh-pruned,
> Until the morning kisses it away.

The Nymphs, who often drive men wild (they tell us) have led me astray: I must return with you to the grot. We gave every facility to the stratagem. One slipt away in one direction, another in another; but, at a certain distance, each was desirous of joining some comrade, and of laughing together; yet each reproved the laughter, even when far off, lest it should do harm, reserving it for the morrow. While they walked along, conversing, the words of Euthymedes fell on the ears of Thelymnia softly as cistus-petals, fluttering and panting for a moment in the air, fall on the thirsty sand. She, in a voice that makes the brain dizzy as it plunges into the breast, replied to him,

"O Euthymedes! you must have lived your whole life-time in the hearts of women to know them so thoroughly. I never knew mine before you taught me."

Euthymedes now was silent, being one of the few wise men whom love ever made wiser. But, in his silence and abstraction, he took especial care to press the softer part of her arm against his heart, that she might be sensible of its quick pulsation: and, as she rested her elbow within the curvature of his, the slenderest of her fingers solicited, first one, then another, of those beneath them, but timidly, briefly, inconclusively, and then clung around it pressingly for countenance and support. Panætius, you have seen the mountains on the left hand, eastward, when you are in Olympia, and perhaps the little stream that runs from the nearest of them into the Alpheus. Could you have seen them that evening! the moon never shone so calmly, so brightly, upon Latmos, nor the torch of Love before her. And yet many of the stars were visible; the most beautiful were among them; and as Euthymedes taught Thelymnia their names, their radiance seemed more joyous, more effulgent, more beneficent. If you have ever walked forth into the wilds and open

plains upon such moonlight nights, cautious as you are, I will venture to say, Panætius, you have often tript, even though the stars were not your study. There was an arm to support or to catch Thelymnia: yet she seemed incorrigible. Euthymedes was patient: at last he did I know not what, which was followed by a reproof, and a wonder how he could have done so, and another how he could answer for it. He looked ingenuously and apologetically, forgetting to correct his fault in the meanwhile. She listened to him attentively, pushing his hand away at intervals, yet less frequently and less resolutely in the course of his remonstrance, particularly when he complained to her that the finer and more delicate part of us, the eye, may wander at leisure over what is in its way; yet that its dependents in the corporeal system must not follow it; that they must hunger and faint in the service of a power so rich and absolute. "This being hard, unjust, and cruel," said he, "never can be the ordinance of the gods. Love alone feeds the famishing; Love alone places all things, both of matter and of mind, in perfect harmony; Love hath less to learn from Wisdom than Wisdom hath to learn from Love."

"Modest man!" said she to herself, "there is a great deal of truth in what he says, considering he is a philosopher." She then asked him, after a pause, why he had not spoken so in the conversation on love, which appeared to give animation, mirth, and wit, to the dullest of the company, and even to make the wines of Chios, Crete, and Lesbos, sparkle with fresh vivacity in their gobleta.

"I who was placed by the fountain-head," replied he, "had no inclination to follow the shallow and slender stream, taking its course toward streets and lanes, and dipt into and muddied by unhallowed and uncleanly hands. After dinner such topics are usually introduced, when the objects that ought to inspire our juster sentiments are gone away. An indelicacy worse than Thracian! The purest gales of heaven, in the most perfect solitudes, should alone lift up the aspiration of our souls to the divinities all men worship."

"Sensible creature!" sighed Thelymnia in her bosom, "how rightly he does think!"

"Come, fairest of wanderers," whispered he softly and persuasively, "such will I call you, though the stars hear me, and though the gods too in a night like this pursue their loves upon earth . . the moon has no little pools filled with her light under the rock yonder; she deceives us in the depth of these hollows, like the limpid sea. Beside, we are here among the pinks and sand-roses: do they never prick your ankles with their stems and thorns? Even their leaves at this late season are enough to hurt you."

"I think they do," replied she, and thanked him, with a tender timid glance, for some fresh security his arm or hand had given her in escaping from them. "O now we are quite out of them all! How cool is the saxifrage! how cool the ivy-leaves!"

"I fancy, my sweet scholar! or shall I rather say (for you have been so oftener) my sweet teacher! they are not ivy-leaves: to me they appear to be periwinkles."

"I will gather some and see," said Thelymnia.

Periwinkles cover wide and deep hollows: of what are they incapable when the convolvulus is in league with them! She slipped from the arm of Euthymedes, and in an instant had disappeared. In an instant too he had followed.

Panætius. These are mad pranks, and always end ill. Moonlights! cannot we see them quietly from the tops of our houses, or from the plain pavement? Must we give challenges to mastiffs, make appointments with wolves, run after asps, and languish for stonequarries? Unwary philosopher and simple girl! Were they found again?

Polybius. Yea, by Castor! and most unwillingly.

Scipio. I do not wonder. When the bones are broken, without the consolation of some great service rendered in such misfortune, and when beauty must become deformity, I can well believe that they both would rather have perished.

Polybius. Amaranth on the couch of Jove and Hebe was never softer than the bed they fell on. Critolaus had advanced to the opening of the cavern: he had heard the exclamation of Thelymnia as she was falling . . he forgave her . . he ran to her for her forgiveness . . he heard some low sounds . . he smote his heart, else it had fainted in him . . he stopped.

Euthymedes was raising up Thelymnia, forgetful (as was too apparent) of himself. "Traitor!" exclaimed the fiery Critolaus, "thy blood shall pay for this. Impostor! whose lesson this very day was, that luxury is the worst of poisons."

"Critolaus," answered he calmly, drawing his robe about him (for, falling in so rough a place, his vesture was a little disordered), "we will not talk of blood; but as for my lesson of to-day, I must defend it. In few words then, since I think we are none of us disposed for many, hemlock does not hurt goats, nor luxury philosophers."

Thelymnia had risen more beautiful from her confusion; but her colour soon went away, and, if any slight trace of it were remaining on her cheeks, the modest moonlight and the severer stars would let none show itself. She looked as the statue of Pygmalion would have looked, had she been destined the hour after animation to return into her inanimate state. Offering no excuse, she was the worthier of pardon: but there is one hour in which pardon never entered the human breast, and that hour was this. Critolaus, who always had ridiculed the philosophers, now hated them from the bottom of his heart. Every sect was detestable to him, the Stoic, the Platonic, the Epicurean; all equally; but especially those hypocrites and impostors in each, who, under the cloak of philosophy, came forward with stately figures, prepossessing countenances, and bland discourse.

Panætius. We do not desire to hear what such foolish men think of philosophers, true or false; but pray tell us how he acted on his own notable discovery; for I opine he was the unlikeliest of the three to grow quite calm on a sudden.

Polybius. He went away; not without fierce glances at the stars, reproaches to the gods themselves, and serious and sad reflections upon destiny. Being however a pious man by constitution and education, he thought he had spoken of the omens unadvisedly, and found other interpretations for the stones we had thrown down with the ivy. "And ah!" said he sighing, "the bird's nest of last year too! I now know what that is!"

Panætius. Polybius, I considered you too grave a man to report such idle stories. The manner is not yours: I rather think you have torn out a page or two from some love-feast (not generally known) of Plato.

Polybius. Your judgment has for once deserted you, my friend. If Plato had been present, he might then indeed have described what he saw, and elegantly; but if he had feigned the story, the name that most interests us would not have ended with a vowel.

Scipio. You convince me, Polybius.

Panætius. I join my hands, and give them to you.

Polybius. My usual manner is without variety. I endeavour to collect as much sound sense and as many solid facts as I can, to distribute them as commodiously, and to keep them as clear of ornament. If anyone thought of me or my style in reading my history, I should condemn myself as a defeated man.

Scipio. Polybius, you are by far the wisest that ever wrote history, though many wise have written it, and if your facts are sufficiently abundant, your work will be the most interesting and important.

Polybius. Live then, Scipio!

Panætius. The gods grant it!

Polybius. I know what I can do and what I can not (the proudest words perhaps that ever man uttered), I say it plainly to you, my sincere and judicious monitor; but you must also let me say that, doubtful whether I could amuse our Æmilianus in his present mood, I would borrow a tale, unaccustomed as I am to such, from the libraries of Miletus, or snatch it from the bosom of Elephantis.

Scipio. Your friendship comes under various forms to me, my dear Polybius, but it is always warm and always welcome. Nothing can be kinder or more delicate in you, than to diversify as much as possible our conversation this day. Panætius would be more argumentative on luxury than I: even Euthymedes (it appears) was unanswerable.

Panætius. O the knave! such men bring reproaches upon philosophy.

Scipio. I see no more reason why they should, than why a slattern who empties a certain vase on your head in the street, should make you cry, "O Jupiter! what a curse is water!"

Panætius. I am ready to propose almost such an exchange with you, Æmilianus, as Diomedes' with Glaucus . . . my robe for yours.

Scipio. Panætius, could it be done, you would wish it undone. The warfare you undertake is the more difficult: we have not enemies on both sides, as you have.

Panætius. If you had seen strait, you would have seen that the offer was, to exchange my philosophy for yours. You need less meditation, and employ more, than any man. Now if you have aught to say on luxury, let me hear it.

Scipio. It would be idle to run into the parts of it, and to make a definition of that which we agree on; but it is not so to remind you that we were talking of it in soldiers; for the pleasant tale of Thelymnia is enough to make us forget them, even while the trumpet is sounding. Believe me, my friend (or ask Polybius), a good general will turn this formidable thing, luxury, to some account. He will take care that, like the strong vinegar the legionaries carry with them, it should be diluted, and thus be useful.

Panætius. Then it is luxury no longer.

Scipio. True; and now tell me, Panætius, or you Polybius, what city was ever so exuberant in riches, as to maintain a great army long together in sheer luxury? I am not speaking of cities that have been sacked, but of the allied and friendly, whose interests are to be observed, whose affection to be conciliated and retained. Hannibal knew this, and minded it.

Polybius. You might have also added to the interrogation, if you had thought proper, those cities which have been sacked; for there plenty is soon wasted, and not soon supplied again.

Scipio. Let us look closer at the soldier's board, and see what is on it in the rich Capua. Is plentiful and wholesome food luxury? or do soldiers run into the market-place for a pheasant? or do those on whom they are quartered pray and press them to eat it? Suppose they went hunting quails, hares, partridges; would it render them less active? There are no wild boars in that neighbourhood, or we might expect from a boar-hunt a visitation of the gout. Suppose the men drew their idea of pleasure from the school or from the practices of Euthymedes. One vice is corrected by another, where a higher principle does not act, and where a man does not exert the proudest dominion over the most turbulent of states . . . himself. Hannibal, we may be sure, never allowed his army to repose in utter inactivity; no, nor to remain a single day without its exercise . . . a battle, a march, a foraging, a conveyance of wood or water, a survey of the banks of rivers, a fathoming of their depth, a certification of their soundness or unsoundness at bottom, a measurement of the greater or less extent of their fords, a review, or a castrametation. The plenty of his camp at Capua (for you hardly can imagine, Panætius, that the soldiers had in a military sense

the freedom of the city, and took what they pleased without pay and without restriction) attached to him the various nations of which it was composed, and kept together the heterogeneous and discordant mass. It was time that he should think of this: for probably there was not a soldier left who had not lost in battle or by fatigue his dearest friend and comrade.

Dry bread and hard blows are excellent things in themselves, and military requisites . . to those who converse on them over their cups, turning their heads for the approbation of others on whose bosom they recline, and yawning from sad disquietude at the degeneracy and effeminacy of the age. But there is finally a day when the cement of power begins to lose its strength and coherency, and when the fabric must be kept together by pointing it anew, and by protecting it a little from that rigour of the seasons which at first compacted it.

The story of Hannibal and his army wasting away in luxury, is common, general, universal: its absurdity is remarked by few, or rather by none.

Polybius. The wisest of us are slow to disbelieve what we have learned early: yet this story has always been to me incredible.

Scipio. Beside the reasons I have adduced, is it necessary to remind you that Campania is subject to diseases which incapacitate the soldier? Those of Hannibal were afflicted by them: few indeed perished; but they were debilitated by their malady, and while they were waiting for the machinery which (even if they had had the artificers among them) could not have been constructed in double the time requisite for importing it, the period of dismay at Rome, if ever it existed, had elapsed. The wonder is less that Hannibal did not take Rome, than that he was able to remain in Italy, not having taken it. Considering how he held together, how he disciplined, how he provisioned (the most difficult thing of all, in the face of such enemies) an army in great part, as one would imagine, so intractable and wasteful; what commanders, what soldiers, what rivers, and what mountains, opposed him; I think Polybius, you will hardly admit to a parity or comparison with him, in the rare union of political and military science, the most distinguished of your own countrymen; not Philopœmen, nor Philip of Macedon; if indeed you can hear me without anger and indignation name a barbarian king with Greeks.

Polybius. When kings are docile, and pay due respect to those who are wiser and more virtuous than themselves, I would not point at them as objects of scorn or contumely, even among the free. There is little danger that men educated as we have been should value them too highly, or that men educated as they have been should eclipse the glory of Philopœmen. People in a republic know that their power and existence must depend on the zeal and assiduity, the courage and integrity, of those they employ in their first offices of state; kings on the contrary lay the foundations of their power on abject hearts and prostituted intellects, and fear and abominate those whom the breath of God hath raised higher than the breath of man. Hence, from being the dependents of their own slaves, both they and their slaves become at last the dependents of free nations, and alight from their cars to be tied by the neck to the cars of better men.

Scipio. Deplorable condition! if their education had allowed any sense of honour to abide in them. But we must consider them as the tulips and anemones and other gaudy flowers, that shoot from the earth to be looked upon in idleness, and to be snapped by the stick or broken by the wind, without our interest, care, or notice. We can not thus calmly contemplate the utter subversion of a mighty capital; we can not thus indifferently stand over the strong agony of an expiring nation, after a gasp of years in a battle of ages, to win a world, or be for ever fallen.

Panætius. You estimate, O Æmilianus, the abilities of a general, not by the number of battles he has won, nor of enemies he hath slain or led captive, but by the combinations he hath formed, the blows of fortune he hath parried or avoided, the prejudices he hath removed, and the difficulties of every kind he hath overcome. In like manner we should consider kings. Educated still more barbarously than other barbarians, sucking their milk alternately from Vice and Folly, guided in their first steps by Duplicity and Flattery, whatever they do but decently is worthy of applause; whatever they do virtuously, of admiration. I would say it even to Caius Gracchus; I would tell him it even in the presence of his mother; unappalled by her majestic mien, her truly Roman sanctity, her brow that can not frown, but that reproves with pity; for I am not so hostile to royalty as other philosophers are . . perhaps because I have been willing to see less of it.

Polybius. Eternal thanks to the Romans! who, whatever reason they may have had to treat the Greeks as enemies, to traverse and persecute such men as Lycortas my father, and as Philopœmen my early friend, to consume our cities with fire, and to furrow our streets with torrents (as we have read lately) issuing from the remolten images of gods and heroes, have however so far respected the mother of Civilisation and of Law, as never to permit the cruel mockery of erecting Barbarism and Royalty on their vacant bases.

Panætius. Our ancient institutions in part exist; we lost the rest when we lost the simplicity of our forefathers. Let it be our glory that we have resisted the most populous and wealthy nations, and that, having been conquered, we have been conquered by the most virtuous; that every one of our cities hath produced a greater number of illustrious men than all the remainder of the earth around us; that no man can anywhere enter his hall or portico, and see the countenances of his ancestors from their marble columels, without a commemorative and grateful sense of obligation to us; that

neither his solemn feasts nor his cultivated fields are silent on it; that not the lamp which shows him the glad faces of his children, and prolongs his studies, and watches by his rest; that not the ceremonies whereby he hopes to avert the vengeance of the gods, nor the tenderer ones whereon are founded the affinities of domestic life, nor finally those which lead toward another; would have existed in his country, if Greece had not conveyed them. Bethink thee, Scipio, how little hath been done by any other nation, to promote the moral dignity or enlarge the social pleasures of the human race. What parties ever met, in their most populous cities, for the enjoyment of liberal and speculative conversation? What Alcibiades, elated with war and glory, turned his youthful mind from general admiration and from the cheers and caresses of coeval friends, to strengthen and purify it under the cold reproofs of the aged? What Aspasia led Philosophy to smile on Love, or taught Love to reverence Philosophy? These, as thou knowest, are not the safest guides for either sex to follow; yet in these were united the gravity and the graces of wisdom, never seen, never imagined, out of Athens.

I would not offend thee by comparing the genius of the Roman people with ours: the offence is removable, and in part removed already, by thy hand. The little of sound learning, the little of pure wit, that hath appeared in Rome from her foundation, hath been concentrated under thy roof: one tile would cover it. Have we not walked together, O Scipio, by starlight, on the shores of Surrentum and Baiæ, of Ischia and Caprea, and hath it not occurred to thee that the heavens themselves, both what we see of them and what lieth above our vision, are peopled with our heroes and heroines? The ocean, that roars so heavily in the ears of other men, hath for us its tuneful shells, its placid nymphs, and its beneficent ruler. The trees of the forest, the flowers, the plants, passed indiscriminately elsewhere, awaken and warm our affection; they mingle with the objects of our worship; they breathe the spirit of our ancestors; they lived in our form; they spoke in our language; they suffered as our daughters may suffer; the deities revisit them with pity; and some (we think) dwell among them.

Scipio. Poetry! poetry!

Panætius. Yes; I own it. The spirit of Greece, passing through and ascending above the world, hath so animated universal nature, that the very rocks and woods, the very torrents and wilds burst forth with it . . . and it falls, Æmilianus! even from me.

Scipio. It is from Greece I have received my friends, Panætius and Polybius.

Panætius. Say more, Æmilianus! You have indeed said it here already; but say it again at Rome: it is Greece who taught the Romans all beyond the rudiments of war: it is Greece who placed in your hand the sword that conquered Carthage.

CITATION AND EXAMINATION

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

EUSEBY TREEN, JOSEPH CARNABY, AND SILAS GOUGH, CLERK,

BEFORE THE WORSHIPFUL

SIR THOMAS LUCY, KNIGHT,

TOUCHING DEER-STEALING,

ON THE 19TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1582.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

"It was an ancestor of my husband who *brought out* the famous Shakspeare."

These words were really spoken, and were repeated in conversation as ridiculous. Certainly such was very far from the lady's intention; and who knows to what extent they are true?

The frolic of Shakspeare in deer-stealing was the cause of his *Hegira;* and his connection with players in London was the cause of his writing plays. Had he remained in his native town, his ambition had never been excited by the applause of the intellectual, the popular, and the powerful, which, after all, was hardly sufficient to excite it. He wrote from the same motive as he acted; to earn his daily bread. He felt his own powers, but he cared little for making them felt by others more than served his wants.

The malignant may doubt, or pretend to doubt, the authenticity of the *Examination* here published. Let us, who are not malignant, be cautious of adding anything to the noisome mass of incredulity that surrounds us; let us avoid the crying sin of our age, in which the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, edited as they were by a pious and learned dignitary of the Established Church, are questioned in regard to their genuineness.

Examinations taken from the mouth are surely the most trustworthy: whoever doubts it, may be convinced by Ephraim Barnett.

The reader will form to himself, from this *Examination of Shakspeare*, a more favourable opinion of Sir Thomas than is left upon his mind by the Dramatist in the character of Justice Shallow. The knight indeed is here exhibited in all his pride of birth and station, in all his pride of theologian and poet; he is led by the nose, while he believes that nobody can move him, and shows some other weaknesses, which the least attentive observer will discover; but he is not without a little kindness at the bottom of the heart, a heart too contracted to hold much, or to let what it holds ebulliate very freely. But, upon the whole, we neither can utterly hate nor utterly despise him. Ungainly as he is,

Circum præcordia ludit.

The author of the *Imaginary Conversations* seems, in his *Boccacio and Petrarca*, to have taken his idea of *Sir Magnus* from this manuscript. He however has adapted that character to the times; and in *Sir Magnus* the coward rises to the courageous, the unskilful in arms becomes the skilful, and war is to him a teacher of humanity. With much superstition, theology never molests him: scholarship and poetry are no affairs of his: he doubts of himself and others, and is as suspicious in his ignorance as Sir Thomas is confident.

With these wide diversities, there are family features, such as are likely to display themselves in different times and circumstances, and some so generically prevalent as never to lie quite dormant in the breed. In both of them there is parsimony, there is arrogance, there is contempt of inferiors, there is abject awe of power, there is irresolution, there is imbecility. But Sir Magnus has no knowledge, and no respect for it. Sir Thomas would almost go thirty miles, even to Oxford, to see a fine specimen of it, although, like most of those who call themselves the godly, he entertains the most undoubting belief that he is competent to correct the errors of the wisest and most practised theologian.

A part only of the many deficiencies which the reader will discover in this book is attributable to the Editor. These however it is his duty to account for, and he will do it as briefly as he can.

The *facsimiles* (as printers' boys call them, meaning *specimens*) of the handwriting of nearly all the persons introduced, might perhaps have been procured, had sufficient time been allowed for another journey into Warwickshire. That of Shakspeare is known already in the signature to his will, but deformed by sickness: that of Sir Thomas Lucy is extant at the bottom of a commitment of a female vagrant, for having a sucking child in her arms on the public road: that of Silas Gough is affixed to the register of births and marriages, during several years, in the parishes of Hampton Lucy and Charlecote, and certifies one death; Euseby Treen's; surmised at least to be his by the letters R. T. cut on a bench seven inches thick, under an old pollard-oak outside the park paling of Charlecote, toward the north-east. For this discovery the Editor is indebted to a most respectable intelligent farmer in the adjoining parish of Wasperton, in which parish Treen's elder brother lies buried. The worthy farmer is unwilling to accept the large portion of fame justly due to him for the services he has thus rendered to literature, in elucidating the history of Shakspeare and his times. In possession of another agricultural gentleman there was recently a very curious piece of iron, believed by many celebrated antiquaries to have constituted a part of a knight's breast-plate. It was purchased for two hundred pounds by the trustees of the British Museum, among whom, the reader will be grieved to hear, it produced dissension and coldness; several of them being of opinion that it was merely a gorget, while others were inclined to the belief that it was the fore-part of a horse-shoe. The Committee of Taste and the Heads of the Archæological Society were consulted. These learned, dispassionate, and benevolent men had the satisfaction of conciliating the parties at variance; each having yielded somewhat; and every member signing, and affixing his seal to the signature, that, if indeed it be the fore-part of a horse-shoe, it was probably Ismael's; there being a curved indentation along it, resembling the first letter of his name; and there being no certainty or record that he died in France, or was left in that country by Sir Magnus.

The Editor is unable to render adequate thanks to the Rev. Stephen Turnover, for the gratification he received in his curious library by a sight of Joseph Carnaby's name at full length, in red ink, coming from a trumpet in the mouth of an angel. This invaluable document is upon an engraving in a frontispiece to the New Testament.

But since unhappily he could procure no signature of Hannah Hathaway, nor of her mother, and only a questionable one of Mr. John Shakspeare, the poet's father, there being two, in two very different hands, both he and the publisher were of opinion that the graphical part of the volume would be justly censured as extremely incomplete, and that what we could give would only raise inextinguishable regret for that which we could not. On this reflection all have been omitted.

The Editor is unwilling to affix any mark of disapprobation on the very clever engraver who undertook the sorrel mare; but as, in the memorable words of that ingenious gentleman from Ireland, whose polished and elaborate epigrams raised him justly to the rank of prime minister,

"White was not *so very* white,"

in like manner it appeared to nearly all the artists he consulted, that the sorrel mare was not *so sorrel* in print.

There is another and a graver reason why the Editor was induced to reject the contribution of his friend the engraver: and this is, a neglect of the late improvements in his art, he having, unadvisedly or thoughtlessly, drawn, in the old-fashioned manner, lines at the two sides, and at the top and bottom of his print, confining it to such limits as paintings are confined in by their frames. Our spirited engravers, it is well known, disdain this thraldom, and not only give unbounded space to their scenery, but also melt their figures in the air; so advantageously, that, for the most-part, they approach the condition of cherubs. This is the true aërial perspective, so little understood heretofore. Trees, castles, rivers, volcanoes, oceans, float together in absolute vacancy: the solid earth is represented, what we know it actually is, buoyant as a bubble: so that no wonder if every horse is endued with all the privileges of Pegasus, save and except our sorrel. Malicious carpers, insensible or invidious of England's glory, deny her in this beautiful practice the merit of invention, assigning it to the Chinese in their tea-cups and saucers: but, if not absolutely new and ours, it must be acknowledged that we have greatly improved and extended the invention.

Such are the reasons why the little volume here laid before the public is defective in those decorations which the exalted state of literature demands. Something of compensation is supplied by a *Memorandum* of Ephraim Barnett, written upon the inner cover, and printed below.

The Editor, it will be perceived, is but little practised in the ways of literature, much less is he gifted with that prophetic spirit which can anticipate the judgment of the public. It may be that he is too idle or too apathetic to think anxiously or much about the matter; and yet he has been amused, in his earlier days, at watching the first appearance of such few books as he believed to be the production of some powerful intellect. He has seen people slowly rise up to them, like carp in a pond when food is thrown into it; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it; others touch it gently with their barbe, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady; approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again their heads into the comfortable mud.

MEMORANDUM.

Studying the benefit and advantage of such as by God's blessing may come after me, and willing to show them the highways of Providence from the narrow by-lane in the which it hath been his pleasure to station me, and being now advanced full-nigh unto the close and consummation of my earthly pilgrimage, methinks I can not do better, at this juncture, than preserve the looser and lesser records of those who have gone before me in the same, with higher heel-piece to their shoe and more polished scallop to their beaver. And here, beforehand, let us think gravely and religiously on what the pagans, in their blindness, did call Fortune, making a goddess of her, and saying,

"One body she lifts up so high
And suddenly, she makes him cry
And scream as any wench might do
That you should play the rogue unto:
And the same Lady Light sees good
To drop another in the mud,
Against all hope and likelihood." *

My kinsman, Jacob Eldridge, having been taught by me, among other useful things, to write a fair and laudable hand, was recommended and introduced by our worthy townsman, Master Thomas Greene, unto the Earl of Essex, to keep his accounts, and to write down sundry matters from his dictation, even letters occasionally. For although our nobility, very unlike the French, not only can read and write, but often do, yet some from generosity, and some from dignity, keep in their employment what those who are illiterate, and would not appear so, call an *amanuensis*, thereby meaning *secretary* or *scribe*. Now it happened that our gracious queen's highness was desirous of knowing all that could be known about the rebellion in Ireland; and hearing but little truth from her nobility in that country, even the fathers in God inclining more unto court favour than will be readily believed of spiritual lords, and moulding their ductile depositions on the pasteboard of their temporal mistress, until she was angry at seeing the lawn-sleeves so besmirched from wrist to elbow, she herself did say unto the Earl of Essex:

"Essex! these fellows lie! I am inclined to unfrock and scourge them sorely for their leasings. Of that anon. Find out, if you can, somebody who hath his wit and his honesty about him at the same time. I know, that when one of these panniers is full, the other is apt to be empty, and that men walk crookedly for want of balance. No matter:

* The Editor has been unable to discover who was the author of this very free translation of an Ode in Horace. He is certainly happy in his amplification of the *stridore acuto*. May it not be surmised that he was some favourite scholar of Ephraim Barnett?

we must search and find. Persuade . . thou canst persuade, Essex! . say anything; do anything. We must talk gold and give iron. Dost understand me?"

The earl did kiss the jewels upon the dread fingers, for only the last joint of each is visible: and surely no mortal was ever so fool-hardy as to take such a monstrous liberty as touching it, except in spirit! On the next day there did arrive many fugitives from Ireland; and among the rest was Master Edmund Spenser, known even in those parts for his rich vein of poetry, in which he is declared by our best judges to excell the noblest of the ancients, and to leave all the moderns at his feet. Whether he notified his arrival unto the earl, or whether fame brought the notice thereof unto his lordship, Jacob knoweth not. But early in the morning did the earl send for Jacob, and say unto him,

"Eldridge! thou must write fairly and clearly out, and in somewhat large letters, and in lines somewhat wide apart, all that thou hearest of the conversation I shall hold with a gentleman from Ireland. Take this gilt and illumined vellum, and albeit the civet make thee sick fifty times, write upon it all that passes! Come not out of the closet until the gentleman hath gone homeward. The queen requireth much exactness; and this is equally a man of genius, a man of business, and a man of worth. I expect from him not only what is true, but what is the most important and necessary to understand rightly and completely; and nobody in existence is more capable of giving me both information and advice. Perhaps if he thought another were within hearing he would be offended or over-cautious. His delicacy and mine are warranted safe and sound by the observance of those commands which I am delivering unto thee."

It happened that no information was given in this conference relating to the movements or designs of the rebels. So that Master Jacob Eldridge was left possessor of the costly vellum, which, now Master Spenser is departed this life, I keep as a memorial of him, albeit oftener than once I have taken pounce-box and pen-knife in hand, in order to make it a fit and proper vehicle for my own very best writing. But I pretermitted it, finding that my hand is no longer the hand it was, or rather that the breed of geese is very much degenerated, and that their quills, like men's manners, are grown softer and flaccider. Where it will end God only knows; I shall not live to see it.

Alas, poor Jacob Eldridge! he little thought that within twelve months his glorious master, and the scarcely less glorious poet, would be no more! In the third week of the following year was Master Edmund buried at the charges of the earl; and within these few days hath this lofty nobleman bowed his head under the axe of God's displeasure; such being our gracious queen's. My kinsman Jacob sent unto me by the Alcester drover, old Clem Fisher, this among other papers, fearing the wrath of that offended highness, which allowed not her own sweet disposition to question or thwart the will divine. Jacob did likewise tell me in his letter, that he was sure I should be happy to hear the success of William Shakspeare, our townsman. And in truth right glad was I to hear of it, being a principal in bringing it about, as those several sheets will show which have the broken tile laid upon them to keep them down compactly.

Jacob's words are these:

"Now I speak of poets, you will be in a maze at hearing that our townsman hath written a power of matter for the playhouse. Neither he nor the booksellers think it quite good enough to print: but I do assure you, on the faith of a Christian, it is not bad; and there is rare fun in the last thing of his about Venus, where a Jew, one Shiloh, is choused out of his money and his revenge. However, the best critics and the greatest lords find fault, and very justly, in the words,

"'Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?'

"Surely this is very unchristianlike. Nay, for supposition sake, suppose it to be true, was it his business to tell the people so? Was it his duty to ring the crier's bell and cry to them, *the sorry Jews are quite as much men as you are?* The church, luckily, has let him alone for the present; and the queen winks upon it. The best defence he can make for himself is, that it comes from the mouth of a Jew, who says many other things as abominable. Master Greene may over-rate him; but Master Greene declares that if William goes on improving and taking his advice, it will be desperate hard work in another seven years to find so many as half-a-dozen chaps equal to him within the liberties.

"Master Greene and myself took him with us to see the burial of Master Edmund Spenser in Westminster Abbey, on the 19th of January last. The halberdmen pushed us back as having no business there. Master Greene told them he belonged to the queen's company of players. William Shakspeare could have said the same, but did not. And I, fearing that Master Greene and he might be halberded back into the crowd, showed the badge of the Earl of Essex. Whereupon did the serjeant ground his halberd, and say unto me,

"'That badge commands admittance everywhere: your folk likewise may come in.'

"Master Greene was red-hot angry, and told me he would bring him before the *council*.

"William smiled, and Master Greene said,

"'Why! would not you, if you were in my place?'

"He replied,

"'I am an half inclined to do worse; to bring him before the *audience* some spare hour.'

"At the close of the burial-service all the poets of the age threw their pens into the grave, together with the pieces they had composed in praise or lamentation of the deceased. William Shakspeare was the only poet who abstained from throwing in either pen or poem; at which no one marvelled, he being of low estate, and the others not having yet taken him by the hand. Yet many authors recognised him, not indeed as author, but as player; and one, civiler than the rest, came up unto him triumphantly, his eyes sparkling with glee and satisfaction, and said consolatorily,

"'In due time, my honest friend, you may be admitted to do as much for one of us.'

"'After such encouragement,' replied our townsman, 'I am bound in duty to give you the preference, should I indeed be worthy.'

"This was the only smart thing he uttered all the remainder of the day; during the whole of it he appeared to be half lost, I know not whether in melancholy or in meditation, and soon left us."

Here endeth all that my kinsman Jacob wrote about William Shakspeare, saving and excepting his excuse for having written so much. The rest of his letter was on a matter of wider and weightier import, namely, on the price

of Cotteswolde cheese at Evesham fair. And yet, although ingenious men be not among the necessaries of life, there is something in them that makes us curious in regard to their goings and doings. It were to be wished that some of them had attempted to be better accountants; and others do appear to have laid aside the copybook full early in the day. Nevertheless, they have their uses and their merits. Master Eldridge's letter is the wrapper of much wholesome food for contemplation. Although the decease (within so brief a period) of such a poet as Master Spenser, and such a patron as the earl, be unto us appalling, we laud and magnify the great Disposer of events, no less for his goodness in raising the humble than for his power in extinguishing the great. And peradventure ye, my heirs and descendants, who shall read with due attention what my pen now writeth, will say with the royal Psalmist, that it inditeth of a good matter, when it showeth unto you that, whereas it pleased the queen's highness to send a great lord before the judgment-seat of Heaven, having fitted him by means of such earthly instruments as princes in like cases do usually employ, and deeming (no doubt) in her princely heart, that by such shrewd tonsure his head would be best fitted for a crown of glory, and thus doing all that she did out of the purest and most considerate love for him . . it likewise hath pleased her highness to use her right hand as freely as her left, and to raise up a second burgess of our town to be one of her company of players. And ye also, by industry and loyalty, may cheerfully hope for promotion in your callings, and come up (some of you) as nearly to him in the presence of royalty, as he cometh up (far off indeed at present) to the great and wonderful poet, who lies dead among more spices than any phœnix, and more quills than any porcupine. If this thought may not prick and incitate you, little is to be hoped from any gentle admonition or any earnest expostulation of

Your loving friend and kinsman,

E. B.

ANNO ÆT. SUÆ 74, DOM. 1599,
DECEMB. 16;
GLORIA DP. DF. ET Des.
AMOR VERSUS VIRGINEM REGINAM!
PROTESTANTICE LOQUOR ET HONESTO SENSU:
OBTESTOR CONSCIENTIAM MEAM!

EXAMINATION, &c. &c.

About one hour before noontide, the youth William Shakspeare, accused of deer-stealing, and apprehended for that offence, was brought into the great hall at Charlecote, where, having made his obeisance, it was most graciously permitted him to stand.

The worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, seeing him right opposite, on the farther side of the long table, and fearing no disadvantage, did frown upon him with great dignity; then, deigning ne'er a word to the culprit, turned he his face toward his chaplain, Sir Silas Gough, who stood beside him, and said unto him most courteously, and unlike unto one who in his own right commandeth,

"Stand out of the way! What are those two varlets bringing into the room?"

"The table, sir," replied Master Silas, "upon the which the consumption of the venison was perpetrated."

The youth, William Shakspeare, did thereupon pray and beseech his lordship most fervently, in this guise:

"O sir! do not let him turn the tables against me, who am only a simple stripling, and he an old cogger."

But Master Silas did bite his nether lip, and did cry aloud,

"Look upon those deadly spots!"

And his worship did look thereupon most staidly, and did say in the ear of Master Silas, but in such wise that it reached even unto mine,

"Good honest chandlery, methinks!"

"God grant it may turn out so!" ejaculated Master Silas.

The youth, hearing these words, said unto him,

"I fear, Master Silas, gentry like you often pray God to grant what *he* would rather not; and now and then what *you* would rather not."

Sir Silas was wroth at this rudeness of speech about God in the face of a preacher, and said, reprovingly,

"Out upon thy foul mouth, knave! upon which lie slaughter and venison."

Whereupon did William Shakspeare sit mute awhile, and discomfited; then, turning toward Sir Thomas, and looking and speaking as one submiss and contrite, he thus appealed unto him:

"Worshipful sir! were there any signs of venison on my mouth, Master Silas could not for his life cry out upon it, nor help kissing it as 'twere a wench's."

Sir Thomas looked upon him with most lordly gravity and wisdom, and said unto him in a voice that might have come from the bench, "Youth! thou speakest irreverently;" and then unto Master Silas, "Silas! to the business on hand. Taste the fat upon yon boor's table, which the constable hath brought hither, good Master Silas! And declare upon oath, being sworn in my presence, first, whether said fat do proceed of venison; secondly, whether said venison be of buck or doe."

Whereupon the reverend Sir Silas did go incontinently, and did bend forward his head, shoulders, and body, and did severally taste four white solid substances upon an oaken board; said board being about two yards long, and one yard four inches wide; found in, and brought thither from, the tenement or messuage of Andrew Haggit, who hath absconded. Of these four white solid substances, two were somewhat larger than a groat, and thicker; one about the size of King Henry the Eighth's shilling, when our late sovran lord of blessed memory was toward the lustiest; and the other, that is to say the middlemost, did resemble in some sort a mushroom, not over fresh, turned upward on its stalk.

"And what sayest thou, Master Silas?" quoth the knight.

In reply whereunto Sir Silas thus averred:

> "Venison! o' my conscience!
> Buck! or burn me alive!

The three splashes in the circumference are verily and indeed venison; buck, moreover, and Charlecote buck, upon my oath!"

Then carefully tasting the protuberance in the centre, he spat it out, crying,

"*Pho! pho! villain! villain!*" and shaking his fist at the culprit.

Whereat the said culprit smiled and winked, and said off-hand,

"Save thy spittle, Master Silas! It would supply a gaudy mess to the hungriest litter; but it would turn them from whelps into wolvets. 'Tis pity to throw the best of thee away. Nothing comes out of thy mouth that is not savory and solid, bating thy wit, thy sermons, and thy promises."

It was my duty to write down the very words, irreverent as they are, being so commanded. More of the like, it is to be feared, would have ensued, but that Sir Thomas did check him, saying shrewdly,

"Young man! I perceive that if I do not stop thee in thy courses, thy name, being involved in thy company's, may one day or other reach across the county; and folks may handle it and turn it about, as it deserveth, from Coleshill to Nuneaton, from Bromwicham to Brownsover. And who knoweth but that, years after thy death, the very house wherein thou wert born may be pointed at, and commented on, by knots of people, gentle and simple! What a shame for an honest man's son! Thanks to me, who consider of measures to prevent it! Posterity shall laud and glorify me for plucking thee clean out of her head, and for picking up timely a ticklish skittle, that might overthrow with it a power of others just as light. I will rid the hundred of thee, with God's blessing! nay, the whole shire. We will have none such in our county: we justices are agreed upon it, and we will keep our word now and for evermore. Woe betide any that resembles thee in any part of him!"

Whereunto Sir Silas added,

"We will dog him, and worry him, and haunt him, and bedevil him; and if ever he hear a comfortable word, it shall be in a language very different from his own."

"As different as thine is from a Christian's," said the youth.

"Boy! thou art slow of apprehension," said Sir Thomas, with much gravity; and, taking up the cue, did rejoin:

"Master Silas would impress upon thy ductile and tender mind the danger of evil doing; that we, in other words, that justice, is resolved to follow him up, even beyond his country, where he shall hear nothing better than the Italian or the Spanish, or the black language, or the language of Turk or Troubadour, or Tartar or Mongle. And forsooth, for this gentle and indirect reproof, a gentleman in priest's orders is told by a stripling that he lacketh Christianity! Who then shall give it?"

Shakspeare. Who, indeed? when the founder of the feast leaveth an invited guest so empty! Yea, sir, the guest was invited, and the board was spread. The fruits that lay upon it be there still, and fresh as ever; and the bread of life in those capacious canisters is unconsumed and unbroken.

Sir Silas (aside). The knave maketh me hungry with his mischievous similitudes.

Sir Thomas. Thou hast aggravated thy offence, Will Shakspeare! Irreverent caitiff! is this a discourse for my chaplain and clerk? Can he or the worthy scribe Ephraim (his worship was pleased to call me worthy) write down such words as those, about litter and wolvets, for the perusal and meditation of the grand jury? If the whole corporation of Stratford had not unanimously given it against thee, still his tongue would catch thee, as the evet catcheth a gnat. Know, sirrah, the reverend Sir Silas, albeit ill appointed for riding, and not over-fond of it, goeth to every house wherein is a venison feast for thirty miles round. Not a buck's hoof on any stable-door but it awakeneth his recollections like a red letter.

This wholesome reproof did bring the youth back again to his right senses; and then said he, with contrition, and with a wisdom beyond his years, and little to be expected from one who had spoken just before so unadvisedly and rashly,

"Well do I know it, your worship! And verily do I believe that a bone of one, being shovelled among the soil upon his coffin, would forthwith quicken* him. Sooth to say, there is ne'er a buckhound in the county but he treateth him as a godchild, patting him on the head, soothing his velvety ear between thumb and fore-finger, ejecting tick from tenement, calling him *fine fellow, noble lad*, and giving him his blessing, as one dearer to him than a king's death to a debtor,† or a bastard to a dad of eighty. This is the only kindness I ever heard of Master Silas toward his fellow creatures. Never hold me unjust, Sir Knight, to Master Silas. Could I learn other good of him, I would freely say it; for we do good by speaking it, and none is easier. Even bad men are not bad men while they praise the just. Their first step backward is more troublesome and wrenching to them than the first forward."

"In God's name, where did he gather all this?" whispered his worship to the chaplain, by whose side I was sitting. "Why, he talks like a man of forty-seven, or more!"

"I doubt his sincerity, sir!" replied the chaplain. "His words are fairer now . . . ."

"Devil choke him for them!" interjected he in an undervoice.

". . . . and almost book-worthy; but out of place. What the scurvy cur yelped against me, I forgive him as a Christian. Murrain upon such varlet vermin! It is but of late years that dignities have come to be reviled; the other parts of the Gospel were broken long before; this was left us; and now this likewise is to be kicked out of doors, amid the mutterings of such mooncalves as him yonder."

"Too true, Silas!" said the knight, sighing deeply. "Things are not as they were in our

* Quicken, bring to life.

† Debtors were often let out of prison at the coronation of a new king, but creditors never paid by him.

glorious wars of York and Lancaster. The knaves were thinned then; two or three crops a year of that rank squitch-grass which it has become the fashion of late to call the people. There was some difference then between buff doublets and iron mail; and the rogues felt it. Well-a-day! we must bear what God willeth, and never repine, although it gives a man the heart-ache. We are bound in duty to keep these things for the closet, and to tell God of them only when we call upon his holy name, and have him quite by ourselves."

Sir Silas looked discontented and impatient, and said snappishly,

"Cast we off here, or we shall be at fault. Start him, sir! prythee, start him."

Again his worship, Sir Thomas, did look gravely and grandly, and, taking a scrap of paper out of the Holy Book then lying before him, did read distinctly these words:

"Providence hath sent Master Silas back hither this morning to confound thee in thy guilt."

Again, with all the courage and composure of an innocent man, and indeed with more than what an innocent man ought to possess in the presence of a magistrate, the youngster said, pointing toward Master Silas,

"The first moment he ventureth to lift up his visage from the table, hath Providence marked him miraculously. I have heard of black malice. How many of our words have more in them than we think of! Give a countryman a plough of silver, and he will plough with it all the season, and never know its substance. 'Tis thus with our daily speech. What riches lie hidden in the vulgar tongue of the poorest and most ignorant! What flowers of Paradise lie under our feet, with their beauties and parts undistinguished and undiscerned, from having been daily trodden on! O sir, look you! but let me cover my eyes! look at his lips! Gracious Heaven! they were not thus when he entered: they are blacker now than Harry Tewe's bull-bitch's!"

Master Silas did lift up his eyes in astonishment and wrath; and his worship Sir Thomas did open his wider and wider, and cried by fits and starts,

"Gramercy! true enough! nay, afore God, too true by half! I never saw the like! Who would believe it! I wish I were fairly rid of this examination! my hands washed clean thereof! Another time! anon! We have our quarterly sessions! We are many together: at present I remand . . . ."

And now indeed, unless Sir Silas had taken his worship by the sleeve, he would mayhap have remanded the lad. But Sir Silas, still holding the sleeve and shaking it, said hurriedly,

"Let me entreat your worship to ponder. What black does the fellow talk of? My blood and bile rose up against the rogue; but surely I did not turn black in the face, or in the mouth, as the fellow calls it?"

Whether Master Silas had some suspicion and inkling of the cause, or not, he rubbed his right hand along his face and lips, and, looking upon it, cried aloud,

"Ho! ho! is it off? There is some upon my finger's end, I find. Now I have it; ay, there it is. That large splash upon the centre of the table is tallow, by my salvation! The profligates sat up until the candle burned out, and the last of it ran through the socket upon the board. We knew it before. I did convey into my mouth both fat and smut!"

"Many of your cloth and kidney do that, good Master Silas, and make no wry faces about it," quoth the youngster, with indiscreet merriment, although short of laughter, as became him, who had already stepped too far, and reached the mire.

To save paper and time, I shall now, for the most-part, write only what they all said, not saying that they said it, and just copying out in my clearest hand what fell respectively from their mouths.

Sir Silas. I did indeed spit it forth, and emunge my lips, as who should not?

Shakspeare. Would it were so!

Sir Silas. Would it were so! in thy teeth, hypocrite!

Sir Thomas. And truly I likewise do incline to hope and credit it, as thus paraphrased and expounded.

Shakspeare. Wait until this blessed day next year, sir, at the same hour. You shall see it forth again at its due season: it would be no miracle if it lasted. Spittle may cure sore eyes, but not blasted mouths and scald consciences.

Sir Thomas. Why! who taught thee all this?

.. Then turned he leisurely toward Sir Silas, and placing his hand outspredden upon the arm of the chaplain, said unto him in a low, judicial, hollow voice,

"Every word true and solemn! I have heard less wise saws from between black covers."

Sir Silas was indignant at this under-rating, as he appeared to think it, of the church and its ministry, and answered impatiently, with Christian freedom,

"Your worship surely will not listen to this wild wizard in his brothel-pulpit!"

Shakspeare. Do I live to hear Charlecote Hall called a brothel-pulpit? Alas then I have lived too long!

Sir Silas. We will try to amend that for thee.

.. William seemed not to hear him, loudly as he spake and pointedly unto the youngster, who wiped his eyes, crying,

"Commit me, sir! in mercy commit me! Master Ephraim! O Master Ephraim! A guiltless man may feel all the pangs of the guilty! Is it you who are to make out the commitment? Dispatch! dispatch! I am a-weary of my life. If I dared to lie, I would plead guilty."

Sir Thomas. Heyday! No wonder, Master

Ephraim, thy entrails are moved and wamble. Dost weep, lad? Nay, nay; thou bearest up bravely. Silas! I now find, although the example come before me from humble life, that what my mother said was true; 'twas upon my father's demise. 'In great grief there are few tears.' "

Upon which did the youth, Willy Shakspeare, jog himself by the memory, and repeat these short verses, not wide from the same purport.

> "There are, alas, some depths of woe
> Too vast for tears to overflow."

Sir Thomas. Let those who are sadly vexed in spirit mind that notion, whoever indited it, and be men: I always was; but some little griefs have pinched me woundily.

. . Master Silas grew impatient, for he had ridden hard that morning, and had no cushion upon his seat, as Sir Thomas had. I have seen in my time, that he who is seated on beech-wood hath very different thoughts and moralities from him who is seated on goose-feathers under doe-skin. But that is neither here nor there, albeit, an I die, as I must, my heirs, Judith and her boy Elijah, may note it.

Master Silas, as above, looked sourishly, and cried aloud,

"The witnesses! the witnesses! testimony! testimony! We shall now see whose black goes deepest. There is a fork to be had that can hold the slipperiest eel, and a finger that can strip the slimiest. I cry your worship to the witnesses."

Sir Thomas. Ay indeed, we are losing the day: it wastes toward noon, and nothing done. Call the witnesses. How are they called by name? Give me the paper.

. . The paper being forthwith delivered into his worship's hand by the learned clerk, his worship did read aloud the name of Euseby Treen. Whereupon did Euseby Treen come forth through the great hall-door, which was ajar, and answer most audibly,

"Your worship!"

Straightway did Sir Thomas read aloud, in like form and manner, the name of Joseph Carnaby; and in like manner as aforesaid did Joseph Carnaby make answer and say,

"Your worship!"

Lastly did Sir Thomas turn the light of his countenance on William Shakspeare, saying,

"Thou seest these good men deponents against thee, William Shakspeare."

And then did Sir Thomas pause. And pending this pause did William Shakspeare look stedfastly in the faces of both; and stroking down his own with the hollow of his hand, from the jaw-bone to the chin-point, said unto his honour,

"Faith! it would give me much pleasure, and the neighbourhood much vantage, to see these two fellows good men. Joseph Carnaby and Euseby Treen! Why! your worship! they know every hare's form in Luddington-field better than their own beds, and as well pretty nigh as any wench's in the parish."

Then turned he, with jocular scoff, unto Joseph Carnaby, thus accosting him, whom his shirt, being made stiffer than usual for the occasion, rubbed and frayed.

"Ay, Joseph! smoothen and soothe thy collar-piece again and again! Hark-ye! I know what smock that was knavishly cut from."

Master Silas rose up in high choler, and said unto Sir Thomas,

"Sir! do not listen to that lewd reviler: I wager ten groats I prove him to be wrong in his scent. Joseph Carnaby is righteous and discreet."

Shakspeare. By daylight and before the parson. Bears and boars are tame creatures and discreet in the sunshine and after dinner.

Treen. I do know his down-goings and uprisings.

Shakspeare. The man and his wife are one, saith holy Scripture.

Treen. A sober-paced and rigid man, if such there be. Few keep Lent like unto him.

Shakspeare. I warrant him, both lent and stolen.

Sir Thomas. Peace and silence! Now, Joseph Carnaby, do thou depose on particulars.

Carnaby. May it please your worship! I was returning from Hampton upon Allhallowmas eve, between the hours of ten and eleven at night, in company with Master Euseby Treen; and when we came to the bottom of Mickle Meadow, we heard several men in discourse. I plucked Euseby Treen by the doublet, and whispered in his ear, 'Euseby! Euseby! let us slink along in the shadow of the elms and willows.'

Treen. Willows and elm-trees were the words.

Shakspeare. See, your worship! what discordances! They can not agree in their own story.

Sir Silas. The same thing, the same thing, in the main.

Shakspeare. By less differences than this, estates have been lost, hearts broken, and England, our country, filled with homeless, helpless, destitute orphans. I protest against it!

Sir Silas. Protest, indeed! He talks as if he were a member of the House of Lords. They alone can protest.

Sir Thomas. Your attorney may object, not protest, before the lord judge.

Proceed you, Joseph Carnaby.

Carnaby. In the shadow of the willows and elm-trees then . .

Shakspeare. No hints, no conspiracies! Keep to your own story, man, and do not borrow his.

Sir Silas. I over-rule the objection. Nothing can be more futile and frivolous.

Shakspeare. So learned a magistrate as your worship will surely do me justice by hearing me attentively. I am young: nevertheless, having more than one year written in the office of an attorney, and having heard and listened to many discourses and questions on law, I can not but remember the heavy fine inflicted on a gentleman of this county, who committed a poor man to prison for being in possession of a hare, it

being proved that the hare was in his possession, and not he in the hare's.

Sir Silas. Synonymous term! synonymous term!

Sir Thomas. In what term sayest thou was it? I do not remember the case.

Sir Silas. Mere quibble! mere equivocation! Jesuitical! Jesuitical!

Shakspeare. It would be Jesuitical, Sir Silas, if it dragged the law by its perversions to the side of oppression and cruelty. The order of Jesuits, I fear, is as numerous as its tenets are lax and comprehensive. I am sorry to see their frocks flounced with English serge.

Sir Silas. I don't understand thee, viper!

Sir Thomas. Cease thou, Will Shakspeare! Know thy place. And do thou, Joseph Carnaby, take up again the thread of thy testimony.

Carnaby. We were still at some distance from the party, when on a sudden Euseby hung an . .*

Sir Thomas. As well write 'drew back,' Master Ephraim and Master Silas! Be circumspecter in speech, Master Joseph Carnaby! I did not look for such rude phrases from that starch-warehouse under thy chin. Continue, man!

Carnaby. 'Euseby!' said I in his ear, 'what ails thee, Euseby?' 'I wag no farther,' quoth he. 'What a number of names and voices!'

Sir Thomas. Dreadful gang! a number of names and voices! Had it been any other day in the year but Allhallowmas eve! To steal a buck upon such a day! Well! God may pardon even that. Go on, go on. But the laws of our country must have their satisfaction and atonement. Were it upon any other day in the calendar less holy, the buck were nothing, or next to nothing, saving the law and our conscience and our good report. Yet we, her majesty's justices, must stand in the gap, body and soul, against evil-doers. Now do thou, in furtherance of this business, give thine aid unto us, Joseph Carnaby! remembering that mine eye from this judgment-seat, and her majesty's bright and glorious one overlooking the whole realm, and the broader of God above, are upon thee.

. . Carnaby did quail a matter at these words about the judgment-seat and the broad eye, aptly and gravely delivered by him, moreover, who hath to administer truth and righteousness in our ancient and venerable laws, and especially at the present juncture in those against park-breaking and deer-stealing. But finally, nought discomfited, and putting his hand valiantly atwixt hip and midriff, so that his elbow well-nigh touched the taller pen in the ink-pot, he went on.

Carnaby. 'In the shadow of the willows and elm-trees,' said he, 'and get nearer.' We were still at some distance, maybe a score of furlongs, from the party . .

Sir Thomas. Thou hast said it already, all save the score of furlongs.

Hast room for them, Master Silas?

Sir Silas. Yea and would make room for fifty, to let the fellow swing at his ease.

Sir Thomas. Hast room, Master Ephraim?

"'Tis done, most worshipful!" said I. The learned knight did not recollect that I could put fifty furlongs in a needle's eye, give me pen fine enough.

But far be it from me to vaunt of my penmanship, although there be those who do malign it, even in my own township and parish; yet they never have unperched me from my calling, and have had hard work to take an idle wench or two from under me on Saturday nights.

I memorize thus much, not out of any malice or any soreness about me, but that those of my kindred into whose hands it please God these papers do fall hereafter, may bear up stoutly in such straits; and if they be good at the cudgel, that they, looking first at their man, do give it him heartily and unsparingly, keeping within law.

Sir Thomas, having overlooked what we had written, and meditated awhile thereupon, said unto Joseph,

"It appeareth by thy testimony that there was a huge and desperate gang of them a-foot. Revengeful dogs! it is difficult to deal with them. The laws forbid precipitancy and violence. A dozen or two may return and harm me; not me indeed, but my tenants and servants. I would fain act with prudence, and like unto him who looketh abroad. He must tie his shoe tightly who passeth through mire; he must step softly who steppeth over stones; he must walk in the fear of the Lord (which, without a brag, I do at this present feel upon me), who hopeth to reach the end of the straightest road in safety."

Sir Silas. Tut! tut! your worship! Her majesty's deputy hath matchlocks and halters at a knight's disposal, or the world were topsyturvy indeed.

Sir Thomas. My mental ejaculations, and an influx of grace thereupon, have shaken and washed from my brain all thy last words, good Joseph! Thy companion here, Euseby Treen, said unto thee . . ay? . .

Carnaby. Said unto me, 'What a number of names and voices! And there be but three living men in all! And look again! Christ deliver us! all the shadows save one go leftward: that one lieth right upon the river. It seemeth a big squat monster, shaking a little, as one ready to spring upon its prey.'

Sir Thomas. A dead man in his last agonies, no doubt. Your deer-stealer doth boggle at nothing. He hath alway the knife in doublet and the devil at elbow.

I wot not of any keeper killed or missing. To lose one's deer and keeper too, were overmuch.

Do, in God's merciful name, hand unto me a glass of sack, Master Silas! I wax faintish at the big squat man. He hath harmed not only me, but mine. Furthermore, the examination is grown so long.

. . Then was the wine delivered by Sir Silas into the hand of his worship, who drank it off in a

* The word here omitted is quite illegible.

beaker of about half a pint, but little to his satisfaction: for he said shortly afterward,

"Hast thou poured no water into the sack, good Master Silas? It seemeth weaker and washier than ordinary, and affordeth small comfort unto the breast and stomach."

Sir Silas. Not I, truly, sir, and the bottle is a fresh and sound one. The cork reported on drawing, as the best diver doth ôn sousing from Warwick bridge into Avon. A rare cork! as bright as the glass bottle, and as smooth as the lips of any cow.

Sir Thomas. My mouth is out of taste this morning; or the same wine, mayhap, hath a different force and flavour in the dining-room and among friends. But to business. What more?

Carnaby. 'Euseby Treen, what may it be?' said I. 'I know,' quoth he, 'but dare not breathe it.'

Sir Thomas. I thought I had taken a glass of wine verily. Attention to my duty as a magistrate is paramount. I mind nothing else when that lies before me.

Carnaby! I credit thy honesty, but doubt thy manhood. Why not breathe it, with a vengeance?

Carnaby. It was Euseby who dared not.

Sir Thomas. Stand still: say nothing yet: mind my orders: fair and softly: compose thyself.

.. They all stood silent for some time, and looked very composed, awaiting the commands of the knight. His mind was clearly in such a state of devotion, that peradventure he might not have descended for a while longer to his mundane duties, had not Master Silas told him that, under the shadow of his wing, their courage had returned and they were quite composed again.

"You may proceed," said the knight.

Carnaby. Master Treen did take off his cap and wipe his forehead. I, for the sake of comforting him in this his heaviness, placed my hand upon his crown; and truly I might have taken it for a tuft of bents, the hair on end, the skin immovable as God's earth.

.. Sir Thomas, hearing these words, lifted up his hands above his own head, and, in the loudest voice he had yet uttered, did he cry,

"Wonderful are thy ways in Israel, O Lord!"

So saying, the pious knight did strike his knee with the palm of his right hand; and then gave he a sign, bowing his head and closing his eyes, bywhich Master Carnaby did think he signified his pleasure that he should go on deposing. And he went on thus:

Carnaby. At this moment one of the accomplices cried, 'Willy! Willy! prythee stop! enough in all conscience! First thou divertedst us from our undertaking with thy strange vagaries; thy Italian girls' nursery sighs; thy Pucks and pinchings, and thy Windsor whimsies. No kitten upon a bed of marum ever played such antics. It was summer and winter, night and day, with us within the hour; and in such religion did we think and feel it, we would have broken the man's jaw who gainsayed it. We have slept with thee under the oaks in the ancient forest of Arden, and we have wakened from our sleep in the tempest far at sea.* Now art thou for frightening us again out of all the senses thou hadst given us, with witches, and women more murderous than they.'

Then followed a deeper voice: 'Stouter men and more resolute are few; but thou, my lad, hast words too weighty for flesh and bones to bear up against. And who knows but these creatures may pop among us at last, as the wolf did, sure enough, upon him, the noisy rogue, who so long had been crying *wolf!* and *wolf!*'

Sir Thomas. Well spoken, for two thieves; albeit I miss the meaning of the most-part. Did they prevail with the scapegrace, and stop him?

Carnaby. The last who had spoken did slap him on the shoulder, saying, 'Jump into the punt, lad, and across.' Thereupon did Will Shakspeare jump into said punt, and begin to sing a song about a mermaid.

Shakspeare. Sir! is this credible? I will be sworn I never saw one; and verily do believe that scarcely one in a hundred years doth venture so far up the Avon.

Sir Thomas. There is something in this. Thou mayest have sung about one, nevertheless. Young poets take great liberties with all female kind; not that mermaids are such very unlawful game for them, and there be songs even about worse and staler fish. Mind ye that! Thou hast written songs, and hast sung them, and lewd enough they be, God wot!

Shakspeare. Pardon me, your worship! they were not mine then. Peradventure the song about the mermaid may have been that ancient one which every boy in most parishes has been singing for many years, and perhaps his father before him; and somebody was singing it then, mayhap, to keep up his courage in the night.

Sir Thomas. I never heard it.

Shakspeare. Nobody would dare to sing in the presence of your worship, unless commanded; not even the mermaid herself.

Sir Thomas. Canst thou sing it?

Shakspeare. Verily, I can sing nothing.

Sir Thomas. Canst thou repeat it from memory?

Shakspeare. It is so long since I have thought about it, that I may fail in the attempt.

Sir Thomas. Try, however.

Shakspeare.

> The mermaid sat upon the rocks
> All day long,
> Admiring her beauty and combing her locks,
> And singing a mermaid song.

Sir Thomas. What was it? what was it? I thought as much. There thou standest, like a woodpecker, chattering and chattering, breaking the bark with thy beak, and leaving the grub

* By this deposition it would appear that Shakspeare had formed the idea, if not the outline, of several plays already, much as he altered them, no doubt, in after-life.

where it was. This is enough to put a saint out of patience.

Shakspeare. The wishes of your worship possess a mysterious influence: I now remember all:

And hear the mermaid's song you may,
As sure as sure can be,
If you will but follow the sun all day,
And souse with him into the sea.

Sir Thomas. It must be an idle fellow who would take that trouble: beside, unless he nicked the time he might miss the monster. There be many who are slow to believe that the mermaid singeth.

Shakspeare. Ah sir! not only the mermaid singeth, but the merman sweareth, as another old song will convince you.

Sir Thomas. I would fain be convinced of God's wonders in the great deeps, and would lean upon the weakest reed, like unto thee, to manifest his glory. Thou mayest convince me.

Shakspeare.

A wonderful story, my lasses and lads,
Peradventure you've heard from your grannams or dads,
Of a merman that came every night to woo
The spinster of spinsters, our Catherine Crewe.

But Catherine Crewe
Is now seventy-two,
And avers she hath half forgotten
The truth of the tale, when you ask her about it,
And says, as if fain to deny it or flout it,
Pooh! the merman is dead and rotten.

The merman came up, as the mermen are wont,
To the top of the water, and then swam upon't;
And Catherine saw him with both her two eyes,
A lusty young merman full six feet in size.

And Catherine was frighten'd,
Her scalp-skin it tighten'd,
And her head it swam strangely, although on dry land;
And the merman made bold
Eftsoons to lay hold
(*This* Catherine well recollects) of her hand.

But how could a merman, if ever so good,
Or if ever so clever, be well understood
By a simple young creature of our flesh and blood?

Some tell us the merman
Can only speak German,
In a voice between grunting and snoring;
But Catherine says he had learnt in the wars
The language, persuasions, and oaths of our tars,
And that even his voice was not foreign.

Yet when she was asked how he managed to hide
The green fishy tail, coming out of the tide
For night after night above twenty,
'You troublesome creatures!' old Catherine replied,
'*In his pocket:* won't that now content ye?'

Sir Thomas. I have my doubts yet. I should have said unto her seriously, 'Kate! Kate! I am not convinced.' There may be witchcraft or sortilege in it. I would have made it a star-chamber matter.

Shakspeare. It was one, sir!

Sir Thomas. And now I am reminded by this silly childish song, which, after all, is not the true mermaid's, thou didst tell me, Silas, that the papers found in the lad's pocket were intended for poetry.

Sir Silas. I wish he had missed his aim, sir, in your park, as he hath missed it in his poetry. The papers are not worth reading; they do not go against him in the point at issue.

Sir Thomas. We must see that; they being taken upon his person when apprehended.

Sir Silas. Let Ephraim read them then: it behoveth not me, a Master of Arts, to con a whelp's whining.

Sir Thomas. Do thou read them aloud unto us, good Master Ephraim.

. . Whereupon I took the papers, which young Willy had not bestowed much pains on; and they posed and puzzled me grievously, for they were blotted and scrawled in many places, as if somebody had put him out. These likewise I thought fit, after long consideration, to write better, and preserve, great as the loss of time is when men of business take in hand such unseemly matters. However, they are decenter than most, and not without their moral: for example:

TO THE OWLET.

Who, O thou sapient saintly bird!
Thy shouted warnings ever heard
Unbleached by fear?
The blue-faced blubbering imp, who steals
Yon turnips, thinks thee at his heels,
Afar or near.

The brawnier churl who brags at times
To front and top the rankest crimes,
To paunch a deer,
Quarter a priest, or squeeze a wench,
Sounds from thee, clammy as a tench,
He knows not where.

For this the righteous Lord of all
Consigns to thee the castle-wall,
When, many a year,
Closed in the chancel-vault, are eyes
Rainy or sunny at the sighs
Of knight or peer.

Sir Thomas, when I had ended, said unto me, "No harm herein; but are they over?"

I replied, "Yea, sir!"

"I miss the *posy*," quoth he; "there is usually a lump of sugar, or a smack thereof, at the bottom of the glass. They who are inexperienced in poetry do write it as boys do their copies in the copy-book, without a flourish at the *finis*. It is only the master who can do this befittingly."

I bowed unto his worship reverentially, thinking of a surety he meant me, and returned my best thanks in set language. But his worship rebuffed them, and told me graciously that he had an eye on another of very different quality; that the plain sense of his discourse might do for me, the subtiler was certainly for himself. He added, that in his younger days he had heard from a person of great parts, and had since profited by it, that ordinary poets are like adders; the tail blunt and the body rough, and the whole reptile cold-blooded and sluggish; whereas we, he subjoined, leap and caracole and curvet, and are as warm as velvet, and as sleek as satin, and as perfumed as

a Naples fan, in every part of us; and the end of our poems is as pointed as a perch's back-fin, and it requires as much nicety to pick it up as a needle * at nine groats the hundred."

Then turning towards the culprit, he said mildly unto him,

"Now why canst thou not apply thyself unto study? Why canst thou not ask advice of thy superiors in rank and wisdom? In a few years, under good discipline, thou mightest rise from the owlet unto the peacock. I know not what pleasant things might not come into the youthful head thereupon.

"He was the bird of Venus,† goddess of beauty. He flew down (I speak as a poet, and not in my quality of knight and Christian) with half the stars of heaven upon his tail; and his long blue neck doth verily appear a dainty slice out of the solid sky."

Sir Silas smote me with his elbow, and said in my ear,

"He wanteth not this stuffing: he beats a pheasant out of the kitchen, to my mind, take him only at the pheasant's size, and don't (upon your life) overdo him.

"Never be cast down in spirit, nor take it too grievously to heart, if the colour be a suspicion of the pinkish: no sign of rawness in that: none whatever. It is as becoming to him as to the salmon; it is as natural to your pea-chick in his best cookery, as it is to the finest October morning, moist underfoot, when partridge's and puss's and reynard's scent lies sweetly."

Willy Shakspeare in the meantime lifted up his hands above his ears half a cubit, and, taking breath again, said audibly, although he willed it to be said unto himself alone,

"O that knights could deign to be our teachers! Methinks I should briefly spring up into heaven, through the very chink out of which the peacock took his neck."

Master Silas, who, like myself and the worshipful knight, did overhear him, said angrily,

"To spring up into heaven, my lad, it would be as well to have at least one foot upon the ground to make the spring withal. I doubt whether we shall leave thee this vantage."

"Nay, nay! thou art hard upon him, Silas!" said the knight.

I was turning over the other papers taken from the pocket of the culprit on his apprehension, and had fixed my eyes on one, when Sir Thomas caught them thus occupied, and exclaimed,

"Mercy upon us! have we more?"

"Your patience, worshipful sir!" said I; "must I forward?"

"Yea, yea," quoth he, resignedly, "we must go through: we are pilgrims in this life."

Then did I read, in a clear voice, the contents of paper the second, being as followeth:

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I loved him not; and yet now he is gone
  I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
  Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
  And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
  My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
  'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
  I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me: but mine returns,
  And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
  And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
  Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
  These may she never share!
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
  Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
  His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
  And oh! pray too for me!

Sir Thomas had fallen into a most comfortable and refreshing slumber ere this lecture was concluded: but the pause broke it, as there be many who experience after the evening service in our parish-church. Howbeit, he had presently all his wits about him, and remembered well that he had been carefully counting the syllables, about the time when I had pierced as far as into the middle.

"Young man," said he to Willy, "thou givest short measure in every other sack of the load. Thy uppermost stake is of right length; the undermost falleth off, methinks.

"Master Ephraim, canst thou count syllables? I mean no offence. I may have counted wrongfully myself, not being born nor educated for an accountant."

At such order I did count; and truly the suspicion was as just as if he had neither been a knight nor a sleeper.

"Sad stuff! sad stuff indeed!" said Master Silas, "and smelling of popery and wax-candles."

"Aye?" said Sir Thomas, "I must sift that."

"If praying for the dead is not popery," said Master Silas, "I know not what the devil is. Let them pray for us; they may know whether it will do us any good: we need not pray for them; we can not tell whether it will do them any. I call this sound divinity."

"Are our churchmen all agreed thereupon?" asked Sir Thomas.

"The wisest are," replied Master Silas. "There are some lank rascals who will never agree upon anything but upon doubting. I would not give ninepence for the best gown upon the most thrifty of 'em; and their fingers are as stiff and hard with

* The greater part of the value of the present work arises from the certain information it affords us on the price of needles in the reign of Elizabeth: fine needles in her days were made only at Liege, and some few cities in the Netherlands, and may be reckoned among those things which were much dearer than they are now.

† Mr. Tooke had not yet published his *Pantheon*.

their pedlary knavish writing, as any bishop's are with chalk-stones won honestly from the gout."

Sir Thomas took the paper up from the table on which I had laid it, and said, after a while,

"The man may only have swooned. I scorn to play the critic, or to ask anyone the meaning of a word; but, sirrah!"

Here he turned in his chair from the side of Master Silas, and said unto Willy,

"William Shakspeare! out of this thraldom in regard to popery, I hope, by God's blessing, to deliver thee. If ever thou repeatest the said verses, knowing the man to be to all intents and purposes a dead man, prythee read the censurable line as thus corrected,

Pray for our Virgin Queen, gentles! whoe'er you be,

although it is not quite the thing that another should impinge so closely on her skirts.

"By this improvement, of me suggested, thou mayest make some amends, a syllable or two, for the many that are weighed in the balance and are found wanting."

Then turning unto me, as being conversant by my profession in such matters, and the same being not very worthy of learned and staid clerks the like of Master Silas, he said,

"Of all the youths that did ever write in verse, this one verily is he who hath the fewest flowers and devices. But it would be loss of time to form a border in the fashion of a kingly crown, or a dragon or a Turk on horseback, out of buttercups and dandelions.

"Master Ephraim! look at these badgers! with a long leg on one quarter and a short leg on the other. The wench herself might well and truly have said all that matter without the poet, bating the rhymes and metre. Among the girls in the country there are many such *shilly-shallys*, who give themselves sore eyes and sharp eye-water: I would cure them rod in hand."

Whereupon did William Shakspeare say, with great humility,

"So would I, may it please your worship, an they would let me."

"Incorrigible sluts! Out upon 'em! and thou art no better than they are," quoth the knight.

Master Silas cried aloud, "No better, marry! they at the worst are but carted and whipt for the edification of the market-folks.* Not a squire or parson in the county round but comes in his best to see a man hanged."

"The edification then is higher by a deal," said William, very composedly.

"Troth! is it," replied Master Silas. "The most poisonous reptile has the richest jewel in his head: thou shalt share the richest gift bestowed upon royalty, and shalt cure the king's evil." †

* This was really the case within our memory.

† It was formerly thought, and perhaps is thought still, that the hand of a man recently hanged being rubbed on the tumour of the king's evil was able to cure it. The crown and the gallows divided the glory of the sovran remedy.

"It is more tractable, then, than the church's," quoth William; and, turning his face toward the chair, he made an obeisance to Sir Thomas, saying,

"Sir! the more submissive my behaviour is, the more vehement and boisterous is Master Silas. My gentlest words serve only to carry him toward the contrary quarter, as the south-wind bloweth a ship northward."

"Youth!" said Sir Thomas, smiling most benignly, "I find, and well indeed might I have surmised, thy utter ignorance of winds, equinoxes, and tides. Consider now a little! With what propriety can a wind be called a south-wind if it bloweth a vessel to the north? Would it be a south-wind that blew it from this hall into Warwick market-place?"

"It would be a strong one," said Master Silas unto me, pointing his remark, as witty men are wont, with the elbow-pan.

But Sir Thomas, who waited for an answer, and received none, continued,

"Would a man be called a good man who tended and pushed on toward evil?"

Shakspeare. I stand corrected. I could sail to Cathay or Tartary* with half the nautical knowledge I have acquired in this glorious hall.

The devil impelling a mortal to wrong courses, is thereby known to be the devil. He, on the contrary, who exciteth to good is no devil, but an angel of light, or under the guidance of one. The devil driveth unto his own home; so doth the south-wind, so doth the north-wind.

Alas! alas! we possess not the mastery over our own weak minds, when a higher spirit standeth nigh, and draweth us within his influence.

Sir Thomas. Those thy words are well enough; very well, very good, wise, discreet, judicious beyond thy years. But then that *sailing* comes in an awkward, ugly way across me; that *Cathay*, that *Tartarus!*

Have a care! Do thou nothing rashly. Mind! an thou stealeth my punt for the purpose, I send the constable after thee or e'er thou art half way over.

Shakspeare. He would make a stock-fish of me an he caught me. It is hard sailing out of his straits, although they be carefully laid down in most parishes, and many have taken them from actual survey.

Sir Silas. Sir, we have bestowed on him already well-nigh a good hour of our time.

Sir Thomas, who was always fond of giving admonition and reproof to the ignorant and erring, and who had found the seeds (little mustard-seeds, 'tis true, and never likely to arise into the great mustard-tree of the Gospel) in the poor lad Willy, did let his heart soften a whit tenderer and kindlier than Master Silas did, and said unto Master Silas,

* And yet he never did sail any farther than into Bohemia.

"A good hour of our time! Yea, Silas! and thou wouldst give *him* eternity!"

"What, sir! would you let him go?" said Master Silas. "Presently we shall have neither deer nor dog, neither hare nor coney, neither swan nor heron; every carp from pool, every bream from brook, will be groped for. The marble monuments in the church will no longer protect the leaden coffins; and if there be any ring of gold on the finger of knight or dame, it will be torn away with as little ruth and ceremony as the ring from a butchered sow's snout."

"Awful words! Master Silas," quoth the knight, musing; "but thou mistakest my intentions. I let him not go: howbeit, at worst I would only mark him in the ear, and turn him up again after this warning, peradventure with a few stripes to boot, athwart the shoulders, in order to make them shrug a little, and shake off the burden of idleness."

Now I, having seen, I dare not say the innocence, but the innocent and simple manner of Willy, and pitying his tender years, and having an inkling that he was a lad, poor Willy! whom God had endowed with some parts, and into whose breast he had instilled that milk of loving-kindness, by which alone we can be like unto those little children of whom is the household and kingdom of our Lord, I was moved, yea even unto tears. And now, to bring gentler thoughts into the hearts of Master Silas and Sir Thomas, who in his wisdom deemed it a light punishment to slit an ear or two, or inflict a wiry scourging, I did remind his worship that another paper was yet unread, at least to them, although I had been perusing it.

This was much pleasanter than the two former, and overflowing with the praises of the worthy knight and his gracious lady; and, having an echo to it in another voice, I did hope thereby to disarm their just wrath and indignation. It was thus couched.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Jesu! what lofty elms are here!
Let me look through them at the clear
Deep sky above, and bless my star
That such a worthy knight's they are!

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Innocent creatures! how those deer
Trot merrily, and romp and rear!

FIRST SHEPHERD.

The glorious knight who walks beside
His most majestic lady bride,

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Under these branches spreading wide,

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Carries about so many cares
Touching his ancestors and heirs,
That came from Athens and from Rome,

SECOND SHEPHERD.

As many of them as are come,

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Nought else the smallest lodge can find
In the vast manors of his mind;
Envying not Solomon his wit,

SECOND SHEPHERD.

No, nor his women; not a bit;
Being well-built and well-behaved
As Solomon, I trow, or David.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And taking by his jewell'd hand
The jewel of that lady bland,
He sees the tossing antlers pass
And throw quaint shadows o'er the grass;
While she alike the hour beguiles,
And looks at him and them, and smiles.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

With conscience proof 'gainst Satan's shock,
Albeit finer than her smock,*
Marry! her smiles are not of vanity,
But resting on sound Christianity.
Faith you would swear had nail'd † her ears on
The book and cushion of the parson.

"Methinks the rhyme at the latter end might be bettered," said Sir Thomas. "The remainder is indited not unaptly. But, young man! never having obtained the permission of my honourable dame to praise her in guise of poetry, I can not see all the merit I would fain discern in the verses. She ought first to have been sounded; and it being certified that she disapproved not her glorification, then might it be trumpeted forth into the world below."

"Most worshipful knight!" replied the youngster; "I never could take it in hand to sound a dame of quality; they are all of them too deep and too practised for me, and have better and abler men about 'em. And surely I did imagine to myself, that if it were asked of any honourable man (omitting to speak of ladies) whether he would give permission to be openly praised, he would reject the application as a gross offence. It appeareth to me that even to praise one's self, although it be shameful, is less shameful than to throw a burning coal into the incense-box that another doth hold to waft before us, and then to snift and simper over it, with maidenly wishful coyness, as if forsooth one had no hand in setting it a-smoke."

Then did Sir Thomas, in his zeal to instruct the ignorant, and so make the lowly hold up their heads, say unto him,

"Nay, but all the great do thus. Thou must not praise them without leave and license. Praise unpermitted is plebeian praise. It is presumption to suppose that thou knowest enough of the noble and the great to discover their high qualities. They alone could manifest them unto thee. It requireth much discernment and much time to enucleate and bring into light their abstruse wisdom and gravely featured virtues. Those of ordinary men lie before thee in thy daily walks: thou mayest know them by converse at their tables, as thou knowest the little tame squirrel

* *Smock*, formerly a part of the female dress, corresponding with *shroud*, or what we now call (or lately called) *shirt*, of the man's. Fox, speaking of Lathmer's burning, says, "Being slipped into his *shroud*."

† Faith nailing the ears is a strong and sacred metaphor. The rhyme is imperfect: Shakspeare was not always attentive to these minor beauties.

that chippeth his nuts in the open sunshine of a bowling-green. But beware how thou enterest the awful arbours of the great, who conceal their magnanimity in the depths of their hearts, as lions do."

He then paused; and observing the youth in deep and earnest meditation over the fruits of his experience, as one who tasted and who would fain digest them, he gave him encouragement, and relieved the weight of his musings by kind interrogation:

"So then these verses are thine own?"

The youth answered,

"Sir, I must confess my fault."

"And who was the shepherd written here 'Second Shepherd,' that had the ill manners to interrupt thee? Methinks, in helping thee to mount the saddle, he pretty nigh tossed thee over,* with his jerks and quirks."

Without waiting for any answer, his worship continued his interrogations:

"But do you woolstaplers call yourselves by the style and title of shepherds?"

"Verily, sir, do we; and I trust by right. The last owner of any place is called the master, more properly than the dead and gone who once held it. If that be true (and who doubts it?) we, who have the last of the sheep, namely the wool and skin, and who buy all of all the flock, surely may more properly be called shepherds, than those idle vagrants who tend them only for a season, selling a score or purchasing a score, as may happen."

Here Sir Thomas did pause awhile, and then said unto Master Silas,

"My own cogitations, and not this stripling, have induced me to consider and to conclude a weighty matter for knightly scholarship. I never could rightly understand before how Colin Clout, and sundry others calling themselves shepherds, should argue like doctors in law, physic, and divinity.

"Silas! they were woolstaplers; and they must have exercised their wits in dealing with tithe-proctors and parsons, and moreover with fellows of colleges from our two learned universities, who have sundry lands held under them, as thou knowest, and take the small tithes in kind. Colin Clout, methinks, from his extensive learning, might have acquired enough interest with the Queen's Highness to change his name for the better, and, furthermore, her royal license to carry armorial bearings, in no peril of taint from so unsavory an appellation."

* Shakspeare seems to have profited afterward by this metaphor, even more perhaps than by all the direct pieces of instruction in poetry given him so handsomely by the worthy knight. And here it may be permitted the editor to profit also by the manuscript, correcting in Shakspeare what is absolute nonsense as now printed:

> *Vaulting* ambition that o'erleaps *itself*
> And falls on the *other side*.

Other side of what? It should be *its sell*. *Sell* is *saddle* in Spenser and elsewhere, from the Latin and Italian.

Master Silas did interrupt this discourse, by saying,

"May it please your worship, the constable is waiting."

Whereat Sir Thomas said tartly,

"And let him wait."*

Then to me,

"I hope we have done with verses, and are not to be befooled by the lad's nonsense touching mermaids or worse creatures."

Then to Will,

"William Shakspeare! we live in a Christian land, a land of great toleration and forbearance. Threescore cartsful of faggots a year are fully sufficient to clear our English air from every pestilence of heresy and witchcraft. It hath not alway been so, God wot! Innocent and guilty took their turns before the fire, like geese and capons. The spit was never cold; the cook's sleeve was ever above the elbow. Countrymen came down from distant villages, into towns and cities, to see perverters whom they had never heard of, and to learn the righteousness of hatred. When heretics waxed fewer, the religious began to grumble, that God, in losing his enemies, had also lost his avengers.

"Do not thou, William Shakspeare, dig the hole for thy own stake. If thou canst not make men wise, do not make them merry at thy cost. We are not to be paganised any more. Having struck from our calendars, and unnailed from our chapels, many dozens of decent saints, with as little compunction and remorse as unlucky lads throw frog-spawn and tadpoles out of stagnant ditches, never let us think of bringing back among us the daintier divinities they ousted. All these are the devil's imps, beautiful as they appear in what we falsely call works of genius, which really and truly are the devil's own; statues more graceful than humanity, pictures more living than life, eloquence that raised single cities above empires, poor men above kings. If these are not Satan's works, where are they? I will tell thee where they are likewise. In holding vain converse with false gods. The utmost we can allow in propriety is to call a knight Phœbus, and a dame Diana. They are not meat for every trencher.

"We must now proceed straightforward with the business on which thou comest before us. What further sayest thou, witness?"

Treen. His face was toward me: I saw it clearly. The graver man followed him into the punt, and said roughly, 'We shall get hanged as sure as thou pipest.'

* It has been suggested that this answer was borrowed from Virgil, and goes strongly against the genuineness of the manuscript. The editor's memory was upon the stretch to recollect the words: the learned critic supplied them:

> "Solum Æneas vocat: *et vocet*, oro."

The editor could only reply, indeed weakly, that *calling* and *waiting* are not exactly the same, unless when tradesmen rap and gentlemen are leaving town.

Whereunto he answered,

> 'Naturally, as fall upon the ground
> The leaves in winter and the girls in spring.'

And then began he again with the mermaid: whereat the graver man clapped a hand before his mouth, and swore he should take her in wedlock, to have and to hold, if he sang another stave. 'And thou shalt be her pretty little bridemaid,' quoth he gaily to the graver man, chucking him under the chin.

Sir Thomas. And what did Carnaby say unto thee, or what didst thou say unto Carnaby?

Treen. Carnaby said unto me, somewhat tauntingly, 'The big squat man, that lay upon thy bread-basket like a night-mare, is a punt at last, it seems.'

'Punt, and more too,' answered I. 'Tarry awhile, and thou shalt see this punt (so let me call it) lead them into temptation, and swamp them, or carry them to the gallows: I would not stay else.'

Sir Thomas. And what didst thou, Joseph Carnaby?

Carnaby. Finding him neither slack nor shy, I readily tarried. We knelt down opposite each other, and said our prayers; and he told me he was now comfortable. 'The evil one,' said he, 'hath enough to mind yonder: he shall not hurt us.' Never was a sweeter night, had there been but some mild ale under it, which anyone would have sworn it was made for. The milky way looked like a long drift of hailstones on a sunny ridge.

Sir Thomas. Hast thou done describing?

Carnaby. Yea, an please your worship.

Sir Thomas. God's blessing be upon thee, honest Carnaby! I feared a moon-fall. In our days nobody can think about a plum-pudding but the moon comes down upon it. I warrant ye this lad here hath as many moons in his poems as the Saracens had in their banners.

Shakspeare. I have not hatched mine yet, sir. Whenever I do I trust it will be worth taking to market.

Carnaby. I said all I know of the stars; but Master Euseby can run over half a score and upward, here and there. 'Am I right or wrong?' cried he, spreading on the back of my hand all his fingers, stiff as antlers and cold as icicles. 'Look up, Joseph! Joseph! there is no Lucifer in the firmament.' I myself did feel queerish and qualmy upon hearing that a star was missing, being no master of gainsaying it; and I abased my eyes, and entreated of Euseby to do in like manner. And in this posture did we both of us remain; and the missing star did not disquiet me; and all the others seemed as if they knew us and would not tell of us; and there was peace and pleasantness over sky and earth. And I said to my companion,

'How quiet now, good Master Euseby, are all God's creatures in this meadow, because they never pry into such high matters, but breathe sweetly among the pig-nuts. The only things we hear or see stirring are the glow-worms and dormice, as though they were sent for our edification, teaching us to rest contented with our own little light, and to come out and seek our sustenance where none molest or thwart us.'

Shakspeare. Ye would have it thus, no doubt, when your pockets and pouches are full of gins and nooses.

Sir Thomas. A bridle upon thy dragon's tongue! And do thou, Master Joseph, quit the dormice and glow-worms, and tell us whither did the rogues go.

Carnaby. I wot not after they had crossed the river: they were soon out of sight and hearing.

Sir Thomas. Went they toward Charlecote?

Carnaby. Their first steps were thitherward.

Sir Thomas. Did they come back unto the punt?

Carnaby. They went down the stream in it, and crossed the Avon some fourscore yards below where we were standing. They came back in it, and moored it to the sedges in which it had stood before.

Sir Thomas. How long were they absent?

Carnaby. Within an hour, or thereabout, all the three men returned. Will Shakspeare and another were sitting in the middle, the third punted.

'Remember now, gentles!' quoth William Shakspeare, 'the road we have taken is henceforward a footpath for ever, according to law.'

'How so?' asked the punter, turning toward him.

'Forasmuch as a corpse hath passed along it,' answered he.

Whereupon both Euseby and myself did forthwith fall upon our faces, commending our souls unto the Lord.

Sir Thomas. It was then really the dead body that quivered so fearfully upon the water, covering all the punt! Christ, deliver us! I hope the keeper they murdered was not Jeremiah. His wife and four children would be very chargeable, and the man was by no mean amiss. Proceed! what further?

Carnaby. On reaching the bank, 'I never sat pleasanter in my lifetime,' said William Shakspeare, 'than upon this carcass.'

Sir Thomas. Lord have mercy upon us! Thou upon a carcass, at thy years?

.. And the knight drew back his chair half an ell further from the table, and his lips quivered at the thought of such inhumanity.

"And what said he more? and what did he?" asked the knight.

Carnaby. He patted it smartly, and said, 'Lug it out; break it.'

Sir Thomas. These four poor children! who shall feed them?

Sir Silas. Sir! in God's name have you forgotten that Jeremiah is gone to Nun-Eaton to see his father, and that the murdered man is the buck?

Sir Thomas. They killed the buck likewise. But what, ye cowardly varlets! have ye been deceiving me all this time? And thou, youngster, couldst thou say nothing to clear up the case? Thou shalt smart for it. Methought I had lost by a violent death the best servant ever man had; righteous, if there be no blame in saying it, as the prophet whose name he beareth, and brave as the lion of Judah.

Shakspeare. Sir, if these men could deceive your worship for a moment, they might deceive me for ever. I could not guess what their story aimed at, except my ruin. I am inclined to lean for once toward the opinion of Master Silas, and to believe it was really the stolen buck on which this William (if indeed there is any truth at all in the story) was sitting.

Sir Thomas. What more hast thou for me that is not enigma or parable?

Carnaby. I did not see the carcass, man's or beast's, may it please your worship, and I have recited and can recite that only which I saw and heard. After the words of lugging out and breaking it, knives were drawn accordingly. It was no time to loiter or linger. We crope back under the shadow of the alders and hazels on the high bank that bordereth Mickle Meadow, and, making straight for the public road, hastened homeward.

Sir Thomas. Hearing this deposition, dost thou affirm the like upon thy oath, Master Euseby Treen, or dost thou vary in aught essential?

Treen. Upon my oath I do depose and affirm the like, and truly the identical same; and I will never more vary upon aught essential.

Sir Thomas. I do now further demand of thee whether thou knowest anything more appertaining unto this business.

Treen. Ay, verily: that your worship may never hold me for timorsome and superstitious, I do furthermore add that some other than deer-stealers was abroad. In sign whereof, although it was the dryest and clearest night of the season, my jerkin was damp inside and outside when I reached the house-door.

Shakspeare. I warrant thee, Euseby, the damp began not at the outside. A word in thy ear: Lucifer was thy tapster, I trow.

Sir Thomas. Irreverent swine! hast no awe nor shame? Thou hast aggravated thy offence, William Shakspeare, by thy foul-mouthedness.

Sir Silas. I must remind your worship, that he not only has committed this iniquity afore, but hath pawed the puddle he made, and relapsed into it after due caution and reproof. God forbid that what he spake against me, out of the gall of his proud stomach, should move me. I defy him, a low ignorant wretch, a rogue and vagabond, a thief and cut-throat, a . . .* monger and mutton-eater.

Shakspeare. Your worship doth hear the learned clerk's testimony in my behalf. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings . .'

Sir Thomas. Silas! The youth has failings; a madcap; but he is pious.

Shakspeare. Alas, no, sir! Would I were! But Sir Silas, like the prophet, came to curse and was forced to bless me, even me, a sinner, a mutton-eater!

Sir Thomas. Thou urgedst him. He beareth no ill-will toward thee. Thou knewedst, I suspect, that the blackness in his mouth proceeded from a natural cause.

Shakspeare. The Lord is merciful! I was brought hither in jeopardy; I shall return in joy. Whether my innocence be declared or otherwise, my piety and knowledge will be forwarded and increased: for your worship will condescend, even from the judgment-seat, to enlighten the ignorant where a soul shall be saved or lost! And I, even I, may trespass a moment on your courtesy. I quail at the words *natural cause.* Be there any such?

Sir Thomas. Youth! I never thought thee so staid. Thou hast, for these many months, been represented unto me as one dissolute and light, much given unto mummeries and mysteries, wakes and carousals, cudgel-fighters and mountebanks, and wanton women. They do also represent of thee (I hope it may be without foundation) that thou enactest the parts, not simply of foresters and fairies, girls in the green-sickness and friars, lawyers and outlaws, but likewise, having small reverence for station, of kings and queens, knights and privy-counsellors, in all their glory. It hath been whispered moreover, and the testimony of these two witnesses doth appear in some measure to countenance and confirm it, that thou hast at divers times this last summer been seen and heard alone, inasmuch as human eye may discover, on the narrow slip of greensward between the Avon and the chancel, distorting thy body like one possessed, and uttering strange language, like unto incantation. This however cometh not before me. Take heed! take heed unto thy ways: there are graver things in law even than homicide and deer-stealing.

Sir Silas. And strong against him. Folks have been consumed at the stake for pettier felonies and upon weaker evidence.

Sir Thomas. To that anon.

. . William Shakspeare did hold down his head, answering nought. And Sir Thomas spake again unto him, as one mild and fatherly, if so be that such a word may be spoken of a knight and parliament-man. And these are the words he spake:

"Reason and ruminate with thyself now. To pass over and pretermit the danger of representing the actions of the others, and mainly of lawyers and churchmen, the former of whom do pardon no offences, and the latter those only against God, (having no warrant for more) canst thou believe it innocent to counterfeit kings and queens? Supposest thou that if the impression of their faces on

* Here the manuscript is blotted; but the probability is, that it was *fishmonger*, rather than *ironmonger*, fishmongers having always been notorious cheats and liars.

a farthing be felonious and rope-worthy, the imitation of head and body, voice and bearing, plume and strut, crown and mantle, and everything else that maketh them royal and glorious, be aught less? Perpend, young man, perpend! Consider who among inferior mortals shall imitate them becomingly? Dreamest thou they talk and act like checkmen at Banbury fair? How can thy shallow brain suffice for their vast conceptions? How darest thou say, as they do, hang this fellow, quarter that, flay, mutilate, stab, shoot, press, hook, torture, burn alive? These are royalties. Who appointed thee to such office? The Holy Ghost? He alone can confer it; but when wert thou anointed?"

William was so zealous in storing up these verities, that he looked as though he were unconscious that the pouring-out was over. He started, which he had not done before, at the voice of Master Silas; but soon recovered his complacency, and smiled with much serenity at being called low-minded varlet.

"Low-minded varlet!" cried Master Silas, most contemptuously, "dost thou imagine that king calleth king, like thy chums, *filcher* and *fibber*, *whirligig* and *nincompoop?* Instead of this low vulgarity and sordid idleness, ending in nothing, they throw at one another such fellows as thee by the thousand, and when they have cleared the land, render God thanks and make peace."

Willy did now sigh out his ignorance of these matters; and he sighed mayhap too at the recollection of the peril he had run into, and had ne'er a word on the nail.*

The bowels of Sir Thomas waxed tenderer and tenderer; and he opened his lips in this fashion:

"Stripling! I would now communicate unto thee, on finding thee docile and assentaneous, the instruction thou needest on the signification of the words *natural cause*, if thy duty toward thy neighbour had been first instilled into thee."

Whereupon Master Silas did interpose, for the dinner-hour was drawing nigh.

"We can not do all at once," quoth he. "Coming out of order, it might harm him. Malt before hops, the world over, or the beer muddles."

But Sir Thomas was not to be pricked out of his form even by so shrewd a pricker; and, like unto one who heareth not, he continued to look most graciously on the homely vessel that stood ready to receive his wisdom.

"Thy mind," said he, "being unprepared for higher cogitations, and the groundwork and religious duty not being well rammer-beaten and flinted, I do pass over this supererogatory point, and inform thee rather, that bucks and swans and herons have something in their very names announcing them of knightly appertenance. And (God forfend that evil do ensue therefrom!) that a goose on the common, or a game-cock on the loft of cottager or villager, may be seized, bagged, and abducted, with far less offence to the laws. In a buck there is something so gainly and so grand, he treadeth the earth with such ease and such agility, he abstaineth from all other animals with such punctilious avoidance, one would imagine God created him when he created knighthood. In the swan there is such purity, such coldness is there in the element he inhabiteth, such solitude of station, that verily he doth remind me of the Virgin Queen herself. Of the heron I have less to say, not having him about me; but I never heard his lordly croak without the conceit that it resembled a chancellor's or a primate's.

"I do perceive, William Shakspeare, thy compunction and contrition."

Shakspeare. I was thinking, may it please your worship, of the game-cock and the goose, having but small notion of herons. This doctrine of abduction, please your worship, hath been alway inculcated by the soundest of our judges. Would they had spoken on other points with the same clearness. How many unfortunates might thereby have been saved from crossing the Cordilleras!*

Sir Thomas. Ay, ay! they have been fain to fly the country at last, thither or elsewhere.

..And then did Sir Thomas call unto him Master Silas, and say,

"Walk we into the bay-window. And thou mayest come, Ephraim."

And when we were there together, I, Master Silas, and his worship, did his worship say unto the chaplain, but oftener looking toward me,

"I am not ashamed to avouch that it goeth against me to hang this young fellow, richly as the offence in its own nature doth deserve it; he talketh so reasonably; not indeed so reasonably, but so like unto what a reasonable man may listen to and reflect on. There is so much too of compassion for others in hard cases, and something so very near in semblance to innocence itself in that airy swing of lightheartedness about him. I can not fix my eyes (as one would say) on the shifting and sudden shade-and-shine, which cometh back to me, do what I will, and mazes me in a manner, and blinks me."

At this juncture I was ready to fall upon the ground before his worship, and clasp his knees for Willy's pardon. But he had so many points about him, that I feared to discompose 'em, and thus make bad worse. Beside which, Master Silas left me but scanty space for good resolutions, crying,

"He may be committed to save time. Afterward he may be sentenced to death, or he may not."

Sir Thomas. 'Twere shame upon me were he not: 'twere indication that I acted unadvisedly in the commitment.

Sir Silas. The penalty of the law may be

* *On the nail* appears to be intended to express *ready payment.*

* Perhaps a pun was intended; or possibly it might, in the age of Elizabeth, have been a vulgar term for *hanging*, although we find no trace of the expression in other books.

commuted, if expedient, on application to the fountain of mercy in London.

Sir Thomas. Maybe, Silas, those shall be standing round the fount of mercy who play in idleness and wantonness with its waters, and let them not flow widely, nor take their natural course. Dutiful gallants may encompass it, and it may linger among the flowers they throw into it, and never reach the parched lip on the wayside.

These are homely thoughts, thoughts from a-field, thoughts for the study and housekeeper's room. But whenever I have given utterance unto them, as my heart hath often prompted me with beatings at the breast, my hearers seemed to bear toward me more true and kindly affection than my richest fancies and choicest phraseologies could purchase.

Twere convenient to bethink thee, should any other great man's park have been robbed this season, no judge upon the bench will back my recommendation for mercy. And indeed how could I expect it? Things may soon be brought to such a pass that their lordships shall scarcely find three haunches each upon the circuit.

.. "Well, sir!" quoth Master Silas, "you have a right to go on in your own way. Make him only give up the girl.

Here Sir Thomas reddened with righteous indignation, and answered,

"I can not think it! such a stripling? poor, penniless: it must be some one else."

And now Master Silas did redden in his turn redder than Sir Thomas, and first asked me,

"What the devil do you stare at?"

And then asked his worship,

"Who should it be if not the rogue?" and his lips turned as blue as a blue-bell.

Then Sir Thomas left the window, and again took his chair, and having stood so long on his legs, groaned upon it to ease him. His worship scowled with all his might, and looked exceedingly wroth and vengeful at the culprit, and said unto him,

"Harkye, knave! I have been conferring with my learned clerk and chaplain in what manner I may, with the least severity, rid the county (which thou disgracest) of thee."

William Shakspeare raised up his eyes, modestly and fearfully, and said slowly these few words, which, had they been a better and nobler man's, would deserve to be written in letters of gold. I, not having that art nor substance, do therefore write them in my largest and roundest character, and do leave space about 'em, according to their rank and dignity:

"Worshipful sir!

"A WORD IN THE EAR IS OFTEN AS GOOD AS A HALTER UNDER IT, AND SAVES THE GROAT."

"Thou discoursest well," said Sir Thomas, "but others can discourse well likewise: thou shalt avoid; I am resolute."

Shakspeare. I supplicate your honour to impart unto me, in your wisdom, the mode and means whereby I may surcease to be disgraceful to the county.

Sir Thomas. I am not bloody-minded.

First, thou shalt have the fairest and fullest examination. Much hath been deposed against thee: something may come forth for thy advantage. I will not thy death: thou shalt not die.

The laws have loopholes like castles, both to shoot from and to let folks down.

Sir Silas. That pointed ear would look the better for paring, and that high forehead can hold many letters.

.. Whereupon did William, poor lad! turn deadly pale, but spake not.

Sir Thomas then abated a whit of his severity, and said staidly;

"Testimony doth appear plain and positive against thee; nevertheless am I minded and prompted to aid thee myself, in disclosing and unfolding what thou couldst not of thine own wits, in furtherance of thine own defence.

"One witness is persuaded and assured of the evil spirit having been abroad, and the punt appeared unto him diversely from what it appeared unto the other."

Shakspeare. If the evil spirit produced one appearance, he might have produced all, with deference to the graver judgment of your worship.

If what seemed *punt* was *devil*, what seemed *buck* might have been *devil* too; nay, more easily, the horns being forthcoming.

Thieves and reprobates do resemble him more nearly still; and it would be hard if he could not make free with their bodies, when he has their souls already.

Sir Thomas. But, then, those voices! and thou thyself, Will Shakspeare!

Shakspeare. O might I kiss the hand of my deliverer, whose clear-sightedness throweth such manifest and plenary light upon my innocence?

Sir Thomas. How so? What light, in God's name, have I thrown upon it as yet?

Shakspeare. O those voices! those faeries and spirits! whence came they? None can deal with 'em but the devil, the parson, and witches. And does not the devil oftentimes take the very form, features, and habiliments, of knights, and bishops, and other good men, to lead them into temptation and destroy them? or to injure their good name, in failure of seduction!

He is sure of the wicked: he lets them go their ways out of hand.

I think your worship once delivered some such observation, in more courtly guise, which I would not presume to ape. If it was not your worship, it was our glorious lady the queen, or the wise Master Walsingham, or the great Lord Cecil. I may have marred and broken it, as sluts do a pancake, in the turning.

Sir Thomas. Why! ay, indeed, I had occasion once to remark as much.

Shakspeare. So have I heard in many places: although I was not present when Matthew Atterend

fought about it, for the honour of Kineton hundred.

Sir Thomas. Fought about it!

Shakspeare. As your honour recollects. Not but on other occasions he would have fought no less bravely for the queen.

Sir Thomas. We must get thee through, were it only for thy memory; the most precious gift among the mental powers that Providence hath bestowed upon us. I had half forgotten the thing myself. Thou mayest, in time, take thy satchel for London, and aid good old Master Holingshed.

We must clear thee, Will! I am slow to surmise that there is blood upon thy hands!

.. His worship's choler had all gone down again; and he sat as cool and comfortable as a man sitteth to be shaved. Then called he on Euseby Treen, and said,

"Euseby Treen! tell us whether thou observedst anything unnoticed or unsaid by the last witness."

Treen. One thing only, sir! When they had passed the water, an owlet hooted after them; and methought, if they had any fear of God before their eyes, they would have turned back, he cried so lustily.

Shakspeare. Sir, I can not forbear to take the owlet out of your mouth. He knocks them all on the head like so many mice. Likely story! One fellow hears him cry lustily, the other doth not hear him at all.

Carnaby. Not hear him! A body might have heard him at Barford or Sherbourne.

Sir Thomas. Why didst not name him? Canst not answer me?

Carnaby. He doubted whether punt were punt, I doubted whether owlet were owlet, after Lucifer was away from the roll-call. We say, 'speak the truth and shame the devil;' but shaming him is one thing, your honour, and facing him another! I have heard owlets, but never owlet like him.

Shakspeare. The Lord be praised! All, at last, a-running to my rescue.

Owlet, indeed! Your worship may have remembered in an ancient book; indeed what book is so ancient that your worship doth not remember it? a book printed by Doctor Faustus.

Sir Thomas. Before he dealt with the devil?

Shakspeare. Not long before; it being the very book that made the devil think it worth his while to deal with him.

Sir Thomas. What chapter thereof wouldst thou recall unto my recollection?

Shakspeare. That concerning owls, with the grim print afore it.

Doctor Faustus, the wise doctor, who knew other than owls and owlets, knew the tempter in that form. Faustus was not your man for fancies and figments; and he tells us that, to his certain knowledge, it was verily an owl's face that whispered so much mischief in the ear of our first parent.

One plainly sees it, quoth Doctor Faustus, under that gravity which in human life we call dignity, but of which we read nothing in the Gospel. We despise the hangman, we detest the hanged; and yet, saith Duns Scotus, could we turn aside the heavy curtain, or stand high enough a-tiptoe to peep through its chinks and crevices, we should perhaps find these two characters to stand justly among the most innocent in the drama. He who blinketh the eyes of the poor wretch about to die doeth it out of mercy; those who preceded him, bidding him in the garb of justice to shed the blood of his fellow-man, had less or none. So they hedge well their own grounds, what care they? For this do they catch at stakes and thorns, at quick and rotten . .

.. Here Master Silas interrupted the discourse of the devil's own doctor, delivered and printed by him before he was the devil's, to which his worship had listened very attentively and delightedly. But Master Silas could keep his temper no longer, and cried fiercely, "Seditious sermonizer! hold thy peace, or thou shalt answer for't before convocation."

Sir Thomas. Silas! thou dost not approve then the doctrine of this Doctor Duns?

Sir Silas. Heretical Rabbi!

Shakspeare. If two of a trade can never agree, yet surely two of a name may.

Sir Silas. Who dares call me heretical? who dares call me rabbi? who dares call me Scotus? Spider! spider! yea, thou hast one corner left: I espy thee; and my broom shall reach thee yet.

Shakspeare. I perceive that Master Silas doth verily believe I have been guilty of suborning the witnesses, at least the last, the best man (if any difference) of the two. No, sir, no. If my family and friends have united their wits and money for this purpose, be the crime of perverted justice on their heads! They injure whom they intended to serve. Improvident men! (if the young may speak thus of the elderly); could they imagine to themselves that your worship was to be hoodwinked and led astray?

Sir Thomas. No man shall ever dare to hoodwink me, to lead me astray, no, nor lead me anywise. Powerful defence! Heyday! Sit quiet, Master Treen! Euseby Treen! dost hear me? Clench thy fist again, sirrah! and I clap thee in the stocks. Joseph Carnaby! do not scratch thy breast nor thy pate before me.

.. Now Joseph had not only done that in his wrath, but had unbuckled his leathern garter, fit instrument for strife and blood, and peradventure would have smitten, had not the knight, with magisterial authority, interposed.

His worship said unto him gravely, "Joseph Carnaby! Joseph Carnaby! hast thou never read the words *Put up thy sword?*"

"Subornation! your worship!" cried Master Joe. "The fellow hath ne'er a shilling in leather or till, and many must go to suborn one like me."

"I do believe it of thee," said Sir Thomas; "but patience, man! patience! he rather tended toward exculpating thee. Ye have far to walk for dinner; ye may depart."

They went accordingly.

Then did Sir Thomas say, "These are hot men, Silas!"

And Master Silas did reply unto him, "There are brands that would set fire to the bulrushes in the mill-pool. I know these twain for quiet folks, having coursed with them over Wincott."

Sir Thomas then said unto William, "It behoveth thee to stand clear of yon Joseph, unless when thou mayest call to thy aid the Matthew Atterend thou speakest of. He did then fight valiantly, eh?"

Shakspeare. His cause fought valiantly; his fist but seconded it. He won; proving the golden words to be no property of our lady's, although her highness hath never disclaimed them.

Sir Thomas. What art thou saying?

Shakspeare. So I heard from a preacher at Oxford, who had preached at Easter in the chapel-royal of Westminster.

Sir Thomas. Thou! why how could that happen? Oxford! chapel-royal!

Shakspeare. And to whom I said (your worship will forgive my forwardness), I have the honour, sir, to live within two measured miles of the very Sir Thomas Lucy who spake that; and I vow I said it without any hope or belief that he would invite me, as he did, to dine with him thereupon.

Sir Thomas. There be nigh upon three miles betwixt this house and Stratford bridge-end.

Shakspeare. I dropt a mile in my pride and exultation, God forgive me! I would not conceal my fault.

Sir Thomas. Wonderful! that a preacher so learned as to preach before majesty in the chapel-royal, should not have caught thee tripping over a whole lawful mile, a good third of the distance between my house and the cross roads. This is incomprehensible in a scholar.

Shakspeare. God willed that he should become my teacher, and, in the bowels of his mercy, hid my shame.

Sir Thomas. How camest thou into the converse of such eminent and ghostly men?

Shakspeare. How indeed! Everything against me. . .

. . He sighed and entered into a long discourse, which Master Silas would at sundry times have interrupted, but that Sir Thomas more than once frowned upon him, even as he had frowned heretofore on young Will, who thus began and continued his narration:

"Hearing the preacher preach at St. Mary's (for being about my father's business on Saturday, and not choosing to be a-horseback on Sundays, albeit time-pressed, I footed it to Oxford for my edification on the Lord's day, leaving the sorrel with Master Hal Webster of the Tankard and Unicorn) hearing him preach, as I was saying, before the University in St. Mary's church, and hearing him use moreover the very words that Matthew fought about, I was impatient (God forgive me!) for the end and consummation, and I thought I never should hear those precious words that ease every man's heart, 'Now to conclude.' However, come they did. I hurried out among the foremost, and thought the congratulations of the other doctors and dons would last for ever. He walked sharply off, and few cared to keep his pace; for they are lusty men mostly; and spiteful bad women had breathed* in the faces of some among them, or the gowns had got between their legs. For my part, I was not to be balked: so, tripping on aside him, I looked in his face askance. Whether he misgave, or how, he turned his eyes downward. No matter, have him I would. I licked my lips and smacked them loud and smart, and, scarcely venturing to nod, I gave my head such a sort of motion as dace and roach give an angler's quill when they begin to bite. And this fairly hooked him.

"'Young gentleman!' said he, 'where is your gown?'

"'Reverend sir!' said I, 'I am unworthy to wear one.'

"'A proper youth, nevertheless, and mightily well spoken!' he was pleased to say.

"'Your reverence hath given me heart, which failed me,' was my reply. 'Ah, your reverence! those words about the devil were spicy words; but, under favour, I do know the brook-side they sprang and flowered by. 'Tis just where it runs into Avon; 'tis called Hog-brook.'

"'Right!' quoth he, putting his hand gently on my shoulder; 'but if I had thought it needful to say so in my sermon, I should have affronted the seniors of the University, since many claim them, and some peradventure would fain transpose them into higher places, and, giving up all right and title to them, would accept in lieu thereof the poor recompense of a mitre.'

"I wished (unworthy wish for a Sunday!) I had Matthew Atterend in the midst of them. He would have given them skulls mitre-fashioned, if mitres are cloven now as we see them on ancient monuments. Matt is your milliner for gentles, who think no more harm of purloining rich saws in a mitre, than laneborn boys do of embezzling hazel-nuts in a woollen cap. I did not venture to

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* In that age there was prevalent a sort of cholera, on which Fracastorius, half a century before, wrote a Latin poem, employing the graceful nymphs of Homer and Hesiod, somewhat disguised, in the drudgery of pounding certain barks and minerals. An article in the Impeachment of Cardinal Wolsey, accuses him of breathing in the king's face, knowing that he was affected with this cholera. It was a great assistant to the Reformation, by removing some of the most vigorous champions that opposed it. In the Holy College it was followed by the *sweating sickness*, which thinned it very sorely; and several even of God's vicegerents were laid under tribulation by it. Among the chambers of the Vatican it hung for ages, and it crowned the labours of Pope Leo XII., of blessed memory, with a crown somewhat uneasy.

expound or suggest my thoughts, but feeling my choler rise higher and higher, I craved permission to make my obeisance and depart.

"'Where dost thou lodge, young man?' said the preacher.

"'At the public,' said I, 'where my father customarily lodgeth. There too is a mitre of the old fashion, swinging on the sign-post in the middle of the street.'

"'Respectable tavern enough!' quoth the reverend doctor; 'and worthy men do turn in there, even quality: Master Davenant, Master Powel, Master Whorwood, aged and grave men. But taverns are Satan's chapels, and are always well attended on the Lord's day, to twit him. Hast thou no friend in such a city as Oxford?'

"'Only the landlady of the Mitre,' said I.

"'A comely woman,' quoth he, 'but too young for business by half. Stay thou with me to-day, and fare frugally, but safely. What may thy name be, and where is thy abode?'

"'William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, at your service, sir.'

"'And welcome,' said he; 'thy father ere now hath bought our college wool. A truly good man we ever found him; and I doubt not he hath educated his son to follow him in his paths. There is in the blood of man, as in the blood of animals, that which giveth the temper and disposition. These require nurture and culture. But what nurture will turn flint-stones into garden mould? or what culture rear cabbages in the quarries of Hedington Hill? To be well born is the greatest of all God's primary blessings, young man, and there are many well born among the poor and needy. Thou art not of the indigent and destitute, who have great temptations; thou art not of the wealthy and affluent, who have greater still. God hath placed thee, William Shakspeare, in that pleasant island, on one side whereof are the syrens, on the other the harpies, but inhabiting the coasts on the wider continent, and unable to make their talons felt or their voices heard by thee. Unite with me in prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings thus vouchsafed. We must not close the heart when the finger of God would touch it. Enough, if thou sayest only, *My soul, praise thou the Lord!*'"

Sir Thomas said "*Amen!*" Master Silas was mute for the moment, but then quoth he, "I can say amen too, in the proper place."

The knight of Charlecote, who appeared to have been much taken with this conversation, then interrogated Willy:

"What farther might have been thy discourse with the doctor? or did he discourse at all at trencher-time? Thou must have been very much abashed to sit down at table with one who weareth a pure lamb-skin across his shoulder, and moreover a pink hood."

Shakspeare. Faith! was I, your honour! and could neither utter nor gulp.

Sir Thomas. These are good signs. Thou hast not lost all grace.

Shakspeare. With the encouragement of Doctor Glaston . .

Sir Thomas. And was it Dr. Glaston?

Shakspeare. Said I not so?

Sir Thomas. The learnedst clerk in Christendom! a very Friar Bacon! The pope offered a hundred marks in Latin to who should eviscerate or evirate him (poisons very potent, whereat the Italians are handy); so apostolic and desperate a doctor is Doctor Glaston! so acute in his quiddities, and so resolute in his bearing! He knows the dark arts, but stands aloof from them. Prythee, what were his words unto thee?

Shakspeare. Manna, sir, Manna! pure from the desert!

Sir Thomas. Ay, but what spake he? for most sermons are that, and likewise many conversations after dinner.

Shakspeare. He spake of the various races and qualities of men, as before stated; but chiefly on the elect and reprobate, and how to distinguish and know them.

Sir Thomas. Did he go so far?

Shakspeare. He told me, that by such discussion he should say enough to keep me constantly out of evil company.

Sir Thomas. See there! see there! and yet thou art come before me! Can nothing warn thee?

Shakspeare. I dare not dissemble, nor feign, nor hold aught back, although it be to my confusion. As well may I speak at once the whole truth; for your worship could find it out if I abstained.

Sir Thomas. Ay, that I should indeed. and shortly. But, come now, I am sated of thy follies and roguish tricks, and yearn after the sound doctrine of that pious man. What expounded the grave Glaston upon signs and tokens whereby ye shall be known?

Shakspeare. Wonderful things! things beyond belief! 'There be certain men,' quoth he . . .

Sir Thomas. He began well. This promises. But why canst not thou go on?

Shakspeare. 'There be certain men, who, rubbing one corner of the eye, do see a peacock's feather at the other, and even fire. We know, William, what that fire is, and whence it cometh. Those wicked men, William, all have their marks upon them, be it only a corn, or a wart, or a mole, or a hairy ear, or a toe-nail turned inward. Sufficient, and more than sufficient! He knoweth his own by less tokens. There is not one of them that doth not sweat at some secret sin committed, or some inclination toward it unsnaffled.

'Certain men are there likewise who venerate so little the glorious works of the Creator, that I myself have known them to sneeze at the sun! Sometimes it was against their will, and they would gladly have checked it had they been able; but they were forced to show what they are. In our carnal state we say, *What is one against numbers?* In another, we shall truly say, *What are numbers against one?*'

..Sir Thomas did ejaculate, *Amen! Amen!* And then his lips moved silently, piously, and quickly; and then said he, audibly and loudly, *And make us at last true Israelites!*

After which he turned to young Willy, and said anxiously,

"Hast thou more, lad? give us it while the Lord strengtheneth."

"Sir," answered Willy, "although I thought it no trouble on my return to the *Mitre* to write down every word I could remember, and although few did then escape me, yet at this present I can bring to mind but scanty sentences, and those so stray and out of order that they would only prove my incapacity for sterling wisdom, and my incontinence of spiritual treasure."

Sir Thomas. Even that sentence hath a twang of the doctor in it. Nothing is so sweet as humility. The mountains may descend, but the valleys can not rise. Every man should know himself. Come, repeat what thou canst. I would fain have three or four more heads.

Shakspeare. I know not whether I can give your worship more than one other. Let me try. It was when Doctor Glaston was discoursing on the protection the wise and powerful should afford to the ignorant and weak:

'In the earlier ages of mankind, your Greek and Latin authors inform you, there went forth sundry worthies, men of might, to deliver, not wandering damsels, albeit for those likewise they had stowage, but low-conditioned men, who fell under the displeasure of the higher, and groaned in thraldom and captivity. And these mighty ones were believed to have done such services to poor humanity, that their memory grew greater than they, as shadows do than substances at day-fall. And the sons and grandsons of the delivered did laud and magnify those glorious names; and some in gratitude, and some in tribulation, did ascend the hills, which appeared unto them as altars bestrown with flowers and herbage for heaven's acceptance. And many did go far into the quiet groves, under lofty trees, looking for whatever was mightiest and most protecting. And in such places did they cry aloud unto the mighty, who had left them, *Return! return! help us! help us! be blessed! for ever blessed!*

'Vain men! but, had they stayed there, not evil. Out of gratitude, purest gratitude, rose idolatry. For the devil sees the fairest, and soils it.

'In these our days, methinks, whatever other sins we may fall into, such idolatry is the least dangerous. For, neither on the one side is there much disposition for gratitude, nor on the other much zeal to deliver the innocent and oppressed. Even this deliverance, although a merit, and a high one, is not the highest. Forgiveness is beyond it. Forgive, or ye shall not be forgiven. This ye may do every day; for, if ye find not offences, ye feign them; and surely ye may remove your own work, if ye may remove another's. To rescue requires more thought and wariness: learn then the easier lesson first. Afterward, when ye rescue any from another's violence, or from his own (which oftentimes is more dangerous, as the enemies are within not only the penetrals of his house but of his heart), bind up his wounds before ye send him on his way. Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master, whose household he hath left. It is better to consign him to Christ his Saviour than to man his murderer: it is better to bid him live than to bid him die. The one word our Teacher and Preserver said, the other our enemy and destroyer. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one! bring him back, not with clubs and cudgels, not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God above smile upon ye: in this posture of yours he shall recognise again his beloved Son upon earth. Do ye likewise, and depart in peace.'

..William had ended, and there was silence in the hall for some time after, when Sir Thomas said,

"He spake unto somewhat mean persons, who may do it without disparagement. I look for authority, I look for doctrine, and find none yet. If he could not have drawn us out a thread or two from the coat of an apostle, he might have given us a smack of Augustin, or a sprig of Basil. Our older sermons are headier than these, Master Silas! our new beer is the sweeter and clammier, and wants more spice. The doctor hath seasoned his with pretty wit enough (to do him justice), which in a sermon is never out of place; for if there be the bane, there likewise is the antidote.

"What dost thou think about it, Master Silas?"

Sir Silas. I would not give ten farthings for ten folios of such sermons.

Shakspeare. These words, Master Silas, will oftener be quoted than any others of thine; but rarely (do I suspect) as applicable to Doctor Glaston. I must stick unto his gown. I must declare that, to my poor knowledge, many have been raised to the bench of bishops for less wisdom, and worse, than is contained in the few sentences I have been commanded by authority to recite. No disparagement to anybody! I know, Master Silas, and multitudes bear witness, that thou above most art a dead hand at a sermon.

Sir Silas. Touch my sermons, wilt dare?

Shakspeare. Nay, Master Silas, be not angered: it is courage enough to hear them.

Sir Thomas. Now, Silas, hold thy peace and rest contented. He hath excused himself unto thee, throwing in a compliment far above his station, and not unworthy of Rome or Florence. I did not think him so ready. Our Warwickshire lads are fitter for football than courtesies; and, sooth to say, not only the inferior.

..His worship turned from Master Silas toward William, and said, "Brave Willy, thou hast given

us our bitters: we are ready now for anything solid. What hast left?"

Shakspeare. Little or nothing, sir.

Sir Thomas. Well, give us that little or nothing.

.. William Shakspeare was obedient to the commands of Sir Thomas, who had spoken thus kindly unto him, and had deigned to cast at him from his "lordly dish" (as the Psalmist hath it) a fragment of facetiousness.

Shakspeare. Alas, sir! may I repeat it without offence, it not being doctrine but admonition, and meant for me only?

Sir Thomas. Speak it the rather for that.

.. Then did William give utterance to the words of the preacher, not indeed in his sermon at St. Mary's, but after dinner:

'Lust seizeth us in youth, ambition in midlife, avarice in old age; but vanity and pride are the besetting sins that drive the angels from our cradle, pamper us with luscious and most unwholesome food, ride our first stick with us, mount our first horse with us, wake with us in the morning, dream with us in the night, and never at any time abandon us. In this world, beginning with pride and vanity, we are delivered over from tormentor to tormentor, until the worst tormentor of all taketh absolute possession of us for ever, seizing us at the mouth of the grave, enchaining us in his own dark dungeon, standing at the door, and laughing at our cries. But the Lord, out of his infinite mercy, hath placed in the hand of every man the helm to steer his course by, pointing it out with his finger, and giving him strength as well as knowledge to pursue it.

'William! William! there is in the moral straits a current from right to wrong, but no reflux from wrong to right; for which destination we must hoist our sails aloft and ply our oars incessantly, or night and the tempest will overtake us, and we shall shriek out in vain from the billows, and irrecoverably sink.'

"Amen!" cried Sir Thomas most devoutly, sustaining his voice long and loud.

"Open that casement, good Silas! the day is sultry for the season of the year; it approacheth unto noontide. The room is close, and those blue flies do make a strange hubbub."

Shakspeare. In troth do they, sir; they come from the kitchen, and do savour woundily of roast goose! And, methinks . .

Sir Thomas. What bethinkest thou?

Shakspeare. The fancy of a moment, a light and vain one.

Sir Thomas. Thou relievest me; speak it?

Shakspeare. How could the creatures cast their coarse rank odour thus far? even into your presence! A noble and spacious hall! Charlecote, in my mind, beats Warwick Castle, and challenges Kenilworth.

Sir Thomas. The hall is well enough: I must say it is a noble hall, a hall for a queen to sit down in. And I stuffed an arm-chair with horse-hair on purpose, feathers over it, swan-down over them again, and covered it with scarlet cloth of Bruges, five crowns the short ell. But her highness came not hither; she was taken short; she had a tongue in her ear.

Shakspeare. Where all is spring, all is buzz and murmur.

Sir Thomas. Quaint and solid as the best yew-hedge! I marvel at thee. A knight might have spoken it under favour. They stopped her at Warwick . . to see what? two old towers that don't match.* Charlecote Hall, I could have told her sweet highness, was built by those Lucies who came over with Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror, with cross and scallop-shell on breast and beaver.

But, honest Willy! . .

.. Such were the very words; I wrote them down with two signs in the margent; one a mark of admiration, as thus (!), the other of interrogation (so we call it) as thus (?)

"But, honest Willy, I would fain hear more," quoth he, "about the learned Doctor Glaston. He seemeth to be a man after God's own heart."

Shakspeare. Ay is he! Never doth he sit down to dinner but he readeth first a chapter of the Revelations; and if he tasteth a pound of butter at Carfax, he saith a grace long enough to bring an appetite for a baked bull's† . . . zic. If this be not after God's own heart, I know not what is.

Sir Thomas. I would fain confer with him, but that Oxford lieth afar off; a matter of thirty miles, I hear. I might indeed write unto him: but our Warwickshire pens are mighty broad-nibbed; and there is a something in this plaguy ink of ours sadly ropy.

"I fear there is!" quoth Willy.

"And I should scorn," continued his worship, "to write otherwise than in a fine Italian character, to the master of a college near in dignity to knighthood."

Shakspeare. Worshipful sir! is there no other way of communicating but by person, or writing, or messages?

Sir Thomas. I will consider and devise. At present I can think of none so satisfactory.

.. And now did the great clock over the gateway strike. And Bill Shakspeare did move his lips, even as Sir Thomas had moved his erewhile in ejaculating. And when he had wagged them twice or thrice after the twelve strokes of the

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* Sir Thomas seems to have been jealous of these two towers, certainly the finest in England. If Warwick Castle could borrow the windows from Kenilworth, it would be complete.

† Another untoward blot! but leaving no doubt of the word. The only doubt is, whether he meant the *muzzle* of the animal itself, or one of those leathern muzzles which are often employed to coerce the violence of animals. In besieged cities men have been reduced to such extremities. But the *muzzle*, in this place, would more properly be called the *blinker*, which is often put upon bulls in pastures when they are vicious.

clock were over, again he ejaculated with voice also, saying,

"Mercy upon us! how the day wears! Twelve strokes! Might I retire, please your worship, into the chapel for about three quarters of an hour, and perform the service* as ordained?"

Before Sir Thomas could give him leave or answer, did Sir Silas cry aloud,

"He would purloin the chalice, worth forty-eight shillings, and melt it down in the twinkling of an eye, he is so crafty."

But the knight was more reasonable, and said reprovingly,

"There now, Silas! thou talkest widely, and verily in malice, if there be any in thee."

"Try him," answered Master Silas; "I don't kneel where he does. Could he have but his wicked will of me he would chop my legs off, as he did the poor buck's."

Sir Thomas. No, no, no; he hath neither guile nor revenge in him. We may let him have his way, now that he hath taken the right one.

Sir Silas. Popery! sheer popery! strong as hartshorn! Your papists keep these outlandish hours for their masses and mummery. Surely we might let God alone at twelve o'clock! Have we no bowels?

Shakspeare. Gracious sir! I do not urge it; and the time is now past by some minutes.

Sir Thomas. Art thou popishly inclined, William?

Shakspeare. Sir, I am not popishly inclined: I am not inclined to pay tribute of coin or understanding to those who rush forward with a pistol at my breast, crying, 'Stand, or you are a dead man.' I have but one guide in faith, a powerful, an almighty one. He will not suffer to waste away and vanish the faith for which he died. He hath chosen in all countries pure hearts for its depositaries; and I would rather take it from a friend and neighbour, intelligent and righteous, and rejecting lucre, than from some foreigner educated in the pride of cities or in the moroseness of monasteries, who sells me what Christ gave me, his own flesh and blood.

I can repeat by heart what I read above a year agone, albeit I can not bring to mind the title of the book in which I read it. These are the words.

'The most venal and sordid of all the superstitions that have swept and darkened our globe, may indeed, like African locusts, have consumed the green corn in very extensive regions, and may return periodically to consume it; but the strong unwearied labourer who sowed it, hath alway sown it in other places less exposed to such devouring pestilences. Those cunning men who formed to themselves the gorgeous plan of universal dominion, were aware that they had a better chance of establishing it than brute ignorance or brute force could supply, and that soldiers and their paymasters were subject to other and powerfuller fears than the transitory ones of war and invasion. What they found in heaven they seized; what they wanted they forged.

'And so long as there is vice and ignorance in the world, so long as fear is a passion, their dominion will prevail; but their dominion is not, and never shall be, universal. Can we wonder that it is so general? can we wonder that anything is wanting to give it authority and effect, when every learned, every prudent, every powerful, every ambitious man in Europe, for above a thousand years, united in the league to consolidate it?

'The old dealers in the shambles, where Christ's body is exposed for sale, in convenient marketable slices, have not covered with blood and filth the whole pavement. Beautiful usages are remaining still, kindly affections, radiant hopes, and ardent aspirations!

'It is a comfortable thing to reflect, as they do, and as we may do unblamably, that we are uplifting to our Guide and Maker the same incense of the heart, and are uttering the very words, which our dearest friends in all quarters of the earth, nay in heaven itself, are offering to the throne of grace at the same moment.

'Thus are we together through the immensity of space. What are these bodies? Do they unite us? No; they keep us apart and asunder even while we touch. Realms and oceans, worlds and ages, open before two spirits bent on heaven. What a choir surrounds us when we resolve to live unitedly and harmoniously in Christian faith!'

Sir Thomas. Now, Silas, what sayest thou?

Sir Silas. Ignorant fool!

Shakspeare. Ignorant fools are bearable, Master Silas! your wise ones are the worst.

Sir Thomas. Prythee no bandying of loggerheads.

Shakspeare.

> Or else what mortal man shall say
> Whose shins may suffer in the fray.

Sir Thomas. Thou reasonest aptly and timest well. And surely being now in so rational and religious a frame of mind, thou couldst recall to memory a section or head or two of the sermon holden at St. Mary's. It would do thee and us as much good as 'Lighten our darkness,' or 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased;' and somewhat less than three quarters of an hour (may-be less than one quarter) sufficeth.

Sir Silas. Or he hangs without me. I am for dinner in half the time.

Sir Thomas. Silas! Silas! he hangeth not with thee or without thee.

Sir Silas. He thinketh himself a clever fellow; but he (look ye) is the cleverest that gets off.

* Let not this countenance the opinion that Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic. His contempt of priests may have originated from the unfairness of Silas. Friars he treats kindly, perhaps in return for somewhat less services than Friar Lawrence's to Romeo.

"I hold quite the contrary," quoth Will Shakspeare, winking at Master Silas, from the comfort and encouragement he had just received touching the hanging.

And Master Silas had his answer ready, and showed that he was more than a match for poor Willy in wit and poetry.

He answered thus:

> "If winks are wit,
> Who wanteth it?

Thou hadst other bolts to kill bucks withal. In wit, sirrah, thou art a mere child."

Shakspeare. Little dogs are jealous of children, great ones fondle them.

Sir Thomas. An that were written in the *Apocrypha*, in the very teeth of Bel and the Dragon, it could not be truer. I have witnessed it with my own eyes, over and over.

Sir Silas. He will take this for wit, likewise, now the arms of Lucy do seal it.

Sir Thomas. Silas, they may stamp wit, they may further wit, they may send wit into good company, but not make it.

Shakspeare. Behold my wall of defence!

Sir Silas. An thou art for walls, I have one for thee from Oxford, pithy and apposite, sound and solid, and trimmed up becomingly, as a collar of brawn with a crown of rosemary, or a boar's head with a lemon in the mouth.

Shakspeare. Egad, Master Silas! those are your walls for lads to climb over, an they were higher than Babel's.

Sir Silas. Have at thee!

> Thou art a wall
> To make the ball
> Rebound from.
>
> Thou hast a back
> For beadle's crack
> To sound from, to sound from.

The foolishest dolts are the ground-plot of the most wit, as the idlest rogues are of the most industry. Even thou hast brought wit down from Oxford. And before a thief is hanged parliament must make laws, attorneys must engross them, printers stamp and publish them, hawkers cry them, judges expound them, juries weigh and measure them with offences, then executioners carry them into effect. The farmer hath already sown the hemp, the ropemaker hath twisted it; sawyers saw the timber, carpenters tack together the shell, grave-diggers delve the earth. And all this truly for fellows like unto thee!

Shakspeare. Whom a God came down from heaven to save!

Sir Thomas. Silas! he hangeth not. William! I must have the heads of the sermon, six or seven of 'em: thou hast whetted my appetite keenly. How! dost duck thy pate into thy hat? nay, nay, that is proper and becoming at church; we need not such solemnity. Repeat unto us the setting forth at Saint Mary's.

..Whereupon did William Shakspeare entreat of Master Silas that he would help him in his ghostly endeavours, by repeating what he called the preliminary prayer; which prayer I find nowhere in our ritual, and do suppose it to be one of those Latin supplications used in our learned universities, now or erewhile.

I am afeard it hath not the approbation of the strictly orthodox, for inasmuch as Master Silas at such entreaty did close his teeth against it, and with teeth thus closed did say, Athanasius-wise, "Go and be damned!"

Bill was not disheartened, but said he hoped better, and began thus:

"'My brethren!' said the preacher, 'or rather let me call you my children, such is my age confronted with yours, for the most part, my children then, and my brethren, (for here are both,) believe me, killing is forbidden.'"

Sir Thomas. This, not being delivered unto us from the pulpit by the preacher himself, we may look into. Sensible man! shrewd reasoner! what a stroke against deer-stealers! how full of truth and ruth. Excellent discourse!

Shakspeare. The last part was the best.

Sir Thomas. I always find it so. The softest of the cheesecake is left in the platter when the crust is eaten. He kept the best bit for the last, then? He pushed it under the salt, eh? He told thee . .

Shakspeare. Exactly so.

Sir Thomas. What was it?

Shakspeare. 'Ye shall not kill.'

Sir Thomas. How! did he run in a circle like a hare? One of his mettle should break cover and off across the country, like a fox or hart.

Shakspeare. 'And yet ye kill time when ye can, and are uneasy when ye can not.'

..Whereupon did Sir Thomas say aside unto himself, but within my hearing,

"Faith and troth! he must have had a head in at the window here one day or other."

Shakspeare. 'This sin cryeth unto the Lord.'

Sir Thomas. He was wrong there. It is not one of those that cry: mortal sins cry. Surely he could not have fallen into such an error! it must be thine: thou misunderstoodest him.

Shakspeare. Mayhap, sir! A great heaviness came over me: I was oppressed in spirit, and did feel as one awakening from a dream.

Sir Thomas. Godlier men than thou art do often feel the right hand of the Lord upon their heads in like manner. It followeth contrition, and precedeth conversion. Continue.

Shakspeare. 'My brethren and children,' said the teacher, 'whenever ye want to kill time call God to the chase, and bid the angels blow the horn: and thus ye are sure to kill time to your heart's content. And ye may feast another day, and another after that . .'

..Then said Master Silas unto me, concernedly,

"This is the mischief-fullest of all the devil's imps, to talk in such wise at a quarter past twelve!"

But William went straight on, not hearing him,

"'Upon what ye shall in such pursuit have brought home with you. Whereas, if ye go alone, or two or three together, nay, even if ye go in thick and gallant company, and yet provide not that these be with ye, my word for it, and a powerfuller word than mine, ye shall return to your supper tired and jaded, and rest little when ye want to rest most.'"

"Hast no other head of the Doctor's?" quoth Sir Thomas.

"Verily none," replied Willy, "of the morning's discourse, saving the last words of it, which, with God's help, I shall always remember."

"Give us them, give us them," said Sir Thomas. "He wants doctrine; he wants authority; his are grains of millet; grains for unfledged doves: but they are sound, except the crying. Deliver unto us the last words; for the last of the preacher, as of the hanged, are usually the best."

Then did William repeat the concluding words of the discourse, being these:

"'As years are running past us, let us throw something on them which they can not shake off in the dust and hurry of the world, but must carry with them to that great year of all, whereunto the lesser of this mortal life do tend and are subservient.'"

Sir Thomas, after a pause, and after having bent his knee under the table, as though there had been the church-cushion, said unto us,

"Here he spake through a glass, darkly, as blessed Paul hath it."

Then turning towards Willy,

"And nothing more?"

"Nothing but the glory," quoth Willy; "at which there is always such a clatter of feet upon the floor, and creaking of benches, and rustling of gowns, and bustle of bonnets, and justle of cushions, and dust of mats, and treading of toes, and punching of elbows from the spitefuller, that one wishes to be fairly out of it, after the scramble for the peace of God is at an end . ."

Sir Thomas threw himself back upon his armchair, and exclaimed in wonderment, "How!"

Shakspeare. . . And in the midst of the service again, were it possible. For nothing is painfuller than to have the pail shaken off the head when it is brim-full of the waters of life, and we are walking staidly under it.

Sir Thomas. Had the learned Doctor preached again in the evening, pursuing the thread of his discourse, he might peradventure have made up the deficiencies I find in him.

Shakspeare. He had not that opportunity.

Sir Thomas. The more's the pity.

Shakspeare. The evening admonition, delivered by him unto the household . .

Sir Thomas. What! and did he indeed show wind enough for that? Prythee out with it, if thou didst put it into thy tablets.

Shakspeare. Alack, sir! there were so many Latin words, I fear me I should be at fault in such attempt.

Sir Thomas. Fear not; we can help thee out between us, were there a dozen, or a score.

Shakspeare. Bating those latinities, I do verily think I could tie up again most of the points in his doublet.

Sir Thomas. At him then! What was his bearing?

Shakspeare. In dividing his matter, he spooned out and apportioned the commons in his discourse, as best suited the quality, capacity, and constitution of his hearers. To those in priests' orders he delivered a sort of catechism.

Sir Silas. He catechise grown men! He catechise men in priests' orders! being no bishop, nor bishop's ordinary!

Shakspeare. He did so; it may be at his peril.

Sir Thomas. And what else? for catechisms are baby's pap.

Shakspeare. He did not catechise, but he admonished, the richer gentlemen with gold tassels for their top-knots.

Sir Silas. I thought as much. It was no better in my time. Admonitions fell gently upon those gold tassels; and they ripened degrees as glass and sunshine ripen cucumbers. We priests, forsooth, are catechised! The worst question to any gold tasseller is, 'How do you do?' Old Alma Mater coaxes and would be coaxed. But let her look sharp, or spectacles may be thrust upon her nose that shall make her eyes water. Aristotle could make out no royal-road to wisdom; but this old woman of ours will show you one, an you tip her.

Tilley valley!* catechise priests, indeed!

Sir Thomas. Peradventure he did it discreetly. Let us examine and judge him. Repeat thou what he said unto them.

Shakspeare. 'Many,' said he, 'are ingenuous, many are devout, some timidly, some strenuously, but nearly all flinch, and rear, and kick, at the slightest touch, or least inquisitive suspicion of an unsound part in their doctrine. And yet, my brethren, we ought rather to flinch and feel sore at our own searching touch, our own serious inquisition into ourselves. Let us preachers, who are sufficiently liberal in bestowing our advice upon others, inquire of ourselves whether the exercise of spiritual authority may not be sometimes too pleasant, tickling our breasts with a plume from Satan's wing, and turning our heads with that inebriating poison which he hath been seen to instill into the very chalice of our salvation. Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the due standard in the pulpit; whether our zeal for the truth be never over-heated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly and sternly perti-

* *Tilley valley* was the favourite adjuration of James the Second. It appears in the comedies of Shakspeare.

nacious, at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so acted as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self-sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these, my dear friends, are not the only questions contained in it. No Christian can hate; no Christian can malign: nevertheless, do we not often both hate and malign those unhappy men who are insensible to God's mercies? And I fear this unchristian spirit swells darkly, with all its venom, in the marble of our hearts, not because our brother is insensible to these mercies, but because he is insensible to our faculty of persuasion, turning a deaf ear unto our claim upon his obedience, or a blind or sleepy eye upon the fountain of light, whereof we deem ourselves the sacred reservoirs. There is one more question at which ye will tremble when ye ask it in the recesses of your souls: I do tremble at it, yet must utter it. Whether we do not more warmly and erectly stand up for God's word because it came from our mouths, than because it came from his? Learned and ingenious men may indeed find a solution and excuse for all these propositions; but the wise unto salvation will cry, Forgive me, O my God, if, called by thee to walk in thy way, I have not swept this dust from the sanctuary!'

Sir Thomas. All this, methinks, is for the behoof of clerks and ministers.

Shakspeare. He taught them what they who teach others should learn and practise. Then did he look toward the young gentlemen of large fortune: and lastly his glances fell upon us poorer folk, whom he instructed in the duty we owe to our superiors.

Sir Thomas. Ay, there he had a host.

Shakspeare. In one part of his admonition he said,

'Young gentlemen! let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was *originally* a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools moreover of his own invention and fashioning. He waved and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overawed Arrogance with Sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round.

'The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may: the truly great must have done it.

'This is not the doctrine, my friends, of the silkenly and lawnly religious; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it. I am speaking now more particularly to you among us upon whom God hath laid the incumbrances of wealth, the sweets whereof bring teazing and poisonous things about you, not easily sent away. What now are your pretensions under sacks of money? or your enjoyments under the shade of genealogical trees? Are they rational? Are they real? Do they exist at all? Strange inconsistency! to be proud of having as much gold and silver laid upon you as a mule hath, and yet to carry it less composedly! The mule is not answerable for the conveyance and discharge of his burden: you are. Stranger infatuation still! to be prouder of an excellent thing done by another than by yourselves, supposing any excellent thing to have actually been done; and, after all, to be more elated on his cruelties than his kindnesses, by the blood he hath spilt than by the benefits he hath conferred; and to acknowledge less obligation to a well-informed and well-intentioned progenitor than to a lawless and ferocious barbarian. Would stocks and stumps, if they could utter words, utter such gross stupidity? Would the apple boast of his crab origin, or the peach of his prune? Hardly any man is ashamed of being inferior to his ancestors, although it is the very thing at which the great should blush, if indeed the great in general descended from the worthy. I did expect to see the day, and although I shall not see it, it must come at last, when he shall be treated as a madman or an impostor who dares to claim nobility or precedency, and can not show his family name in the history of his country. Even he who can show it, and who can not write his own under it in the same or as goodly characters, must submit to the imputation of degeneracy, from which the lowly and obscure are exempt.

'He alone who maketh you wiser, maketh you greater; and it is only by such an implement that Almighty God himself effects it. When he taketh away a man's wisdom, he taketh away his strength, his power over others and over himself. What help for him then! He may sit idly and swell his spleen, saying, *Who is this? who is that?* and at the question's end the spirit of inquiry dies away in him. It would not have been so, if, in happier hour, he had said within himself, *Who am I? what am I?* and had prosecuted the search in good earnest.

'When we ask who *this* man is, or who *that* man is, we do not expect or hope for a plain answer: we should be disappointed at a direct, or a rational, or a kind one. We desire to hear that he was of low origin, or had committed some crime, or been subjected to some calamity. Whoever he be, in general we disregard or despise him, unless we discover that he possesseth by nature many qualities of mind and body which he never brings into use, and many accessories of situation and fortune which he brings into abuse every day. According to the arithmetic in practice, he who makes the most idlers and the most ingrates is the most worshipful. But wiser ones than the scorers in this school will tell you how riches and power were bestowed by Providence, that generosity and mercy should be exercised: for, if

every gift of the Almighty were distributed in equal portions to every creature, less of such virtues would be called into the field; consequently there would be less of gratitude, less of submission, less of devotion, less of hope, and, in the total, less of content.'

.. Here he ceased, and Sir Thomas nodded, and said,

"Reasonable enough! nay, almost too reasonable!

"But where are the apostles? Where are the disciples? Where are the saints? Where is hell-fire?

"Well! patience! we may come to it yet. Go on, Will!"

With such encouragement before him, did Will Shakspeare take breath and continue:

"'We mortals are too much accustomed to behold our superiors in rank and station as we behold the leaves in the forest. While we stand under these leaves, our protection and refuge from heat and labour, we see only the rougher side of them, and the gloominess of the branches on which they hang. In the midst of their benefits we are insensible to their utility and their beauty, and appear to be ignorant that, if they were placed less high above us, we should derive from them less advantage.'"

Sir Thomas. Ay; envy of superiority made the angels kick and run restive.

Shakspeare. May it please your worship! with all my faults, I have ever borne submission and reverence toward my superiors.

Sir Thomas. Very right! very scriptural! But most folks do that. Our duty is not fulfilled unless we bear absolute veneration; unless we are ready to lay down our lives and fortunes at the foot of the throne, and everything else at the foot of those who administer the laws under virgin majesty.

Shakspeare. Honoured sir! I am quite ready to lay down my life and fortune, and all the rest of me, before that great virgin.

Sir Silas. Thy life and fortune, to wit! What are they worth? A June cob-nut, maggot and all.

Sir Thomas. Silas! we will not repudiate nor rebuff this Magdalen, that bringeth a pot of ointment. Rather let us teach and tutor than twit. It is a tractable and conducible youth, being in good company.

Sir Silas. Teach and tutor! Hold hard, sir. These base varlets ought to be taught but two things: to bow as beseemeth them to their betters, and to hang perpendicular. We have authority for it, that no man can add an inch to his stature; but, by aid of the sheriff, I engage to find a chap who shall add two or three to this whoreson's.*

Sir Thomas. Nay, nay, now; Silas! the lad's mother was always held to be an honest woman.

Sir Silas. His mother may be an honest woman for me.

Shakspeare. No small privilege, by my faith! for any woman in the next parish to thee, Master Silas!

Sir Silas. There again! out comes the filthy runlet from the quagmire, that but now lay so quiet with all its own in it.

Shakspeare. Until it was trodden on by the ass that could not leap over it. These, I think, are the words of the fable.

Sir Thomas. They are so.

Sir Silas. What fable?

Sir Thomas. Tush! don't press him too hard: he wants not wit, but learning.

Sir Silas. He wants a rope's-end; and a rope's-end is not enough for him, unless we throw in the other.

Sir Thomas. Peradventure he may be an instrument, a potter's clay, a type, a token.

I have seen many young men, and none like unto him. He is shallow, but clear; he is simple, but ingenuous.

Sir Silas. Drag the ford again then. In my mind he is as deep as the big tankard; and a mouthful of rough burrage will be the beginning and end of it.

Sir Thomas. No fear of that. Neither, if rightly reported by the youngster, is there so much doctrine in the doctor as we expected. He doth not dwell upon the main; he is worldly: he is wise in his generation; he says things out of his own head.

Silas, that can't hold! We want props; *fulcrums*, I think you called 'em to the farmers; or was it *stimulums?*

Sir Silas. Both very good words.

Sir Thomas. I should be mightily pleased to hear thee dispute with that great don.

Sir Silas. I hate disputations. Saint Paul warns us against them. If one wants to be thirsty, the tail of a stockfish is as good for it as the head of a logician.

The doctor there, at Oxford, is in flesh and mettle: but let him be sleek and gingered as he may, clap me in Saint Mary's pulpit, cassock me, lamb-skin me, give me pink for my colours, glove me to the elbow, heel-piece me half an ell high, cushion me before and behind, bring me a mug of mild ale and a rasher of bacon, only just to con over the text withal; then allow me fair play, and as much of my own way as he had; and the devil take the hindermost. I am his man at any time.

Sir Thomas. I am fain to believe it. Verily, I do think, Silas, thou hast as much stuff in thee as most men. Our beef and mutton at Charlecote rear other than babes and sucklings.

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* *Whoreson*, if we may hazard a conjecture, means the son of a woman of ill-repute. In this we are borne out by the context. It appears to have escaped the commentators on Shakspeare.

Whoreson, a word of frequent occurrence in the comedies; more rarely found in the tragedies. Although now obsolete, the expression proves that there were (or were believed to be) such persons formerly.

The editor is indebted to two learned friends for these two remarks, which appear no less just than ingenious.

I like words taken, like thine, from black-letter books. They look stiff and sterling, and as though a man might dig about 'em for a week, and never loosen the lightest.

Thou hast alway at hand either saint or devil, as occasion needeth, according to the quality of the sinner, and they never come uncalled for. Moreover, Master Silas, I have observed that thy hell-fire is generally lighted up in the pulpit about the dog-days. .

. . Then turned the worthy knight unto the youth, saying,

"'Twere well for thee, William Shakspeare, if the learned doctor had kept thee longer in his house, and had shown unto thee the danger of idleness, which hath often led unto deer-stealing and poetry. In thee we already know the one, although the distemper hath eaten but skin-deep for the present; and we have the testimony of two burgesses on the other. The pursuit of poetry, as likewise of game, is unforbidden to persons of condition."

Shakspeare. Sir, that of game is the more likely to keep them in it.

Sir Thomas. It is the more knightly of the two; but poetry hath also her pursuers among us. I myself, in my youth, had some experience that way; and I am fain to blush at the reputation I obtained. His honour, my father, took me to London at the age of twenty; and, sparing no expense in my education, gave fifty shillings to one Monsieur Dubois to teach me fencing and poetry in twenty lessons. In vacant hours he taught us also the laws of honour, which are different from ours.

In France you are unpolite unless you solicit a judge or his wife to favour your cause, and you inevitably lose it. In France there is no want of honour where there is no want of courage: you may lie, but you must not hear that you lie. I asked him what he thought then of lying; and he replied,

'C'est selon.'

'And suppose you should overhear the whisper?'

'Ah parbleu! Cela m'irrite; cela me pousse au bout.'

I was going on to remark that a real man of honour could less bear to lie than to hear it; when he cried, at the words real man of honour,

'Le voilà, Monsieur! le voilà!' and gave himself such a blow on the breast as convinced me the French are a brave people.

He told us that nothing but his honour was left him, but that it supplied the place of all he had lost. It was discovered some time afterward that M. Dubois had been guilty of perjury, had been a spy, and had lost nothing but a dozen or two of tin patty-pans, hereditary in his family, his father having been a cook on his own account.

William, it is well at thy time of life that thou shouldst know the customs of far countries, particularly if it should be the will of God to place thee in a company of players. Of all nations in the world, the French best understand the stage. If thou shouldst ever write for it, which God forbid, copy them very carefully. Murders on their stage are quite decorous and cleanly. Few gentlemen and ladies die by violence who would not have died by exhaustion. For they rant and rave until their voice fails them, one after another; and those who do not die of it, die consumptive. They can not bear to see cruelty: they would rather see any image than their own. These are not my observations, but were made by Sir Everard Starkeye, who likewise did remark to Monsieur Dubois, that cats, if you hold them up to the looking-glass, will scratch you terribly; and that the same fierce animal, as if proud of its cleanly coat and velvety paw, doth carefully put aside what other animals of more estimation take no trouble to conceal.

'Our people,' said Sir Everard, 'must see upon the stage what they never could have imagined; so the best men in the world would earnestly take a peep of hell through a chink, whereas the worser would skulk away.'

Do not thou be their caterer, William! Avoid the writing of comedies and tragedies. To make people laugh is uncivil, and to make people cry is unkind. And what, after all, are these comedies and these tragedies? They are what, for the benefit of all future generations, I have myself described them,

> The whimsies of wantons, and stories of dread
> That make the stout-hearted look under the bed.

Furthermore, let me warn thee against the same on account of the vast charges thou must stand at. We Englishmen can not find it in our hearts to murder a man without much difficulty, hesitation, and delay. We have little or no invention for pains and penalties; it is only our acutest lawyers who have wit enough to frame them. Therefore it behoveth your tragedy-man to provide a rich assortment of them, in order to strike the auditor with awe and wonder. And a tragedy-man, in our country, who can not afford a fair dozen of stabbed males, and a trifle under that mark of poisoned females, and chains enow to moor a whole navy in dock, is but a scurvy fellow at the best. Thou wilt find trouble in purveying these necessaries; and then must come the gim-cracks for the second course; gods, goddesses, fates, furies, battles, marriages, music, and the maypole. Hast thou within thee wherewithall?'

. . "Sir!" replied Billy, with great modesty, "I am most grateful for these ripe fruits of your experience. To admit delightful visions into my own twilight chamber, is not dangerous nor forbidden. Believe me, sir, he who indulges in them will abstain from injuring his neighbour: he will see no glory in peril, and no delight in strife. The world shall never be troubled by any battles and marriages of mine, and I desire no other music and no other maypole than have lightened my heart at Stratford."

Sir Thomas finding him well-conditioned and manageable, proceeded:

"Although I have admonished thee of sundry and insurmountable impediments, yet more are lying in the pathway. We have no verse for tragedy. One in his hurry hath dropped rhyme, and walketh like unto the man who wanteth the left-leg stocking. Others can give us rhyme indeed, but can hold no longer after the tenth or eleventh syllable. Now Sir Everard Starkeye, who is a pretty poet, did confess to Monsieur Dubois the potency of the French tragic verse, which thou never canst hope to bring over.

"'I wonder, Monsieur Dubois!' said Sir Everard, 'that your countrymen should have thought it necessary to transport their heavy artillery into Italy. No Italian could stand a volley of your heroic verses from the best and biggest pieces. With these brought into action, you never could have lost the battle of Pavia.'

"Now my friend Sir Everard is not quite so good a historian as he is a poet: and Monsieur Dubois took advantage of him.

"'Pardon! Monsieur Sir Everard!' said Monsieur Dubois, smiling at my friend's slip, 'we did not lose the battle of Pavia. We had the misfortune to lose our king, who delivered himself up, as our kings always do, for the good and glory of his country.'

"'How was this?' said Sir Everard, in surprise.

"'I will tell you, Monsieur Sir Everard!' said Monsieur Dubois. 'I had it from my own father, who fought in the battle, and told my mother, word for word. The king seeing his household troops, being only one thousand strong, surrounded by twelve regiments, the best Spanish troops, amounting to eighteen thousand four hundred and forty-two, although he doubted not of victory, yet thought he might lose many brave men before the close of the day, and rode up instantly to King Charles, and said, "My brother! I am loath to lose so many of those brave men yonder. Whistle off your Spanish pointers, and I agree to ride home with you."

"'And so he did. But what did King Charles? Abusing French loyalty, he made our Francis his prisoner, would you believe it? and treated him worse than ever badger was treated at the bottom of any paltry stable-yard, putting upon his table beer and Rhenish wine and wild boar.'

"I have digressed with thee, young man," continued the knight, much to the improvement of my knowledge, I do reverentially confess, as it was of the lad's. "We will now," said he, "endeavour our best to sober thee, finding that Doctor Glaston hath omitted it."

"Not entirely omitted it," said William, gratefully; "he did, after dinner, all that could be done at such a time toward it. The doctor could however speak only of the Greeks and Romans, and certainly what he said of them gave me but little encouragement."

Sir Thomas. What said he?

Shakspeare. He said, 'the Greeks conveyed all their wisdom into their theatre; their stages were churches and parliament-houses; but what was false prevailed over what was true. They had their own wisdom; the wisdom of the foolish. Who is Sophocles, if compared to Doctor Hammersley of Oriel? or Euripides, if compared to Doctor Prichard of Jesus? Without the Gospel, light is darkness; and with it, children are giants.

'William, I need not expatiate on Greek with thee, since thou knowest it not, but some crumbs of Latin are picked up by the callowest beaks. The Romans had, as thou findest, and have still, more taste for murder than morality, and, as they could not find heroes among them, looked for gladiators. Their only very high poet employed his elevation and strength to dethrone and debase the Deity. They had several others, who polished their language and pitched their instruments with admirable skill: several who glued over their thin and flimsy gaberdines many bright feathers from the wide-spread downs of Ionia, and the richly cultivated rocks of Attica.

'Some of them have spoken from inspiration: for thou art not to suppose that from the heathen were withheld all the manifestations of the Lord. We do agree at Oxford that the Pollio of Virgil is our Saviour. True, it is the dullest and poorest poem that a nation not very poetical hath bequeathed unto us; and even the versification, in which this master excelled, is wanting in fluency and sweetness. I can only account for it from the weight of the subject. Two verses, which are fairly worth two hundred such poems, are from another pagan: he was forced to sigh for the Church without knowing her: he saith,

> May I gaze upon thee when my latest hour is come!
> May I hold thy hand when mine faileth me!

This, if adumbrating the Church, is the most beautiful thought that ever issued from the heart of man: but if addressed to a wanton, as some do opine, is filth from the sink, nauseating and insufferable.

'William! that which moveth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.'

Sir Thomas. Yea; and he appeareth unto me to know more of poetry than of divinity. Those ancients have little flesh upon the body poetical, and lack the savour that sufficeth. The Song of Solomon drowns all their voices: they seem but whistlers and guitar-players compared to a full-cheeked trumpeter; they standing under the eaves in some dark lane, he upon a well-caparisoned stallion, tossing his mane and all his ribands to the sun. I doubt the doctor spake too fondly of the Greeks; they were giddy creatures. William! I am loath to be hard on them; but they please me not. There are those now living who could make them bite their nails to the quick, and turn green as grass with envy.

Shakspeare. Sir, one of those Greeks, me-

thinks, thrown into the pickle-pot, would be a treasure to the housewife's young gherkins.

Sir Thomas. Simpleton! simpleton! but thou valuest them justly. Now attend. If ever thou shouldst hear, at Oxford or London, the verses I am about to repeat, prythee do not communicate them to that fiery spirit Matt Atterend. It might not be the battle of two hundreds, but two counties; a sort of York and Lancaster war, whereof I would wash my hands. Listen!

.. And now did Sir Thomas clear his voice, always high and sonorous, and did repeat from the stores of his memory these rich and proud verses.

"'Chloe! mean men must ever make mean loves,
They deal in dog-roses, but I in cloves.
They are just scorch'd enough to blow their fingers,
I am a phœnix downright burnt to cinders.'"

At which noble conceits, so far above what poor Bill had ever imagined, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed,

"The world itself must be reduced to that condition before such glorious verses die! *Chloe* and *Clove!* Why, sir! Chloe wants but a V toward the tail to become the very thing! Never tell me that such matters can come about of themselves. And how truly is it said that we mean men deal in dog-roses!

"Sir, if it were permitted me to swear on that holy Bible, I would swear I never until this day heard that dog-roses were our provender; and yet did I, no longer ago than last summer, write, not indeed upon a dog-rose, but upon a sweet-briar, what would only serve to rinse the mouth withal after the clove."

Sir Thomas. Repeat the same, youth! We may haply give thee our counsel thereupon.

.. Willy took heart, and, lowering his voice, which hath much natural mellowness, repeated these from memory:

"My briar that smelledst sweet
When gentle spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that wouldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

"What! hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet-breathing briar,
Hung fondly, ill or well?
And yet methinks with thee
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might dwell.

"Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet, but freed
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets too."

Sir Thomas said, with kind encouragement, "He who beginneth so discreetly with a dog-rose, may hope to encompass a damask-rose ere he die."

Willy did now breathe freely. The commendation of a knight and magistrate worked powerfully within him: and Sir Thomas said furthermore, "These short matters do not suit me. Thou mightest have added some moral about life and beauty: poets never handle roses without one: but thou art young, and mayest get into the train."

Willy made the best excuse he could; and no bad one it was, the knight acknowledged; namely, that the sweet-briar was not really dead, although left for dead.

"Then," said Sir Thomas, "as life and beauty would not serve thy turn, thou mightest have had full enjoyment of the beggar, the wayside, the thieves, and the good Samaritan; enough to tapestry the bridal chamber of an empress."

William bowed respectfully, and sighed.

"Ha! thou hast lost them, sure enough, and it may not be quite so fair to smile at thy quandary," quoth Sir Thomas.

"I did my best the first time," said Willy, "and fell short the second."

"That indeed thou must have done," said Sir Thomas. "It is a grievous disappointment, in the midst of our lamentations for the dead, to find ourselves balked. I am curious to see how thou couldst help thyself. Don't be abashed; I am ready for even worse than the last."

Bill hesitated, but obeyed:

And art thou yet alive?
And shall the happy hive
Send out her youth to cull
Thy sweets of leaf and flower,
And spend the sunny hour
With thee, and thy faint heart with murmuring music lull?

Tell me what tender care,
Tell me what pious prayer,
Bade thee arise and live.
The fondest-favoured bee
Shall whisper nought to thee
More loving than the song my grateful muse shall give.

Sir Thomas looked somewhat less pleased at the conclusion of these verses than at the conclusion of the former; and said gravely,

"Young man! methinks it is betimes that thou talkest of having a muse to thyself; or even in common with others. It is only great poets who have muses; I mean to say, who have the right to talk in that fashion. The French, I hear, *Phœbus* it and *Muse-me* it right and left; and boggle not to throw all nine, together with mother and master, into the compass of a dozen lines or thereabout. And your Italian can hardly do without 'em in the multiplication-table. We Englishmen do let them in quietly, shut the door, and say nothing of what passes. I have read a whole book of comedies, and ne'er a muse to help the lamest."

Shakspeare. Wonderful forbearance! I marvel how the poet could get through.

Sir Thomas. By God's help. And I think we did as well without 'em: for it must be an unabashable man that ever shook his sides in their company. They lay heavy restraint both upon laughing and crying. In the great master Virgil of Rome, they tell me they come in to

count the ships, and having cast up the sum total, and proved it, make off again. Sure token of two things: first, that he held 'em dog-cheap; secondly, that he had made but little progress (for a Lombard born) in book-keeping at double entry.

He, and every other great genius, began with small subject-matters, gnats and the like. I myself, similar unto him, wrote upon fruit. I would give thee some copies for thy copying, if I thought thou wouldst use them temperately, and not render them common, as hath befallen the poetry of some among the brightest geniuses. I could show thee how to say new things, and how to time the same. Before my day, nearly all the flowers and fruits had been gathered by poets, old and young, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall: roses went up to Solomon, apples to Adam, and so forth.

Willy! my brave lad! I was the first that ever handled a quince, I'll be sworn.

Hearken!

> Chloe! I would not have thee wince
> That I unto thee send a quince.
> I would not have thee say unto 't
> *Begone!* and trample 't under foot,
> For, trust me, 'tis no fulsome fruit.
> It came not out of mine own garden,
> But all the way from Henly in Arden,
> Of an uncommon fine old tree
> Belonging to John Asbury.
> And if that of it thou shalt eat
> 'Twill make thy breath e'en yet more sweet;
> As a translation here doth shew,
> *On fruit-trees, by Jean Mirabeau.*
> The frontispiece is printed so.
> But eat it with some wine and cake,
> Or it may give the belly-ake.*
> This doth my worthy clerk indite,
> I sign,
>
> SIR THOMAS LUCY, Knight.

Now, Willy, there is not one poet or lover in twenty who careth for consequences. Many hint to the lady what to do; few what not to do; although it would oftentimes, as in this case, go to one's heart to see the upshot.

.. "Ah sir!" said Bill in all humility, "I would make bold to put the parings of that quince under my pillow, for sweet dreams and insights, if Doctor Glaston had given me encouragement to continue the pursuit of poetry. Of a surety it would bless me with a bedful of churches and crucifixions, duly adumbrated."

Whereat Sir Thomas, shaking his head, did inform him,

"It was in the golden age of the world, as pagans call it, that poets of condition sent fruits and flowers to their beloved, with posies fairly penned. We, in our days, have done the like. But manners of late are much corrupted on the one side, if not on both.

"Willy! it hath been whispered that there be those who would rather have a piece of brocade or velvet for a stomacher, than the touchingest copy of verses, with a bleeding heart at the bottom."

Shakspeare. Incredible!

Sir Thomas. 'Tis even so!

Shakspeare. They must surely be rotten fragments of the world before the flood, saved out of it by the devil.

Sir Thomas. I am not of that mind. Their eyes, mayhap, fell upon some of the bravery cast ashore from the Spanish Armada. In ancienter days, a few pages of good poetry outvalued a whole ell of the finest Genoa.

Shakspeare. When will such days return!

Sir Thomas. It is only within these few years that corruption and avarice have made such ghastly strides. They always did exist, but were gentler.

My youth is waning, and has been nigh upon these seven years, I being now in my forty-eighth.

Shakspeare. I have understood that the god of poetry is in the enjoyment of eternal youth; I was ignorant that his sons were.

Sir Thomas. No, child! we are hale and comely, but must go the way of all flesh.

Shakspeare. Must it, can it, be?

Sir Thomas. Time was, my smallest gifts were acceptable, as thus recorded:

> From my fair hand, O will ye, will ye
> Deign humbly to accept a gilly-
> Flower for thy bosom, sugared maid!
>
> Scarce had I said it, ere she took it,
> And in a twinkling, faith! had stuck it,
> Where e'en proud knighthood might have laid.

.. William was now quite unable to contain himself, and seemed utterly to have forgotten the grievous charge against him; to such a pitch did his joy o'erleap his jeopardy.

Master Silas in the mean time was much disquieted; and first did he strip away all the white feather from every pen in the ink-pot, and then did he mend them, one and all, and then did he slit them with his thumb-nail, and then did he pare and slash away at them again, and then did he cut off the tops, until at last he left upon them neither nib nor plume, nor enough of the middle to serve as quill to a virginal. It went to my heart to see such a power of pens so wasted: there could not be fewer than five. Sir Thomas was less wary than usual, being overjoyed. For great poets do mightily affect to have little poets under them; and little poets do forget themselves in great company, as fiddlers do, who *hail fellow well met!* even with lords.

Sir Thomas did not interrupt our Bill's wild gladness. I never thought so worshipful a personage could bear so much. At last he said unto the lad:

"I do bethink me, if thou hearest much more

* *Belly-ake*, a disorder once not uncommon in England. Even the name is now almost forgotten; yet the elder of us may remember at least the report of it, and some perhaps even the complaint itself, in our schooldays. It usually broke out about the cherry season; and, in some cases, made its appearance again at the first nutting.

of my poetry, and the success attendant thereon, good Doctor Glaston would tear thy skirt off, ere he could drag thee back from the occupation."

Shakspeare. I fear me, for once, all his wisdom would sluice out in vain.

Sir Thomas. It was reported to me, that when our virgin queen's highness (her Dear Dread's* ear not being then poisoned) heard these verses, she said before her courtiers, to the sore travail of some, and heart's content of others . .

'We need not envy our young cousin James of Scotland his ass's bite of a thistle, having such flowers as these gilliflowers on the chimney-stacks of Charlecote.'

I could have told her highness that all this poetry, from beginning to end, was real matter of fact, well and truly spoken by mine own self. I had only to harness the rhymes thereunto, at my leisure.

Shakspeare. None could ever doubt it. Greeks and Trojans may fight for the quince; neither shall have it

> While a Warwickshire lad
> Is on earth to be had,
> With a wand to wag
> On a trusty nag,
> He shall keep the lists
> With cudgel or fists;
> And black shall be whose eye
> Looks evil on Lucy.

Sir Thomas. Nay, nay, nay! do not trespass too soon upon heroics. Thou seest thou canst not hold thy wind beyond eight lines. What wouldst thou do under the heavy mettle that should have wrought such wonders at Pavia, if thou findest these petards so troublesome in discharging? Surely the good doctor, had he entered at large on the subject, would have been very particular in urging this expostulation.

Shakspeare. Sir, to my mortification I must confess that I took to myself the counsel he was giving to another; a young gentleman who, from his pale face, his abstinence at table, his cough, his taciturnity, and his gentleness, seemed already more than half poet. To him did Doctor Glaston urge, with all his zeal and judgment, many arguments against the vocation; telling him that, even in college, he had few applauders, being the first, and not the second or third, who always are more fortunate; reminding him that he must solicit and obtain much interest with men of rank and quality, before he could expect their favour; and that without it the vein chilled, the nerve relaxed, and the poet was left at next door to the bellman. 'In the coldness of the world,' said he, 'in the absence of ready friends and adherents, to light thee upstairs to the richly tapestried chamber of the muses, thy spirits will abandon thee, thy heart will sicken and swell within thee: overladen, thou wilt make, O Ethelbert! a slow and painful progress, and, ere the door open, sink. Praise giveth weight unto the wanting, and happiness giveth elasticity unto the heavy. As the mightier streams of the unexplored world, America, run languidly in the night,* and await the sun on high to contend with him in strength and grandeur, so doth genius halt and pause in the thraldom of outspread darkness, and move onward with all his vigour then only when creative light and jubilant warmth surround him.'

Ethelbert coughed faintly; a tinge of red, the size of a rose-bud, colored the middle of his cheek; and yet he seemed not to be pained by the reproof. He looked fondly and affectionately at his teacher, who thus proceeded:

'My dear youth, do not carry the stone of Sisyphus on thy shoulder to pave the way to disappointment. If thou writest but indifferent poetry, none will envy thee and some will praise thee: but Nature in her malignity hath denied unto thee a capacity for the enjoyment of such praise. In this she hath been kinder to most others than to thee: we know wherein she hath been kinder to thee than to most others. If thou writest good poetry, many will call it flat, many will call it obscure, many will call it inharmonious; and some of these will speak as they think; for, as in giving a feast to great numbers, it is easier to possess the wine than to procure the cups, so happens it in poetry; thou hast the beverage of thy own growth, but canst not find the recipients. What is simple and elegant to thee and me, to many an honest man is flat and sterile; what to us is an innocently sly allusion, to as worthy a one as either of us is dull obscurity; and that moreover which swims upon our brain, and which throbs against our temples, and which we delight in sounding to ourselves when the voice has done with it, touches their ear and awakens no harmony in any cell of it. Rivals will run up to thee and call thee a plagiary, and, rather than that proof should be wanting, similar words to some of thine will be thrown in thy teeth out of Leviticus and Deuteronomy.

'Do you desire calm studies? do you desire high thoughts? penetrate into theology. What is nobler than to dissect and discern the opinions of the gravest men upon the subtilest matters? And what glorious victories are those over Infidelity and Scepticism? How much loftier, how much more lasting in their effects, than such as ye are invited unto by what this ingenious youth hath contemptuously and truly called

> "The swaggering drum, and trumpet hoarse with rage."

And what a delightful and edifying sight it is, to see hundreds of the most able doctors, all stripped for the combat, each closing with his antagonist, and tugging and tearing, tooth and nail, to lay down and establish truths which have been floating in the air for ages, and which the lower order of mortals are forbidden to see, and commanded to embrace. And then the shouts of victory! And then the crowns of amaranth held over their

* Sir Thomas borrowed this expression from Spenser.

* Humboldt notices this.

heads by the applauding angels. Beside, these combats have other great and distinct advantages. Whereas, in the carnal, the longer ye contend the more blows do ye receive; in these against Satan, the more fiercely and pertinaciously ye drive at him, the slacker do ye find him: every good hit makes him redden and rave with anger, but diminishes its effect.

'My dear friends! who would not enter a service in which he may give blows to his mortal enemy, and receive none; and in which not only the eternal gain is incalculable, but also the temporal, at four-and-twenty, may be far above the emolument of generals, who, before the priest was born, had bled profusely for his country, established her security, brightened her glory, and augmented her dominions.'

..At this pause did Sir Thomas turn unto Sir Silas, and asked,

"What sayest thou, Silas?"

Whereupon did Sir Silas make answer . .

"I say it is so, and was so, and should be so, and shall be so. If the queen's brother had not sopped the priests and bishops out of the Catholic cup, they could have held the Catholic cup in their own hands, instead of yielding it into his. They earned their money: if they sold their consciences for it, the business is theirs, not ours. I call this facing the devil with a vengeance. We have their coats; no matter who made 'em; we have 'em, I say, and we will wear 'em; and not a button, tag, or tassel, shall any man tear away."

Sir Thomas then turned to Willy, and requested him to proceed with the doctor's discourse, who thereupon continued.

"'Within your own recollection, how many good, quiet, inoffensive men, unendowed with any extraordinary abilities, have been enabled, by means of divinity, to enjoy a long life in tranquillity and affluence.'

"Whereupon did one of the young gentlemen smile, and, on small encouragement from Doctor Glaston to enounce the cause thereof, he repeated these verses, which he gave afterward unto me.

"'In the names on our books
Was standing Tom Flooke's,
Who took in due time his degrees;
Which when he had taken,
Like Ascham or Bacon,
By night he could snore, and by day he could sneeze.

"'Calm, pithy, pragmatical,*
Tom Flooke he could at a call
Rise up like a hound from his sleep;
And if many a quarto
He gave not his heart to,
If pellucid in lore, in his cups he was deep.

"'He never did harm,
And his heart might be warm,
For his doublet most certainly was so:
And now has Tom Flooke
A quieter nook
Than ever had Spenser or Tasso.

"'He lives in his house
As still as a mouse
Until he has eaten his dinner;
But then doth his nose
Outroar all the woes
That encompass the death of a sinner.

"'And there oft has been seen
No less than a dean
To tarry a week in the parish,
In October and March,
When deans are less starch,
And days are less gleamy and garish.

"'That Sunday Tom's eyes
Lookt alway more wise,
He repeated more often his text;
Two leaves stuck together,
(The fault of the weather)
And . . . . *the rest ye shall hear in my next.*

"'At mess he lost quite
His small appetite,
By losing his friend the good dean:
The cook's sight must fail her!
The eggs sure are staler!
The beef too! Why, what can it mean?

"'He turned off the butcher,
To the cook, could he clutch her,
What his choler had done there's no saying . .
'Tis verily said
He smote low the cock's head
And took other pullets for laying.'"

"On this being concluded, Doctor Glaston said he shrewdly suspected an indigestion on the part of Mr. Thomas Flooke, caused by sitting up late and studying hard with Mr. Dean; and protested that theology itself should not carry us into the rawness of the morning air, particularly in such critical months as March and October, in one of which the sap rises, in the other sinks, and there are many stars very sinister."

..Sir Thomas shook his head, and declared he would not be uncharitable to rector, or dean, or doctor, but that certain surmises swam uppermost. He then winked at Master Silas, who said, incontinently,

"You have it, Sir Thomas! The blind buzzards! with their stars and saps!"

"Well, but Silas! you yourself have told us over and over again, in church, that there are *arcana.*"

"So there are; I uphold it," replied Master Silas, "but a fig for the greater part, and a fig-leaf for the rest! As for these signs, they are as plain as any page in the Revelations."

Sir Thomas, after short pondering, said scoffingly,

"In regard to the rawness of the air having any effect whatsoever on those who discourse orthodoxically on theology, it is quite as absurd as to imagine that a man ever caught cold in a Protestant church. I am rather of opinion that it was a judgment on the rector for his evilmindedness toward the cook, the Lord foreknowing that he was about to be wilful and vengeful in that quarter. It was, however, more advisedly that he took other pullets, on his own view of the case, although it might be that the same pullets would suit him

* *Pragmatical* here means only *precise.*

again as well as ever, when his appetite should return; for it doth not appear that they were loath to lay, but laid somewhat unsatisfactorily.

"Now, youth!" continued his worship, "if in our clemency we should spare thy life, study this higher elegiacal strain which thou hast carried with thee from Oxford: it containeth, over and above an unusual store of biography, much sound moral doctrine, for those who are heedful in the weighing of it. And what can be more affecting than,

'At mess he lost quite
His small appetite,
By losing his friend the good dean!'?

And what an insight into character! Store it up; store it up! *Small appetite*, particular; *good dean*, generic."

Hereupon did Master Silas jerk me with his indicative joint, the elbow to wit, and did say in my ear,

"He means *deanery*. Give me one of those bones so full of marrow, and let my lord bishop have all the meat over it, and welcome. If a dean is not on his stilts, he is not on his stumps: he stands on his own ground: he is a *noli-me-tangeretarian*."

"What art thou saying of those sectaries, good Master Silas?" quoth Sir Thomas, not hearing him distinctly.

"I was talking of the dean," replied Master Silas. "He was the very dean who wrote and sang that song called the *Two Jacks*."

"Hast it?" asked he.

Master Silas shook his head, and, trying in vain to recollect it, said at last,

"After dinner it sometimes pops out of a filbert-shell in a crack; and I have known it float on the first glass of Herefordshire cider; it also hath some affinity with very stiff and old bottled beer; but in a morning it seemeth unto me like a remnant of over-night."

"Our memory waneth, Master Silas!" quoth Sir Thomas, looking seriously. "If thou couldst repeat it, without the grimace of singing, it were not ill."

Master Silas struck the table with his fist, and repeated the first stave angrily; but in the second he forgot the admonition of Sir Thomas, and did sing outright,

"Jack Calvin and Jack Cade,
Two gentles of one trade,
Two tinkers,
Very gladly would pull down
Mother Church and Father Crown,
And would starve or would drown
Right thinkers.

Honest man! honest man!
Fill the can, fill the can,
They are coming! they are coming! they are coming!
If any drop be left,
It might tempt 'em to a theft . . . .
Zooks! 't was only the ale that was humming."

"In the first stave, gramercy! there is an awful verity," quoth Sir Thomas; "but I wonder that a dean should let his skewer slip out, and his fat catch fire so woefully, in the second. Light stuff, Silas! fit only for ale-houses."

Master Silas was nettled in the nose, and answered,

"Let me see the man in Warwickshire, and in all the counties round, who can run at such a rate with so light a feather in the palm of his hand. I am no poet, thank God! but I know what folks can do, and what folks can not do."

"Well, Silas!" replied Sir Thomas, "after thy thanksgiving for being no poet, let us have the rest of the piece."

"The rest!" quoth Master Silas. "When the ale hath done with its humming, it is time, methinks, to dismiss it. Sir, there never was any more: you might as well ask for more after Amen or the See of Canterbury."

Sir Thomas was dissatisfied, and turned off the discourse; and peradventure he grew more inclined to be gracious unto Willy from the slight rub his chaplain had given him, were it only for the contrariety. When he had collected his thoughts, he was determined to assert his supremacy on the score of poetry.

"Deans, I perceive, like other quality," said he, "can not run on long together. My friend, Sir Everard Starkeye, could never overleap four bars. I remember but one composition of his, on a young lady who mocked at his inconsistency, in calling her sometimes his Grace and at other times his Muse.

'My Grace shall Fanny Carew be,
While here she deigns to stay;
And (ah how sad the change for me!)
My Muse when far away!'

And when we laughed at him for turning his back upon her after the fourth verse, all he could say for himself was, that he would rather a game at *all fours* with Fanny, than *ombre* and *picquet* with the finest furbelows in Christendom. Men of condition do usually want a belt in the course."

Whereunto said Master Silas,

"Men out of condition are quite as liable to lack it, methinks."

"Silas! Silas!" replied the knight, impatiently, "prythee keep to thy divinity, thy stronghold upon Zion; thence none that faces thee can draw thee without being bitten to the bone. Leave poetry to me."

"With all my heart," quoth Master Silas, "I will never ask a belt from her, until I see she can afford to give a shirt. She has promised a belt indeed, not one however that doth much improve the wind, to this lad here, and will keep her word; but she was forced to borrow the pattern from a Carthusian friar, and somehow it slips above the shoulder."

"I am by no means sure of that," quoth Sir Thomas. "He shall have fair play. He carrieth in his mind many valuable things, whereof it hath pleased Providence to ordain him the depositary. He hath laid before us certain sprigs of poetry from Oxford, trim as pennyroyal, and larger leaves of household divinity, the most mildly-

savoured; pleasant in health, and wholesome in sickness."

"I relish not such mutton-broth divinity," said Master Silas. "It makes me sick in order to settle my stomach."

"We may improve it," said the knight, "but first let us hear more."

Then did William Shakspeare resume Dr. Glaston's discourse.

"'Ethelbert! I think thou walkest but little; otherwise I should take thee with me, some fine fresh morning, as far as unto the first hamlet on the Cherwell. There lies young Wellerby, who, the year before, was wont to pass many hours of the day poetising amid the ruins of Godstow nunnery. It is said that he bore a fondness toward a young maiden in that place, formerly a village, now containing but two old farm-houses. In my memory there were still extant several dormitories. Some love-sick girl had recollected an ancient name, and had engraven on a stone with a garden-nail, which lay in rust near it,

POORE ROSAMUND.

I entered these precincts, and beheld a youth of manly form and countenance, washing and wiping a stone with a handful of wet grass; and on my going up to him, and asking what he had found, he showed it to me. The next time I saw him was near the banks of the Cherwell. He had tried, it appears, to forget or overcome his foolish passion, and had applied his whole mind unto study. He was foiled by his competitor; and now he sought consolation in poetry. Whether this opened the wounds that had closed in his youthful breast, and malignant Love, in his revenge, poisoned it; or whether the disappointment he had experienced in finding others preferred to him, first in the paths of fortune, then in those of the muses; he was thought to have died broken-hearted.

"'About half a mile from St. John's College is the termination of a natural terrace, with the Cherwell close under it, in some places bright with yellow and red flowers glancing and glowing through the stream, and suddenly in others dark with the shadows of many different trees, in broad overbending thickets, and with rushes spear-high, and party-coloured flags.

"'After a walk in Midsummer, the immersion of our hands into the cool and closing grass is surely not the least among our animal delights. I was just seated, and the first sensation of rest vibrated in me gently, as though it were music to the limbs, when I discovered by a hollow in the herbage that another was near. The long meadow-sweet and blooming burnet half concealed from me him whom the earth was about to hide totally and for ever.

"'Master Batchelor!' said I, 'it is ill sleeping by the water-side.'

"'No answer was returned. I arose, went to the place, and recognised poor Wellerby. His brow was moist, his cheek was warm. A few moments earlier, and that dismal lake whereunto and wherefrom the waters of life, the buoyant blood, ran no longer, might have received one vivifying ray reflected from my poor casement. I might not indeed have comforted: I have often failed: but there is one who never has; and the strengthener of the bruised reed should have been with us.

"'Remembering that his mother did abide one mile further on, I walked forward to the mansion, and asked her what tidings she lately had received of her son. She replied, that having given up his mind to light studies, the fellows of the college would not elect him. The master had warned him before-hand to abandon his selfish poetry, take up manfully the quarterstaff of logic, and wield it for St. John's, come who would into the ring. "'We want our man,' said he to me, 'and your son hath failed us in the hour of need. Madam, he hath been foully beaten in the schools by one he might have swallowed, with due exercise.' I rated him, told him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck, and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hither he hath not come. I trust he knows at last the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days, it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time; yet, O gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks." "Lady!" said I, "none are left upon him. Be comforted! thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken is yet thine."

"'She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no motion, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage and sustained the shock, saying calmly, "God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as he findeth me willing to join them."

"'Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband; and in her spirit (which often is permitted to pass the gates of death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator.

"'The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body; and some days afterward he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutter's charges, I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words:

"JOANNES WELLERBY
LITERARUM QUÆSIVIT GLORIAM,
VIDET DEI." ' "

"Poor tack! poor tack!" sourly quoth Master Silas. "If your wise doctor could say nothing

more about the fool, who died like a rotten sheep among the darnels, his Latin might have held out for the father, and might have told people he was as cool as a cucumber at home, and as hot as pepper in battle. Could he not find room enough on the whinstone, to tell the folks of the village how he played the devil among the dons, burning their fingers when they would put thumbscrews upon us, punching them in the weasand as a blacksmith punches a horse-shoe, and throwing them overboard like bilgewater?

"Has Oxford lost all her Latin? Here is no *capitani filius;* no more mention of family than a Welshman would have allowed him; no *hic jacet;* and, worse than all, the devil a tittle of *spe redemptionis*, or *anno Domini.*"

"Willy!" quoth Sir Thomas, "I shrewdly do suspect there was more, and that thou hast forgotten it."

"Sir!" answered Willy, "I wrote not down the words, fearing to mis-spell them, and begged them of the doctor, when I took my leave of him on the morrow; and verily he wrote down all he had repeated. I keep them always in the tin-box in my waistcoat-pocket, among the eel-hooks, on a scrap of paper a finger's length and breadth, folded in the middle to fit. And when the eels are running, I often take it out and read it before I am aware. I could as soon forget my own epitaph as this."

"Simpleton!" said Sir Thomas, with his gentle compassionate smile; "but thou hast cleared thyself."

Sir Silas. I think the doctor gave one idle chap as much solid pudding as he could digest, with a slice to spare for another.

Shakspeare. And yet after this pudding the doctor gave him a spoonful of custard, flavoured with a little bitter, which was mostly left at the bottom for the other idle chap.

..Sir Thomas not only did endure this very good-naturedly, but deigned even to take in good part the smile upon my countenance, as though he were a smile-collector, and as though his estate were so humble that he could hold his laced-bonnet (in all his bravery) for bear and fiddle.

He then said unto Willy,

"Place likewise this custard before us."

"There is but little of it; the platter is shallow," replied he; "'twas suited to Master Ethelbert's appetite: the contents were these:

"'The things whereon thy whole soul brooded in its innermost recesses, and with all its warmth and energy, will pass unprized and unregarded, not only throughout thy lifetime, but long after. For the higher beauties of poetry are beyond the capacity, beyond the vision, of almost all. Once perhaps in half a century a single star is discovered, then named and registered, then mentioned by five studious men to five more; at last some twenty say, or repeat in writing, what they have heard about it. Other stars await other discoveries. Few and solitary, and wide asunder, are those who calculate their relative distances, their mysterious influences, their glorious magnitude, and their stupendous height. 'Tis so, believe me, and ever was so, with the truest and best poetry. Homer, they say, was blind; he might have been ere he died; that he sat among the blind, we are sure.

"'Happy they who, like this young lad from Stratford, write poetry on the saddle-bow when their geldings are jaded, and keep the desk for better purposes.'

"The young gentlemen, like the elderly, all turned their faces toward me, to my confusion, so much did I remark of sneer and scoff at my cost. Master Ethelbert was the only one who spared me. He smiled and said,

"'Be patient! From the higher heavens of poetry, it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before it is rightly known what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed and ticketed and prized and shown. Be it so! I shall not be tired of waiting.'"

"Reasonable youth!" said Sir Thomas; "yet both he and Glaston walk rather *a-straddle*, methinks. They might have stepped up to thee more straightforwardly, and told thee the trade ill suiteth thee, having little fire, little fantasy, and little learning. Furthermore that one poet, as one bull, sufficeth for two parishes; and that, where they are stuck too close together, they are apt to fire, like haystacks. I have known it myself: I have had my malignants and scoffers."

Shakspeare. I never could have thought it.

Sir Thomas. There again! Another proof of thy inexperience.

Shakspeare. Matt Atterend! Matt Atterend! where wert thou sleeping!

Sir Thomas. I shall now from my own stores impart unto thee what will avail to tame thee, showing the utter hopelessness of standing on that golden weathercock which supporteth but one at a time.

The passion for poetry wherewith Monsieur Dubois would have inspired me, as he was bound to do, being paid before-hand, had cold water thrown upon it by that unlucky one, Sir Everard. He ridiculed the idea of male and female rhymes, and the necessity of trying them as rigidly by the eye as by the ear; saying to Monsieur Dubois that the palate, in which the French excell all mortals, ought also to be consulted in their acceptance or rejection. Monsieur Dubois told us that if we did not wish to be taught French verse, he would teach us English. Sir Everard preferred the Greek; but Monsieur Dubois would not engage to teach the mysteries of that poetry in fewer than thirty lessons, having (since his misfortunes) forgotten the letters and some other necessaries.

The first poem I ever wrote was in the character of a shepherd, to Mistress Anne Nanfan,

daughter of Squire Fulke Nanfan, of Worcestershire, at that time on a visit to the worshipful family of Compton at Long Compton.

We were young creatures; I but twenty-four and seven months (for it was written on the 14th of May), and she well-nigh upon a twelvemonth younger. My own verses (the first) are neither here nor there; indeed they were imbedded in solid prose, like lampreys and ram's-horns in our limestone, and would be hard to get out whole. What they are may be seen by her answer, all in verse:

Faithful shepherd! dearest Tommy!
I have received the letter from ye,
And mightily delight therein.
But mother, *she* says, "Nanny! Nanny!
How, being staid and prudent, can ye
Think of a man, and not of sin?"

Sir Shepherd! I held down my head,
And "*Mother! fie for shame!*" I said;
All I could say would not content her;
Mother she would for ever harp on't,
"*A man's no better than a sarpent,*
And not a crumb more innocenter."

I know not how it happeneth, but a poet doth open before a poet, albeit of baser sort. It is not that I hold my poetry to be better than some other in time past, it is because I would show thee that I was virtuous and wooed virtuously, that I repeat it. Furthermore, I wished to leave a deep impression on the mother's mind that she was exceedingly wrong in doubting my innocence.

Shakspeare. Gracious Heaven! and was this too doubted?

Sir Thomas. May-be not; but the whole race of men, the whole male sex, wanted and found in me a protector. I showed her what I was ready to do.

Shakspeare. Perhaps, sir, it was for that very thing that she put the daughter back and herself forward.

Sir Thomas. I say not so, but thou mayest know as much as befitteth, by what follows:

Worshipful lady! honoured madam!
I at this present truly glad am
To have so fair an opportunity
Of saying I would be the man
To bind in wedlock Mistress Anne,
Living with her in holy unity.

And for a jointure I will gi'e her
A good two hundred pounds a-year
Accruing from my landed rents,
Whereof see t'other paper, telling
Lands, copses, and grown woods for felling,
Capons, and cottage tenements.

And who must come at sound of horn,
And who pays but a barley-corn,
And who is bound to keep a whelp,
And what is brought me for the pound,
And copyholders, which are sound,
And which do need the leech's help.

And you may see in these two pages
Exact their illnesses and ages,
Enough (God willing) to content ye;
Who looks full red, who looks full yellow,
Who plies the mullen, who the mallow,
Who fails at fifty, who at twenty.

Jim Yates must go; he's one day very hot
And one day ice; I take a heriot;
And poorly, poorly 's Jacob Burgess.
The doctor tells me he has pour'd
Into his stomach half his hoard
Of anthelminticals and purges.

Judith, the wife of Ebenezer
Fillpots, won't have him long to tease her;
Fillpots blows hot and cold like Jim,
And, sleepless lest the boys should plunder
His orchard, he must soon knock under;
Death has been looking out for him.

He blusters; but his good yard-land
Under the church, his ale-house, and
His Bible, which he cut in spite,
Must all fall in; he stamps and swears
And sets his neighbours by the ears . .
Fillpots! thy saddle sits not tight!

Thy epitaph is ready; "*Here*
Lies one whom all his friends did fear
More than they ever feared the Lord;
In peace he was at times a Christian;
In strife what stubborner Philistian!
Sing, sing his psalm with one accord."

And the brave lad who sent the bluff
Olive-faced Frenchman (sure enough)
Screaming and scouring like a plover,
Must follow; him I mean who dasht
Into the water, and then thrasht
The cullion past the town of Dover.

But first there goes the blear old dame
Who nurst me; you have heard her name
(No doubt) at Compton, Sarah Salways;
There are twelve groats at once, beside
The frying-pan in which she fried
Her pancakes.

Madam, I am always, &c.
SIR THOMAS LUCY, Knight.

I did believe that such a clear and conscientious exposure of my affairs would have brought me a like return. My letter was sent back to me with small courtesy. It may be there was no paper in the house, or none equalling mine in whiteness. No notice was taken of the rent-roll; but between the second and third stanza these four lines were written, in a very fine hand:

Most honor'd knight, Sir Thomas! two
For merry Nan will never do;
Now under favour let me say 't,
She will bring more herself than that.

I have reason to believe that the worthy lady did neither write nor countenance the same, perhaps did not ever know of them. She always had at her elbow one who jogged it when he listed, and, although he could not overrule the daughter, he took especial care that none other should remove her from his tutelage, even when she had fairly grown up to woman's estate.

Now, after all this condescension and confidence, promise me, good lad, promise that thou wilt not edge and elbow me. Never let it be said, when people say, *Sir Thomas was a poet when he willed it; so is Bill Shakspeare!* It beseemeth not that our names do go together cheek by jowl in this familiar fashion, like an old beagle and a whelp, in couples, where if the one would, the other would not.

Sir Silas. Sir, while these thoughts are passing in your mind, remember there is another pair of couples out of which it would be as well to keep the cur's neck.

Sir Thomas. Young man! dost thou understand Master Silas?

Shakspeare. But too well. Not those couples in which it might be apprehended that your worship and my unworthiness should appear too close together; but those sorrowfuller which peradventure might unite Master Silas and me in our road to Warwick and upward. But I resign all right and title unto these as willingly as I did unto the other, and am as ready to let him go alone.

Sir Silas. If we keep wheeling and wheeling, like a flock of pigeons, and rising again when we are within a foot of the ground, we shall never fill the craw.

Sir Thomas. Do thou then question him, Silas.

Sir Silas. I am none of the quorum: the business is none of mine.

. . Then Sir Thomas took Master Silas again into the bay-window, and said softly,

"Silas, he hath no inkling of thy meaning: the business is a ticklish one: I like not overmuch to meddle and make therein."

Master Silas stood dissatisfied awhile, and then answered,

"The girl's mother, sir, was housemaid and sempstress in your own family, time back, and you thereby have a right over her unto the third and fourth generation."

"I may have, Silas," said his worship, "but it was no longer than four or five years agone that folks were fain to speak maliciously of me for only finding my horse in her hovel."

Sir Silas looked red and shiny as a ripe strawberry on a Snitterfield tile, and answered somewhat peevishly,

"The same folks, I misgive me, may find the rogue's there any night in the week."

Whereunto replied Sir Thomas, mortifiedly,

"I can not think it, Silas! I can not think it."

And after some hesitation and disquiet,

"Nay, I am resolved I will not think it: no man, friend or enemy, shall push it into me."

"Worshipful sir!" answered Master Silas, "I am as resolute as anyone in what I would think and what I would not think, and never was known to fight dunghill in either cockpit.

"Were he only out of the way, she might do her duty: but what doth she now?

"She points his young beard for him, persuading him it grows thicker and thicker, blacker and blacker; she washes his ruff, stiffens it, plaits it, tries it upon his neck, removes the hair from under it, pinches it with thumb and forefinger, pretending that he hath moiled it, puts her hand all the way round it, *setting it to rights*, as she calleth it. . .

"Ah Sir Thomas! a louder whistle than that will never call her back again when she is off with him."

Sir Thomas was angered, and cried tartly,

"Who whistled? I would know."

Master Silas said submissively,

"Your honour, as wrongfully I fancied."

"Wrongfully indeed, and to my no small disparagement and discomfort," said the knight, verily believing that he had not whistled; for deep and dubious were his cogitations.

"I protest," went he on to say, "I protest it was the wind of the casement; and if I live another year I will put a better in the place of it. Whistle indeed! for what? I care no more about her than about an unfledged cygnet . . a child,* a chicken, a mere kitten, a crab-blossom in the hedge."

The dignity of his worship was wounded by Master Silas unaware, and his wrath again turned suddenly upon poor William.

"Hark-ye, knave! hark-ye again, ill-looking stripling, lanky from vicious courses! I will reclaim thee from them: I will do what thy own father would, and can not. Thou shalt follow his business."

"I can not do better, may it please your worship!" said the lad.

"It shall lead thee unto wealth and respectability," said the knight, somewhat appeased by his ready compliancy and low gentle voice. "Yea, but not here; no witches, no wantons (this word fell gravely and at full-length upon the ear), no spells hereabout.

"Gloucestershire is within a measured mile of thy dwelling. There is one at Bristol, formerly a parish-boy, or little better, who now writeth himself *gentleman* in large round letters, and hath been elected, I hear, to serve as burgess in parliament for his native city; just as though he had eaten a capon or turkey-poult in his youth, and had actually been at grammar-school and college. When he began, he had not credit for a goat-skin; and now, behold ye! this very coat upon my back did cost me eight shillings the dearer for him, he bought up wool so largely."

Shakspeare. May it please your worship! if my father so ordereth, I go cheerfully.

Sir Thomas. Thou art grown discreet and dutiful: I am fain to command thy release, taking thy promise on oath, and some reasonable security, that thou wilt abstain and withhold in future from that idle and silly slut, that sly and scoffing giggler, Hannah Hathaway, with whom, to the heartache of thy poor worthy father, thou wantonly keepest company.

. . Then did Sir Thomas ask Master Silas Gough for the Book of Life, bidding him deliver it into the right hand of Billy, with an eye upon him that he touch it with both lips; it being taught by the Jesuits, and caught too greedily out of their society and communion, that whoso toucheth it with one lip only, and thereafter sweareth

* She was then twenty-eight years of age. Sir Thomas must have spoken of her from earlier recollections. Shakspeare was in his twentieth year.

falsely, can not be called a perjurer, since perjury is breaking an oath. But breaking half an oath, as he doth who toucheth the Bible or crucifix with one lip only, is no more perjury than breaking an eggshell is breaking an egg, the shell being a part, and the egg being an integral.

William did take the Holy Book with all due reverence the instant it was offered to his hand. His stature seemed to rise therefrom as from a pulpit, and Sir Thomas was quite edified.

"Obedient and conducible youth!" said he. "See there, Master Silas! what hast thou now to say against him? who sees farthest?"

"The man from the gallows is the most likely, bating his nightcap and blinker," said Master Silas peevishly. "He hath not outwitted me yet."

"He seized upon the Anchor of Faith like a martyr," said Sir Thomas, "and even now his face burns red as elder-wine before the gossips."

Shakspeare. I await the further orders of your worship from the chair.

Sir Thomas. I return and seat myself.

..And then did Sir Thomas say with great complacency and satisfaction in the ear of Master Silas,

"What civility, and deference, and sedateness of mind, Silas!"

But Master Silas answered not.

Shakspeare. Must I swear, sir?

Sir Thomas. Yea, swear; be of good courage. I protest to thee by my honour and knighthood, no ill shall come unto thee therefrom. Thou shalt not be circumvented in thy simpleness and inexperience.

..Willy, having taken the Book of Life, did kiss it piously, and did press it unto his breast, saying,

"Tenderest love is the growth of my heart, as the grass is of Alvescote mead.

"May I lose my life or my friends, or my memory, or my reason; may I be viler in my own eyes than those men are" . . .

Here he was interrupted most lovingly by Sir Thomas, who said unto him,

"Nay, nay, nay! poor youth! do not tell me so! they are not such very bad men; since thou appealest unto Cæsar; that is, unto the judgment-seat."

Now his worship did mean the two witnesses, Joseph and Euseby; and, sooth to say, there be many worse. But William had them not in his eye; his thoughts were elsewhere, as will be evident, for he went on thus:

. . . . "If ever I forget or desert thee, or ever cease to worship* and cherish thee, my Hannah!"

Sir Silas. The madman! the audacious, desperate, outrageous villain! Look-ye, sir! where he flung the Holy Gospel! Behold it on the holly and box boughs in the chimney-place, spreaden all abroad, like a lad about to be whipt!

Sir Thomas. Miscreant knave! I will send after him forthwith! Ho there! is the caitiff at hand, or running off?

..Jonas Greenfield the butler did budge forward after a while, and say, on being questioned,

"Surely, that was he! Was his nag tied to the iron gate at the lodge, Master Silas?"

"What should I know about a thief's nag, Jonas Greenfield?"

"And didst thou let him go, Jonas? even thou?" said Sir Thomas. "What! are none found faithful?"

"Lord love your worship," said Jonas Greenfield; "a man of threescore and two may miss catching a kite upon wing. Fleetness doth not make folks the faithfuller, or that youth yonder beats us all in faithfulness.

"Look! he darts on like a greyhound whelp after a leveret. He, sure enough, it was! I now remember the sorrel mare his father bought of John Kinderley last Lammas, swift as he threaded the trees along the park. He must have reached Wellesbourne ere now at that gallop, and pretty nigh Walton-hill."

Sir Thomas. Merciful Christ! grant the country be rid of him for ever! What dishonour upon his friends and native town! A reputable wool-stapler's son turned gipsy and poet for life.

Sir Silas. A Beelzebub; he spake as bigly and fiercely as a soaken yeoman at an election feast . . . . this obedient and conducible youth!

Sir Thomas. It was so written. Hold thy peace, Silas!

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* It is to be feared that his taste for venison outlasted that for matrimony, spite of this vow.

Post-Scriptum

BY ME, EPHRAIM BARNETT.

TWELVE days are over and gone since William Shakspeare did leave our parts. And the spinster, Hannah Hathaway, is in sad doleful plight about him; forasmuch as Master Silas Gough went yesterday unto her, in her mother's house at Shottery, and did desire both her and her mother to take heed and be admonished, that if ever she, Hannah, threw away one thought after the runagate William Shakspeare, he should swing.

The girl could do nothing but weep; while as the mother did give her solemn promise that her daughter should never more think about him all her natural life, reckoning from the moment of this her promise.

And the maiden, now growing more reasonable, did promise the same. But Master Silas said,

"*I doubt you will, though.*"

"*No,*" said the mother, "*I answer for her she shall not think of him, even if she sees his ghost.*"

Hannah screamed, and swooned, the better to forget him. And Master Silas went home easier and contenteder. For now all the worst of his hard duty was accomplished; he having been, on the Wednesday of last week, at the speech of Master John Shakspeare, Will's father, to inquire whether the sorrel mare was his. To which question the said Master John Shakspeare did answer, "*Yea.*"

"*Enough said!*" rejoined Master Silas.

"*Horse-stealing is capital. We shall bind thee over to appear against the culprit, as prosecutor, at the next assizes.*"

May the Lord in his mercy give the lad a good deliverance, if so be it be no sin to wish it!

OCTOBER 1. A.D. 1582.

LAUS DEO.

E. B.

THE PENTAMERON;

OR,

INTERVIEWS OF MESSER GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO AND MESSER FRANCESCO PETRARCA,

WHEN

SAID MESSER GIOVANNI LAY INFIRM AT HIS VILLETTA HARD BY CERTALDO;

AFTER WHICH THEY SAW NOT EACH OTHER ON OUR SIDE OF PARADISE:

SHOWING HOW THEY DISCOURSED UPON THAT FAMOUS THEOLOGIAN

MESSER DANTE ALIGHIERI,

AND SUNDRY OTHER MATTERS.

EDITED BY PIEVANO D. GRIGI.

THE EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

WANTING a bell for my church at San Vivaldo, and hearing that our holy religion is rapidly gaining ground in England, to the unspeakable comfort and refreshment of the Faithful, I bethought myself that I might peradventure obtain such effectual aid, from the piety and liberality of the converts, as well-nigh to accomplish the purchase of one. Desirous moreover of visiting that famous nation, of whose spiritual prosperity we all entertain such animated hopes, now that the clouds of ignorance begin to break and vanish, I resolved that nothing on my part should be wanting to so blessed a consummation. Therefore, while I am executing my mission in regard to the bell, I omit no opportunity of demonstrating how much happier and peacefuller are we who live in unity, than those who, abandoning the household of Faith, clothe themselves with shreds and warm themselves with shavings.

Subsidiary to the aid I solicit, I brought with me, and here lay before the public, translated by the best hand I could afford to engage, "*Certain Interviews of Messer Francesco Petrarca and Messer Giovanni Boccaccio*, &c.," which, the booksellers tell me, should be entitled "*The Pentameron*," unless I would return with nothing in my pocket. I am ignorant what gave them this idea of my intent, unless it be my deficiency in the language, for certainly I had come to no such resolution. Assurances are made to me by the intelligent and experienced in such merchandise, that the manuscript is honestly worth from twenty-five to thirty francesconi, or dollars. To such a pitch hath England risen up again, within these few years, after all the expenditure of her protracted war!

Is there any true Italian, above all is there any worthy native of Certaldo or San Vivaldo, who revolveth not in his mind what a surprise and delight it will be to Giovanni in Paradise, the first time he hears, instead of that cracked and jarring tumbril (which must have grated in his ear most grievously ever since its accident, and have often tried his patience), just such another as he was wont to hear when he rode over to join our townspeople at their *festa*? It will do his heart good, and make him think of old times: and perhaps he may drop a couple of prayers to the Madonna for whose had a hand in it.

Lest it should be bruited in England or elsewhere, that being in my seventieth year, I have unadvisedly quitted my parish, "*fond of change*," to use the blessed words of Saint Paul, I am ready to show the certificate of Monsignore, my diocesan, approving of my voyage. Monsignore was pleased to think me capable of undertaking it, telling me that I looked hale, spoke without quavering, and, by the blessing of our lady, had nigh upon half my teeth in their sockets, while, pointing to his own and shaking his head, he repeated the celebrated lines of Horatius Flaccus, who lived in the reign of Augustus, a short time before the Incarnation:

> "Non ebur, sed horridùm
> Buccâ dehiscit in meâ lacuna!"

Then, turning the discourse from so melancholy a topic, he was pleased to relate from the inexhaustible stores of his archæological acquirements, that no new bell whatever had been consecrated in his diocese of Samminiato since the year of our Lord 1611: in which year, on the first Sunday of August, a thunderbolt fell into the belfry of the Duomo, by the negligence of Canonico Malatesta, who, according to history, in his hurry to dine with Conte Geronimo Bardi, at our San Vivaldo, omitted a word in the mass. While he was playing at bowls after dinner on that Sunday, or, as some will have it, while he was beating Ser Matteo Filicaia at backgammon, and the younger men and ladies of those two noble families were bird-catching with the *civetta*, it began to thunder: and, within the evening, intelligence of the thunderbolt was brought to the Canonico. On his return the day following it was remarked, says the chronicler, that the people took off their caps at the distance of only two or three paces, instead of fifteen or twenty, and few stopped who met him: for the rumour had already gone abroad of his omission. He often rode as usual to Conte Geronimo's, gammoned Ser Matteo, hooded the *civetta*, limed a twig or two, stood behind the spinette, hummed the next note, turned over the pages of the music-book of the *contessine*, beating time on the chair-back, and showing them what he could do now and then on the *viola di gamba*. Only eight years had elapsed when, in the flower of his age (for he had scarcely seen sixty), he was found dead in his bed, after as hearty and convivial a supper as ever Canonico ate. No warning, no *olio santo*, no viaticum, poor man! Candles he had; and it was as much as he had, poor sinner! And this also happened in the month of August! Monsignore, in his great liberality, laid no heavy stress on the coincidence; but merely said,

"Well, Pievano! a mass or two can do him no harm; let us hope he stands in need of few more; but when you happen to have leisure, and nobody else to think about, prythee clap a wet clout on the fire there below in behalf of Canonico Malatesta."

I have done it gratis, and I trust he finds the benefit of it. In the same spirit and by the same authority I gird myself for this greater enterprise. Unable to form a satisfactory opinion on the manuscript, I must again refer to my

superior. It is the opinion then of Monsignore, that our five dialogues were written down by neither of the interlocutors, but rather by some intimate, who loved them equally. "For," said Monsignore, "it was the practice of Boccaccio to stand up among his personages, and to take part himself in their discourses. Petrarca, who was fonder of sheer dialogue and had much practice in it, never acquired any dexterity in this species of composition, it being all question and answer, short, snappish, quibbling, and uncomfortable. I speak only of his *Remedies of Adversity and Prosperity*, which indeed leave his wisdom all its wholesomeness, but render it somewhat apt to cleave to the roof of the mouth. The better parts of Homer are in dialogue: and downward from him to Galileo the noblest works of human genius have assumed this form: among the rest I am sorry to find no few heretics and scoffers. At the present day the fashion is over: every man pushes every other man behind him, and will let none speak out but himself."

The *Interviews* took place not within the walls of Certaldo, although within the parish, at Boccaccio's villa. It should be notified to the curious, that about this ancient town, small, deserted, dilapidated as it is, there are several towers and turrets yet standing, one of which belongs to the mansion inhabited in its day by Ser Giovanni. His tomb and effigy are in the church. Nobody has opened the grave to throw light upon his relics; nobody has painted the marble; nobody has broken off a foot or a finger to do him honour; not even an English name is engraven on the face; although the English hold confessedly the highest rank in this department of literature. In Italy, and particularly in Tuscany, the remains of the illustrious are inviolable; and, among the illustrious, men of genius hold the highest rank. The arts are more potent than curiosity, more authoritative than churchwardens: what Englishman will believe it? Well! let it pass, courteous strangers! ye shall find me in future less addicted to the marvellous. At present I have only to lay before you an ancient and (doubt it not) an authentic account of what passed between my countrymen, Giovanni and Francesco, before they parted for ever. It seemed probable, at this meeting, that Giovanni would have been called away first; for heavy and of long continuance had been his infirmity: but he outlived it three whole years. He could not outlive his friend so many months, but followed him to the tomb before he had worn the glossiness off the cloak Francesco in his will bequeathed to him.

We struggle with Death while we have friends around to cheer us: the moment we miss them we lose all heart for the contest. Pardon my reflection! I ought to have remembered I am not in my stone pulpit, nor at home.

PRETE DOMENICO GRIGI,

Pievano of San Vivaldo.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1836.

THE PENTAMERON.

Boccaccio. Who is he that entered, and now steps so silently and softly, yet with a foot so heavy it shakes my curtains?

Frate Biagio! can it possibly be you?

No more physic for me, nor masses neither, at present.

Assunta! Assuntina! who is it?

Assunta. I can not say, signor Padrone! he puts his finger in the dimple of his chin, and smiles to make me hold my tongue.

Boccaccio. Fra Biagio! are you come from Samminiato for this? You need not put your finger there. We want no secrets. The girl knows her duty and does her business. I have slept well, and wake better. [*Raising himself up a little.*

Why! who are you? It makes my eyes ache to look aslant over the sheets; and I can not get to sit quite upright so conveniently; and I must not have the window-shutters opener, they tell me.

Petrarca. Dear Giovanni! have you then been very unwell?

Boccaccio. O that sweet voice! and this fat friendly hand of thine, Francesco!

Thou hast distilled all the pleasantest flowers, and all the wholesomest herbs of spring, into my breast already.

What showers we have had this April, ay! How could you come along such roads? If the devil were my labourer, I would make him work upon these of Certaldo. He would have little time and little itch for mischief ere he had finished them, but would gladly fan himself with an Agnus-castus, and go to sleep all through the carnival.

Petrarca. Let us cease to talk both of the labour and the labourer. You have then been dangerously ill?

Boccaccio. I do not know: they told me I was: and truly a man might be unwell enough, who has twenty masses said for him, and fain sigh when he thinks what he has paid for them. As I hope to be saved, they cost me a *lira* each. Assunta is a good market-girl in eggs, and mutton, and cow-heel; but I would not allow her to argue and haggle about the masses. Indeed she knows best whether they were not fairly worth all that was asked for them, although I could have bought a winter cloak for less money. However, we do not want both at the same time. I did not want the cloak: I wanted *them*, it seems. And yet I begin to think God would have had mercy on me, if I had begged it of him myself in my own house. What think you?

Petrarca. I think he might.

Boccaccio. Particularly if I offered him the sacrifice on which I wrote to you.

Petrarca. That letter has brought me hither.

Boccaccio. You do then insist on my fulfilling my promise, the moment I can leave my bed. I am ready and willing.

Petrarca. Promise! none was made. You only told me that, if it pleased God to restore you to your health again, you are ready to acknowledge his mercy by the holocaust of your *Decameron.* What proof have you that God would exact it? If you could destroy the *Inferno* of Dante, would you?

Boccaccio. Not I, upon my life! I would not promise to burn a copy of it on the condition of a recovery for twenty years.

Petrarca. You are the only author who would not rather demolish another's work than his own; especially if he thought it better: a thought which seldom goes beyond suspicion.

Boccaccio. I am not jealous of anyone: I think admiration pleasanter. Moreover, Dante and I did not come forward at the same time, nor take the same walks. His flames are too fierce for you and me: we had trouble enough with milder. I never felt any high gratification in hearing of people being damned; and much less would I toss them into the fire myself. I might indeed have put a nettle under the nose of the learned judge in Florence, when he banished you and your family; but I hardly think I could have voted for more than a scourging to the foulest and fiercest of the party.

Petrarca. Be as compassionate, be as amiably irresolute, toward your own *Novelle*, which have injured no friend of yours, and deserve more affection.

Boccaccio. Francesco! no character I ever knew, ever heard of, or ever feigned, deserves the same affection as you do; the tenderest lover, the truest friend, the firmest patriot, and, rarest of glories! the poet who cherishes another's fame as dearly as his own.

Petrarca. If aught of this is true, let it be recorded of me that my exhortations and intreaties have been successful, in preserving the works of the most imaginative and creative genius that our Italy, or indeed our world, hath in any age beheld.

Boccaccio. I would not destroy his poems, as I told you, or think I told you. Even the worst of the Florentines, who in general keep only one of God's commandments, keep it rigidly in regard to Dante . .

"Love them who curse you."

He called them all scoundrels, with somewhat less courtesy than cordiality, and less afraid of censure for veracity than adulation: he sent their fathers to hell, with no inclination to separate the child and parent: and now they are hugging him for it in his shroud! Would you ever have suspected them of being such lovers of justice?

You must have mistaken my meaning; the thought never entered my head: the idea of destroying a single copy of Dante! And what effect would that produce? There must be fifty, or near it, in various parts of Italy.

Petrarca. I spoke of you.

Boccaccio. Of me! My poetry is vile; I have already thrown into the fire all of it within my reach.

Petrarca. Poetry was not the question. We neither of us are such poets as we thought ourselves when we were younger, and as younger men think us still. I meant your *Decameron;* in which there is more character, more nature, more invention, than either modern or ancient Italy, or than Greece, from whom she derived her whole inheritance, ever claimed or ever knew. Would you consume a beautiful meadow because there are reptiles in it; or because a few grubs hereafter may be generated by the succulence of the grass?

Boccaccio. You amaze me: you utterly confound me.

Petrarca. If you would eradicate twelve or thirteen of the *Novelle,* and insert the same number of better, which you could easily do within as many weeks, I should be heartily glad to see it done. Little more than a tenth of the *Decameron* is bad: less than a twentieth of the *Divina Commedia* is good.

Boccaccio. So little?

Petrarca. Let me never seem irreverent to our master.

Boccaccio. Speak plainly and fearlessly, Francesco! Malice and detraction are strangers to you.

Petrarca. Well then: at least sixteen parts in twenty of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* are detestable, both in poetry and principle: the higher parts are excellent indeed.

Boccaccio. I have been reading the *Paradiso* more recently. Here it is, under the pillow. It brings me happier dreams than the others, and takes no more time in bringing them. Preparation for my lectures made me remember a great deal of the poem. I did not request my auditors to admire the beauty of the metrical version;

Osanna sanctus deus Sabbaoth,
Super-illustrans charitate tuâ
Felices ignes horum Malahoth,

nor these, with a slip of italian between two pales of latin;

Modicum,* et non videbitis me,
Et iterum, sorelle mie dilette,
Modicum, et vos videbitis me.

I dare not repeat all I recollect of

Pepe Setan, Pepe Setan, aleppe,

as there is no holy-water-sprinkler in the room: and you are aware that other dangers awaited me, had I been so imprudent as to show the Florentines the allusion of our poet. His *gergo* is perpetually in play, and sometimes plays very roughly.

Petrarca. We will talk again of him presently. I must now rejoice with you over the recovery and safety of your prodigal son, the *Decameron.*

Boccaccio. So then, you would preserve at any rate my favourite volume from the threatened conflagration.

Petrarca. Had I lived at the time of Dante, I would have given him the same advice in the same circumstances. Yet how different is the tendency of the two productions! Yours is somewhat too licentious; and young men, in whose nature, or rather in whose education and habits, there is usually this failing, will read you with more pleasure than is commendable or innocent. Yet the very time they occupy with you, would perhaps be spent in the midst of those excesses or irregularities, to which the moralist, in his utmost severity, will argue that your pen directs them. Now there are many who are fond of standing on the brink of precipices, and who nevertheless are as cautious as any of falling in. And there are minds desirous of being warmed by description, which, without this warmth, might seek excitement among the things described.

I would not tell you in health what I tell you in convalescence, nor urge you to compose what I dissuade you from cancelling. After this avowal, I do declare to you, Giovanni, that in my opinion, the very idlest of your tales will do the world as much good as evil; not reckoning the pleasure of reading, nor the exercise and recreation of the mind, which in themselves are good. What I reprove you for, is the indecorous and uncleanly; and these, I trust, you will abolish. Even these, however, may repel from vice the ingenuous and grace-

* It may puzzle an Englishman to read the lines beginning with *Modicum,* so as to give the metre. The secret is, to draw out *et* into a dissyllable, et-te, as the Italians do, who pronounce latin verse, if possible, worse than we, adding a syllable to such as end with a consonant.

ful spirit, and can never lead any such toward them. Never have you taken an inhuman pleasure in blunting and fusing the affections at the furnace of the passions; never, in hardening by sour sagacity and ungenial strictures, that delicacy which is more productive of innocence and happiness, more estranged from every track and tendency of their opposites, than what in cold crude systems hath holden the place and dignity of the highest virtue. May you live, O my friend, in the enjoyment of health, to substitute the facetious for the licentious, the simple for the extravagant, the true and characteristic for the indefinite and diffuse.

Boccaccio. I dare not defend myself under the bad example of any: and the bad example of a great man is the worst defence of all. Since however you have mentioned Messer Dante Alighieri, to whose genius I never thought of approaching, I may perhaps have been formerly the less cautious of offending by my levity, after seeing him display as much or more of it in hell itself.

Petrarca. The best apology for Dante, in his poetical character, is presented by the indulgence of criticism, in considering the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* as a string of *Satires*, part in narrative and part in action; which renders the title of *Commedia* more applicable. The filthiness of some passages would disgrace the drunkenest horse-dealer; and the names of such criminals are recorded by the poet as would be forgotten by the hangman in six months. I wish I could expatiate rather on his injudiciousness than on his ferocity, in devising punishments for various crimes; or rather, than on his malignity in composing catalogues of criminals to inflict them on. Among the rest we find a gang of coiners. He calls by name all the rogues and vagabonds of every city in Tuscany, and curses every city for not sending him more of them. You would fancy that Pisa might have contented him; no such thing. He hoots,

"Ah Pisa! scandal to the people in whose fine country *si* means *yes*, why are thy neighbours slack to punish thee? May Capraia and Gorgona stop up the mouth of the Arno, and drown every soul within thee!"

Boccaccio. None but a prophet is privileged to swear and curse at this rate, and several of those got broken heads for it.

Petrarca. It did not happen to Dante, though he once was very near it, in the expedition of the exiles to recover the city. Scarcely had he taken breath after this imprecation against the Pisans, than he asks the Genoese why such a parcel of knaves as themselves were not scattered over the face of the earth.

Boccaccio. Here he is equitable. I wonder he did not incline to one or other of these rival republics.

Petrarca. In fact, the Genoese fare a trifle better under him than his neighbours the Pisans do.

Boccaccio. Because they have no Gorgona and Capraia to block them up. He can not do all he wishes, but he does all he can, considering the means at his disposal. In like manner Messer Gregorio Peruzzi, when he was tormented by the quarrels and conflicts of Messer Gino Ubaldini's trufle-dog at the next door, and Messer Guidone Fantecchi's shop-dog, whose title and quality are in abeyance, swore bitterly, and called the Virgin and St. Catherine to witness, that he would cut off their tails if ever he caught them. His cook, Niccolo Buonaccorsi, hoping to gratify his master, set baits for them, and captured them both in the kitchen. But unwilling to cast hands prematurely on the delinquents, he, after rating them for their animosities and their ravages, bethought himself in what manner he might best conduct his enterprise to a successful issue. He was the rather inclined to due deliberation in these counsels, as they, laying aside their private causes of contention in front of their common enemy, and turning the principal stream of their ill-blood into another channel, agreed in demonstrations which augured no little indocility. Messer Gregorio hath many servants, and moreover all the conveniences which so plenteous a house requires. Among the rest is a long hempen cloth suspended by a roller. Niccolo, in the most favourable juncture, was minded to slip this hempen cloth over the two culprits, whose consciences had made them slink toward the door against which it was fastened. The smell of it was not unsatisfactory to them, and an influx of courage had nearly borne away the worst suspicions. At this instant, while shrewd inquisitiveness and incipient hunger were regaining the ascendancy, Niccolo Buonaccorsi, with all the sagacity and courage, all the promptitude and timeliness of his profession, covered both conspirators in the inextricable folds of the fatal winding-sheet, from which their heads alone emerged. Struggles, and barkings, and exhibitions of teeth, and plunges forward, were equally ineffectual. He continued to twist it about them, until the notes of resentment partook of remonstrance and pain: but he told them plainly he would never remit a jot, unless they became more domesticated and reasonable. In this state of exhaustion and contrition he brought them into the presence of Ser Gregorio, who immediately turned round toward the wall, crossed himself, and whispered an *ave*. At ease and happy as he was at the accomplishment of a desire so long cherished, no sooner had he expressed his piety at so gracious a dispensation, than, reverting to the captor and the captured, he was seized with unspeakable consternation. He discovered at once that he had made as rash a vow as Jephtha's. Alas! one of the children of captivity, the trufle-dog, had no tail! Fortunately for Messer Gregorio, he found a friend among the White Friars, Frate Geppone Pallorco, who told him that when we can not do a thing promised by vow, whether we fail by moral inability or by physical, we must do the thing nearest it; "which," said Fra Geppone, "hath always been my practice. And now," added this cool considerate white friar, "a dog may have no tail, and yet be a dog to all intents

and purposes, and enable a good Christian to perform anything reasonable he promised in his behalf. Whereupon I would advise you, Messer Gregorio, out of the loving zeal I bear toward the whole family of the Peruzzi, to amerce him of that which, if not tail, is next to tail. Such function, I doubt not, will satisfactorily show the blessed Virgin, and Saint Catherine, your readiness and solicitude to perform the vow solemnly made before those two adorable ladies, your protectresses and witnesses." Ser Gregorio bent his knee at first hearing their names, again at the mention of them in this relationship toward him, called for the kitchen knife, and, in absolving his promise, had lighter things to deal with than Gorgona and Capraia.

Petrarca. Giovanni! this will do instead of one among the worst of the hundred: but with little expenditure of labour you may afford us a better.

Our great fellow-citizen, if indeed we may denominate him a citizen who would have left no city standing in Italy, and less willingly his native one, places in the mouth of the devil, together with Judas Iscariot, the defenders of their country, and the best men in it, Brutus and Cassius. Certainly his feeling of patriotism was different from theirs.

I should be sorry to imagine that it subjected him to any harder mouth or worse company than his own, although in a spirit so contrary to that of the two Romans, he threatened us Florentines with the sword of Germans. The two Romans, now in the mouth of the devil, chose rather to lose their lives than to see their country, not under the government of invaders, but of magistrates from their own city placed irregularly over them; and the laws, not subverted, but administered unconstitutionally. That Frenchmen and Austrians should argue and think in this manner, is no wonder, no inconsistency: that a Florentine, the wisest and greatest of Florentines, should have done it, is portentous.

How merciful is the Almighty, O Giovanni! What an argument is here! how much stronger and more convincing than philosophers could devise or than poets could utter, unless from inspiration, against the placing of power in the hands of one man only, when the highest genius at that time in the world, or perhaps at any time, betrays a disposition to employ it with such a licentiousness of inhumanity.

Boccaccio. He treats Nero with greater civility: yet Brutus and Cassius, at worst, but slew an atheist, while the other rogue flamed forth like the pestilential dogstar, and burnt up the first crop of Christians to light the ruins of Rome. And the artist of these ruins thought no more of his operation than a scene-painter would have done at the theatre.

Petrarca. Historians have related that Rome was consumed by Nero for the purpose of suppressing the rising sect, by laying all the blame on it. Do you think he cared what sect fell or what sect rose? Was he a zealot in religion of any kind? I am sorry to see a lying spirit the most prevalent one, in some among the earliest and firmest holders of that religion which is founded on truth and singleness of intention. There are pious men who believe they are rendering a service to God by bearing false witness in his favour, and who call on the father of lies to hold up his light before the Sun of righteousness.

We may mistake the exact day when the conflagration began: certain it is, however, that it was in summer:* and it is presumable that the commencement of the persecution was in winter, since Juvenal represents the persecuted as serving for lamps in the streets. Now as the Romans did not frequent the theatres, nor other places of public entertainment, by night, such conveniences were uncalled for in summer, a season when the people retired to rest betimes, from the same motive as at present, the insalubrity of the evening air in the hot weather. Nero must have been very forbearing if he waited those many months before he punished a gang of incendiaries. Such clemency is unexampled in milder princes.

Boccaccio. But the Christians were not incendiaries, and he knew they were not.

Petrarca. It may be apprehended that, among the many virtuous of the new believers, a few seditious were also to be found, forming separate and secret associations, choosing generals or superiors to whom they swore implicit obedience, and under whose guidance or impulse they were ready to resist, and occasionally to attack, the magistrates, and even the prince; men aspiring to rule the state by carrying the sword of assassination under the garb of holiness. Such persons are equally odious to the unenlightened and the enlightened, to the arbitrary and the free. In the regular course of justice, their crimes would have been resisted by almost as much severity, as they appear to have undergone from despotic power and popular indignation.

Boccaccio. We will talk no longer about these people. But since the devil has really and *bonâ fide* Brutus and Cassius in his mouth, I would advise him to make the most of them, for he will never find two more such morsels on the same platter. Kings, emperors, and popes, would be happy to partake with him of so delicate and choice a repast: but I hope he has fitter fare for them.

Messer Dante Alighieri does not indeed make the most gentle use of the company he has about him in hell and purgatory. Since however he hath such a selection of them, I wish he could have been contented, and could have left our fair Florentines to their own fancies in their dressing-rooms.

"The time," he cries, "is not far distant, when there will be an indictment on parchment, forbidding the impudent young Florentines to show their breasts and nipples."

Now, Francesco, I have been subject all my

* Des Vignolles has calculated that the conflagration began on the 19th of July, in the year 64, and the persecution on the 15th of November.

life to a strange distemper in the eyes, which no oculist can cure, and which, while it allows me to peruse the smallest character in the very worst female hand, would never let me read an indictment on parchment where female names are implicated, although the letters were a finger in length. I do believe the same distemper was very prevalent in the time of Messer Dante; and those Florentine maids and matrons who were not afflicted by it, were too modest to look at letters and signatures stuck against the walls.

He goes on, "Was there ever girl among the Moors or Saracens, on whom it was requisite to inflict spiritual or *other* discipline to make her go covered?"

Some of the *other* discipline, which the spiritual guides were, and are still, in the habit of administering, have exactly the contrary effect to make them go covered, whatsoever may be urged by the confessor.

"If the shameless creatures," he continues, "were aware of the speedy chastisement which Heaven is preparing for them, they would at this instant have their mouths wide open to roar withal."

Petrarca. This is not very exquisite satire, nor much better manners.

Boccaccio. Whenever I saw a pretty Florentine in such a condition, I lowered my eyes.

Petrarca. I am glad to hear it.

Boccaccio. Those whom I could venture to cover, I covered with all my heart.

Petrarca. Humanely done. You might likewise have added some gentle admonition.

Boccaccio. They would have taken anything at my hands rather than that. Truly they thought themselves as wise as they thought me: and who knows but they were, at bottom?

Petrarca. I believe it may, in general, be best to leave them as we find them.

Boccaccio. I would not say that, neither. Much may be in vain, but something sticks.

Petrarca. They are more amused than settled by anything we can advance against them, and are apt to make light of the gravest. It is only the hour of reflection that is at last the hour of sedateness and improvement.

Boccaccio. Where is the bell that strikes it?

Petrarca. Fie! fie! Giovanni! This is worse than the indictment on parchment.

Boccaccio. Women like us none the less for joking with them about their foibles. In fact, they take it ill when we cease to do so, unless it is age that compels us. We may give our courser the rein to any extent, while he runs in the common field and does not paw against privacy, nor open his nostrils on individuality. I mean the individuality of the person we converse with, for another's is pure zest.

Petrarca. Surely you can not draw this hideous picture from your own observation: has any graver man noted it?

Boccaccio. Who would believe your graver men upon such matters? Gout and gravel, bile and sciatica, are the upholsterers that stuff their moral sentences. Crooked and cramp are truths written with chalkstones. When people like me talk as I have been talking, they may be credited. We have no ill-will, no ill-humour, to gratify; and vanity has no trial here at issue. He was certainly born on an unlucky day for his friends, who never uttered any truths but unquestionable ones. Give me food that exercises my teeth and tongue, and ideas that exercise my imagination and discernment.

Petrarca. When you are at leisure, and in perfect health, weed out carefully the few places of your *Decameron* which are deficient in these qualities.

Boccaccio. God willing; I wish I had undertaken it when my heart was lighter. Is there anything else you can suggest for its improvement, in particular or in general?

Petrarca. Already we have mentioned the inconsiderate and indecorous. In what you may substitute hereafter, I would say to you, as I have said to myself, do not be on all occasions too ceremonious in the structure of your sentences.

Boccaccio. You would surely wish me to be round and polished. Why do you smile?

Petrarca. I am afraid these qualities are often of as little advantage in composition as they are corporeally. When action and strength are chiefly the requisites, we may perhaps be better with little of them. The modulations of voice and language are infinite. Cicero has practised many of them; but Cicero has his favourite swells, his favourite flourishes and cadences. Our Italian language is in the enjoyment of an ampler scope and compass; and we are liberated from the horrible sounds of *us, am, um, ant, int, unt,* so predominant in the finals of Latin nouns and verbs. We may be told that they give strength to the dialect: we might as well be told that bristles give strength to the boar. In our Italian we possess the privilege of striking off the final vowel from the greater part of masculine nouns, and from the greater part of tenses in the verbs, when we believe they impede our activity and vigour.

Boccaccio. We are as wealthy in words as is good for us; and she who gave us these, would give us more if needful. In another age it is probable that curtailments will rather be made than additions; for it was so with the Latin and Greek. Barbaric luxury sinks down into civic neatness, and chaster ornaments fill rooms of smaller dimensions.

Petrarca. Cicero came into possession of the stores collected by Plautus, which he always held very justly in the highest estimation; and Sallust is reported to have misapplied a part of them. At his death they were scattered and lost.

Boccaccio. I am wiser than I was when I studied the noble orator, and wiser by his means chiefly. In return for his benefits, if we could speak on equal terms together, the novelist with the philosopher, the citizen of Certaldo with the Roman consul, I would fain whisper in his ear, "Escape from rhetoric by all manner of means: and if you

must cleave (as indeed you must) to that old shrew, Logic, be no fonder of exhibiting her than you would be of a plain economical wife. Let her be always busy, never intrusive; and readier to keep the chambers clean and orderly than to expatiate on their proportions or to display their furniture."

Petrarca. The citizen of Certaldo is fiftyfold more richly endowed with genius than the Roman consul, and might properly . .

Boccaccio. Stay! stay! Francesco! or they will shave all the rest of thy crown for thee, and physic thee worse than me.

Petrarca. Middling men, favoured in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them; great men always of lower. Time, the sovran, invests with befitting raiment and distinguishes with proper ensigns the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations: in these alone are they deposited: you must wait for them.

No advice is less necessary to you, than the advice to express your meaning as clearly as you can. Where the purpose of glass is to be seen through, we do not want it tinted nor wavy. In certain kinds of poetry the case may be slightly different: such, for instance, as are intended to display the powers of association and combination in the writer, and to invite and exercise the compass and comprehension of the intelligent. Pindar and the Attic tragedians wrote in this manner, and rendered the minds of their audience more alert and ready and capacious. They found some fit for them, and made others. Great painters have always the same task to perform. What is excellent in their art can not be thought excellent by many, even of those who reason well on ordinary matters, and see clearly beauties elsewhere. All correct perceptions are the effect of careful practice. We little doubt that a mirror would direct us in the most familiar of our features, and that our hand would follow its guidance, until we try to cut a lock of our hair. We have no such criterion to demonstrate our liability to error in judging of poetry; a quality so rare that perhaps no five contemporaries ever were masters of it.

Boccaccio. We admire by tradition; we censure by caprice; and there is nothing in which we are more ingenious and inventive. A wrong step in politics sprains a foot in poetry; eloquence is never so unwelcome as when it issues from a familiar voice; and praise hath no echo but from a certain distance. Our critics, who know little about them, would gaze with wonder at anything similar, in our days, to Pindar and Sophocles, and would cast it aside, as quite impracticable. They are in the right: for sonnet and canzonet charm greater numbers. There are others, or may be hereafter, to whom far other things will afford far higher gratification.

Petrarca. But our business at present is with prose and Cicero; and our question now is, what is Ciceronian. He changed his style according to his matter and his hearers. His speeches to the people vary from his speeches to the senate. Toward the one he was impetuous and exacting; toward the other he was usually but earnest and anxious, and sometimes but submissive and imploring, yet equally unwilling, on both occasions, to conceal the labour he had taken to captivate their attention and obtain success. At the tribunal of Cæsar the dictator he laid aside his costly armour, contracted the folds of his capacious robe, and became calm, insinuating, and adulative, showing his spirit not utterly extinguished, his dignity not utterly fallen, his consular year not utterly abolished from his memory, but Rome, and even himself, lowered in the presence of his judge.

Boccaccio. And after all this, can you bear to think what I am?

Petrarca. Complacently and joyfully; venturing, nevertheless, to offer you a friend's advice.

Enter into the mind and heart of your own creatures: think of them long, entirely, solely: never of style, never of self, never of critics, cracked or sound. Like the miles of an open country, and of an ignorant population, when they are correctly measured they become smaller. In the loftiest rooms and richest entablatures are suspended the most spider-webs; and the quarry out of which palaces are erected is the nursery of nettle and bramble.

Boccaccio. It is better to keep always in view such writers as Cicero, than to run after those idlers who throw stones that can never reach us.

Petrarca. If you copied him to perfection, and on no occasion lost sight of him, you would be an indifferent, not to say a bad writer.

Boccaccio. I begin to think you are in the right. Well then, retrenching some of my licentious tales, I must endeavour to fill up the vacancy with some serious and some pathetic.

Petrarca. I am heartily glad to hear of this decision; for, admirable as you are in the jocose, you descend from your natural position when you come to the convivial and the festive. You were placed among the Affections, to move and master them, and gifted with the rod that sweetens the fount of tears. My nature leads me also to the pathetic; in which, however, an imbecile writer may obtain celebrity. Even the hard-hearted are fond of such reading, when they are fond of any; and nothing is easier in the world than to find and accumulate its sufferings. Yet this very profusion and luxuriance of misery is the reason why few have excelled in describing it. The eye wanders over the mass without noticing the peculiarities. To mark them distinctly is the work of genius; a work so rarely performed, that, if time and space may be compared, specimens of it stand at wider distances than the trophies of Sesostris. Here we return again to the *Inferno* of Dante, who overcame the difficulty. In this vast desert are its greater and its less oasis; Ugolino and Francesca di Rimini. The peopled region is peopled chiefly with monsters and moschitoes: the rest for the most-part is sand and suffocation.

Boccaccio. Ah! had Dante remained through life the pure solitary lover of Bice, his soul had been gentler, tranquiller, and more generous. He scarcely hath described half the curses he went through, nor the roads he took on the journey: theology, politics, and that barbican of the *Inferno*, marriage, surrounded with its

Selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte.

Admirable is indeed the description of Ugolino, to whoever can endure the sight of an old soldier gnawing at the scalp of an old archbishop.

Petrarca. The thirty lines from

Ed io sentj,

are unequalled by any other continuous thirty in the whole dominions of poetry.

Boccaccio. Give me rather the six on Francesca: for if in the former I find the simple, vigorous, clear narration, I find also what I would not wish, the features of Ugolino reflected full in Dante. The two characters are similar in themselves; hard, cruel, inflexible, malignant, but, whenever moved, moved powerfully. In Francesca, with the faculty of divine spirits, he leaves his own nature (not indeed the exact representative of theirs) and converts all his strength into tenderness. The great poet, like the original man of the Platonists, is double, possessing the further advantage of being able to drop one half at his option, and to resume it. Some of the tenderest on paper have no sympathies beyond; and some of the austerest in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures, have deluged the world with tears. It is not from the rose that the bee gathers her honey, but often from the most acrid and the most bitter leaves and petals.

Quando legemmo il disiato viso
Esser baciato di cotanto amante,
Questi, chi mai da me non sia diviso!
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante . . .
Galeotto fù il libro, e chi lo scrisse . . .
Quel giorno più non vi legemmo avante.

In the midst of her punishment, Francesca, when she comes to the tenderest part of her story, tells it with complacency and delight; and, instead of naming Paolo, which indeed she never has done from the beginning, she now designates him as

Questi chi mai da me non sia diviso!

Are we not impelled to join in her prayer, wishing them happier in their union?

Petrarca. If there be no sin in it.

Boccaccio. Ay, and even if there be . . . God help us!

What a sweet aspiration in each cesura of the verse! three love-sighs fixed and incorporate! Then, when she hath said

La bocca mi baciò, tutto tremante,

she stops: she would avert the eyes of Dante from her: he looks for the sequel: she thinks he looks severely: she says,

"*Galeotto* is the name of the book,"

fancying by this timorous little flight she has drawn him far enough from the nest of her young loves. No, the eagle beak of Dante and his piercing eyes are yet over her.

"*Galeotto* is the name of the book."

"What matters that?"

"And of the writer."

"Or that either?"

At last she disarms him: but how?

"*That* day we read no more."

Such a depth of intuitive judgment, such a delicacy of perception, exists not in any other work of human genius; and from an author who, on almost all occasions, in this part of the work, betrays a deplorable want of it.

Petrarca. Perfection of poetry! The greater is my wonder at discovering nothing else of the same order or cast in this whole section of the poem. He who fainted at the recital of Francesca,

And he who fell as a dead body falls,

would exterminate all the inhabitants of every town in Italy! What execrations against Florence, Pistoia, Siena, Pisa, Genoa! what hatred against the whole human race! what exultation and merriment at eternal and immitigable sufferings! Seeing this, I can not but consider the *Inferno* as the most immoral and impious book that ever was written. Yet, hopeless that our country shall ever see again such poetry, and certain that without it our future poets would be more feebly urged forward to excellence, I would have dissuaded Dante from cancelling it, if this had been his intention. Much however as I admire his vigour and severity of style in the description of Ugolino, I acknowledge with you that I do not discover so much imagination, so much creative power, as in the Francesca. I find indeed a minute detail of probable events: but this is not all I want in a poet: it is not even all I want most in a scene of horror. Tribunals of justice, dens of murderers, wards of hospitals, schools of anatomy, will afford us nearly the same sensations, if we hear them from an accurate observer, a clear reporter, a skilful surgeon, or an attentive nurse. There is nothing of sublimity in the horrific of Dante, which there always is in Æschylus and Homer. If you, Giovanni, had described so nakedly the reception of Guiscardo's heart by Gismonda, or Lorenzo's head by Lisabetta, we could hardly have endured it.

Boccaccio. Prythee, dear Francesco, do not place me over Dante: I stagger at the idea of approaching him.

Petrarca. Never think I am placing you blindly or indiscriminately. I have faults to find with you, and even here. Lisabetta should by no means have been represented cutting off the head of her lover, "*as well as she could*" with a clasp-knife. This is shocking and improbable. She might have found it already cut off by her brothers, in order to bury the corpse more commodiously and expeditiously. Nor indeed is it likely that she should have intrusted it to her waiting-maid, who carried home in her bosom a treasure so

dear to her, and found so unexpectedly and so lately.

Boccaccio. That is true: I will correct the oversight. Why do we never hear of our faults until everybody knows them, and until they stand in record against us?

Petrarca. Because our ears are closed to truth and friendship for some time after the triumphal course of composition. We are too sensitive for the gentlest touch; and when we really have the most infirmity, we are angry to be told that we have any.

Boccaccio. Ah Francesco! thou art poet from scalp to heel: but what other would open his breast as thou hast done! They show ostentatiously far worse weaknesses; but the most honest of the tribe would forswear himself on this. Again, I acknowledge it, you have reason to complain of Lisabetta and Gismonda.

Petrarca. They keep the soul from sinking in such dreadful circumstances by the buoyancy of imagination. The sunshine of poetry makes the colour of blood less horrible, and draws up a shadowy and a softening haziness where the scene would otherwise be too distinct. Poems, like rivers, convey to their destination what must without their appliances be left unhandled: these to ports and arsenals, this to the human heart.

Boccaccio. So it is; and what is terror in poetry is horror in prose. We may be brought too close to an object to leave any room for pleasure. Ugolino affects us like a skeleton, by dry bony verity.

Petrarca. We can not be too distinct in our images; but although distinctness, on this and most other occasions, is desirable in the imitative arts, yet sometimes in painting, and sometimes in poetry, an object should not be quite precise. In your novel of Andrevola and Gabriotto, you afford me an illustration.

> Le pareva dal corpo di lui uscire una
> cosa oscura e terribile.

This is like a dream: this *is* a dream. Afterward, you present to us such palpable forms and pleasing colours as may relieve and soothe us.

> Ed avendo molte rose, bianche e vermiglie, colte, perciocche la stagione era.

Boccaccio. Surely you now are mocking me. The roses, I perceive, would not have been there, had it not been the season.

Petrarca. A poet often does more and better than he is aware at the time, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread.

The uncertain dream that still hangs over us in the novel, is intercepted and hindered from hurting us by the spell of the roses, of the white and the red; a word the less would have rendered it incomplete. The very warmth and geniality of the season shed their kindly influence on us; and we are renovated and ourselves again by virtue of the clear fountain where we rest. Nothing of this poetical providence comes to our relief in Dante, though we want it oftener. It would by difficult to form an idea of a poem, into which so many personages are introduced, containing so few delineations of character, so few touches that excite our sympathy, so few elementary signs for our instruction, so few topics for our delight, so few excursions for our recreation. Nevertheless, his powers of language are prodigious; and, in the solitary places where he exerts his force rightly, the stroke is irresistible. But how greatly to be pitied must he be, who can find nothing in paradise better than sterile theology! and what an object of sadness and of consternation, he who rises up from hell like a giant refreshed!

Boccaccio. Strange perversion! A pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night; to guide no one. Paradise had fewer wants for him to satisfy than hell had; all which he fed to repletion. But let us rather look to his poetry than his temper.

Petrarca. We will then.

A good poem is not divided into little panes like a cathedral window; which little panes themselves are broken and blurred, with a saint's coat on a dragon's tail, a doctor's head on the bosom of a virgin martyr, and having about them more lead than glass, and more gloom than colouring. A good satire or good comedy, if it does not always smile, rarely and briefly intermits it, and never rages. A good epic shows us more and more distinctly, at every book of it we open, the features and properties of heroic character, and terminates with accomplishing some momentous action. A good tragedy shows us that greater men than ourselves have suffered more severely and more unjustly; that the highest human power hath suddenly fallen helpless and extinct; or, what is better to contemplate and usefuller to know, that uncontrolled by law, unaccompanied by virtue, unfollowed by contentment, its possession is undesirable and unsafe. Sometimes we go away in triumph with Affliction proved and purified, and leave her under the smiles of heaven. In all these consummations the object is excellent; and here is the highest point to which poetry can attain. Tragedy has no bye-paths, no resting-places; there is everywhere action and passion. What do we find of this nature, or what of the epic, in the Orpheus and Judith, the Charon and Can della Scala, the Sinon and Maestro Adamo?

Boccaccio. Personages strangely confounded! In this category it required a strong hand to make Pluto and Pepe Satan keep the peace, both having the same pretensions, and neither the sweetest temper.

Petrarca. Then the description of Mahomet is indecent and filthy. Yet Dante is scarcely more disgusting in this place, than he is insipid and spiritless in his allegory of the marriages, between Saint Francesco and Poverty, Saint Dominico and Faith. I speak freely and plainly to you, Giovanni, and the rather, as you have informed me that I have been thought invidious to the reputation of our great poet; for such he is transcendently, in the midst of his imperfections. Such likewise were

Ennius and Lucilius in the same period of Roman literature. They were equalled, and perhaps excelled: will Dante ever be, in his native tongue? The past generations of his countrymen, the glories of old Rome, fade before him the instant he springs upward, but they impart a more constant and a more genial delight.

Boccaccio. They have less hair-cloth about them, and smell less cloisterly; yet they are only choristers.

The generous man, such as you, praises and censures with equal freedom, not with equal pleasure: the freedom and the pleasure of the ungenerous are both contracted, and lie only on the left hand.

Petrarca. When we point out to our friends an object in the country, do we wish to diminish it? do we wish to show it overcast? Why then should we in those nobler works of creation, God's only representatives, who have cleared our intellectual sight for us, and have displayed before us things more magnificent than Nature would without them have revealed?

We poets are heated by proximity. Those who are gone, warm us by the breath they leave behind them in their course, and *only* warm us: those who are standing near, and just before, fever us. Solitude has kept me uninfected; unless you may hint perhaps that pride was my preservative against the malignity of a worse disease.

Boccaccio. It might well be, though it were not; you having been crowned in the capital of the christian world.

Petrarca. That indeed would have been something, if I had been crowned for my christianity, of which I suspect there are better judges in Rome than there are of poetry. I would rather be preferred to my rivals by the two best critics of the age than by all the others; who, if they think differently from the two wisest in these matters, must necessarily think wrong.

Boccaccio. You know that not only the two first, but many more, prefer you; and that neither they, nor any who are acquainted with your character, can believe that your strictures on Dante are invidious or uncandid.

Petrarca. I am borne toward him by many strong impulses. Our families were banished by the same faction: he himself and my father left Florence on the same day, and both left it for ever. This recollection would rather make me cling to him than cast him down. Ill fortune has many and tenacious ties: good fortune has few and fragile ones. I saw our illustrious fellow citizen once only, and when I was a child. Even the sight of such a poet, in early days, is dear to him who aspires to become one, and the memory is always in his favour. The worst I can recollect to have said against his poem to others, is, that the architectural fabric of the *Inferno* is unintelligible without a long study, and only to be understood after distracting our attention from its inhabitants. Its locality and dimensions are at last uninteresting, and would better have been left in their obscurity. The zealots of Dante compare it, for invention, with the infernal regions of Homer and Virgil. I am ignorant how much the Grecian poet invented, how much existed in the religion, how much in the songs and traditions of the people. But surely our Alighieri has taken the same idea, and even made his descent in the same part of Italy, as Æneas had done before. In the *Odyssea* the mind is perpetually relieved by variety of scene and character. There are vices enough in it, but rising from lofty or from powerful passions, and under the veil of mystery and poetry: there are virtues too enough, and human and definite and practicable. We have man, although a shade, in his own features, in his own dimensions: he appears before us neither cramped by systems nor jaundiced by schools; no savage, no cit, no cannibal, no doctor. Vigorous and elastic, he is such as poetry saw him first; he is such as poetry would ever see him. In Dante, the greater part of those who are not degraded, are debilitated and distorted. No heart swells here, either for overpowered valour or for unrequited love. In the shades alone, but in the shades of Homer, does Ajax rise to his full loftiness: in the shades alone, but in the shades of Virgil, is Dido the arbitress of our tears.

Boccaccio. I must confess there are nowhere two whole cantos in Dante which will bear a sustained and close comparison with the very worst book of the *Odyssea* or the *Æneid;* that there is nothing of the same continued and unabated excellence, as Ovid's in the contention for the armour of Achilles; the most heroic of heroic poetry, and only censurable, if censurable at all, because the eloquence of the braver man is more animated and more persuasive than his successful rival's. I do not think Ovid the best poet that ever lived, but I think he wrote the most of good poetry, and, in proportion to its quantity, the least of bad or indifferent. The *Inferno,* the *Purgatorio,* the *Paradiso,* are pictures from the walls of our churches and chapels and monasteries, some painted by Giotto and Cimabue, some earlier. In several of these we detect not only the cruelty, but likewise the satire and indecency of Dante. Sometimes there is also his vigour and simplicity, but oftener his harshness and meagreness and disproportion. I am afraid the good Alighieri, like his friends the painters, was inclined to think the angels were created only to flagellate and burn us; and Paradise only for us to be driven out of it. And in truth, as we have seen it exhibited, there is but little hardship in the case.

The opening of the third canto of the *Inferno* has always been much admired. There is indeed a great solemnity in the words of the inscription on the portal of hell: nevertheless, I do not see the necessity for three verses out of six. After

> Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,

it surely is superfluous to subjoin

> Per me si va fra la perduta gente;

for, beside the *perduta gente,* who else can suffer the eternal woe? And when the portal has told us that "*Justice moved the high Maker to make it,*"

surely it might have omitted the notification that his "*divine power*" did it.

Fecemi la divina potestate.

The next piece of information I wish had been conveyed even in darker characters, so that they never could have been decyphered. The following line is,

La somma Sapienza e 'l primo Amore.

If God's first love was hell-making, we might almost wish his affections were as mutable as ours are: that is, if holy church would countenance us therein.

Petrarca. Systems of poetry, of philosophy, of government, form and model us to their own proportions. As our systems want the grandeur, the light, and the symmetry of the ancient, we can not hope for poets, philosophers, or statesmen, of equal dignity. Very justly do you remark that our churches and chapels and monasteries, and even our shrines and tabernacles on the road-side, contain in painting the same punishments as Alighieri hath registered in his poem: and several of these were painted before his birth. Nor surely can you have forgotten that his master, Brunetto Latini, composed one on the same plan.

The Virtues and Vices, and persons under their influence, appear to him likewise in a wood, wherein he, like Dante, is bewildered. Old walls are the tablets both copy: the arrangement is the devise of Brunetto. Our religion is too simple in its verities, and too penurious in its decorations, for poetry of high value. We can not hope or desire that a pious Italian will ever have the audacity to restore to Satan a portion of his majesty, or to remind the faithful that he is a fallen angel.

Boccaccio. No, no, Francesco; let us keep as much of him down as we can, and as long.

Petrarca. It might not be amiss to remember that even human power is complacent in security, and that Omnipotence is ever omnipotent, without threats and fulminations.

Boccaccio. These, however, are the main springs of sacred poetry, of which I think we already have enough.

Petrarca. But good enough?

Boccaccio. Even much better would produce less effect than that which has occupied our ears from childhood, and comes sounding and swelling with a mysterious voice from the deep and dark recesses of antiquity.

Petrarca. I see no reason why we should not revert, at times, to the first intentions of poetry. Hymns to the Creator were its earliest efforts.

Boccaccio. I do not believe a word of it, unless He himself was graciously pleased to inspire the singer; of which we have received no account. I rather think it originated in pleasurable song, perhaps of drunkenness, and resembled the dithyrambic. Strong excitement alone could force and hurry men among words displaced and exaggerated ideas.

Believing that man fell, first into disobedience, next into ferocity and fratricide, we may reasonably believe that war-songs were among the earliest of his intellectual exertions. When he rested from battle he had leisure to think of love; and the skies and the fountains and the flowers reminded him of her, the coy and beautiful, who fled to a mother from the ardour of his pursuit. In after years he lost a son, his companion in the croft and in the forest: images too grew up there, and rested on the grave. A daughter, who had wondered at his strength and wisdom, looked to him in vain for succour at the approach of death. Inarticulate grief gave way to passionate and wailing words, and Elegy was awakened. We have tears in this world before we have smiles, Francesco! we have struggles before we have composure; we have strife and complaints before we have submission and gratitude. I am suspicious that if we could collect the "winged words" of the earliest hymns, we should find that they called upon the Deity for vengeance. Priests and rulers were far from insensible to private wrongs. Chryses in the *Iliad* is willing that his king and country should be enslaved, so that his daughter be sent back to him. David in the *Psalms* is no unimportunate or lukewarm applicant for the discomfiture and extermination of his adversaries: and, among the visions of felicity, none brighter is promised a fortunate warrior, than to dash the infants of his enemy against the stones. The Holy Scriptures teach us that the human race was created on the banks of the Euphrates, and where the river hath several branches. Here the climate is extremely hot; and men, like birds, in hot climates, never sing well. I doubt whether there was ever a good poet in the whole city and whole plain of Babylon. Egypt had none but such as she imported. Mountainous countries bear them as they bear the more fragrant plants and savoury game. Judæa had hers: Attica reared them among her thyme and hives: and Tuscany may lift her laurels not a span below. Never have the accents of poetry been heard on the fertile banks of the Vistula; and Ovid taught the borderers of the Danube an indigenous* song in vain.

Petrarca. Orpheus, we hear, sang on the banks of the Hebrus.

Boccaccio. The banks of the Hebrus may be level or rocky, for what I know about them: but the river is represented by the poets as rapid and abounding in whirlpools; hence, I presume, it runs among rocks and inequalities. Be this as it may: do you imagine that Thrace in those early days produced a philosophical poet?

Petrarca. We have the authority of history for it.

Boccaccio. Bad authority too, unless we sift and cross-examine it. Undoubtedly there were narrow paths of commerce, in very ancient times, from the Euxine to the Caspian, and from the

* 'Aptaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.'
What are all the other losses of literature in comparison with this?

Caspian to the kingdoms of the remoter East. Merchants in those days were not only the most adventurous, but the most intelligent men: and there were ardent minds, uninfluenced by a spirit of lucre, which were impelled by the ardour of imagination into untravelled regions. Scythia was a land of fable, not only to the Greeks, but equally to the Romans. Thrace was a land of fable, we may well believe, to the nearest towns of northern India. I imagine that Orpheus, whoever he was, brought his knowledge from that quarter. We are too apt to fancy that Greece owed everything to the Phœnicians and Egyptians. The elasticity of her mind threw off, or the warmth of her imagination transmuted, the greater part of her earlier acquisitions. She was indebted to Phœnicia for nothing but her alphabet; and even these signs she modified, and endowed them with a portion of her flexibility and grace.

Petrarca. There are those who tell us that Homer lived before the age of letters in Greece.

Boccaccio. I wish they knew the use of them as well as he did. Will they not also tell us that the commerce of the two nations was carried on without the numerals (and such were letters) by which traders cast up accounts? The Phœnicians traded largely with every coast of the Ægean sea; and among their earliest correspondents were the inhabitants of the Greek maritime cities, insular and continental. Is it credible that Cyprus, that Crete, that Attica, should be ignorant of the most obvious means by which commerce was maintained? or that such means should be restricted to commerce, among a people so peculiarly fitted for social intercourse, so inquisitive, so imaginative, as the Greeks?

Petrarca. Certainly it is not.

Boccaccio. The Greeks were the most creative, the Romans the least creative, of mankind. No Roman ever invented anything. Whence then are derived the only two works of imagination we find among them; the story of the *Ephesian** *Matron*, and the story of *Psyche?* Doubtless from some country farther eastward than Phœnicia and Egypt. The authors in which we find these insertions are of little intrinsic worth.

When the Thracians became better known to the Greeks they turned their backs upon them as worn-out wonders, and looked toward the inexhaustible Hyperboreans. Among these too she placed wisdom and the arts, and mounted instruments through which a greater magnitude was given to the stars.

Petrarca. I will remain no longer with you among the Thracians or the Hyperboreans. But in regard to low and level countries, as unproductive of poetry, I entreat you not to be too fanciful nor too exclusive. Virgil was born on the Mincio, and has rendered the city of his birth too celebrated to be mistaken.

Boccaccio. He was born in the territory of Mantua, not in the city. He sang his first child's song on the shoulders of the Apennines; his first man's under the shadow of Vesuvius.

I would not assert that a great poet must necessarily be born on a high mountain: no indeed, no such absurdity: but where the climate is hot, the plains have never shown themselves friendly to the imaginative faculties. We surely have more buoyant spirits on the mountain than below, but it is not requisite for this effect that our cradles should have been placed on it.

Petrarca. What will you say about Pindar?

Boccaccio. I think it more probable that he was reared in the vicinity of Thebes than within the walls. For Bœotia, like our Tuscany, has one large plain, but has also many eminences, and is bounded on two sides by hills.

Look at the vale of Capua! Scarcely so much as a sonnet was ever heard from one end of it to the other; perhaps the most spirited thing was some Carthaginian glee, from a soldier in the camp of Hannibal. Nature seems to contain in her breast the same milk for all, but feeding one for one aptitude, another for another; and, as if she would teach him a lesson as soon as he could look about him, she has placed the poet where the air is unladen with the exhalations of luxuriance.

Petrarca. In my delight to listen to you after so long an absence, I have been too unwary; and you have been speaking too much for one infirm. Greatly am I to blame, not to have moderated my pleasure and your vivacity. You must rest now: to-morrow we will renew our conversation.

Boccaccio. God bless thee, Francesco! I shall be talking with thee all night in my slumbers. Never have I seen thee with such pleasure as to-day, excepting when I was deemed worthy by our fellow-citizens of bearing to thee, and of placing within this dear hand of thine, the sentence of recall from banishment, and when my tears streamed over the ordinance as I read it, whereby thy paternal lands were redeemed from the public treasury.

Again God bless thee! Those tears were not quite exhausted: take the last of them.

* One similar, and better conceived, is given by Du Halde from the Chinese. If the fiction of Psyche had reached Greece so early as the time of Plato, it would have caught his attention, and he would have delivered it down to us, however altered.

SECOND DAY'S INTERVIEW.

Petrarca. How have you slept, Giovanni?

Boccaccio. Pleasantly, soundly, and quite long enough. You too methinks have enjoyed the benefit of riding; for you either slept well or began late. Do you rise in general three hours after the sun?

Petrarca. No indeed.

Boccaccio. As for me, since you would not indulge me with your company an hour ago, I could do nothing more delightful than to look over some of your old letters.

Petrarca. Ours are commemorative of no reproaches, and laden with no regrets. Far from us

> With drooping wing the spell-bound spirit moves
> O'er flickering friendships and extinguisht loves.

Boccaccio. Ay, but as I want no record of your kindness now you are with me, I have been looking over those to other persons, on past occasions. In the latin one to the tribune, whom the people at Rome usually call Rienzi, I find you address him by the denomination of Nicolaus Laurentii. Is this the right one?

Petrarca. As we Florentines are fond of omitting the first syllable in proper names, calling Luigi *Gigi*, Giovanni *Nanni*, Francesco *Cecco*, in like manner at Rome they say *Renzi* for Lorenzi, and by another corruption it has been pronounced and written Rienzi. Believe me, I should never have ventured to address the personage who held and supported the highest dignity on earth, until I had ascertained his appellation: for nobody ever quite forgave, unless in the low and ignorant, a wrong pronunciation of his name; the humblest being of opinion that they have one of their own, and one both worth having and worth knowing. Even dogs, they observe, are not miscalled. It would have been as latin in sound, if not in structure, to write Rientius as Laurentius: but it would certainly have been offensive to a dignitary of his station, as being founded on a sportive and somewhat childish familiarity.

Boccaccio. Ah Francesco! we were a good deal younger in those days; and hopes sprang up before us like mushrooms: the sun produced them, the shade produced them, every hill, every valley, every busy and every idle hour.

Petrarca. The season of hope precedes but little the season of disappointment. Where the ground is unprepared, what harvest can be expected? Men bear wrongs more easily than irritations; and the Romans, who had sunk under worse degradation than any other people on record, rose up against the deliverer who ceased to consult their ignorance. I speak advisedly and without rhetoric on the foul depths of their debasement. The Jews, led captive into Egypt and into Babylon, were left as little corrupted as they were found; and perhaps some of their vices were corrected by the labours that were imposed on them. But the subjugation of the Romans was effected by the depravation of their morals, which the priesthood took away, giving them ceremonies and promises instead. God had indulged them in the exercise of power: first the kings abused it, then the consuls, then the tribunes. One only magistrate was remaining who never had violated it, farther than in petty frauds and fallacies suited to the occasion, not having at present more within his reach. It was now his turn to exercise his functions, and no less grievously and despotically than the preceding had done. For this purpose the Pontifex Maximus needed some slight alterations in the popular belief; and he collected them from that Pantheon which Roman policy had enlarged at every conquest. The priests of Isis had acquired the highest influence in the city: those of Jupiter were jealous that foreign gods should become more than supplementary and subordinate: but as the women in general leaned toward Isis, it was in vain to contest the point, and prudent to adopt a little at a time from the discipline of the shaven brotherhood. The names and titles of the ancient gods had received many additions, and they were often asked which they liked best. Different ones were now given them; and gradually, here and there, the older dropped into desuetude. Then arose the star in the east; and all was manifested.

Boccaccio. Ay, ay, but the second company of shepherds sang to a different tune from the first, and put them out. Trumpeters ran in among them, horses neighed, tents waved their pennons, and commanders of armies sought to raise themselves to supreme authority, some by leading the faction of the ancient faith, and some by supporting the recenter. At last the priesthood succeeded to the power of the pretorian guard, and elected, or procured the election of, an emperor. Every man who loved peace and quiet took refuge in a sanctuary, now so efficient to protect him; and nearly all who had attained a preponderance in wisdom and erudition, brought them to bear against the worn-out and tottering institutions, and finally to raise up the coping-stone of an edifice which overtopped them all.

Petrarca. At present we fly to princes as we fly to caves and arches, and other things of the mere earth, for shelter and protection.

Boccaccio. And when they afford it at all, they afford it with as little care and knowledge. Like Egyptian embalmers, they cast aside the brains as useless or worse, but carefully swathe up all that is viler and heavier, and place it in their painted catacombs.

Petrarca. What Dante saw in his day, we see in ours. The danger is, lest first the wiser, and

soon afterward the unwiser, in abhorrence at the presumption and iniquity of the priesthood, should abandon religion altogether, when it is forbidden to approach her without such company.

Boccaccio. Philosophy is but the calix of that plant of paradise, religion. Detach it, and it dies away; meanwhile the plant itself, supported by its proper nutriment, retains its vigour.

Petrarca. The good citizen and the calm reasoner come at once to the same conclusion; that philosophy can never hold many men together; that religion can; and those who without it would not let philosophy, nor law, nor humanity exist. Therefore it is our duty and interest to remove all obstruction from it; to give it air, light, space, and freedom; carrying in our hands a scourge for fallacy, a chain for cruelty, and an irrevocable ostracism for riches that riot in the house of God.

Boccaccio. Moderate wealth is quite enough to teach with.

Petrarca. The luxury and rapacity of the church, together with the insolence of the barons, excited that discontent which emboldened Nicolo de Rienzi to assume the station of tribune. Singular was the prudence, and opportune the boldness, he manifested at first. His modesty, his piety, his calm severity, his unbiassed justice, won to him the affections of every good citizen, and struck horror into the fastnesses of every castellated felon. He might by degrees have restored the republic of Rome, had he preserved his moderation: he might have become the master of Italy, had he continued the master of himself: but he allowed the weakest of the passions to run away with him: he fancied he could not inebriate himself soon enough with the intemperance of power. He called for seven crowns, and placed them successively on his head. He cited Lewis of Bavaria and Charles of Bohemia to appear and plead their causes before him; and lastly, not content with exasperating and concentrating the hostility of barbarians, he set at defiance the best and highest feelings of his more instructed countrymen, and displayed his mockery of religion and decency by bathing in the porphyry font of the Lateran. How my soul grieved for his defection! How bitterly burst forth my complaints, when he ordered the imprisonment of Stefano Colonna in his ninetieth year! For these atrocities you know with what reproaches I assailed him, traitor as he was to the noblest cause that ever strung the energies of mankind. For this cause, under his auspices, I had abandoned all hope of favour and protection from the pontiff: I had cast into peril, almost into perdition, the friendship, familiarity, and love of the Colonnas. Even you, Giovanni, thought me more rash than you would say you thought me, and wondered at seeing me whirled along with the tempestuous triumphs that seemed mounting toward the Capitol. It is only in politics that an actor appears greater by the magnitude of the theatre; and we readily and enthusiastically give way to the deception. Indeed, whenever a man capable of performing great and glorious actions is emerging from obscurity, it is our duty to remove, if we can, all obstruction from before him; to increase his scope and his powers, to extoll and amplify his virtues. This is always requisite, and often insufficient, to counteract the workings of malignity round about him. But finding him afterward false and cruel, and, instead of devoting himself to the commonwealth, exhausting it by his violence and sacrificing it to his vanity, then it behoves us to stamp the foot, and to call in the people to cast down the idol. For nothing is so immoral or pernicious as to keep up the illusion of greatness in wicked men. Their crimes, because they have fallen into the gulf of them, we call misfortunes; and, amid ten thousand mourners, grieve only for him who made them so. Is this reason? is this humanity?

Boccaccio. Alas! it is man.

Petrarca. Can we wonder then that such wretches have turned him to such purposes? The calmness, the sagacity, the sanctitude of Rienzi, in the ascent to his elevation, rendered him only the more detestable for his abuse of power.

Boccaccio. Surely the man grew mad.

Petrarca. Men often give the hand to the madness that seizes them. He yielded to pride and luxury: behind them came jealousy and distrust: fear followed these, and cruelty followed fear. Then the intellects sought the subterfuge that bewildered them; and an ignoble flight was precluded by an ignominious death.

Boccaccio. No mortal is less to be pitied, or more to be detested, than he into whose hands are thrown the fortunes of a nation, and who squanders them away in the idle gratification of his pride and his ambition. Are not these already gratified to the full by the confidence and deference of his countrymen? Can silks, and the skins of animals, can hammered metals and sparkling stones, enhance the value of legitimate dominion over the human heart? Can a wise man be desirous of having a less wise successor? And, of all the world, would he exhibit this inferiority in a son? Irrational as are all who aim at despotism, this is surely the most irrational of their speculations. Vulgar men are more anxious for title and decoration than for power; and notice, in their estimate, is preferable to regard. We ought as little to mind the extinction of such existences as the dying down of a favourable wind in the prosecution of a voyage. They are fitter for the calendar than for history, and it is well when we find them in last year's.

Petrarca. What a year was Rienzi's last to me! What an extinction of all that had not been yet extinguished! Visionary as was the flash of his glory, there was another more truly so, which this, my second great loss and sorrow, opened again before me.

Verona! loveliest of cities, but saddest to my memory! while the birds were singing in thy cypresses the earliest notes of spring, the blithest

of hope, the tenderest of desire, she, my own Laura, fresh as the dawn around her, stood before me. It was her transit; I knew it ere she spake.*

O Giovanni! the heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain, retains the pulse of youth for ever. Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections: the flower expands; the colourless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes.

Boccaccio. We may well believe it: and, believing it, let us cease to be disquieted for their absence who have but retired into another chamber. We are like those who have overslept the hour: when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyance and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase, because it is as capable of containing the bitter as the sweet? No: the very things which touch us the most sensibly are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings past away; and so is the noble mind.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music are over, and the clapping of hands (so lately linked) hath ceased; when youth and comeliness and pleasantry are departed,

> Who would desire to spend the following day
> Among the extinguisht lamps, the faded wreaths,
> The dust and desolation left behind?

But whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days hath placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out nor change their quality. In our present mood we will not dwell too long on this subject, but rather walk forth into the world, and look back again on the bustle of life. Neither of us may hope to exert in future any extraordinary influence on the political movements of our country, by our presence or intervention: yet surely it is something to have set at defiance the mercenaries who assailed us, and to have stood aloof from the distribution of the public spoils. I have at all times taken less interest than you have taken in the affairs of Rome; for the people of that city neither are, nor were of old, my favourites.

It appears to me that there are spots accursed, spots doomed to eternal sterility; and Rome is one of them. No gospel announces the glad tidings of resurrection to a fallen nation. Once down, and down for ever. The Babylonians, the Macedonians, the Romans, prove it. Babylon is a desart, Macedon a den of thieves, Rome (what is written as an invitation on the walls of her streets) one vast *immondezzaio*, morally and substantially.

Petrarca. The argument does not hold good throughout. Persia was conquered: yet Persia long afterward sprang up again with renovated strength and courage, and Sapor mounted his war-horse from the crouching neck of Valentinian. In nearly all the campaigns with the Romans she came off victorious: none of her kings or generals was ever led in triumph to the Capitol; but several Roman emperors lay prostrate on their purple in the fields of Parthia. Formidable at home, victorious over friends and relatives, their legions had seized and subdivided the arable plains of Campania and the exuberant pastures of the Po; but the glebe that bordered the Araxes was unbroken by them. Persia, since those times, has passed through many vicissitudes, of defeat and victory, of obscurity and glory: and why may not our country? Let us take hopes where we can find them, and raise them where we find none.

Boccaccio. In some places we may; in others, the fabric of hopes is too arduous an undertaking. When I was in Rome nothing there reminded me of her former state, until I saw a goose in the grass under the Capitoline hill. This perhaps was the only one of her inhabitants that had not degenerated. Even the dogs looked sleepy, mangy, suspicious, perfidious, and thievish. The goose meanwhile was making his choice of herbage about triumphal arches and monumental columns, and picking up worms; the surest descendants, the truest representatives, and enjoying the inalienable succession, of the Cæsars. This is all that goose or man can do at Rome. She, I think, will be the last city to rise from the dead.

Petrarca. There is a trumpet, and on earth, that shall awaken even her.

Boccaccio. I should like to live and be present.

Petrarca. This can not be expected. But you may live many years, and see many things to make you happy. For you will not close the doors too early in the evening of existence against the visits of renovating and cheerful thoughts, which keep our lives long up, and help them to sink at last without pain or pressure.

Boccaccio. Another year or two perhaps, with God's permission. Fra Biagio felt my pulse on Wednesday, and cried, "Courage! ser Giovanni! there is no danger of Paradise yet: the Lord forbid!"

"Faith!" said I, "Fra Biagio! I hope there is not. What with prayers and masses, I have planted a foot against my old homestead, and will tug hard to remain where I am."

"A true soldier of the faith!" quoth Fra Biagio, and drank a couple of flasks to my health. Nothing else, he swore to Assunta, would have induced him to venture beyond one; he hating all excesses, they give the adversary such advantage over us; although God is merciful and makes allowances.

Petrarca. Impossible as it is to look far and

* This event is related by Petrarca as occurring on the sixth of April, the day of her decease.

with pleasure into the future, what a privilege is it, how incomparably greater than any other that genius can confer, to be able to direct the backward flight of fancy and imagination to the recesses they most delighted in; to be able, as the shadows lengthen in our path, to call up before us the youth of our sympathies in all their tenderness and purity!

Boccaccio. Mine must have been very pure, I suspect, for I am sure they were very tender. But I need not call them up; they come readily enough of their own accord; and I find it perplexing at times to get entirely rid of them. Sighs are very troublesome when none meet them half-way. The worst of mine now are while I am walking uphill. Even to walk upstairs, which used occasionally to be as pleasant an exercise as any, grows sadly too much for me. For which reason I lie here below; and it is handier too for Assunta.

Petrarca. Very judicious and considerate. In high situations, like Certaldo and this villetta, there is no danger from fogs or damps of any kind. The skylark yonder seems to have made it her first station in the air.

Boccaccio. To welcome thee, Francesco!

Petrarca. Rather say, to remind us both of our Dante. All the verses that ever were written on the nightingale are scarcely worth the beautiful triad of this divine poet on the lark.

> La lodoletta che in aere si spazia,
> Prima cantando, e poi tace contenta
> Dell' ultima dolcezza che la sazia.

In the first of them do not you see the twinkling of her wings againt the sky? As often as I repeat them my ear is satisfied, my heart (like her's) contented.

Boccaccio. I agree with you in the perfect and unrivalled beauty of the first; but in the third there is a redundance. Is not *contenta* quite enough, without *che la sazia?* The picture is before us, the sentiment within us, and behold! we kick when we are full of manna.

Petrarca. I acknowledge the correctness and propriety of your remark; and yet beauties in poetry must be examined as carefully as blemishes, and even more; for we are more easily led away by them, although we do not dwell on them so long. We two should never be accused, in these days, of malevolence to Dante, if the whole world heard us. Being here alone, we may hazard our opinions even less guardedly, and set each other right as we see occasion.

Boccaccio. Come on then; I will venture. I will go back to find fault; I will seek it even in Francesca.

To hesitate, and waver, and turn away from the subject, was proper and befitting in her. The verse, however, in no respect satisfies me. Anyone would imagine from it that *Galeotto* was really both the title of the book and the name of the author; neither of which is true. Galeotto, in the *Tavola Ritonda*, is the person who interchanges the correspondence between Lancilotto and Ginevra. The appellation is now become the generic of all men whose business it is to promote the success of others in illicit love. Dante was stimulated in his satirical vein, when he attributed to Francesca a ludicrous expression, which she was very unlikely in her own nature, and greatly more so in her state of suffering, to employ or think of, whirled round as she was incessantly with her lover. Neither was it requisite to say, "the book was a Galeotto, and so was the author," when she had said already that a passage in it had seduced her. Omitting this unnecessary and ungraceful line, her confusion and her delicacy are the more evident, and the following comes forth with fresh beauty. In the commencement of her speech I wish these had likewise been omitted,

> E ciò sa il tuo dottore;

since he knew no more about it than anybody else. As we proceed, there are passages in which I can not find my way, and where I suspect the poet could not show it me. For instance, is it not strange that Briareus should be punished in the same way as Nimrod, when Nimrod sinned against the living God, and when Briareus attempted to overthrow one of the living God's worst antagonists, Jupiter? an action which our blessed Lord, and the doctors of the holy church, not only attempted, but (to their glory and praise for evermore) accomplished.

Petrarca. Equally strange that Brutus and Cassius (a remark which escaped us in our mention of them yesterday) should be placed in the hottest pit of hell for slaying Cæsar, and that Cato, who would have done the same thing with less compunction, should be appointed sole guardian and governor of purgatory.

Boccaccio. What interest could he have made to be promoted to so valuable a post, in preference to doctors, popes, confessors, and fathers? Wonderful indeed! and they never seemed to take it much amiss.

Petrarca. Alighieri not only throws together the most opposite and distant characters, but even makes Jupiter and our Saviour the same person.

> E se lecito m' è, o sommo *Giove!*
> Che fosti in terra per noi *crocifisso.*

Boccaccio. Jesus Christ ought no more to be called Jupiter than Jupiter ought to be called Jesus Christ.

Petrarca. In the whole of the *Inferno* I find only the descriptions of Francesca and of Ugolino at all admirable. Vigorous expressions there are many, but lost in their application to base objects; and insulated thoughts in high relief, but with everything crumbling round them. Proportionally to the extent, there is a scantiness of poetry, if delight is the purpose or indication of it. Intensity shows everywhere the powerful master: and yet intensity is not invitation. A great poet may do everything but repell us. Established laws are pliant before him: nevertheless his office hath both its duties and its limits.

Boccaccio. The simile in the third canto, the

satire at the close of the fourth, and the description at the commencement of the eighth, if not highly admirable, are what no ordinary poet could have produced.

Petrarca. They are streaks of light in a thundercloud. You might have added the beginning of the twenty-seventh, in which the poetry of itself is good, although not excellent, and the subject of it assuages the weariness left on us, after passing through so many holes and furnaces, and undergoing the dialogue between Simon and master Adam.

Boccaccio. I am sorry to be reminded of this. It is like the brawl of the two fellows in Horace's *Journey to Brundusium.* They are the straitest parallels of bad wit and bad poetry that ancient and modern times exhibit. Ought I to speak so sharply of poets who elsewhere have given me so great delight?

Petrarca. Surely you ought. No criticism is less beneficial to an author or his reader than one tagged with favour and tricked with courtesy. The gratification of our humours is not the intent and scope of criticism, and those who indulge in it on such occasions are neither wise nor honest.

Boccaccio. I never could see why we should designedly and prepensely give to one writer more than his due, to another less. If we offer an honest man ten crowns when we owe him only five, he is apt to be offended. The perfumer and druggist weigh out the commodity before them to a single grain. If they do it with odours and powders, should not we attempt it likewise, in what is either the nutriment or the medicine of the mind? I do not wonder that Criticism has never yet been clear-sighted and expert among us: I do, that she has never been dispassionate and unprejudiced. There are critics who, lying under no fear of a future state in literature, and all whose hope is for the present day, commit injustice without compunction. Every one of these people has some favourite object for the embraces of his hatred, and a figure of straw will never serve the purpose. He must throw his stone at what stands out; he must twitch the skirt of him who is ascending. Do you imagine that the worst writers of any age were treated with as much asperity as you and I? No, Francesco! give the good folks their due: they are humaner to their fellow-creatures.

Petrarca. Disregarding the ignorant and presumptuous, we have strengthened our language by dipping it afresh in its purer and higher source, and have called the Graces back to it. We never have heeded how Jupiter would have spoken, but only how the wisest men would, and how words follow the movements of the mind. There are rich and copious veins of mineral in regions far remote from commerce and habitations: these veins are useless: so are those writings of which the style is uninviting and inaccessible, through its ruggedness, its chasms, its points, its perplexities, its obscurity. There are scarcely three authors, beside yourself, who appear to heed whether any guest will enter the gate, quite satisfied with the consciousness that they have stores within. Such wealth, in another generation, may be curious, but can not be current. When a language grows up all into stalk, and its flowers begin to lose somewhat of their character, we must go forth into the open fields, through the dingles, and among the mountains, for fresh seed. Our ancestors did this, no very long time ago. Foremost in zeal, in vigour and authority, Alighieri took on himself the same patronage and guardianship of our adolescent dialect, as Homer of the Greek: and my Giovanni hath since endowed it so handsomely, that additional bequests, we may apprehend, will only corrupt its principles, and render it lax and lavish.

Boccaccio. Beware of violating those canons of criticism you have just laid down. We have no right to gratify one by misleading another, nor, when we undertake to show the road, to bandage the eyes of him who trusts us for his conductor. In regard to censure, those only speak ill who speak untruly, unless a truth be barbed by malice and aimed by passion. To be useful to as many as possible is the especial duty of a critic, and his utility can only be attained by rectitude and precision. He walks in a garden which is not his own; and he neither must gather the blossoms to embellish his discourse, nor break the branches to display his strength. Rather let him point to what is out of order, and help to raise what is lying on the ground.

Petrarca. Auditors, and readers in general, come to hear or read, not your opinion delivered, but their own repeated. Fresh notions are as disagreeable to some as fresh air to others; and this inability to bear them is equally a symptom of disease. Impatience and intolerance are sure to be excited at any check to admiration in the narratives of Ugolino and of Francesca: nothing is to be abated: they are not only to be admirable, but entirely faultless.

Boccaccio. You have proved to me that, in blaming our betters, we ourselves may sometimes be unblamed. When authors are removed by death beyond the reach of irritation at the touch of an infirmity, we best consult their glory by handling their works comprehensively and unsparingly. Vague and indefinite criticism suits only slight merit, and presupposes it. Lineaments irregular and profound as Dante's are worthy of being traced with patience and fidelity. In the charts of our globe we find distinctly marked the promontories and indentations, and oftentimes the direction of unprofitable marshes and impassable sands and wildernesses: level surfaces are unnoted. I would not detract one atom from the worth of Dante; which can not be done by summing it up exactly, but may be by negligence in the computation.

Petrarca. Your business, in the lectures, is not to show his merits, but his meaning; and to give only so much information as may be given without

offence to the factious. Whatever you do beyond, is for yourself, your friends, and futurity.

Boccaccio. I may write more lectures, but never shall deliver them in person, as the first. Probably, so near as I am to Florence, and so dear as Florence hath always been to me, I shall see that city no more. The last time I saw it, I only passed through. Four years ago, you remember, I lost my friend Acciaioli. Early in the summer of the preceding, his kindness had induced him to invite me again to Naples, and I undertook a journey to the place where my life had been too happy. There are many who pay dearly for sunshine early in the season: many, for pleasure in the prime of life. After one day lost in idleness at Naples, if intense and incessant thoughts (however fruitless) may be called so, I proceeded by water to Sorento, and thence over the mountains to Amalfi. Here, amid whatever is most beautiful and most wonderful in scenery, I found the Seniscalco. His palace, his gardens, his terraces, his woods, abstracted his mind entirely from the solicitudes of state; and I was gratified at finding in the absolute ruler of a kingdom, the absolute master of his time. Rare felicity! and he enjoyed it the more after the toils of business and the intricacies of policy. His reception of me was most cordial. He showed me his long avenues of oranges and citrons: he helped me to mount the banks of slippery short herbage, whence we could look down on their dark masses, and their broad irregular belts, gemmed with golden fruit and sparkling flowers. We stood high above them, but not above their fragrance, and sometimes we wished the breeze to bring us it, and sometimes to carry a part of it away: and the breeze came and went as if obedient to our volition. Another day he conducted me farther from the palace, and showed me, with greater pride than I had ever seen in him before, the pale-green olives, on little smooth plants, the first year of their bearing. "I will teach my people here," said he, "to make as delicate oil as any of our Tuscans." We had feasts among the caverns: we had dances by day under the shade of the mulberries, by night under the lamps of the arcade: we had music on the shore and on the water.

When next I stood before him, it was afar from these. Torches flamed through the pine-forest of the Certosa: priests and monks led the procession: the sound of the brook alone filled up the intervals of the dirge: and other plumes than the dancers' waved round what was Acciaioli.

Petrarca. Since in his family there was nobody who, from education or pursuits or consanguinity, could greatly interest him; nobody to whom so large an accumulation of riches would not rather be injurious than beneficial, and place rather in the way of scoffs and carpings than exalt to respectability; I regret that he omitted to provide for the comforts of your advancing years.

Boccaccio. The friend would not spoil the philosopher. Our judgment grows the stronger by the dying-down of our affections.

Petrarca. With a careful politician and diplomatist all things find their places but men: and yet he thinks he has niched it nicely, when, as the gardener is left in the garden, the tailor on his board at the casement, he leaves the author at his desk: to remove him would put the world in confusion.

Boccaccio. Acciaioli knew me too well to suppose we could serve each other: and his own capacity was amply sufficient for all the exigencies of the state. Generous,* kind, constant soul! the emblazoned window throws now its rich mantle over him, moved gently by the vernal air of Marignole, or, as the great chapel-door is opened to some visiter of distinction, by the fresh eastern breeze from the valley of the Elsa. We too (mayhap) shall be visited in the same condition; but in a homelier edifice, but in a humbler sepulchre, but by other and far different guests! While they are discussing and sorting out our merits, which are usually first discovered among the nettles in the church-yard, we will carry this volume with us, and show Dante what we have been doing.

Petrarca. We have each of us had our warnings: indeed all men have them: and not only at our time of life, but almost every day of their existence. They come to us even in youth; although, like the lightnings that are said to play incessantly, in the noon and in the morning and throughout the year, we seldom see and never look for them. Come, as you proposed, let us now continue with our Dante.

Ugolino relates to him his terrible dream, in which he fancied that he had seen Gualando, Sismondi, and Lanfranco, killing his children: and he says that, when he awakened, he heard them moan in their sleep. In such circumstances, his awakening ought rather to have removed the impression he laboured under; since it showed him the vanity of the dream, and afforded him the consolation that the children were alive. Yet he adds immediately, what, if he were to speak it at all, he should have deferred,

"You are very cruel if you do not begin to grieve, considering what my heart presaged to me; and, if you do not weep at it, what is it you are wont to weep at?"

Boccaccio. Certainly this is ill-timed; and the conference would indeed be better without it anywhere.

Petrarca. Farther on, in whatever way we interpret

Poscia più che 'l dolor potè 'l digiuno,

the poet falls sadly from his sublimity.

Boccaccio. If the fact were as he mentions, he should have suppressed it, since we had already seen the most pathetic in the features, and the most horrible in the stride, of Famine. Gnawing, not in hunger, but in rage and revenge, the archbishop's scull, is, in the opinion of many, rather ludicrous than tremendous.

* This sentiment must be attributed to the gratitude of Boccaccio, not to the merits of Acciaioli, who treated him unworthily.

Petrarca. In mine, rather disgusting than ludicrous: but Dante (we must whisper it) is the great master of the disgusting. When the ancients wrote indecently and loosely, they presented what either had something alluring or something laughable about it, and, if they disgusted, it was involuntarily. Indecency is the most shocking in deformity. We call indecent, while we do not think it, the nakedness of the Graces and the Loves.

Boccaccio. When we are less barbarous we shall become more familiar with them, more tolerant of sliding beauty, more hospitable to erring passion, and perhaps as indulgent to frailty as we now are to ferocity. I wish I could find in some epitaph, "he loved so many:" it is better than, "he killed so many." Yet the world hangs in admiration over this; you and I should be found alone before the other.

Petrarca. Of what value are all the honours we can expect from the wisest of our species, when even the wisest hold us lighter in estimation than those who labour to destroy what God delighted to create, came on earth to ransom, and suffered on the cross to save! Glory then, glory can it be, to devise with long study, and to execute with vast exertions, what the fang of a reptile or the leaf of a weed accomplishes in an hour? Shall anyone tell me, that the numbers sent to death or to wretchedness make the difference, and constitute the great? Away then from the face of nature as we see her daily! away from the interminable varieties of animated creatures! away from what is fixed to the earth and lives by the sun and dew! Brute inert matter does it: behold it in the pestilence, in the earthquake, in the conflagration, in the deluge!

Boccaccio. Perhaps we shall not be liked the better for what we ourselves have written: yet I do believe we shall be thanked for having brought to light, and for having sent into circulation, the writings of other men. We deserve as much, were it only that it gives people an opportunity of running over us, as ants over the images of gods in orchards, and of reaching by our means the less crude fruits of less ungenial days. Be this as it may, we have spent our time well in doing it, and enjoy (what idlers never can) as pleasant a view in looking back as forward.

Now do tell me, before we say more of the *Paradiso*, what can I offer in defence of the Latin scraps from litanies and lauds, to the number of fifty or thereabout?

Petrarca. Say nothing at all, unless you can obtain some Indulgences for repeating them.

Boccaccio. And then such verses as these, and several score of no better:

> I credo ch' el credette ch' io credessi.
> O Jacomo, dicea, di sant Andrea.
> Come Livio scrisse, che non erra.
> Nel quale un cinque cento dieci e cinque.
> Mille ducento con sessanta sei.
> Pepe Satan, Pepe Satan, Pepè.
> Raffael mai *amec, zabe, almi.*
> Non avria pur dell orlo fatto *crich.*

Petrarca. There is no occasion to look into and investigate a puddle; we perceive at first sight its impurity; but it is useful to analyse, if we can, a limpid and sparkling water, in which the common observer finds nothing but transparency and freshness: for in this, however the idle and ignorant ridicule our process, we may exhibit what is unsuspected, and separate what is insalubrious. We must do then for our poet that which other men do for themselves; we must defend him by advancing the best authority for something as bad or worse; and although it puzzle our ingenuity, yet we may almost make out in quantity, and quite in quality, our spicilege from Virgil himself. If younger men were present, I would admonish and exhort them to abate no more of their reverence for the Roman poet on the demonstration of his imperfections, than of their love for a parent or guardian who had walked with them far into the country, and had shown them its many beauties and blessings, on his lassitude or his debility. Never will such men receive too much homage. He who can best discover their blemishes, will best appreciate their merit, and most zealously guard their honour. The flippancy with which genius is often treated by mediocrity, is the surest sign of a prostrate mind's incontinence and impotence. It will gratify the national pride of our Florentines, if you show them how greatly the nobler parts of their fellow-citizen excell the loftiest of his Mantuan guide.

Boccaccio. Of Virgil?

Petrarca. Even so.

Boccaccio. He had no suspicion of his equality with this prince of Roman poets, whose footsteps he follows with reverential and submissive obsequiousness.

Petrarca. Have you never observed that persons of high rank universally treat their equals with deference; and that ill-bred ones are often smart and captious? Even their words are uttered with a brisk and rapid air, a tone higher than the natural, to sustain the factitious consequence and vapouring independence they assume. Small critics and small poets take all this courage when they licentiously shut out the master; but Dante really felt the veneration he would impress. Suspicion of his superiority he had none whatever, nor perhaps have you yourself much more.

Boccaccio. I take all proper interest in my author; I am sensible to the duties of a commentator; but in truth I dare hardly entertain that exalted notion. I should have the whole world against me.

Petrarca. You must expect it for *any* exalted notion; for anything that so startles a prejudice as to arouse a suspicion that it may be dispelled. You must expect it if you throw open the windows of infection. Truth is only unpleasant in its novelty. He who first utters it, says to his hearer, "You are less wise than I am." Now who likes this?

Boccaccio. But surely if there are some very high places in our Alighieri, the inequalities are per-

petual and vast; whereas the regularity, the continuity, the purity of Virgil, are proverbial.

Petrarca. It is only in literature that what is proverbial is suspicious; and mostly in poetry. Do we find in Dante, do we find in Ovid, such tautologies and flatnesses as these,

> Quam si dura silex . . *aut stet Marpessia cautes*
> Majus adorta nefas . . *majoremque ersa furorem.*
> Arma *amens* capio . . nec *sat rationis* in armis.
> Superatne . . *et vescetur aura*
> *Ætheria* . . *neque adhuc credelibus occubat umbris?*
> Omnes . . cœlicolas . . omnes supera alta tenentes.
> Scuta *latentia condunt.*
> Has inter voces . . *media inter talia verba.*
> Finem dedit . . *ore loquendi.*
> Insonuere cavæ . . *sonitumque dedere cavernæ.*
> *Ferro* accitam . . crebrisque *bipennibus.*
> Nec nostri generis puerum . . *nec sanguinis.*

Boccaccio. These things look very ill in Latin; and yet they had quite escaped my observation. We often find, in the *Psalms of David,* one section of a sentence placed as it were in symmetry with another, and not at all supporting it by presenting the same idea. It is a species of piety to drop the nether lip in admiration; but in reality it is not only the modern taste that is vitiated; the ancient is little less so, although differently. To say over again what we have just ceased to say, with nothing added, nothing improved, is equally bad in all languages and all times.

Petrarca. But in these repetitions we may imagine one part of the chorus to be answering another part opposite.

Boccaccio. Likely enough. However, you have ransacked poor Virgil to the skin, and have stripped him clean.

Petrarca. Of all who have ever dealt with *Winter,* he is the most frost-bitten. Hesiod's description of the snowy season is more poetical and more formidable. What do you think of these icicles,

> Æraque disiliunt vulgo; *vestesque rigescunt!*

Boccaccio. Wretched falling-off.

Petrarca. He comes close enough presently.

> Stiriaque hirsutis dependent horrida barbis.

We will withdraw from the Alps into the city. And now are you not smitten with reverence at seeing

> Romanos rerum dominos; *gentemque togatam?*
> The masters of the world . . and *long-tailed coats!*

Come to Carthage. What a recommendation to a beautiful queen does Æneas offer, in himself and his associates!

> *Lupi ceu*
> *Raptores;* atrâ in nebulâ, quos *improba ventris*
> Exegit cæcos rabies!

Ovid is censured for his

> *Consiliis* non *curribus* utere nostris.

Virgil never for

> *Inceptoque et sedibus* hæret in iisdem.

The same in its quality, but more forced.

The affectation of Ovid was light and playful; Virgil's was wilful, perverse, and grammatistical. Are we therefore to suppose that every hand able to elaborate a sonnet may be raised up against the majesty of Virgil? Is ingratitude so rare and precious, that we should prefer the exposure of his faults to the enjoyment of his harmony? He first delivered it to his countrymen in unbroken links under the form of poetry, and consoled them for the eloquent tongue that had withered on the Rostra. It would be no difficult matter to point out at least twenty bad passages in the *Æneid,* and a proportionate number of worse in the *Georgics.* In your comparison of poet with poet, the defects as well as the merits of each ought to be placed side by side. This is the rather to be expected, as Dante professes to be Virgil's disciple. You may easily show that his humility no more became him than his fierceness.

Boccaccio. You have praised the harmony of the Roman poet. Now in single verses I think our poetry is sometimes more harmonious than the latin, but never in whole sentences. Advantage could perhaps be taken of our metre if we broke through the stanza. Our language is capable, I think, of all the vigour and expression of the latin; and, in regard to the pauses in our versification, in which chiefly the harmony of metre consists, we have greatly the advantage. What for instance is more beautiful than your

> Solo . . e pensoso . . i piu deserti campi
> Vo . . misurando . . a passi tardi . . e lenti.

Petrarca. My critics have found fault with the *lenti,* calling it an expletive, and ignorant that equally in Italian and Latin the word signifies both *slow* and *languid,* while *tardi* signifies *slow* only.

Boccaccio. Good poetry, like good music, pleases most people, but the ignorant and inexpert lose half its pleasures, the invidious lose them all. What a paradise lost is here!

Petrarca. If we deduct the inexpert, the ignorant, and the invidious, can we correctly say it pleases most people? But either my worst compositions are the most admired, or the insincere and malignant bring them most forward for admiration, keeping the others in the back-ground! Sonnetteers, in consequence, have started up from all quarters.

Boccaccio. The sonnet seems peculiarly adapted to the languor of a melancholy and despondent love, the rhymes returning and replying to every plaint and every pulsation. Our poetasters are now converting it into the penfold and pound of stray thoughts and vagrant fancies. No sooner have they collected in their excursions as much matter as they conveniently can manage, than they seat themselves down and set busily to work, punching it neatly out with a clever cubic stamp of fourteen lines in diameter.

Petrarca. A pretty sonnet may be written on a lambkin or a parsnep; there being room enough for truth and tenderness on the edge of a leaf or the tip of an ear; but a great poet must clasp the higher passions breast high, and compell them in an authoritative tone to answer his interrogatories.

We will now return again to Virgil, and consider in what relation he stands to Dante. Our Tuscan and Homer are never inflated.

Boccaccio. Pardon my interruption; but do you find that Virgil is? Surely he has always borne the character of the most chaste, the most temperate, the most judicious among the poets.

Petrarca. And will not soon lose it. Yet never had there swelled, in the higher or the lower regions of poetry, such a gust as here, in the exordium of the *Georgics:*

> Tuque adeo, quem mox quæ sint habitura deorum
> Concilia incertum est, urbisne invisere, Cæsar,
> Terrarumque velis curam, et te maximus orbis
> Auctorem frugum? . . . .

Boccaccio. Already forestalled!

Petrarca.

> . . . . tempestatumque potentem.

Boccaccio. Very strange coincidence of opposite qualifications.

Petrarca.

> Accipiat, cingens maternâ tempora myrto:
> An deus immensi venias maris . . . .

Boccaccio. Surely he would not put down Neptune!

Petrarca.

> . . . . ac tua nautæ
> Numina sola colant: *tibi serviat ultima Thule.*

Boccaccio. Catch him up! catch him up! uncoil the whole of the vessel's rope! never did man fall overboard so unluckily, or sink so deep on a sudden.

Petrarca.

> Teque sibi generum Tethys *emat omnibus undis?*

Boccaccio. Nobody in his senses would bid against her: what indiscretion! and at her time of life too!

> Tethys then really, most gallant Cæsar!
> If you would only condescend to please her,
> With all her waves would your good graces buy,
> And you should govern all the Isle of Skie.

Petrarca.

> Anne novum *tardis* sidus te mensibus addas?

Boccaccio. For what purpose? If the months were *slow,* he was not likely to mend their speed by mounting another passenger. But the vacant place is such an inviting one!

Petrarca.

> Qua locus Erigonen inter Chelasque sequentes
> Panditur.

Boccaccio. Plenty of room, sir!

Petrarca.

> . . . . ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens,
> Scorpius . . .

Boccaccio. I would not incommode him; I would beg him to be quite at his ease.

Petrarca.

> . . . . et cœli justâ plus parte reliquit.
> Quicquid eris (nam te nec sperent Tartara regem
> Nec tibi regnandi veniet tam dira cupido,
> Quamvis Elysios miretur Græcia campos,
> Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem.)

Boccaccio. Was it not enough to have taken all Varro's invocation, much enlarged, without adding these verses to the other twenty-three?

Petrarca. Vainly will you pass through the later poets of the empire, and look for the like extravagance and bombast. Tell me candidly your opinion, not of the quantity but of the quality.

Boccaccio. I had scarcely formed one upon them before. Honestly and truly, it is just such a rumbling rotundity as might have been blown, with much ado, if Lucan and Nero had joined their pipes and puffed together into the same bladder. I never have admired, since I was a schoolboy, the commencement or the conclusion of the *Georgics;* an unwholesome and consuming fungus at the foot of the tree, a withered and loose branch at the summit.

Boccaccio. Virgil and Dante are altogether so different, that, unless you will lend me your whole store of ingenuity, I shall never bring them to bear one upon the other.

Petrarca. Frequently the points of comparison are salient in proportion as the angles of similitude recede: and the absence of a quality in one man usually makes us recollect its presence in another; hence the comparison is at the same time natural and involuntary. Few poets are so different as Homer and Virgil, yet no comparison has been made oftener. Ovid, although unlike Homer, is greatly more like him than Virgil is; for there is the same facility, and apparently the same negligence, in both. The great fault in the *Metamorphoses* is in the plan, as proposed in the argument,

> primaque ab origine mundi
> In mea *perpetuum* deducere tempora carmen.

Had he divided the more interesting of the tales, and omitted all the transformations, he would have written a greater number of exquisite poems than any author of Italy or Greece. He wants on many occasions the gravity of Virgil; he wants on all the variety of cadence; but it is a very mistaken notion that he either has heavier faults or more numerous. His natural air of levity, his unequalled and unfailing ease, have always made the contrary opinion prevalent. Errors and faults are readily supposed, in literature as in life, where there is much gaiety: and the appearance of ease, among those who never could acquire or understand it, excites a suspicion of negligence and faultiness. Of all the ancient Romans, Ovid had the finest imagination; he likewise had the truest tact in judging the poetry of his contemporaries and predecessors. Compare his estimate with Quintilian's of the same writers, and this will strike you forcibly. He was the only one of his countrymen who could justly appreciate the labours of Lucretius.

> Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
> Exitio terras quum dabit una dies.

And the kindness with which he rests on all the others, shows a benignity of disposition which is

often lamentably deficient in authors who write tenderly upon imaginary occasions.

I begin to be inclined to your opinion in regard to the advantages of our Italian versification. It surely has a greater variety, in its usual measure, than the Latin, in dactyls and spondees. We admit several feet into ours: the Latin, if we believe the grammarians, admits only two into the heroic; and at least seven verses in every ten conclude with a dissyllabic word.

Boccaccio. We are taught indeed that the final foot of an hexameter is always a spondee: but our ears deny the assertion, and prove to us that it never is, any more than it is in the Italian. In both the one and the other the last foot is uniformly a trochee in pronunciation. There is only one species of Latin verse which ends with a true inflexible spondee, and this is the *scazon.* Its name of the *limper* is but little prepossessing, yet the two most beautiful and most perfect poems of the language are composed in it; the *Miser Catulle* and the *Sirmio.*

Petrarca. This is likewise my opinion of those two little golden images, which however are insufficient to raise Catullus on an equality with Virgil: nor would twenty such. Amplitude of dimensions is requisite to constitute the greatness of a poet, beside his symmetry of form and his richness of decoration. We have conversed more than once together on the defects and oversights of the correct and elaborate Mantuan, but never without the expression of our gratitude for the exquisite delight he has afforded us. We may forgive him his Proteus and his Pollio; but we can not well forbear to ask him, how Æneas came to know that Acragas was *formerly* the sire of high-mettled steeds, even if such had been the fact? But such was only the fact a thousand years afterward, in the reign of Gelon.

Boccaccio. Was it *then?* Were the horses of Gelon and Theron and Hiero, of Agrigentine or Sicilian breed? The country was never celebrated for a race adapted to chariots; such horses were mostly brought from Thessaly, and probably some from Africa. I do not believe there was ever a fine one in Italy before the invasion of Pyrrhus. No doubt, Hannibal introduced many. Greece herself, I suspect, was greatly indebted to the studs of Xerxes for the noblest of her prizes on the Olympic plain. In the kingdom of Naples I have observed more horses of high blood than in any other quarter of Italy. It is there that Pyrrhus and Hannibal were stationary: and, long after these, the most warlike of men, the Normans, took possession of the country. And the Normans would have horses worthy of their valour, had they unyoked them from the chariot of the sun. Subduers of France, of Sicily, of Cyprus, they made England herself accept their laws.

Virgil, I remember, in the *Georgics,* has given some directions in the choice of horses. He speaks unfavourably of the white: yet painters have been fond of representing the leaders of armies mounted on them. And the reason is quite as good as the reason of a writer on husbandry, Cato or Columella, for choosing a house-dog of a contrary colour: it being desirable that a general should be as conspicuous as possible, and a dog, guarding against thieves, as invisible.

I love beyond measure in Virgil his kindness toward dumb creatures. Although he represents his Mezentius as a hater of the Gods, and so inhuman as to fasten dead bodies to the living, and violates in him the unity of character more than character was ever violated before, we treat as impossible all he has been telling us of his atrocities, when we hear his allocution to Rhœbus.

Petrarca. The dying hero, for hero he is transcendently above all the others in the *Æneid,* is not only the kindest father, not only the most passionate in his grief for Lausus, but likewise gives way to manly sorrows for the mute companion of his warfare.

> Rhœbe diu, res si qua diu mortalibus usquam,
> Viximus.

Here the philosophical reflection addressed to the worthy quadruped, on the brief duration of human and equine life, is ill applied. It is not the thought for the occasion; it is not the thought for the man. He could no more have uttered it than Rhœbus could have appreciated it. This is not however quite so great an absurdity as the tender apostrophe of the monster Proteus to the dead Eurydice. Beside, the youth of Lausus, and the activity and strength of Mezentius, as exerted in many actions just before his fall, do not allow us to suppose that he who says to his horse

> Diu viximus,

had passed the meridian of existence.

Boccaccio. Francesco! it is a pity you had no opportunity of looking into the mouth of the good horse Rhœbus: perhaps his teeth had not lost all their marks.

Petrarca. They would have been lost upon me, though horses' mouths to the intelligent are more trustworthy than many others.

Boccaccio. I have always been of opinion that Virgil is inferior to Homer, not only in genius, but in judgment, and to an equal degree at the very least. I shall never dare to employ half your suggestions in our irritable city, for fear of raising up two new factions, the Virgilians and the Dantists.

Petrarca. I wish in good truth and seriousness you could raise them, or anything like zeal for genius, with whomsoever it might abide.

Boccaccio. You really have almost put me out of conceit with Virgil.

Petrarca. I have done a great wrong then both to him and you. Admiration is not the pursuivant to all the steps even of an admirable poet; but respect is stationary. Attend him where the ploughman is unyoking the sorrowful ox from his companion dead at the furrow; follow him up the arduous ascent where he springs beyond the strides of Lucretius; and close the procession of his glory with the coursers and cars of Elis.

THIRD DAY'S INTERVIEW.

It being now the Lord's day, Messer Francesco thought it meet that he should rise early in the morning and bestir himself, to hear mass in the parish church at Certaldo. Whereupon he went on tiptoe, if so weighty a man could indeed go in such a fashion, and lifted softly the latch of Ser Giovanni's chamber-door, that he might salute him ere he departed, and occasion no wonder at the step he was about to take. He found Ser Giovanni fast asleep, with the missal wide open across his nose, and a pleasant smile on his genial joyous mouth. Ser Francesco leaned over the couch, closed his hands together, and, looking with even more than his usual benignity, said in a low voice,

"God bless thee, gentle soul! the mother of purity and innocence protect thee!"

He then went into the kitchen, where he found the girl Assunta, and mentioned his resolution. She informed him that the horse had eaten his* two beans, and was as strong as a lion and as ready as a lover. Ser Francesco patted her on the cheek, and called her *semplicetta!* She was overjoyed at this honour from so great a man, the bosom-friend of her good master, whom she had always thought the greatest man in the world, not excepting Monsignore, until he told her he was only a dog confronted with Ser Francesco. She tripped alertly across the paved court into the stable, and took down the saddle and bridle from the farther end of the rack. But Ser Francesco, with his natural politeness, would not allow her to equip his palfrey.

"This is not the work for maidens," said he; "return to the house, good girl!"

She lingered a moment, then went away; but, mistrusting the dexterity of Ser Francesco, she stopped and turned back again, and peeped through the half-closed door, and heard sundry sobs and wheezes round about the girth. Ser Francesco's wind ill seconded his intention; and, although he had thrown the saddle valiantly and stoutly in its station, yet the girths brought him into extremity. She entered again, and, dissembling the reason, asked him whether he would not take a small beaker of the sweet white wine before he set out, and offered to girdle the horse while his Reverence bitted and bridled him. Before any answer could be returned, she had begun. And having now satisfactorily executed her undertaking, she felt irrepressible delight and glee at being able to do what Ser Francesco had failed in. He was scarcely more successful with his allotment of the labour; found unlooked-for intricacies and complications in the machinery, wondered that human wit could not simplify it, and declared that the animal had never exhibited such restiveness before. In fact, he never had experienced the same grooming. At this conjuncture, a green cap made its appearance, bound with straw-coloured ribbon, and surmounted with two bushy sprigs of hawthorn, of which the globular buds were swelling, and some bursting, but fewer yet open. It was young Simplizio Nardi, who sometimes came on the Sunday morning to sweep the court-yard for Assunta.

"O! this time you are come just when you were wanted," said the girl.

"Bridle, directly, Ser Francesco's horse, and then go away about your business."

The youth blushed, and kissed Ser Francesco's hand, begging his permission. It was soon done. He then held the stirrup; and Ser Francesco, with scarcely three efforts, was seated and erect on the saddle. The horse however had somewhat more inclination for the stable than for the expedition; and, as Assunta was handing to the rider his long ebony staff, bearing an ivory caduceus, the quadruped turned suddenly round. Simplizio called him *bestiaccia!* and then, softening it, *poco garbato!* and proposed to Ser Francesco that he should leave the bastone behind, and take the crab-switch he presented to him, giving at the same time a sample of its efficacy, which covered the long grizzle hair of the worthy quadruped with a profusion of pink blossoms, like embroidery. The offer was declined; but Assunta told Simplizio to carry it himself, and to walk by the side of Ser Canonico quite up to the church-porch, having seen what a sad dangerous beast his reverence had under him.

With perfect good will, partly in the pride of obedience to Assunta, and partly to enjoy the renown of accompanying a canon of holy church, Simplizio did as she enjoined.

And now the sound of village bells, in many hamlets and convents and churches out of sight, was indistinctly heard, and lost again; and at last the five of Certaldo seemed to crow over the faintness of them all. The freshness of the morning was enough of itself to excite the spirits of youth; a portion of which never fails to descend on years that are far removed from it, if the mind has partaken in innocent mirth while it was its season and its duty to enjoy it. Parties of young and old passed the canonico and his attendant with mute respect, bowing and bare-headed; for that ebony staff threw its spell over the tongue, which the frank and hearty salutation of the bearer was inadequate to break. Simplizio, once or twice, attempted to call back an intimate of the same age with himself; but the utmost he could obtain was a *riveritissimo!* and a genuflexion to the rider. It is reported that a heart-

* Literally, *due fave*, the expression on such occasions to signify a small quantity.

burning rose up from it in the breast of a cousin, some days after, too distinctly apparent in the long-drawn appellation of *Gnor** Simplizio.

Ser Francesco moved gradually forward, his steed picking his way along the lane, and looking fixedly on the stones with all the sobriety of a mineralogist. He himself was well satisfied with the pace, and told Simplizio to be sparing of the switch, unless in case of a hornet or gadfly. Simplizio smiled, toward the hedge, and wondered at the condescension of so great a theologian and astrologer, in joking with him about the gadflies and hornets in the beginning of April. "Ah! there are men in the world who can make wit out of anything!" said he to himself.

As they approached the walls of the town, the whole country was pervaded by a stirring and diversified air of gladness. Laughter and songs and flutes and viols, inviting voices and complying responses, mingled with merry bells and with processional hymns, along the woodland paths and along the yellow meadows. It was really the *Lord's Day*, for he made his creatures happy in it, and their hearts were thankful. Even the cruel had ceased from cruelty; and the rich man alone exacted from the animal his daily labour. Ser Francesco made this remark, and told his youthful guide that he had never been before where he could not walk to church on a Sunday; and that nothing should persuade him to urge the speed of his beast, on the seventh day, beyond his natural and willing foot's-pace. He reached the gates of Certaldo more than half an hour before the time of service, and he found laurels suspended over them, and being suspended; and many pleasant and beautiful faces were protruded between the ranks of gentry and clergy who awaited him. Little did he expect such an attendance; but Fra Biagio of San Vivaldo, who himself had offered no obsequiousness or respect, had scattered the secret of his visit throughout the whole country. A young poet, the most celebrated in the town, approached the canonico with a long scroll of verses, which fell below the knee, beginning,

"How shall we welcome our illustrious guest?"

To which Ser Francesco immediately replied, "Take your favourite maiden, lead the dance with her, and bid all your friends follow; you have a good half-hour for it."

Universal applauses succeeded, the music struck up, couples were instantly formed. The gentry on this occasion led out the cittadinanza, as they usually do in the villeggiatura, rarely in the carnival, and never at other times. The elder of the priests stood round in their sacred vestments, and looked with cordiality and approbation on the youths, whose hands and arms could indeed do much, and did it, but whose active eyes could rarely move upward the modester of their partners.

While the elder of the clergy were thus gathering the fruits of their liberal cares and paternal exhortations, some of the younger looked on with a tenderer sentiment, not unmingled with regret. Suddenly the bells ceased; the figure of the dance was broken; all hastened into the church; and many hands that joined on the green, met together at the font, and touched the brow reciprocally with its lustral waters, in soul-devotion.

After the service, and after a sermon a good church-hour in length to gratify him, enriched with compliments from all authors, christian and pagan, informing him at the conclusion that, although he had been crowned in the Capitol, he must die, being born mortal, Ser Francesco rode homeward. The sermon seemed to have sunk deeply into him, and even into the horse under him, for both of them nodded, both snorted, and one stumbled. Simplizio was twice fain to cry,

"Ser Canonico! Riverenza! in this country if we sleep before dinner it does us harm. There are stones in the road, Ser Canonico, loose as eggs in a nest, and pretty nigh as thick together, huge as mountains."

"Good lad!" said Ser Francesco, rubbing his eyes, "toss the biggest of them out of the way, and never mind the rest."

The horse, although he walked, shuffled almost into an amble as he approached the stable, and his master looked up at it with nearly the same contentment. Assunta had been ordered to wait for his return, and cried,

"O Ser Francesco! you are looking at our long apricot, that runs the whole length of the stable and barn, covered with blossoms as the old white hen is with feathers. You must come in the summer, and eat this fine fruit with Signor Padrone. You can not think how ruddy and golden and sweet and mellow it is. There are peaches in all the fields, and plums, and pears, and apples, but there is not another apricot for miles and miles. Ser Giovanni brought the stone from Naples before I was born: a lady gave it to him when she had eaten only half the fruit off it: but perhaps you may have seen her, for you have ridden as far as Rome, or beyond. Padrone looks often at the fruit, and eats it willingly; and I have seen him turn over the stones in his plate, and choose one out from the rest, and put it into his pocket, but never plant it."

"Where is the youth?" inquired Ser Francesco.

"Gone away," answered the maiden.

"I wanted to thank him," said the Canonico.

"May I tell him so?" asked she.

"And give him," continued he, holding a piece of silver . . .

"I will give him something of my own, if he goes on and behaves well," said she: "but Signor Padrone would drive him away for ever, I am sure, if he were tempted in an evil hour to accept a quattrino, for any service he could render the friends of the house."

Ser Francesco was delighted with the graceful animation of this ingenuous girl, and asked her,

* Contraction of *signor*, customary in Tuscany.

with a little curiosity, how she could afford to make him a present.

"I do not intend to make him a present," she replied: "but it is better he should be rewarded by me," she blushed and hesitated, "or by Signor Padrone," she added, "than by your reverence. He has not done half his duty yet; not half. I will teach him: he is quite a child; four months younger than me."

Ser Francesco went into the house, saying to himself at the doorway,

"Truth, innocence, and gentle manners, have not yet left the earth. There are sermons that never make the ears weary. I have heard but few of them, and come from church for this."

Whether Simplizio had obeyed some private signal from Assunta, or whether his own delicacy had prompted him to disappear, he was now again in the stable, and the manger was replenished with hay. A bucket was soon after heard ascending from the well; and then two words, "Thanks, Simplizio."

When Petrarca entered the chamber, he found Boccaccio with his breviary in his hand, not looking into it indeed, but repeating a thanksgiving in an audible and impassioned tone of voice. Seeing Ser Francesco, he laid the book down beside him, and welcomed him.

"I hope you have an appetite after your ride," said he, "for you have sent home a good dinner before you."

Ser Francesco did not comprehend him, and expressed it not in words but in looks.

"I am afraid you will dine sadly late to-day: noon has struck this half-hour, and you must wait another, I doubt. However, by good luck, I had a couple of citrons in the house, intended to assuage my thirst if the fever had continued. This being over, by God's mercy, I will try (please God!) whether we two greyhounds can not be a match for a leveret."

"How is this?" said Ser Francesco.

"Young Marc-Antonio Grilli, the cleverest lad in the parish at noosing any wild animal, is our patron of the feast. He has wanted for many a day to say something in the ear of Matilda Vercelli. Bringing up the leveret to my bedside, and opening the lips, and cracking the knuckles, and turning the foot round to show the quality and quantity of the hair upon it, and to prove that it really and truly was a leveret, and might be eaten without offence to my teeth, he informed me that he had left his mother in the yard, ready to dress it for me; she having been cook to the prior. He protested he owed the *crowned martyr* a forest of leverets, boars, deer, and everything else within them, for having commanded the most backward girls to dance directly. Whereupon he darted forth at Matilda, saying, 'The *crowned martyr* orders it,' seizing both her hands, and swinging her round before she knew what she was about. He soon had an opportunity of applying a word, no doubt as dexterously as hand or foot; and she said submissively, but seriously, and almost sadly, 'Marc-Antonio, now all the people have seen it, they will think it.'

"And, after a pause,

"'I am quite ashamed: and so should you be: are not you now?'

"The others had run into the church. Matilda, who scarcely had noticed it, cried suddenly,

"'O Santissima! we are quite alone.'

"'Will you be mine?' cried he, enthusiastically.

"'O! they will hear you in the church,' replied she.

"'They shall, they shall,' cried he again, as loudly.

"'If you will only go away.'

"'And then?'

"'Yes, yes, indeed.'

"'The Virgin hears you: fifty saints are witnesses.'

"'Ah! they know you made me: they will look kindly on us.'

"He released her hand: she ran into the church, doubling her veil (I will answer for her) at the door, and kneeling as near it as she could find a place.

"'By St. Peter,' said Marc-Antonio, 'if there is a leveret in the wood, the *crowned martyr* shall dine upon it this blessed day.' And he bounded off, and set about his occupation. I inquired what induced him to designate you by such a title. He answered, that everybody knew you had received the crown of martyrdom at Rome, between the pope and antipope, and had performed many miracles, for which they had canonised you, and that you wanted only to die to become a saint."

The leveret was now served up, cut into small pieces, and covered with a rich tenacious sauce, composed of sugar, citron, and various spices. The appetite of Ser Francesco was contagious. Never was dinner more enjoyed by two companions, and never so much by a greater number. One glass of a fragrant wine, the colour of honey, and unmixed with water, crowned the repast. Ser Francesco then went into his own chamber, and found, on his ample mattress, a cool refreshing sleep, quite sufficient to remove all the fatigues of the morning; and Ser Giovanni lowered the pillow against which he had seated himself, and fell into his usual repose. Their separation was not of long continuance: and, the religious duties of the Sabbath having been performed, a few reflections on literature were no longer interdicted.

Boccaccio. How happens it, O Francesco! that nearly at the close of our lives, after all our efforts and exhortations, we are standing quite alone in the extensive fields of literature? We are only like to *scoria* struck from the anvil of the gigantic Dante. We carry our fire along with us in our parabola, and, behold! it falls extinguished on the earth.

Petrarca. Courage! courage! we have hardly yet lighted the lamp and shown the way.

Boccaccio. You are a poet; I am only a commentator, and must soothe my own failures in the success of my master.

I can not but think again and again, how fruitlessly the bravest have striven to perpetuate the ascendancy or to establish the basis of empire, when Alighieri hath fixed a language for thousands of years, and for myriads of men; a language far richer and more beautiful than our glorious Italy ever knew before, in any of her regions, since the Attic and the Dorian contended for the prize of eloquence on her southern shores. Eternal honour, eternal veneration, to him who raised up our country from the barbarism that surrounded her! Remember how short a time before him, his master Brunetto Latini wrote in French; prose indeed; but whatever has enough in it for poetry, has enough for prose out of its shreds and selvages.

Petrarca. Brunetto! Brunetto! it was not well done in thee. An Italian, a poet, write in French! What human ear can tolerate its nasty nasalities? what homely intellect be satisfied with its barebone poverty? By good fortune we have nothing to do with it in the course of our examination. Several things in Dante himself you will find more easy to explain than to excuse. You have already given me a specimen of them, which I need not assist you in rendering more copious.

Boccaccio. There are certainly some that require no little circumspection. Difficult as they are to excuse, the difficulty lies more on the side of the clergy than the laity.

Petrarca. I understand you. The *gergo* of your author has always a reference to the court of the Vatican. Here he speaks in the dark: against his private enemies he always is clear and explicit.

Unless you are irresistibly pressed into it, give no more than two, or at most three lectures, on the verse which, I predict, will appear to our Florentines the cleverest in the poem.

Che vel viso degli uomini legge O M O.

Boccaccio. We were very near a new civil war about the interpretation of it.

Petrarca. Foolisher questions have excited general ones. What, I wonder, rendered you all thus reasonable at last?

Boccaccio. The majority, which on few occasions is so much in the right, agreed with me that the two eyes are signified by the two vowels, the nose by the centre of the consonant, and the temples by its exterior lines.

Petrarca. In proceeding to explore the Paradise more minutely, I must caution you against remarking to your audience, that, although the nose is between the eyes, the temples are not, exactly. An observation which, if well established, might be resented as somewhat injurious to the Divinity of the *Commedia.*

Boccaccio. With all its flatnesses and swamps, many have preferred the *Paradiso* to the other two sections of the poem.

Petrarca. There is as little in it of very bad poetry, or we may rather say, as little of what is no poetry at all, as in either, which are uninviting from an absolute lack of interest and allusion, from the confusedness of the ground-work, the indistinctness of the scene, and the paltriness (in great measure) of the agents. If we are amazed at the number of Latin verses in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio,* what must we be at their fertility in the *Paradiso,* where they drop on us in ripe clusters through every glen and avenue! We reach the conclusion of the sixteenth canto before we come in sight of poetry, or more than a glade with a gleam upon it. Here we find a description of Florence in her age of innocence: but the scourge of satire sounds in our ears before we fix the attention.

Boccaccio. I like the old Ghibelline best in the seventeenth, where he dismisses the doctors, corks up the Latin, ceases from psalmody, looses the arms of Calfucci and Arigucci, sets down Caponsacco in the market, and gives us a stave of six verses which repays us amply for our heaviest toils and sufferings.

Tu lascierai ogni cosa diletta, &c.

But he soon grows weary of tenderness and sick of sorrow, and returns to his habitual exercise of throwing stones and calling names.

Again we are refreshed in the twentieth. Here we come to the simile: here we look up and see his lark, and are happy and lively as herself. Too soon the hard fingers of the master are round our wrists again: we are dragged into the school, and are obliged to attend the divinity-examination, which the poet undergoes from Saint Simon-Peter. He acquits himself pretty well, and receives a handsome compliment from the questioner, who, "*inflamed with love,*" acknowledges he has given "*a good account of the coinage, both in regard to weight and alloy.*"

"Tell me," continues he, "have you any of it in your pocket?"

"Yea," replies the scholar, "and so shining and round that I doubt not what mint it comes from."

Saint Simon-Peter does not take him at his word for it, but tries to puzzle and pose him with several hard queries. He answers both warily and wittily, and grows so contented with his examining master, that, instead of calling him "*a sergeant of infantry,*" as he did before, he now entitles him "*the baron.*"

I must consult our bishop ere I venture to comment on these two verses,

Credo una essenza, sì una e sì trina
Che sofferà congiunto *sunt et este,*

as, whatever may peradventure lie within them, they are hardly worth the ceremony of being burnt alive for, although it should be at the expense of the Church.

Petrarca. I recommend to you the straightforward course; but I believe I must halt a little, and advise you to look about you. If you let people see that there are so many faults in your author, they will reward you, not according to your merits, but according to its defects. On celebrated writers, when we speak in public, it is

safer to speak magnificently than correctly. Therefore be not too cautious in leading your disciples, and in telling them, here you may step securely, here you must mind your footing: for a florin will drop out of your pocket at every such crevice you stop to cross.

Boccaccio. The room is hardly light enough to let me see whether you are smiling: but, being the most ingenuous soul alive, and by no means the least jocose one, I suspect it. My office is, to explain what is difficult, rather than to expatiate on what is beautiful or to investigate what is amiss. If those who invite me to read the lectures, mark out the topics for me, nothing is easier than to keep within them. Yet with how true and entire a pleasure shall I point out to my fellow-citizens such a glorious tract of splendour as there is in the single line,

> Cio ch'lo vedevo mi sembrava un riso
> Dell' universo!

With what exultation shall I toss up my gauntlet into the balcony of proud Antiquity, and cry, *Descend! Contend!*

I have frequently heard your admiration of this passage, and therefore I dwell on it the more delighted. Beside, we seldom find anything in our progress that is not apter to excite a very different sensation. School-divinity can never be made attractive to the Muses; nor will Virgil and Thomas Aquinas ever cordially shake hands. The unrelenting rancour against the popes is more tedious than unmerited: in a poem I doubt whether we would not rather find it unmerited than tedious. For, of all the sins against the spirit of poetry, this is the most unpardonable. Something of our indignation, and a proportion of our scorn, may fairly be detached from the popes, and thrown on the pusillanimous and perfidious who suffered such excrescences to shoot up, exhausting and poisoning the soil they sprang from.

Petrarca. I do not wonder they make Saint Peter "redden," as we hear they do, but I regret that they make him stammer,

> Quegli che usurpa in terra il luogo mio,
> Il luogo mio, il luogo mio, &c.

Alighieri was not the first catholic who taught us that the papacy is usurpation, nor will he be (let us earnestly hope) the last to inculcate so evident a doctrine.

Boccaccio. Canonico of Parma! Canonico of Parma! you make my hair stand on end. But since nobody sees it beside yourself, prythee tell me how it happens that an infallible pope should denounce as damnable the decision of another infallible pope, his immediate predecessor? Giovanni the twenty-second, whom you knew intimately, taught us that the souls of the just could not enjoy the sight of God until after the day of universal judgment. But the doctors of theology at Paris, and those learned and competent clerks, the kings of France and Naples, would not allow him to die before he had swallowed the chokepear they could not chew. The succeeding pope, who called himself an ass, in which infallibility was less wounded, and neither king nor doctor carped at it (for not only was he one, but as truth-telling a beast as Balaam's), condemned this error, as indeed well he might, after two kings had set their faces against it. But on the whole, the thing is ugly and perplexing. That they were both infallible we know; and yet they differed! Nay, the former differed from himself, and was pope all the while; of course infallible! Well, since we may not solve the riddle, let us suppose it is only a mystery the more, and be thankful for it.

Petrarca. That is best.

Boccaccio. I never was one of those who wish for ice to slide upon in summer. Being no theologian, I neither am nor desire to be sharp-sighted in articles of heresy: but it is reported that there are among Christians some who hesitate to worship the Virgin.

Petrarca. Few, let us hope.

Boccaccio. Hard hearts! Imagine her, in her fifteenth year, fondling the lovely babe whom she was destined to outlive! destined to see shedding his blood, and bowing his head in agony. Can we ever pass her by and not say from our hearts,

"O thou whose purity had only the stain of compassionate tears upon it! blessings, blessings on thee!"

I never saw her image but it suspended my steps on the highway of the world, discoursed with me, softened and chastened me, showing me too clearly my unworthiness by the light of a reproving smile.

Petrarca. Woe betide those who cut off from us any source of tenderness, and shut out from any of our senses the access to devotion!

Beatrice, in the place before us, changes colour too, as deeply as ever she did on earth; for Saint Peter, in his passion, picks up and flourishes some very filthy words. He does not recover the use of his reason on a sudden; but, after a long and bitter complaint that faith and innocence are only to be found in little children; and that the child moreover who loves and listens to its mother while it lisps, wishes to see her buried when it can speak plainly; he informs us that this corruption ought to excite no wonder, since the human race must of necessity go astray, not having any one upon earth to govern it.

Boccaccio. Is not this strange though; from the mouth of one inspired? We are taught that there never shall be wanting a head to govern the church; could Saint Peter say that it *was* wanting? I feel my catholicism here touched to the quick. However, I am resolved not to doubt: the more difficulties I find, the fewer questions I raise: the saints must settle it, as well as they can, among themselves.

Petrarca. They are nearer the fountain of truth than we are; and I am confident Saint Paul was in the right.

Boccaccio. I do verily believe he may have been, although at Rome we might be in jeopardy for saying it. Well is it for me that my engagement

is to comment on Alighieri's *Divina Commedia*, instead of his treatise *De Monarchiâ*. He says bold things there, and sets apostles and popes together by the ears. That is not the worst. He would destroy what is and should be, and would establish what never can nor ought to be.

Petrarca. If a universal monarch could make children good universally, and keep them as innocent when they grow up as when they were in the cradle, we might wish him upon his throne tomorrow. But Alighieri, and those others who have conceived such a prodigy, seem to be unaware that what they would establish for the sake of unity, is the very thing by which this unity must be demolished. For, since universal power does not confer on its possessor universal intelligence, and since a greater number of the cunning could and would assemble round him, he must (if we suppose him like the majority and nearly the totality of his class) appoint a greater proportion of such subjects to the management and controul of his dominions. Many of them would become the rulers of cities and of provinces in which they have no connexions or affinities, and in which the preservation of character is less desirable to them than the possession of power. The operations of injustice, and the opportunities of improvement, would be alike concealed from the monarch in the remoter parts of his territories; and every man of high station would exercise more authority than he.

Boccaccio. Casting aside the impracticable scheme of universal monarchy, if kings and princes there must be, even in the midst of civility and letters, why can not they return to European customs, renouncing those Asiatic practices which are become enormously prevalent? why can not they be contented with such power as the kings of Rome and the lucumons of Etruria were contented with? But forsooth they are wiser! and such customs are obsolete! Of their wisdom I shall venture to say nothing, for nothing, I believe, is to be said of it, but the customs are not obsolete in other countries. They have taken deep root in the north, and exhibit the signs of vigour and vitality. Unhappily, the weakest men always think they least want help; like the mad and the drunk. Princes and geese are fond of standing on one leg, and fancy it (no doubt) a position of gracefulness and security, until the cramp seizes them on a sudden: then they find how helpless they are, and how much better it would have been if they had employed all the support at their disposal.

Petrarca. When the familiars of absolute princes taunt us, as they are wont to do, with the only apophthegm they ever learnt by heart, namely, that it is better to be ruled by one master than by many, I quite agree with them; unity of power being the principle of republicanism, while the principle of despotism is division and delegation. In the one system, every man conducts his own affairs, either personally or through the agency of some trust-worthy representative, which is essentially the same: in the other system, no man, in quality of citizen, has any affairs of his own to conduct: but a tutor has been as much set over him as over a lunatic, as little with his option or consent, and without any provision, as there is in the case of the lunatic, for returning reason. Meanwhile, the spirit of republics is omnipresent in them, as active in the particles as in the mass, in the circumference as in the centre. Eternal it must be, as truth and justice are, although not stationary. Yet when we look on Venice and Genoa, on the turreted Pisa and our own fair Florence, and many smaller cities self-poised in high serenity; when we see what edifices they have raised, and then glance at the wretched habitations of the slaves around, the Austrians, the French, and other fierce restless barbarians; difficult is it to believe that the beneficent God, who smiled upon these our labours, will ever in his indignation cast them down, a helpless prey to such invaders.

Morals and happiness will always be nearest to perfection in small communities, where functionaries are appointed by as numerous a body as can be brought together of the industrious and intelligent, who have observed in what manner they superintend their families, and converse with their equals and dependents. Do we find that farms are better cultivated for being large? is your neighbour friendlier for being powerful? is your steward honester and more attentive for having a mortgage on your estate or a claim to a joint property in your mansion? Yet well-educated men are seen about the streets, so vacant and delirious, as to fancy that a country can only be well governed by somebody who never saw and will never see a twentieth part of it, or know a hundredth part of its necessities; somebody who has no relationships in it, no connexions, no remembrances. A man without soul and sympathy is alone to be the governor of men! Giovanni! our Florentines are, beyond all others, a treacherous, tricking, mercenary race. What in the name of heaven will become of them, if ever they listen to these ravings; if ever they lose, by their cowardice and dissensions, the crust of salt that keeps them from putrescency, their freedom?

Boccaccio. Alas! I dare hardly look out sometimes, lest I see before me the day when German and Spaniard will split them down the back and throw them upon the coals. Sad thought! here we will have done with it. We can not help them: we have made the most of them, like the good tailor who, as Dante says, cuts his coat according to his cloth.

Petrarca. Do you intend, if they should call upon you again, to give them occasionally some of your strictures on his prose writings?

Boccaccio. It would not be expedient. Enough of his political sentiments is exhibited, in various places of his poem, to render him unacceptable to one party; and enough of his theological, or rather his ecclesiastical, to frighten both. You

and I were never passionately fond of the papacy, to which we trace in great measure the miseries of our Italy, its divisions and its corruptions, the substitution of cunning for fortitude, and of creed for conduct. He burst into indignation at the sight of this, and, because the popes took away our christianity, he was so angry he would throw her freedom after it. Any thorn in the way is fit enough to toss the tattered rag on. A German king will do; Austrian or Bavarian, Swabian or Switzer. And, to humiliate us more and more, and render us the laughing-stock of our household, he would invest the intruder with the title of Roman emperor. What! it is not enough then that he assumes it! We must invite him, forsooth, to accept it at our hands!

Petrarca. Let the other nations of Europe be governed by their hereditary kings and feudal princes: it is more accordant with those ancient habits which have not yet given way to the blandishment of literature and the pacific triumph of the arts: but let the states of Italy be guided by their own citizens. May nations find out by degrees that the next evil to being conquered is to conquer, and that he who assists in making slaves gives over at last by becoming one.

Boccaccio. Let us endure a French pope, or any other, as well as we can; there is no novelty in his being a stranger. The Romans at all times picked up recruits from the thieves, gods, and priests, of all nations. Dante is wrong, I suspect, in imagining the popes to be infidels; and, no doubt, they would pay for indulgences as honestly as they sell them, if there were anybody at hand to receive the money. But who in the world ever thought of buying the cap he was wearing on his own head? Popes are no such triflers. After all, an infidel pope (and I do not believe there are three in a dozen) is less noxious than a sanguinary soldier, be his appellation what it may, if his power is only limited by his will. My experience has however taught me, that where there is a great mass of power concentrated, it will always act with great influence on the secondary around it. Whether pope or emperor or native king occupy the most authority within the Alps, the barons will range themselves under his banner, apart from the citizens. Venice, who appears to have received by succession the political wisdom of republican Rome, has less political enterprise: and the jealousies of her rivals will always hold them back, or greatly check them, from any plan suggested by her for the general good.

Petrarca. It appears to be the will of Providence that power and happiness shall never co-exist. Whenever a state becomes powerful, it becomes unjust; and injustice leads it first to the ruin of others, and next, and speedily, to its own. We, whose hearts are republican, are dazzled by looking so long and so intently at the eagles, and standards, and golden letters, S. P. Q. R. We are reluctant to admit that the most wretched days of ancient Rome were the days of her most illustrious men; that they began amid the triumphs of Scipio, when the Gracchi perished, and reached the worst under the dictatorship of Cæsar, when perished Liberty herself. A milder and better race was gradually formed by Grecian instruction. Vespasian, Titus, Nerva, Trajan, the Antonines, the Gordians, Tacitus, Probus, in an almost unbroken series, are such men as never wore the diadem in other countries; and Rome can show nothing comparable to them in the most renowned and virtuous of her earlier consuls. Humanity would be consoled in some degree by them, if their example had sunk into the breasts of the governed. But ferocity is unsoftened by sensuality; and the milk of the wolf could always be traced in the veins of the effeminated Romans.

Petrarca. That is true: and they continue to this day less humane than any other people of Italy. The better part of their character has fallen off from them; and in courage and perseverance they are far behind the Venetians and Ligurians. These last, a scanty population, were hardly to be conquered by Rome in the plenitude of her power, and with all her confederates: for which reason they were hated by her beyond all other nations. To gratify the pride and malice of Augustus, were written the verses,

> Vane Ligur! frustraque animis elate superbis,
> Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.

Since that time, the inhabitants of Genoa and Venice have been enriched with the generous blood of the Lombards. This little tribe on the Subalpine territory, and the Norman on the Apulian, demonstrate to us, by the rapidity and extension of their conquests, that Italy is an over-ripe fruit, ready to drop from the stalk under the feet of the first insect that alights on it.

Boccaccio. The Germans, although as ignorant as the French, are less cruel, less insolent and rapacious. The French have a separate claw for every object of appetite or passion, and a spring that enables them to seize it. The desires of the German are overlaid with food and extinguished with drink, which to others are stimulants and incentives. The German loves to see everything about him orderly and entire, however coarse and common: the nature of the Frenchman is to derange and destroy everything. Sometimes when he has done so, he will reconstruct and refit it in his own manner, slenderly and fantastically; oftener leaving it in the middle, and proposing to lay the foundation when he has pointed the pinnacles and gilt the weathercock.

Petrarca. There is no danger that the French will have a durable footing in this or any other country. Their levity is more intolerable than German pressure, their arrogance than German pride, their falsehood than German rudeness, and their vexations than German exaction.

Boccaccio. If I must be devoured, I have little choice between the bear and the panther. May we always see the creatures at a distance and across the grating. The French will fondle us, to

show us how vastly it is our interest to fondle them; watching all the while their opportunity; looking mild and half-asleep; making a dash at last; and laying bare and fleshless the arm we extend to them, from shoulder-blade to wrist.

Petrarca. No nation, grasping at so much, ever held so little, or lost so soon what it had inveigled. Yet France is surrounded by smaller and by apparently weaker states, which she never ceases to molest and invade. Whatever she has won, and whatever she has lost, has been alike won and lost by her perfidy; the characteristic of the people from the earliest ages, and recorded by a succession of historians, Greek and Roman.

Boccaccio. My father spent many years among them, where also my education was completed; yet whatever I have seen, I must acknowledge, corresponds with whatever I have read, and corroborates in my mind the testimony of tradition. Their ancient history is only a preface to their later. Deplorable as is the condition of Italy, I am more contented to share in her sufferings than in the frothy festivities of her frisky neighbour.

Petrarca. So am I: but we must never deny or dissemble the victories of the ancient Gauls, many traces of which are remaining; not that a nation's glory is the greener for the ashes it has scattered in the season of its barbarism.

Boccaccio. The Cisalpine regions were indeed both invaded and occupied by them; yet, from inability to retain the acquisition, how inconsiderable a part of the population is Gaulish! Long before the time of Cæsar, the language was Latin throughout: the soldiers of Marius swept away the last dregs and stains on the ancient hearth. Nor is there in the physiognomy of the people the slightest indication of the Gaul, as we perceive by medals and marbles. These would surely preserve his features; because they can only be the memorials of the higher orders, which of course would have descended from the conquerors. They merged early and totally in the original mass: and the countenances in Cisalpine busts are as beautiful and dignified as our other Italian races.

Petrarca. The French imagine theirs are too.

Boccaccio. I heartily wish them the full enjoyment of their blessings, real or imaginary: but neither their manners nor their principles coincide with ours, nor can a reasonable hope be entertained of benefit in their alliance. Union at home is all we want, and vigilance to perpetuate the better of our institutions.

Petrarca. The land, O Giovanni, of your early youth, the land of my only love, fascinates us no longer. Italy is our country; and not ours only, but every man's, wherever may have been his wanderings, wherever may have been his birth, who watches with anxiety the recovery of the Arts, and acknowledges the supremacy of Genius. Beside, it is in Italy at last that all our few friends are resident. Yours were left behind you at Paris in your adolescence, if indeed any friendship can exist between a Florentine and a Frenchman: mine at Avignon were Italians, and older for the most-part than myself. Here we know that we are beloved by some, and esteemed by many. It indeed gave me pleasure the first morning as I lay in bed, to overhear the fondness and earnestness which a worthy priest was expressing in your behalf.

Boccaccio. In mine?

Petrarca. Yes indeed: what wonder?

Boccaccio. A worthy priest?

Petrarca. None else, certainly.

Boccaccio. Heard in bed! dreaming, dreaming; ay?

Petrarca. No indeed: my eyes and ears were wide open.

Boccaccio. The little parlour opens into your room. But what priest could that be? Canonico Casini? He only comes when we have a roast of thrushes, or some such small matter at table: and this is not the season; they are pairing. Plover eggs might tempt him hitherward. If he heard a plover he would not be easy, and would fain make her drop her oblation before she had settled her nest.

Petrarca. It is right and proper that you should be informed who the clergyman was, to whom you are under an obligation.

Boccaccio. Tell me something about it, for truly I am at a loss to conjecture.

Petrarca. He must unquestionably have been expressing a kind and ardent solicitude for your eternal welfare. The first words I heard on awakening were these:

"Ser Giovanni, although the best of masters..."

Boccaccio. Those were Assuntina's.

Petrarca. ... "may hardly be quite so holy (not being priest or friar) as your Reverence."

She was interrupted by the question, "What conversation holdeth he?"

She answered,

"He never talks of loving our neighbour with all our heart, all our soul, and all our strength, although he often gives away the last loaf in the pantry."

Boccaccio. It was she! Why did she say that? the slut!

Petrarca. "He doth well," replied the confessor. "Of the church, of the brotherhood, that is, of me, what discourses holdeth he?"

I thought the question an indiscreet one; but confessors vary in their advances to the seat of truth.

She proceeded to answer:

"He never said anything about the power of the church to absolve us, if we should happen to go astray a little in good company, like your Reverence."

Here, it is easy to perceive, is some slight ambiguity. Evidently she meant to say, by the seduction of "bad" company, and to express that his Reverence had asserted his power of absolution; which is undeniable.

Boccaccio. I have my version.

Petrarca. What may your's be?

Boccaccio. Frate Biagio; broad as daylight; the whole frock round!

I would wager a flask of oil against a turnip, that he laid another trap for a penance. Let us see how he went on. I warrant, as he warmed, he left off limping in his paces, and bore hard upon the bridle.

Petrarca. "Much do I fear," continued the expositor, "he never spoke to thee, child, about another world."

There was a silence of some continuance.

"Speak!" said the confessor.

"No indeed he never did, poor Padrone!" was the slow and evidently reluctant avowal of the maiden; for, in the midst of the acknowledgment her sighs came through the crevices of the door: then, without any farther interrogation, and with little delay, she added,

"But he often makes this look like it."

Boccaccio. And now, if he had carried a holy scourge, it would not have been on his shoulders that he would have laid it.

Petrarca. Zeal carries men often too far afloat; and confessors in general wish to have the sole steerage of the conscience. When she told him that your benignity made this world another heaven, he warmly and sharply answered,

"It is only we who ought to do that."

"Hush," said the maiden; and I verily believe she at that moment set her back against the door, to prevent the sounds from coming through the crevices, for the rest of them seemed to be just over my night-cap. "Hush," said she, in the whole length of that softest of all articulations, "There is Ser Francesco in the next room: he sleeps long into the morning, but he is so clever a clerk, he may understand you just the same. I doubt whether he thinks Ser Giovanni in the wrong for making so many people quite happy; and if he should, it would grieve me very much to think he blamed Ser Giovanni."

"Who is Ser Francesco?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Ser Canonico," she answered.

"Of what Duómo?" continued he.

"Who knows?" was the reply; "but he is Padrone's heart's friend, for certain."

"Cospetto di Bacco! It can then be no other than Petrarca. He makes rhymes and love like the devil. Don't listen to him, or you are undone. Does he love you too, as well as Padrone?" he asked, still lowering his voice.

"I can not tell that matter," she answered, somewhat impatiently: "but I love him."

"To my face!" cried he, smartly.

"To the Santissima!" replied she, instantaneously; "for have not I told your Reverence he is Padrone's true heart's friend! And are not you my confessor, when you come on purpose?"

"True, true!" answered he: "but there are occasions when we are shocked by the confession, and wish it made less daringly."

"I was bold; but who can help loving him who loves my good Padrone?" said she, much more submissively.

Boccaccio. Brave girl, for that!

Dog of a Frate! They are all of a kidney; all of a kennel. I would dilute their meal well and keep them low. They should not waddle and wallop in every hollow lane, nor loll out their watery tongues at every wash-pool in the parish. We shall hear, I trust, no more about Fra Biagio in the house while you are with us. Ah! were it then for life.

Petrarca. The man's prudence may be reasonably doubted, but it were uncharitable to question his sincerity. Could a neighbour, a religious one in particular, be indifferent to the welfare of Boccaccio, or any belonging to him?

Boccaccio. I do not complain of his indifference. Indifferent! no, not he. He might as well be, though. My Villetta here is my castle: it was my father's; it was his father's. Cowls did not hang to dry upon the same cord with caps in their *podere*; they shall not in mine. The girl is an honest girl, Francesco, though I say it. Neither she nor any other shall be befooled and bamboozled under my roof. Methinks Holy Church might contrive some improvement upon confession.

Petrarca. Hush! Giovanni! But, it being a matter of discipline, who knows but she might.

Boccaccio. Discipline! ay, ay, ay! faith and troth there are some who want it.

Petrarca. You really terrify me. These are sad surmises.

Boccaccio. Sad enough: but I am keeper of my handmaiden's probity.

Petrarca. It could not be kept safer.

Boccaccio. I wonder what the Frate would be putting into her head.

Petrarca. Nothing, nothing; be assured.

Boccaccio. Why did he ask her all those questions?

Petrarca. Confessors do occasionally take circuitous ways to arrive at the secrets of the human heart.

Boccaccio. And sometimes they drive at it, methinks, a whit too directly. He had no business to make remarks about me.

Petrarca. Anxiety.

Boccaccio. 'Fore God, Francesco, he shall have more of that; for I will shut him out the moment I am again up and stirring, though he stand but a nose's length off. I have no fear about the girl; no suspicion of her. He might whistle to the moon on a frosty night, and expect as reasonably her descending. Never was a man so entirely at his ease as I am about that; never, never. She is adamant; a bright sword now first unscabbarded; no breath can hang about it. A seal of beryl, of chrysolite, of ruby; to make impressions (all in good time and proper place though) and receive none: incapable, just as they are, of splitting, or cracking, or flawing, or harbouring dirt. Let him mind that. Such, I assure you, is that poor little wench, Assuntina.

Petrarca. I am convinced that so well-behaved a young creature as Assunta . . .

Boccaccio. Right! Assunta is her name by baptism; we usually call her Assuntina, because she is slender, and scarcely yet full-grown, perhaps: but who can tell?

As for those friars, I never was a friend to impudence: I hate loose suggestions. In girls' minds you will find little dust but what is carried there by gusts from without. They seldom want sweeping; when they do, the broom should be taken from behind the house-door, and the master should be the sacristan.

. . . Scarcely were these words uttered when Assunta was heard running up the stairs; and the next moment she rapped. Being ordered to come in, she entered with a willow twig in her hand, from the middle of which willow twig (for she held the two ends together) hung a fish, shining with green and gold.

"What hast there, young maiden?" said Ser Francesco.

"A fish, Riverenza!" answered she. "In Tuscany we call it *tinca*."

Petrarca. I too am a little of a Tuscan.

Assunta. Indeed! well, you really speak very like one, but only more sweetly and slowly. I wonder how you can keep up with Signor Padrone, he talks fast when he is in health; and you have made him so. Why did not you come before? Your Reverence has surely been at Certaldo in time past.

Petrarca. Yes, before thou wert born.

Assunta. Ah sir! it must have been long ago then.

Petrarca. Thou hast just entered upon life.

Assunta. I am no child.

Petrarca. What then art thou?

Assunta. I know not: I have lost both father and mother; there is a name for such as I am.

Petrarca. And a place in heaven.

Boccaccio. Who brought us that fish, Assunta? hast paid for it? there must be seven pounds: I never saw the like.

Assunta. I could hardly lift up my apron to my eyes with it in my hand. Luca, who brought it all the way from the Padule, could scarcely be entreated to eat a morsel of bread or sit down.

Boccaccio. Give him a flask or two of our wine; he will like it better than the sour puddle of the plain.

Assunta. He is gone back.

Boccaccio. Gone! who is he, pray?

Assunta. Luca, to be sure.

Boccaccio. What Luca?

Assunta. Dominedio! O Riverenza! how sadly must Ser Giovanni, my poor padrone, have lost his memory in this cruel long illness! he can not recollect young Luca of the Bientola, who married Maria.

Boccaccio. I never heard of either, to the best of my knowledge.

Assunta. Be pleased to mention this in your prayers to-night, Ser Canonico! May Our Lady soon give him back his memory! and everything else she has been pleased (only in play, I hope) to take away from him! Ser Francesco, you must have heard all over the world how Maria Gargarelli, who lived in the service of our paroco, somehow was outwitted by Satanasso. Monsignore thought the paroco had not done all he might have done against his wiles and craftiness, and sent his Reverence over to the monastery in the mountains, Laverna yonder, to make him look sharp; and there he is yet.

And now does Signor Padrone recollect?

Boccaccio. Rather more distinctly.

Assunta. Ah me! Rather more distinctly! have patience, Signor Padrone! I am too venturous, God help me! But, Riverenza, when Maria was the scorn or the abhorrence of everybody else, excepting poor Luca Sabbatini, who had always cherished her, and excepting Signor Padrone, who had never seen her in his lifetime . . for paroco Snello said he desired no visits from any who took liberties with Holy Church . . as if Padrone did! Luca one day came to me out of breath, with money in his hand for our duck. Now it so happened that the duck, stuffed with noble chestnuts, was going to table at that instant. I told Signor Padrone.

Boccaccio. Assunta, I never heard thee repeat so long and tiresome a story before, nor put thyself out of breath so. Come, we have had enough of it.

Petrarca. She is mortified: pray let her proceed.

Boccaccio. As you will.

Assunta. I told Signor Padrone how Luca was lamenting that Maria was seized with an *imagination.*

Petrarca. No wonder then she fell into misfortune, and her neighbours and friends avoided her.

Assunta. Riverenza! how can you smile? Signor Padrone! and you too? You shook your head and sighed at it when it happened. The Demonio, who had caused all the first mischief, was not contented until he had given her the *imagination.*

Petrarca. He could not have finished his work more effectually.

Assunta. He was balked, however. Luca said, "She shall not die under her wrongs, please God!"

I repeated the words to Signor Padrone . . . He seems to listen, Riverenza! and will remember presently . . . and Signor Padrone cut away one leg for himself, clean forgetting all the chestnuts inside, and said sharply, "Give the bird to Luca; and, hark ye, bring back the minestra."

Maria loved Luca with all her heart, and Luca loved Maria with all his: but they both hated paroco Snello for such neglect about the evil one. And even Monsignore, who sent for Luca on purpose, had some difficulty in persuading him to forbear from choler and discourse. For Luca, who never swears, swore bitterly that the devil should play no such tricks again, nor alight on girls nap-

ping in the parsonage. Monsignore thought he intended to take violent possession, and to keep watch there himself without consent of the incumbent. "I will have no scandal," said Monsignore; so there was none. Maria, though she did indeed, as I told your Reverence, love her Luca dearly, yet she long refused to marry him, and cried very much at last on the wedding-day, and said, as she entered the porch,

"Luca! it is not yet too late to leave me."

He would have kissed her, but her face was upon his shoulder.

Pievano Locatelli married them, and gave them his blessing: and going down from the altar, he said before the people, as he stood on the last step, "Be comforted, child! be comforted! God above knows that thy husband is honest, and that thou art innocent." Pievano's voice trembled, for he was an aged and holy man, and had walked two miles on the occasion. Pulcheria, his governante, eighty years old, carried an apronful of lilies to bestrew the altar; and partly from the lilies, and partly from the blessed angels who (although invisible) were present, the church was filled with fragrance. Many who heretofore had been frightened at hearing the mention of Maria's name, ventured now to walk up toward her; and some gave her needles, and some offered skeins of thread, and some ran home again for pots of honey.

Boccaccio. And why didst not thou take her some trifle?

Assunta. I had none.

Boccaccio. Surely there are always such about the premises.

Assunta. Not mine to give away.

Boccaccio. So then at thy hands, Assunta, she went off not overladen. Ne'er a bone-bodkin out of thy bravery, ay?

Assunta. I ran out knitting, with the woodbine and syringa in the basket for the parlour. I made the basket, . . I and . . but myself chiefly, for boys are loiterers.

Boccaccio. Well, well: why not bestow the basket, together with its rich contents?

Assunta. I am ashamed to say it . . I covered my half-stocking with them as quickly as I could, and ran after her, and presented it. Not knowing what was under the flowers, and never minding the liberty I had taken, being a stranger to her, she accepted it as graciously as possible, and bade me be happy.

Petrarca. I hope you have always kept her command.

Assunta. Nobody is ever unhappy here, excepting Fra Biagio, who frets sometimes: but that may be the walk; or he may fancy Ser Giovanni to be worse than he really is.

. . . Having now performed her mission and concluded her narrative, she bowed, and said,

"Excuse me, Riverenza! excuse me, Signor Padrone! my arm aches with this great fish."

Then, bowing again, and moving her eyes modestly toward each, she added, "with permission!" and left the chamber.

"About the Sposina," after a pause began Ser Francesco: "about the Sposina, I do not see the matter clearly."

"You have studied too much for seeing all things clearly," answered Ser Giovanni: "you see only the greatest. In fine, the devil, on this count, is acquitted by acclamation: and the paroco Snello eats lettuce and chicory up yonder at Laverna. He has mendicant friars for his society every day; and snails, as pure as water can wash and boil them, for his repast on festivals. Under this discipline, if they keep it up, surely one devil out of legion will depart from him."

FOURTH DAY'S INTERVIEW.

Petrarca. Do not throw aside your *Paradiso* for me. Have you been reading it again so early?

Boccaccio. Looking into it here and there. I had spare time before me.

Petrarca. You have coasted the whole poem, and your boat's bottom now touches ground. But tell me what you think of Beatrice.

Boccaccio. I think her in general more of the seraphic doctor than of the seraph. It is well she retained her beauty where she was, or she would scarcely be tolerable now and then. And yet, in other parts, we forget the captiousness in which Theology takes delight, and feel our bosoms refreshed by the perfect presence of the youthful and innocent Bice.

There is something so sweetly sanctifying in pure love!

Petrarca.

> Pure love? there is no other; nor shall be,
> Till the worse angels hurl the better down
> And heaven lie under hell: if God is one
> And pure, so surely love is pure and one.

Boccaccio. You understand it better than I do: you must have your own way.

Above all, I have been admiring the melody of the cadence in this portion of the *Divina Commedia*. Some of the stanzas leave us nothing to desire in facility and elegance.

Alighieri grows harmonious as he grows humane, and does not, like Orpheus, play the better with the beasts about him.

Petrarca. It is in Paradise that we might expect his tones to be tried and modulated.

Boccaccio. None of the imitative arts should repose on writhings and distortions. Tragedy herself, unless she lead from Terror to Pity, has lost her way.

Petrarca. What then must be thought of a long and crowded work, whence Pity is violently excluded, and where Hatred is the first personage we meet, and almost the last we part from?

Boccaccio. Happily the poet has given us here a few breezes of the morning, a few glimpses of

the stars, a few similes of objects to which we have been accustomed among the amusements or occupations of the country. Some of them would be less admired in a meaner author, and are welcome here chiefly as a variety and relief to the mind, after a long continuance in a painful posture. Have you not frequently been pleased with a short quotation of verses in themselves but indifferent, from finding them in some tedious dissertation? and especially if they carry you forth a little into the open air.

Petrarca. I am not quite certain whether, if the verses were indifferent, I should willingly exchange the prose for them; bad prose being less wearisome than bad poetry: so much less indeed, that the advantage of the exchange might fail to balance the account.

Boccaccio. Let me try whether I can not give you an example of such effect, having already given you the tedious dissertation.

Petrarca. Do your worst.

Boccaccio. Not that neither, but bad enough.

THE PILGRIM'S SHELL.

Under a tuft of eglantine, at noon,
I saw a pilgrim loosen his broad shell
To catch the water off a stony tongue;
Medusa's it might be, or Pan's, erewhile,
For the huge head was shapeless, eaten out
By time and tempest here, and here embost
With clasping tangles of dark maidenhair.
"How happy is thy thirst! how soon assuaged!
How sweet that coldest water this hot day!"
Whispered my thoughts; not having yet observ'd
His shell so shallow and so chipt around.
Tall though he was, he held it higher, to meet
The sparkler at its outset: with fresh leap,
Vigorous as one just free upon the world,
Impetuous too as one first checkt, with stamp
Heavy as ten such sparklers might be deemed,
Rushi it amain, from cavity and rim
And rim's divergent channels, and dropt thick
(Issuing at wrist and elbow) on the grass.
The pilgrim shook his head, and fixing up
His scallop,
"There is something yet," said he,
"Too scanty in this world for my desires!"

Petrarca. O Giovanni! these are better thoughts and opportuner than such lonely places formerly supplied us with. The whispers of rose-bushes were not always so innocent: under the budding and under the full-blown we sometimes found other images: sometimes the pure fountain failed in bringing purity to the heart.

Unholy fire sprang up in fields and woods;
The air that fann'd it came from solitudes.

If our desires are worthy ones and accomplished, we rejoice in after-time; if unworthy and unsuccessful, we rejoice no less at their discomfiture and miscarriage. We can not have all we wish for. Nothing is said oftener, nothing earlier, nothing later. It begins in the arms with the chidings of the nurse; it will terminate with the milder voice of the physician at the deathbed. But although everybody has heard and most have said it, yet nobody seems to have said or considered, that it is much, very much, to be able to form and project our wishes; that, in the voyage we take to compass and turn them to account, we breathe freely and hopefully; and that it is chiefly in the stagnation of port we are in danger of disappointment and disease.

Boccaccio. The young man who resolves to conquer his love, is only half in earnest or has already half conquered it. But fields and woods have no dangers now for us. I may be alone until doomsday, and loose thoughts will be at fault if they try to scent me.

Petrarca. When the rest of our smiles have left us, we may smile at our immunities. There are indeed, for nearly all,

Rocks on the shore wherefrom we launch on life,
Before our final harbour rocks again,
And (narrow sun-paced plains sailed swiftly by)
Eddies and breakers all the space between.

Yet Nature preserves her sedater charms for us both: and I doubt whether we do not enjoy them the more, by exemption from solicitations and distractions. We are not old while we can hear and enjoy, as much as ever,

The lonely bird, the bird of even-song,
When, catching one far call, he leaps elate,
In his full fondness drowns it, and again
The shrill shrill glee through Serravalle rings.

Boccaccio. The nightingale is a lively bird to the young and joyous, a melancholy one to the declining and pensive. He has notes for every ear; he has feelings for every bosom; and he exercises over gentle souls a wider and more welcome dominion than any other creature. If I must not offer you my thanks, for bringing to me such associations as the bed-side of sickness is rarely in readiness to supply; if I must not declare to you how pleasant and well placed are your reflections on our condition; I may venture to remark on the nightingale, that our Italy is the only country where this bird is killed for the market. In no other is the race of Avarice and Gluttony so hard run. What a triumph for a Florentine, to hold under his fork the most delightful being in all animated nature! the being to which every poet, or nearly every one, dedicates the first fruits of his labours. A cannibal who devours his enemy, through intolerable hunger, or, what he holds as the measure of justice and of righteousness, revenge, may be viewed with less abhorrence than the heartless gormandiser, who casts upon his loaded stomach the little breast that has poured delight on thousands.

Petrarca. The English, I remember Ser Geoffreddo* telling us, never kill singing-birds nor swallows.

Boccaccio. Music and hospitality are sweet and sacred things with them; and well may they value their few warm days, out of which, if the produce is not wine and oil, they gather song and garner sensibility.

Petrarca. Ser Geoffreddo felt more pleasure in the generosity and humanity of his countrymen,

* Chaucer.

than in the victories they had recently won, with incredibly smaller numbers, over their boastful enemy.

Boccaccio. I know not of what nation I could name so amusing a companion as Ser Geoffreddo. The Englishman is rather an island than an islander; bluff, stormy, rude, abrupt, repulsive, inaccessible. We must not however hold back or dissemble the learning, and wisdom, and courtesy, of the better. While France was without one single man above a dwarf in literature, and we in Italy had only a small sprinkling of it, Richard de Bury was sent ambassador to Rome by King Edward. So great was his learning, that he composed two grammars, one Greek, one Hebrew; neither of which labours had been attempted by the most industrious and erudite of those who spoke the languages: he likewise formed so complete a library as belongs only to the Byzantine emperors. This prelate came into Italy attended by Ser Geoffreddo, in whose company we spent, as you remember, two charming evenings at Arezzo.

Petrarca. What wonderful things his countrymen have been achieving in this century!

Boccaccio. And how curious it is to trace them up into their Norwegian coves and creeks three or four centuries back!

Petrarca. Do you think it possible that Norway, which never could maintain sixty thousand* male adults, was capable of sending, from her native population, a sufficient force of warriors to conquer the best province of France, and the whole of England? And you must deduct from these sixty thousand, the aged, the artisans, the cultivators, and the clergy, together with all the dependents of the church: which numbers, united, we may believe amounted to above one half.

Boccaccio. That she could embody such an army from her own very scanty and scattered population; no, indeed: but if you recollect that a vast quantity of British had been ejected by incursions of Picts, and that also there had been on the borders a general insurrection against the Romans, and against those of half-blood (which is always the case in a rebellion of the Aboriginals), and if you believe, as I do, that the ejected Romans, of the coast at least, became pirates, and were useful to the Scandinavians, by introducing what was needful of their arts and saleable of their plunder, taking in exchange their iron and timber, you may readily admit as a probability, that by the display of spoils and the spirit of enterprise, they encouraged, headed, and carried into effect the invasion of France, and subsequently of England. The English gentlemen of Norman descent have neither blue eyes, in general, nor fair complexions, differing in physiognomy altogether both from the Belgic race and the Norwegian. Beside, they are remarkable for a sedate and somewhat repulsive pride, very different from the effervescent froth of the one, and the sturdy simplicity of the other. Ser Geoffreddo is not only the greatest genius, but likewise the most amiable of his nation. He gave his thoughts and took yours with equal freedom. His countrymen, if they give you any, throw them at your head; and, if they receive any, cast them under their feet before you. Courtesy is neither a quality of native growth, nor communicable to them. Their rivals, the French, are the best imitators in the world; the English the worst; particularly under the instruction of the Graces. They have many virtues, no doubt; but they reserve them for the benefit of their families, or of their enemies; and they seldom take the trouble to unpack them in their short intercourse abroad.

Petrarca. Ser Geoffreddo, I well remember, was no less remarkable for courtesy than for cordiality.

Boccaccio. He was really as attentive and polite toward us as if he had made us prisoners. It is on that occasion the English are most unlike their antagonists and themselves. What an evil must they think it to be vanquished! when, struggling with their bashfulness and taciturnity, they become so solicitous and inventive in raising the spirits of the fallen. The Frenchman is ready to truss you on his rapier, unless you acknowledge the perfection of his humanity, and to spit in your face, if you doubt for a moment the delicacy of his politeness. The Englishman is almost angry if you mention either of these as belonging to him, and turns away from you that he may not hear it.

Petrarca. Let us felicitate ourselves that we rarely are forced to witness his self-affliction.

Boccaccio. In palaces, and especially the pontifical, it is likely you saw the very worst of them: indeed there are few in any other country of such easy, graceful, unaffected manners as our Italians. We are warmer at the extremities than at the heart: sunless nations have central fires. The Englishman is more gratified when you enable him to show you a fresh kindness, than when you remind him of a past one; and he forgets what he has conferred as readily as we forget what we have received. In our civility, in our good-nature, in our temperance, in our frugality, none excell us; and greatly are we in advance of other men, in the arts, in the sciences, in the culture, in the application, and in the power of intellect. Our faculties are perfect, with the sole exception of memory; and our memory is only deficient in its retentiveness of obligation.

Petrarca. Better had it failed in almost all its other functions. Yet, if our countrymen presented any flagrant instances of ingratitude, Alighieri would have set apart a *bolga* for their reception.

Boccaccio. When I correct and re-publish my *Commentary*, I must be as careful to gratify, as my author was to affront them. I know, from the nature of the Florentines and of the Italians in general, that in calling on me to produce one, they would rather I should praise indiscriminately than parsimoniously. And respect is due to them for repairing, by all the means in their power, the in-

* With the advantages of her fisheries, which did not exist in the age of Petrarca, and of her agriculture, which probably is quintupled since, Norway does not contain at present the double of the number.

justice their fathers committed; for enduring in humility his resentment; and for investing him with public honours, as they would some deity who had smitten them. Respect is due to them, and I will offer it, for placing their greatness on so firm a plinth, for deriving their pride from so wholesome a source, and for declaring to the world that the founder of a city is less than her poet and instructor.

Petrarca. In the precincts of those lofty monuments, those towers and temples, which have sprung up amid her factions, the name of Dante is heard at last, and heard with such reverence as only the angels or the saints inspire.

Boccaccio. There are towns so barbarous, that they must be informed by strangers of their own great man, when they happen to have produced one; and would then detract from his merits, that they might not exhibit their awkwardness in doing him honour, or their shame in withholding it. There are such; but not in Italy. I have seen youths standing and looking with seriousness, and indeed with somewhat of veneration, on the broad and low stone bench, to the south of the cathedral, where Dante sat to enjoy the fresh air in summer evenings; and where Giotto, in conversation with him, watched the scaffolding rise higher and higher up his gracefullest of towers. It was truly a bold action, when a youngster pushed another down on the poet's seat. The surprised one blushed and struggled, as those do who unwittingly have been drawn into a penalty (not lightened by laughter) for having sitten in the imperial or the papal chair.

Petrarca. These are good signs, and never fallacious. In the presence of such young persons we ought to be very cautious how we censure a man of genius. One expression of irreverence may eradicate what demands the most attentive culture, may wither the first love for the fair and noble, and may shake the confidence of those who are about to give the hand to a guidance less liable to error. We have ever been grateful to the Deity, for saving us from among the millions swept away by the pestilence, which depopulated the cities of Italy, and ravaged the whole of Europe: let us be equally grateful for an exemption as providential and as rare in the world of letters; an exemption from that *Plica Polonica* of invidiousness, which infests the squalider of poetical heads, and has not always spared those which ought to have been cleanlier.

Boccaccio. Critics are indignant if we are silent, and petulant if we complain. You and I are so kindly and considerate in regard to them, that we rather pat their petulance than prick up their indignation. Marsyas, while Apollo was flaying him leisurely and dexterously, with all the calmness of a god, shortened his upper lip prodigiously, and showed how royal teeth are fastened in their gums: his eyes grew blood-shot, and expanded to the size of rock-melons, though naturally, in length and breadth, as well as colour, they more resembled a well-ripened bean-pod. And there issued from his smoking breast, and shook the leaves above it, a rapid irregular rush of yells and howlings. Remarking so material a change in his countenance and manners, a satyr, who was much his friend and deeply interested in his punishment, said calmly, 'Marsyas! Marsyas! is it thou who criest out so unworthily? If thou couldst only look down from that pleasant, smooth, shady beech-tree, thou wouldst have the satisfaction of seeing that thy skin is more than half drawn off thee: it is hardly worth while to make a bustle about it now.'

Petrarca. Every Marsyas hath his consoling satyr. Probably when yours was flayed, he was found out to be a good musician, by those who recommended the flaying and celebrated the flayer. Among authors, none hath so many friends as he who is just now dead, and had the most enemies last week. Those who were then his adversaries are now sincerely his admirers, for moving out of the way, and leaving one name less in the lottery. And yet, poor souls! the prize will never fall to them. There is something sweet and generous in the tone of praise, which captivates an ingenuous mind, whatever may be the subject of it; while propensity to censure not only excites suspicion of malevolence, but reminds the hearer of what he can not disentangle from his earliest ideas of vulgarity. There being no pleasure in thinking ill, it is wonderful there should be any in speaking ill. You, my friend, can find none in it: but every step you are about to take in the revisal of your Lectures, will require much caution. Aware you must be that there are many more defects in our author than we have touched or glanced at: principally, the loose and shallow foundation of so vast a structure; its unconnectedness; its want of manners, of passion, of action, consistently and uninterruptedly at work toward a distinct and worthy purpose; and lastly (although less importantly as regards the poetical character) that splenetic temper, which seems to grudge brightness to the flames of hell, to delight in deepening its gloom, in multiplying its miseries, in accumulating weight upon depression, and building labyrinths about perplexity.

Boccaccio. Yet, O Francesco! when I remember what Dante had suffered and was suffering from the malice and obduracy of his enemies; when I feel (and how I do feel it!) that you also have been following up his glory through the same paths of exile; I can rest only on what is great in him, and the exposure of a fault appears to me almost an inhumanity.

The first time I ever walked to his villa on the Mugnone, I felt a vehement desire to enter it; and yet a certain awe came upon me, as about to take an unceremonious and an unlawful advantage of his absence. While I was hesitating, its inhabitant opened the gate, saluted, and invited me. My desire vanished at once; and although the civility far exceeded what a stranger as I was, and so young a stranger too, could expect, or what probably the more illustrious owner would have vouchsafed, the place itself and the disparity of its

occupier made me shrink from it in sadness, and stand before him almost silent. I believe I should do the same at the present day.

Petrarca. With such feelings, which are ours in common, there is little danger that we should be unjust toward him; and, if ever our opinions come before the public, we may disregard the petulance and aspersions of those whom nature never constituted our judges, as she did us of Dante. It is our duty to speak with freedom; it is theirs to listen with respect.

Boccaccio. History would come much into the criticism, and would perform the most interesting part in it. But I clearly see how unsafe it is to meddle with the affairs of families: and every family in Florence is a portion of the government, or has been lately. Every one preserves the annals of the republic; the facts being nearly the same, the inferences widely diverging, the motives utterly dissimilar. A strict examination of Dante would involve the bravest and most intelligent; and the court of Rome, with its royal agents, would persecute them as conspirators against religion, against morals, against the peace, the order, the existence of society. When studious and quiet men get into power, they fancy they can not show too much activity, and very soon prove, by exerting it, that they can show too little discretion. The military, the knightly, the baronial, are spurred on to join in the chase; but the fleshers have other names and other instincts.

Petrarca. Posterity will regret that many of those allusions to persons and events, which we now possess in the pages of Dante, have not reached her. Among the ancients there are few poets who more abound in them than Horace does, and yet we feel certain that there are many which are lost to us.

Boccaccio. I wonder you did not mention him before. Perhaps he is no favourite with you.

Petrarca. Why can not we be delighted with an author, and even feel a predilection for him, without a dislike to others? An admiration of Catullus or Virgil, of Tibullus or Ovid, is never to be heightened by a discharge of bile on Horace.

Boccaccio. The eyes of critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's.

Petrarca. There are some men who delight in heating themselves with wine, and others with headstrong frowardness. These are resolved to agitate the puddle of their blood by running into parties, literary or political, and espouse a champion's cause with such ardour that they run against everything in their way. Perhaps they never knew or saw the person, or understood his merits: what matter? No sooner was I about to be crowned, than it was predicted by these astrologers, that Protonatory Nerucci and Cavallerizzo Vuotasacchetti (two lampooners, whose hands had latterly been kept from their occupation by drawing gold-embroidered gloves on them) would be rife in the mouths of men after my name had fallen into oblivion.

Boccaccio. I never heard of them before.

Petrarca. So much the better for them, and none the worse for you. Vuotasacchetti had been convicted of filching in his youth; and Nerucci was so expert a logician, and so rigidly economical a moralist, that he never had occasion for veracity.

Boccaccio. The upholders of such gentry are like little girls with their dolls: they must clothe them, although they strip every other doll in the nursery. It is reported that our Giotto, a great mechanician as well as architect and painter, invented a certain instrument by which he could contract the dimensions of any head laid before him. But these gentlemen, it appears, have improved upon it, and not only can contract one, but enlarge another.

Petrarca. He could perform his undertaking with admirable correctness and precision; can they theirs?

Boccaccio. I never heard they could: but well enough for their customers and their consciences.

Petrarca. I see then no great accuracy is required.

Boccaccio. If they heard you they would think you very dull.

Petrarca. They have always thought me so: and, if they change their opinion, I shall begin to think so myself.

Boccaccio. They have placed themselves just where, if we were mischievous, we might desire to see them. We have no power to make them false and malicious, yet they become so the moment they see or hear of us, and thus sink lower than our force could ever thrust them. Pigs, it is said, driven into a pool beyond their depth, cut their throats by awkward attempts at swimming. We could hardly wish them worse luck, although each had a devil in him. Come, let us away; we shall find a purer stream and pleasanter company on the Sabine farm.

Petrarca. We may indeed think the first ode of little value, the second of none, until we come to the sixth stanza.

Boccaccio. Bad as are the first and second, they are better than that wretched one, sounded so lugubriously in our ears at school, as the masterpiece of the pathetic; I mean the ode addressed to Virgil on the death of Quinctilius Varus.

> Præcipe lugubres
> Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
> Vocem cum citharâ dedit.

Did he want any one to help him to cry? What man immersed in grief cares a quattrino about Melpomene, or her father's fairing of an artificial cuckoo and a gilt guitar? What man, on such an occasion, is at leisure to amuse himself with the little plaster images of Pudor and Fides, of Justitia and Veritas, or disposed to make a comparison of Virgil and Orpheus? But if Horace had written a thousand-fold as much trash, we are never to forget that he also wrote

> Cœlo tonantem, &c.

in competition with which ode, the finest in the

Greek language itself has, to my ear, too many low notes, and somewhat of a wooden sound. And give me *Vixi puellis*, and give me *Quis multa gracilis*, and as many more as you please; for there are charms in nearly all of them. It now occurs to me that what is written, or interpolated,

> Acer et *Mauri* peditis cruentum
> Vultus in hostem,

should be *manci;* a foot soldier *mutilated*, but looking with indignant courage at the trooper who inflicted the wound. The Mauritanians were celebrated only for their cavalry. In return for my suggestion, pray tell me what is the meaning of

> *Obliquo laborat*
> *Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.*

Petrarca. The moment I learn it you shall have it. *Laborat trepidare! lympha rivo! fugax* too! *Fugacity* is not the action for hard work, or *labour*.

Boccaccio. Since you can not help me out, I must give up the conjecture, it seems, while it has cost me only half a century. Perhaps it may be *curiosa felicitas*.

Petrarca. There again! Was there ever such an unhappy (not to say absurd) expression! And this from the man who wrote the most beautiful sentence in all latinity.

Boccaccio. What is that?

Petrarca. I am ashamed of repeating it, although in itself it is innocent. The words are,

> Gratias ago languori tuo, quo diutius sub
> umbrâ voluptatis lusimus.

Boccaccio. Tear out this from the volume; the rest, both prose and poetry, may be thrown away. In the *Dinner of Nasidienus*. I remember the expression *nosse laboro; I am anxious to know:* this expedites the solution but little. In the same piece there is another odd expression:

> Tum in lecto quôque *videres*
> *Stridere* secretâ divisos aure *susurros*.

Petrarca. I doubt Horace's felicity in the choice of words, being quite unable to discover it, and finding more evidences of the contrary than in any contemporary or preceding poet; but I do not doubt his infelicity in his *transpositions* of them, in which certainly he is more remarkable than whatsoever writer of antiquity. How simple, in comparison, are Catullus* and Lucretius in the structure of their sentences! but the most simple and natural of all are Ovid and Tibullus. Your main difficulty lies in another road: it consists not in making explanations, but in avoiding them. Some scholars will assert that everything I have written in my sonnets is allegory or allusion; others will deny that anything is; and similarly of Dante. It was known throughout Italy that he was the lover of *Beatrice* Porticari. He has celebrated her in many compositions; in prose and poetry, in Latin and Italian. Hence it became the safer for him afterward to introduce her as an allegorical personage, in opposition to the *Meretrice;* under which appellation he (and I subsequently) signified the Papacy. Our great poet wandered among the marvels of the Apocalypse, and fixed his eyes the most attentively on the words,

> Veni, et ostendam tibi sponsam, uxorem Agni.

He, as you know, wrote a commentary on his *Commedia* at the close of his Treatise *de Monarchiâ*. But he chiefly aims at showing the duties of pope and emperor, and explaining such parts of the poem as manifestly relate to them. The Patarini accused the pope of despoiling and defiling the church; the Ghibellines accused him of defrauding and rebelling against the emperor; Dante enlists both under his flaming banner, and exhibits the *Meretrice* stealing from *Beatrice* both the *divine* and the *august* chariot; the church and empire. Grave critics will protest their inability to follow you through such darkness, saying you are not worth the trouble, and they must give you up. If Laura and Fiametta were allegorical, they could inspire no tenderness in our readers, and little interest. But, alas! these are no longer the days to dwell on them.

> Let human art exert her utmost force,
> Pleasure can rise no higher than its source;
> And there it ever stagnates where the ground
> Beneath it, O Giovanni! is unsound.

Boccaccio. You have given me a noble quaternion; for which I can only offer you such a string of beads as I am used to carry about with me. Memory, they say, is the mother of the Muses: this is her gift, not theirs.

> DEPARTURE FROM FIAMETTA.
> When go I must, as well she knew,
> And neither yet could say adieu,
> Sudden was my Fiametta's fear
> To let me see or feel a tear.
> It could but melt my heart away,
> Nor add one moment to my stay.
> But it was ripe and would be shed . .
> So from her cheek upon my head
> It, falling on the neck behind,
> Hung on the hair she oft had twined.
> Thus thought she, and her arm's soft strain
> Clasp't it, and down it fell again.

Come, come, bear your disappointment, and forgive my cheating you in the exchange! Ah Francesco! Francesco! well may you sigh; and I too; seeing we can do little now but make verses and doze, and want little but medicine and masses, while Fra Biago is merry as a lark, and half master of the house. Do not look so grave upon me for remembering so well another state of existence. He who forgets his love may still more easily forget his friendships. I am weak, I confess it, in yielding my thoughts to what returns no more; but you alone know my weakness.

Petrarca. We have loved;* and so fondly as we

* Except "Non ita me divi vera gemunt juerint."

* The tender and virtuous Shenstone, in writing the most beautiful of epitaphs, was unaware how near he stood to Petrarca. Heu quanto minus est cum aliis versari quàm tui meminisse.

> Pur mi consola che morir per lei
> Meglio è che gioir d'altra.

believe none other ever did; and yet, although it was in youth, Giovanni, it was not in the earliest white dawn, when we almost shrink from its freshness, when everything is pure and quiet, when little of earth is seen, and much of heaven. It was not so with us; it was with Dante. The little virgin Beatrice Porticari breathed all her purity into his boyish heart, and inhaled it back again; and if war and disaster, anger and disdain, seized upon it in her absence, they never could divert its course nor impede its destination. Happy the man who carries love with him in his opening day! he never loses its freshness in the meridian of life, nor its happier influence in the later hour. If Dante enthroned his Beatrice in the highest heaven, it was Beatrice who conducted him thither. Love, preceding passion, ensures, sanctifies, and I would say survives it, were it not rather an absorption and transfiguration into its own most perfect purity and holiness.

Boccaccio. Up! up! look into that chest of letters, out of which I took several of yours to run over yesterday morning. All those of a friend whom we have lost, to say nothing of a tenderer affection, touch us sensibly, be the subject what it may. When, in taking them out to read again, we happen to come upon him in some pleasant mood, it is then the dead man's hand is at the heart. Opening the same paper long afterward, can we wonder if a tear has raised its little island in it? Leave me the memory of all my friends, even of the ungrateful! They must remind me of some kind feeling; and perhaps of theirs; and for that very reason they deserve another. It was not my fault if they turned out less worthy than I hoped and fancied them. Yet half the world complains of ingratitude, and the remaining half of envy. Of the one I have already told you my opinion, and heard yours; and the other we may surely bear with quite as much equanimity. For rarely are we envied, until we are so prosperous that envy is rather a familiar in our train than an enemy who waylays us. If we saw nothing of such followers and outriders, and no scabbard with our initials upon it, we might begin to doubt our station.

Petrarca. Giovanni, you are unsuspicious, and would scarcely see a monster in a minotaur. It is well, however, to draw good out of evil, and it is the peculiar gift of an elevated mind. Nevertheless, you must have observed, although with greater curiosity than concern, the slipperiness and tortuousness of your detractors.

Boccaccio. Whatever they detract from me, they leave more than they can carry away. Beside, they always are detected.

Petrarca. When they are detected, they raise themselves up fiercely, as if their nature were erect and they could reach your height.

Boccaccio. Envy would conceal herself under the shadow and shelter of contemptuousness, but she swells too huge for the den she creeps into. Let her lie there and crack, and think no more about her. The people you have been talking of can find no greater and no other faults in my writings than I myself am willing to show them, and still more willing to correct. There are many things, as you have just now told me, very unworthy of their company.

Petrarca. He who has much gold is none the poorer for having much silver too. When a king of old displayed his wealth and magnificence before a philosopher, the philosopher's exclamation was,

"How many things are here which I do not want!"

Does not the same reflection come upon us, when we have laid aside our compositions for a time, and look into them again more leisurely? Do we not wonder at our own profusion, and say like the philosopher,

"How many things are here which I do not want!"

It may happen that we pull up flowers with weeds; but better this than rankness. We must bear to see our first-born despatched before our eyes, and give them up quietly.

Boccaccio. The younger will be the most reluctant. There are poets among us who mistake in themselves the freckles of the hay-fever for beauty-spots. In another half-century their volumes will be inquired after; but only for the sake of cutting out an illuminated letter from the title-page, or of transplanting the willow at the end, that hangs so prettily over the tomb of Amaryllis. If they wish to be healthy and vigorous, let them open their bosoms to the breezes of Sunium; for the air of Latium is heavy and overcharged. Above all, they must remember two admonitions; first, that sweet things hurt digestion; secondly, that great sails are ill adapted to small vessels. What is there lovely in poetry unless there be moderation and composure? Are they not better than the hot uncontrollable harlotry of a flaunting dishevelled enthusiasm? Whoever has the power of creating, has likewise the inferior power of keeping his creation in order. The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular; for without regularity there is neither strength nor state. Look at Sophocles, look at Æschylus, look at Homer.

Petrarca. I agree with you entirely to the whole extent of your observations; and, if you will continue, I am ready to lay aside my Dante for the present.

Boccaccio. No, no; we must have him again between us: there is no danger that he will sour our tempers.

Petrarca. In comparing his and yours, since you forbid me to declare all I think of your genius, you will at least allow me to congratulate you as being the happier of the two.

Boccaccio. Frequently, where there is great power in poetry, the imagination makes encroachments on the heart, and uses it as her own. I have shed tears on writings which never cost the writer a sigh, but which occasioned him to rub the palms of his hands together, until they were

ready to strike fire, with satisfaction at having overcome the difficulty of being tender.

Petrarca. Giovanni! are you not grown satirical?

Boccaccio. Not in this. It is a truth as broad and glaring as the eye of the Cyclops. To make you amends for your shuddering, I will express my doubt, on the other hand, whether Dante felt all the indignation he threw into his poetry. We are immoderately fond of warming ourselves; and we do not think, or care, what the fire is composed of. Be sure it is not always of cedar, like Circe's.* Our Alighieri had slipt into the habit of vituperation; and he thought it fitted him; so he never left it off.

Petrarca. Serener colours are pleasanter to our eyes and more becoming to our character. The chief desire in every man of genius is to be thought one; and no fear or apprehension lessens it. Alighieri, who had certainly studied the gospel, must have been conscious that he not only was inhumane, but that he betrayed a more vindictive spirit than any pope or prelate who is enshrined within the fretwork of his golden grating.

Boccaccio. Unhappily, his strong talon had grown into him, and it would have pained him to suffer its amputation. This eagle, unlike Jupiter's, never loosened the thunderbolt from it under the influence of harmony.

Petrarca. The only good thing we can expect in such minds and tempers, is good poetry: let us at least get that; and, having it, let us keep and value it. If you had never written some wanton stories, you would never have been able to show the world how much wiser and better you grew afterward.

Boccaccio. Alas! if I live, I hope to show it. You have raised my spirits: and now, dear Francesco! do say a couple of prayers for me, while I lay together the materials of a tale; a right merry one, I promise you. Faith! it shall amuse you, and pay decently for the prayers; a good honest litany-worth. I hardly know whether I ought to have a nun in it: do you think I may?

Petrarca. Can not you do without one?

Boccaccio. No; a nun I must have: say nothing against her; I can more easily let the abbess alone. Yet Frate Biagio† . . that Frate Biagio, who never came to visit me but when he thought I was at extremities or asleep . . . Assuntina! are you there?

Petrarca. No; do you want her?

Boccaccio. Not a bit. That Frate Biagio has heightened my pulse when I could not lower it again. The very devil is that Frate for heightening pulses. And with him I shall now make merry . . God willing . . in God's good time . . should it be his divine will to restore me! which I think he has begun to do miraculously. I seem to be within a frog's leap of well again; and we will presently have some rare fun in my *Tale of the Frate.*

Petrarca. Do not openly name him.

Boccaccio. He shall recognise himself by one single expression. He said to me, when I was at the worst,

"Ser Giovanni! it would not be much amiss (with permission!) if you begin to think (at any spare time) just a morsel, of eternity."

"Ah! Fra Biagio!" answered I, contritely, "I never heard a sermon of yours but I thought of it seriously and uneasily, long before the discourse was over."

"So must all," replied he, "and yet few have the grace to own it."

Now mind, Francesco! if it should please the Lord to call me unto him, I say, *The Nun and Fra Biagio* will be found, after my decease, in the closet cut out of the wall, behind yon Saint Zacharias in blue and yellow.

Well done! well done! Francesco. I never heard any man repeat his prayers so fast and fluently. Why! how many (at a guess) have you repeated? Such is the power of friendship, and such the habit of religion! They have done me good: I feel myself stronger already. To-morrow I think I shall be able, by leaning on that stout maple stick in the corner, to walk half over my podere.

Have you done? have you done?

Petrarca. Be quiet: you may talk too much.

Boccaccio. I can not be quiet for another hour; so, if you have any more prayers to get over, stick the spur into the other side of them: they must verily speed, if they beat the last.

Petrarca. Be more serious, dear Giovanni.

Boccaccio. Never bid a convalescent be more serious: no, nor a sick man neither. To health it may give that composure which it takes away from sickness. Every man will have his hours of seriousness; but, like the hours of rest, they often are ill chosen and unwholesome. Be assured, our heavenly Father is as well pleased to see his children in the playground as in the schoolroom. He has provided both for us, and has given us intimations when each should occupy us.

Petrarca. You are right, Giovanni! but we know which bell is heard the most distinctly. We fold our arms at the one, try the cooler part of the pillow, and turn again to slumber; at the first stroke of the other, we are beyond our monitors. As for you, hardly Dante himself could make you grave.

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* Dives inaccessis ubi Solis filia lucis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum. *Æn.*

† Our San Vivaldo is enriched by his deposit. In the church, on the fifth flagstone from before the high altar, is this inscription,

HIC SITUS EST,
BEATAM IMMORTALITATEM EXPECTANS,
D. BLASIUS DE BLASIIS,
HUJUS CŒNOBII ABBAS,
SINGULARI VIR CHARITATE,
MORIBUS INTEGERRIMIS,
REI THEOLOGICÆ NEC NON PHYSICÆ
PERITISSIMUS.
ORATE PRO ANIMA EJUS.

To the word *orate* have been prefixed the letters PL, the aspiration, no doubt, of some friendly monk; although Monsignore thinks it susceptible of two interpretations; the other he reserves *in petto*. *Domenico Grigi.*

Boccaccio. I do not remember how it happened that we slipped away from his side. One of us must have found him tedious.

Petrarca. If you were really and substantially at his side, he would have no mercy on you.

Boccaccio. In sooth, our good Alighieri seems to have had the appetite of a dogfish or shark, and to have bitten the harder the warmer he was. I would not voluntarily be under his manifold rows of dentals. He has an incisor to every saint in the calendar. I should fare, methinks, like Brutus and the Archbishop. He is forced to stretch himself, out of sheer listlessness, in so idle a place as Purgatory: he loses half his strength in Paradise: Hell alone makes him alert and lively: there he moves about and threatens as tremendously as the serpent that opposed the legions on their march in Africa. He would not have been contented in Tuscany itself, even had his enemies left him unmolested. Were I to write on his model a tripartite poem, I think it should be entitled, *Earth, Italy, and Heaven.*

Petrarca. You will never give yourself the trouble.

Boccaccio. I should not succeed.

Petrarca. Perhaps not: but you have done very much, and may be able to do very much more.

Boccaccio. Wonderful is it to me, when I consider that an infirm and helpless creature, as I am, should be capable of laying thoughts up in their cabinets of words, which Time, as he rushes by, with the revolutions of stormy and destructive years, can never move from their places. On this coarse mattress, one among the homeliest in the fair at Impruneta, is stretched an old burgess of Certaldo, of whom perhaps more will be known hereafter than we know of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs; while popes and princes are lying as unregarded as the fleas that are shaken out of the window. Upon my life, Francesco! to think of this is enough to make a man presumptuous.

Petrarca. No, Giovanni! not when the man thinks justly of it, as such a man ought to do, and must. For, so mighty a power over Time, who casts all other mortals under his, comes down to us from a greater; and it is only if we abuse the victory that it were better we had encountered a defeat. Unremitting care must be taken that nothing soil the monuments we are raising: sure enough we are that nothing can subvert, and nothing but our negligence, or worse than negligence, efface them. Under the glorious lamp entrusted to your vigilance, one among the lights of the world, which the ministering angels of our God have suspended for his service, let there stand, with unclosing eyes, Integrity, Compassion, Self-denial.

Boccaccio. These are holier and cheerfuller images than Dante has been setting up before us. I hope every thesis in dispute among his theologians will be settled ere I set foot among them. I like Tuscany well enough: it answers all my purposes for the present: and I am without the benefit of those preliminary studies which might render me a worthy auditor of incomprehensible wisdom.

Petrarca. I do not wonder you are attached to Tuscany. Many as have been your visits and adventures in other parts, you have rendered it pleasanter and more interesting than any: and indeed we can scarcely walk in any quarter from the gates of Florence, without the recollection of some witty or affecting story related by you. Every street, every farm, is peopled by your genius: and this population can not change with seasons or with ages, with factions or with incursions. Ghibellines and Guelphs will have been contested for only by the worms, long before the *Decameron* has ceased to be recited on our banks of blue lilies and under our arching vines. Another plague may come amidst us; and something of a solace in so terrible a visitation would be found in your pages, by those to whom letters are a refuge and relief.

Boccaccio. I do indeed think my little bevy from Santa Maria Novella would be better company on such an occasion, than a devil with three heads, who diverts the pain his claws inflicted, by sticking his fangs in another place.

Petrarca. This is atrocious, not terrific nor grand. Alighieri is grand by his lights, not by his shadows; by his human affections, not by his infernal. As the minutest sands are the labours of some profound sea, or the spoils of some vast mountain, in like manner his horrid wastes and wearying minutenesses are the chafings of a turbulent spirit, grasping the loftiest things and penetrating the deepest, and moving and moaning on the earth in loneliness and sadness.

Boccaccio. Among men he is what among waters is

The strange, mysterious, solitary Nile.

Petrarca. Is that his verse? I do not remember it.

Boccaccio. No, it is mine for the present: how long it may continue mine I can not tell. I never run after those who steal my apples: it would only tire me: and they are hardly worth recovering when they are bruised and bitten, as they are usually. I would not stand upon my verses: it is a perilous boy's trick, which we ought to leave off when we put on square shoes. Let our prose show what we are, and our poetry what we have been.

Petrarca. You would never have given this advice to Alighieri.

Boccaccio. I would never plough porphyry; there is ground fitter for grain. Alighieri is the parent of his system, like the sun, about whom all the worlds are but particles thrown forth from him. We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.

Petrarca. I wish Alighieri had blown his on nobler occasions.

Boccaccio. We may rightly wish it: but, in regretting what he wanted, let us acknowledge what he had: and never forget (which we omitted to mention) that he borrowed less from his predecessors than any of the Roman poets from theirs. Reasonably may it be expected that almost all who follow will be greatly more indebted to antiquity, to whose stores we, every year, are making some addition.

Petrarca It can be held no flaw in the title-deeds of genius, if the same thoughts re-appear as have been exhibited long ago. The indisputable sign of defect should be looked for in the proportion they bear to the unquestionably original. There are ideas which necessarily must occur to minds of the like magnitude and materials, aspect and temperature. When two ages are in the same phasis, they will excite the same humours, and produce the same coincidences and combinations. In addition to which, a great poet may really borrow: he may even condescend to an obligation at the hand of an equal or inferior: but he forfeits his title if he borrows more than the amount of his own possessions. The nightingale himself takes somewhat of his song from birds less glorified: and the lark, having beaten with her wing the very gates of heaven, cools her breast among the grass. The lowlier of intellect may lay out a table in their field, at which table the highest one shall sometimes be disposed to partake: want does not compell him. Imitation, as we call it, is often weakness, but it likewise is often sympathy.

Boccaccio. Our poet was seldom accessible in this quarter. Invective picks up the first stone on the wayside, and wants leisure to consult a forerunner.

Petrarca. Dante (original enough everywhere) is coarse and clumsy in this career. Vengeance has nothing to do with comedy, nor properly with satire. The satirist who told us that Indignation made his verses* for him, might have been told in return that she excluded him thereby from the first class, and thrust him among the rhetoricians and declaimers. Lucretius, in his vituperation, is graver and more dignified than Alighieri. Painful: to see how tolerant is the atheist, how intolerant the catholic: how anxiously the one removes from among the sufferings of Mortality, her last and heaviest, the fear of a vindictive Fury pursuing her shadow across rivers of fire and tears; how laboriously the other brings down Anguish and Despair, even when Death has done his work. How grateful the one is to that beneficent philosopher who made him at peace with himself, and tolerant and kindly toward his fellow-creatures! how importunate the other that God should forego his divine mercy, and hurl everlasting torments both upon the dead and the living!

* Facit indignatio versum. *Juv.*

Boccaccio. I have always heard that Ser Dante was a very good man and sound catholic: but Christ forgive me if my heart is oftener on the side of Lucretius!* Observe, I say, my heart; nothing more. I devoutly hold to the sacraments and the mysteries: yet somehow I would rather see men tranquillised than frightened out of their senses, and rather fast asleep than burning. Sometimes I have been ready to believe, as far as our holy faith will allow me, that it were better our Lord were nowhere, than torturing in his inscrutable wisdom, to all eternity, so many myriads of us poor devils, the creatures of his hands. Do not cross thyself so thickly, Francesco! nor hang down thy nether lip so loosely, languidly, and helplessly; for I would be a good catholic, alive or dead. But, upon my conscience, it goes hard with me to think it of him, when I hear that woodlark yonder, gushing with joyousness, or when I see the beautiful clouds, resting so softly one upon another, dissolving . . and not damned for it. Above all, I am slow to apprehend it, when I remember his great goodness vouchsafed to me, and reflect on my sinful life heretofore, chiefly in summer time, and in cities, or their vicinity. But I was tempted beyond my strength; and I fell as any man might do. However, this last illness, by God's grace, has well nigh brought me to my right mind again in all such matters: and if I get stout in the present month, and can hold out the next without sliding, I do verily think I am safe, or nearly so, until the season of beccaficoes.

Petrarca. Be not too confident!

Boccaccio. Well, I will not be.

Petrarca. But be firm.

Boccaccio. Assuntina! what! are you come in again!

Assunta. Did you or my master call me, Riverenza?

Petrarca. No, child!

Boccaccio. O! get you gone! get you gone! you little rogue you!

Francesco, I feel quite well. Your kindness to my playful creatures in the *Decameron* has revived me, and has put me into good-humour with the greater part of them. Are you quite certain the Madonna will not expect me to keep my promise? You said you were: I need not ask you again. I will accept the whole of your assurances, and half your praises.

Petrarca. To represent so vast a variety of personages so characteristically as you have done, to give the wise all their wisdom, the witty all their wit, and (what is harder to do advantageously) the simple all their simplicity, requires a genius such as you alone possess. Those who doubt it are the least dangerous of your rivals.

* Qy. How much of Lucretius (or Petronius or Catullus, before cited) was then known? *Remark by Monsignore.*

FIFTH DAY'S INTERVIEW.

It being now the last morning that Petrarca could remain with his friend, he resolved to pass early into his bed-chamber. Boccaccio had risen, and was standing at the open window, with his arms against it. Renovated health sparkled in the eyes of the one; surprise and delight and thankfulness to heaven, filled the other's with sudden tears. He clasped Giovanni, kissed his flaccid and sallow cheek, and falling on his knees, adored the Giver of life, the source of health to body and soul. Giovanni was not unmoved: he bent one knee as he leaned on the shoulder of Francesco, looking down into his face, repeating his words, and adding,

"Blessed be thou, O Lord! who sendest me health again! and blessings on thy messenger who brought it."

He had slept soundly; for ere he closed his eyes he had unburdened his mind of its freight, not only by employing the prayers appointed by Holy Church, but likewise by ejaculating; as sundry of the fathers did of old. He acknowledged his contrition for many transgressions, and chiefly for uncharitable thoughts of Fra Biagio: on which occasion he turned fairly round on his couch, and leaning his brow against the wall, and his body being in a becomingly curved position, and proper for the purpose, he thus ejaculated,

"Thou knowest, O most Holy Virgin! that never have I spoken to handmaiden at this villetta, or within my mansion at Certaldo, wantonly or indiscreetly, but have always been, inasmuch as may be, the guardian of innocence; deeming it better, when irregular thoughts assailed me, to ventilate them abroad than to poison the house with them. And if, sinner as I am, I have thought uncharitably of others, and more especially of Fra Biagio, pardon me, out of thy exceeding great mercies! And let it not be imputed to me, if I have kept, and may keep hereafter, an eye over him, in wariness and watchfulness; not otherwise. For thou knowest, O Madonna! that many who have a perfect and unwavering faith in thee, yet do cover up their cheese from the nibblings of vermin."

Whereupon, he turned round again, threw himself on his back at full length, and feeling the sheets cool, smooth, and refreshing, folded his arms, and slept instantaneously. The consequence of his wholesome slumber was a calm alacrity: and the idea that his visitor would be happy at seeing him on his feet again, made him attempt to get up: at which he succeeded, to his own wonder. And it was increased by the manifestation of his strength in opening the casement, stiff from being closed, and swelled by the continuance of the rains. The morning was warm and sunny: and it is known that on this occasion he composed the verses below:

My old familiar cottage-green!
I see once more thy pleasant sheen;
The gossamer suspended over
Smart celandine by lusty clover;
And the last blossom of the plum
Inviting her first leaves to come;
Which hang a little back, but show
'Tis not their nature to say no.
I scarcely am in voice to sing
How graceful are the steps of Spring;
And ah! it makes me sigh to look
How leaps along my merry brook,
The very same to-day as when
He chirrupt first to maids and men.

Petrarca. I can rejoice at the freshness of your feelings: but the sight of the green turf reminds me rather of its ultimate use and destination.

For many serves the parish pall,
The turf in common serves for all.

Boccaccio. Very true; and, such being the case, let us carefully fold it up, and lay it by until we call for it.

Francesco, you made me quite light-headed yesterday. I am rather too old to dance either with Spring, as I have been saying, or with Vanity: and yet I accepted her at your hand as a partner. In future, no more of comparisons for me! You not only can do me no good, but you can leave me no pleasure: for here I shall remain the few days I have to live, and shall see nobody who will be disposed to remind me of your praises. Beside, you yourself will get hated for them. We neither can deserve praise nor receive it with impunity.

Petrarca. Have you never remarked that it is into quiet water that children throw pebbles to disturb it? and that it is into deep caverns that the idle drop sticks and dirt? We must expect such treatment.

Boccaccio. Your admonition shall have its wholesome influence over me, when the fever your praises have excited has grown moderate.

. . After the conversation on this topic and various others had continued some time, it was interrupted by a visiter. The clergy and monkery at Certaldo had never been cordial with Messer Giovanni, it being suspected that certain of his *Novelle* were modelled on originals in their orders. Hence, although they indeed both professed and felt esteem for Canonico Petrarca, they abstained from expressing it at the villetta. But Frate Biagio of San Vivaldo was (by his own appointment) the friend of the house; and, being considered as very expert in pharmacy, had, day after day, brought over no indifferent store of simples, in ptisans, and other refections, during the continuance of Ser Giovanni's ailment. Something now moved him to cast about in his mind whether it might not appear dutiful to make another visit. Perhaps he thought it possible that, among those who peradventure had seen him lately on the road, one or other might expect from him a solution of the questions, What sort of person was the *crowned martyr?* whether he carried a palm in his hand? whether a seam was

visible across the throat? whether he wore a ring over his glove, with a chrysolite in it, like the bishops, but representing the city of Jerusalem and the judgment-seat of Pontius Pilate? Such were the reports; but the inhabitants of San Vivaldo could not believe the Certaldese, who, inhabiting the next township to them, were naturally their enemies. Yet they might believe Frate Biagio, and certainly would interrogate him accordingly. He formed his determination, put his frock and hood on, and gave a curvature to his shoe, to evince his knowledge of the world, by pushing the extremity of it with his breast-bone against the corner of his cell. Studious of his figure and of his attire, he walked as much as possible on his heels, to keep up the reformation he had wrought in the workmanship of the cordwainer. On former occasions he had borrowed a horse, as being wanted to hear confession or to carry medicines, which might otherwise be too late. But, having put on an entirely new habiliment, and it being the season when horses are beginning to do the same, he deemed it prudent to travel on foot. Approaching the villetta, his first intention was to walk directly into his patient's room: but he found it impossible to resist the impulses of pride, in showing Assunta his rigid and stately frock, and shoes rather of the equestrian order than the monastic. So he went into the kitchen where the girl was at work, having just taken away the remains of the breakfast.

"Frate Biagio!" cried she, "is this you? Have you been sleeping at Conte Jeronimo's?"

"Not I," replied he.

"Why!" said she, "those are surely his shoes! Santa Maria! you must have put them on in the dusk of the morning, to say your prayers in! Here! here! take these old ones of Signor Padrone, for the love of God! I hope your Reverence met nobody."

Frate. What dost smile at?

Assunta. Smile at! I could find in my heart to laugh outright, if I only were certain that nobody had seen your Reverence in such a funny trim. Riverenza! put on these.

Frate. Not I indeed.

Assunta. Allow me then?

Frate. No, nor you.

Assunta. Then let me stand upon yours, to push down the points.

. . . Frate Biagio now began to relent a little, when Assunta, who had made one step toward the project, bethought herself suddenly, and said,

"No; I might miss my footing. But, mercy upon us! what made you cramp your Reverence with those ox-yoke shoes? and strangle your Reverence with that hang-dog collar?"

"If you must know," answered the Frate, reddening, "it was because I am making a visit to the Canonico of Parma. I should like to know something about him: perhaps you could tell me?"

Assunta. Ever so much.

Frate. I thought no less: indeed I knew it. Which goes to bed first?

Assunta. Both together.

Frate. Demonio! what dost mean?

Assunta. He tells me never to sit up waiting, but to say my prayers and dream of the Virgin.

Frate. As if it was any business of his! Does he put out his lamp himself?

Assunta. To be sure he does: why should not he? what should he be afraid of? It is not winter: and beside, there is a mat upon the floor, all round the bed, excepting the top and bottom.

Frate. I am quite convinced he never said anything to make you blush. Why are you silent?

Assunta. I have a right.

Frate. He did then? ay? Do not nod your head: that will never do. Discreet girls speak plainly.

Assunta. What would you have?

Frate. The truth; the truth; again, I say, the truth.

Assunta. He *did* then.

Frate. I knew it! The most dangerous man living!

Assunta. Ah! indeed he is! Signor Padrone said so.

Frate. He knows him of old: he warned you, it seems.

Assunta. Me! He never said it was I who was in danger.

Frate. He might: it was his duty.

Assunta. Am I so fat? Lord! you may feel every rib. Girls who run about as I do, slip away from apoplexy.

Frate. Ho! ho! that is all, is it?

Assunta. And bad enough too! that such good-natured men should ever grow so bulky; and stand in danger, as Padrone said they both do, of such a seizure?

Frate. What? and art ready to cry about it? Old folks can not die easier: and there are always plenty of younger to run quick enough for a confessor. But I must not trifle in this manner. It is my duty to set your feet in the right way: it is my bounden duty to report to Ser Giovanni all irregularities I know of, committed in his domicile. I could indeed, and would, remit a trifle, on hearing the worst. Tell me now, Assunta! tell me, you little angel! did you . . . we all may, the very best of us may, and do . . . sin, my sweet?

Assunta. You may be sure I do not: for whenever I sin I run into church directly, although it snows or thunders: else I never could see again Padrone's face, or any one's.

Frate. You do not come to me.

Assunta. You live at San Vivaldo.

Frate. But when there is sin so pressing I am always ready to be found. You perplex, you puzzle me. Tell me at once how he made you blush.

Assunta. Well then!

Frate. Well then! you did not hang back so before him. I lose all patience.

Assunta. So famous a man! . . .

Frate. No excuse in that.

Assunta. So dear to Padrone . . .

Frate. The more shame for him!

Assunta. Called me . . .

Frate. And *called* you, did he! the traitorous swine!

Assunta. Called me.. *good girl.*

Frate. Psha! the wenches, I think, are all mad: but few of them in this manner.

.. Without saying another word, Fra Biagio went forward and opened the bedchamber-door, saying, briskly,

"Servant! Ser Giovanni! Ser Canonico! most devoted! most obsequious! I venture to incommode you. Thanks to God, Ser Canonico, you are looking well for your years. They tell me you were formerly (who would believe it!) the handsomest man in Christendom, and worked your way glibly, yonder at Avignon.

"Capperi! Ser Giovanni! I never observed that you were sitting bolt-upright in that long-backed arm-chair, instead of lying abed. Quite in the right. I am rejoiced at such a change for the better. Who advised it?"

Boccaccio. So many thanks to Fra Biagio! I not only am sitting up, but have taken a draught of fresh air at the window, and every leaf had a little present of sunshine for me.

There is one pleasure, Fra Biagio, which I fancy you never have experienced, and I hardly know whether I ought to wish it you; the first sensation of health after a long confinement.

Frate. Thanks! infinite! I would take any man's word for that, without a wish to try it. Everybody tells me I am exactly what I was a dozen years ago; while, for my part, I see everybody changed: those who ought to be much about my age, even those.. Per Bacco! I told them my thoughts when they had told me theirs; and they were not so agreeable as they used to be in former days.

Boccaccio. How people hate sincerity.

Cospetto! why, Frate! what hast got upon thy toes? Hast killed some Tartar and tucked his bow into one, and torn the crescent from the vizier's tent to make the other match it? Hadst thou fallen in thy mettlesome expedition (and it is a mercy and a miracle thou didst not) those sacrilegious shoes would have impaled thee.

Frate. It was a mistake in the shoemaker. But no pain or incommodity whatsoever could detain me from paying my duty to Ser Canonico, the first moment I heard of his auspicious arrival, or from offering my congratulations to Ser Giovanni, on the annunciation that he was recovered and looking out of the window. All Tuscany was standing on the watch for it, and the news flew like lightning. By this time it is upon the Danube.

And pray, Ser Canonico, how does Madonna Laura do?

Petrarca. Peace to her gentle spirit! she is departed.

Frate. Ay, true. I had quite forgotten: that is to say, I recollect it. You told us as much, I think, in a poem on her death. Well, and do you know! our friend Giovanni here is a bit of an author in his way.

Boccaccio. Frate! you confuse my modesty.

Frate. Murder will out. It is a fact, on my conscience. Have you never heard anything about it, Canonico? Ha! we poets are aly fellows: we can keep a secret.

Boccaccio. Are you quite sure you can?

Frate. Try, and trust me with any. I am a confessional on legs: there is no more a whisper in me than in a woolsack.

I am in feather again, as you see; and in tune, as you shall hear.

April is not the month for moping. Sing it lustily.

Boccaccio. Let it be your business to sing it, being a Frate; I can only recite it.

Frate. Pray do then.

Boccaccio.

Frate Biagio! sempre quando
Quà tu vieni cavalcando,
Pensi che le buone strade
Per il mondo sien ben rade;
E, di quante sono brutte,
La più brutta è tua di tutte.
Badi, non cascare sulle
Graziosissime fanciulle,
Che con capo dritto, alzato,
Uova portano al mercato.
Pessima mi pare l'opra
Rovesciarle sottosopra.
Deh! scansando le erte e sassi,
Sempre con premura passi.
Caro amico! Frate Biagio!
Passi pur, ma passi adagio.*

Frate. Well now really, Canonico, for one not exactly one of us, that canzone of Ser Giovanni has merit; has not it? I did not ride, however, today; as you may see by the lining of my frock. But *plus non vitiat*; ay, Canonico! About the roads he is right enough; they are the devil's own roads; that must be said for them.

Ser Giovanni! with permission; your mention of eggs in the canzone, has induced me to fancy I could eat a pair of them. The hens lay well now: that white one of yours is worth more than the goose that laid the golden: and you have a store of others, her equals or betters: we have none like them at poor St. Vivaldo. *A riverderci, Ser Giovanni! Schiavo! Ser Canonico! mi commandino.*

.. Fra Biagio went back into the kitchen, helped himself to a quarter of a loaf, ordered a flask of

* Avendo io fatto comparire nel nostro idioma toscano, e senza traduzione, i leggiadri versi sopra stampati, chiedo perdono da chi legge. Non potei, badando con dovuta premura ai miei interessi ed a quelli del proposito mio, non potei, dico, far di meno; stanteche una riunione de' critici, i più vistosi del Regno unito d'Inghilterra ed Irlanda, avrà con unanimità dichiarato, che nessuno, di quanti esistono i mortali, saprà mai indovinare la versione. Stimo assai il tradduttore; lavora per poco, e agevolmente; mi pare piutosto galantuomo; non c' è male; ma poeta poco felice poi. Parlano que' Signori critici riveritissimi di certi poemetti e frammenti già da noi ammessi in questo volume, ed anche di altri del medesimo autore forse originali, e restano di avviso commune, che non vi sia neppure una sola parola veramente da intendersi; che il senso (chi sa?) sarà di *ateismo*, ovvero di *alto tradimento*. Che *questo* non lo sia, nè palesemente nè occultamente, fermo col proprio pugno. *Domenico Grigi.*

wine, and, trying several eggs against his lips, selected seven, which he himself fried in oil, although the maid offered her services. He never had been so little disposed to enter into conversation with her; and, on her asking him how he found her master, he replied, that in bodily health Ser Giovanni, by his prayers and ptisans, had much improved, but that his faculties were wearing out apace. "He may now run in the same couples with the Canonico: they can not catch the mange one of the other: the one could say nothing to the purpose, and the other nothing at all. The whole conversation was entirely at my charge," added he. "And now, Assunta, since you press it, I will accept the service of your master's shoes. How I shall ever get home I don't know." He took the shoes off the handles of the bellows, where Assunta had placed them out of her way, and tucking one of his own under each arm, limped toward St. Vivaldo.

The unwonted attention to smartness of apparel, in the only article wherein it could be displayed, was suggested to Frate Biagio by hearing that Ser Francesco, accustomed to courtly habits and elegant society, and having not only small hands, but small feet, usually wore red slippers in the morning. Fra Biagio had scarcely left the outer door, than he cordially cursed Ser Francesco for making such a fool of him, and wearing slippers of black list. "These canonicoes," said he, "not only lie themselves, but teach everybody else to do the same. He has lamed me for life: I burn as if I had been shod at the blacksmith's forge."

The two friends said nothing about him, but continued the discourse which his visit had interrupted.

Petrarca. Turn again, I entreat you, to the serions; and do not imagine that because by nature you are inclined to playfulness, you must therefore write ludicrous things better. Many of your stories would make the gravest men laugh, and yet there is little wit in them.

Bocoaccio. I think so myself; though authors, little disposed as they are to doubt their possession of any quality they would bring into play, are least of all suspicious on the side of wit. You have convinced me. I am glad to have been tender, and to have written tenderly: for I am certain it is this alone that has made you love me with such affection.

Petrarca. Not this alone, Giovanni! but this principally. I have always found you kind and compassionate, liberal and sincere, and when Fortune does not stand very close to such a man, she leaves only the more room for Friendship.

Boccaccio. Let her stand off then, now and for ever! To my heart, to my heart, Francesco! preserver of my health, my peace of mind, and (since you tell me I may claim it) my glory.

Petrarca. Recovering your strength you must pursue your studies to complete it. What can you have been doing with your books? I have searched in vain this morning for the treasury. Where are they kept? Formerly they were always open. I found only a short manuscript, which I suspect is poetry, but I ventured not on looking into it, until I had brought it with me and laid it before you.

Boccaccio. Well guessed! They are verses written by a gentleman who resided long in this country, and who much regretted the necessity of leaving it. He took great delight in composing both Latin and Italian, but never kept a copy of them latterly, so that these are the only ones I could obtain from him. Read: for your voice will improve them.

TO MY CHILD CARLINO.

Carlino! what art thou about, my boy?
Often I ask that question, though in vain,
For we are far apart: ah! therefore 'tis
I often ask it; not in such a tone
As wiser fathers do, who know too well.
Were we not children, you and I together?
Stole we not glances from each other's eyes?
Swore we not secrecy in such misdeeds?
Well could we trust each other. Tell me then
What thou art doing. Carving out thy name,
Or haply mine, upon my favourite seat,
With the new knife I sent thee over sea?
Or hast thou broken it, and hid the hilt
Among the myrtles, starr'd with flowers, behind?
Or under that high throne whence fifty lilies
(With sworded tuberoses dense around)
Lift up their heads at once, not without fear
That they were looking at thee all the while.

Does Cincirillo follow thee about?
Inverting one swart foot suspensively,
And wagging his dread jaw at every chirp
Of bird above him on the olive-branch?
Frighten him then away! 'twas he who slew
Our pigeons, our white pigeons peacock-tailed,
That fear'd not you and me. . .alas, nor him!
I flattened his striped sides along my knee,
And reasoned with him on his bloody mind,
Till he looked blandly, and half-closed his eyes
To ponder on my lecture in the shade.
I doubt his memory much, his heart a little,
And in some minor matters (may I say it?)
Could wish him rather sager. But from thee
God hold back wisdom yet for many years!
Whether in early season or in late
It always comes high-priced. For thy pure breast
I have no lesson; it for me has many.
Come throw it open then! What sports, what cares
(Since there are none too young for these) engage
Thy busy thoughts? Are you again at work,
Walter and you, with those sly labourers,
Geppo, Giovanni, Cecco, and Poeta,
To build more solidly your broken dam
Among the poplars, whence the nightingale
Inquisitively watch'd you all day long?
I was not of your council in the scheme,
Or might have saved you silver without end,
And sighs too without number. Art thou gone
Below the mulberry, where that cold pool
Urged to devise a warmer, and more fit
For mighty swimmers, swimming three abreast?
Or art thou panting in this summer noon
Upon the lowest step before the hall,
Drawing a slice of watermelon, long
As Cupid's bow, athwart thy wetted lips
(Like one who plays Pan's pipe) and letting drop
The sable seeds from all their separate cells,
And leaving bays profound and rocks abrupt,
Redder than coral round Calypso's cave.

Petrarca. There have been those anciently who

would have been pleased with such poetry, and perhaps there may be again. I am not sorry to see the Muses by the side of childhood, and forming a part of the family. But now tell me about the books.

Boccaccio. Resolving to lay aside the more valuable of those I had collected or transcribed, and to place them under the guardianship of richer men, I locked them up together in the higher story of my tower at Certaldo. You remember the old tower?

Petrarca. Well do I remember the hearty laugh we had together (which stopped us upon the staircase) at the calculation we made, how much longer you and I, if we continued to thrive as we had thriven latterly, should be able to pass within its narrow circle. Although I like this little villa much better, I would gladly see the place again, and enjoy with you, as we did before, the vast expanse of woodlands and mountains and maremma; frowning fortresses inexpugnable; and others more prodigious for their ruins; then below them, lordly abbeys, overcanopied with stately trees and girded with rich luxuriance; and towns that seem approaching them to do them honour, and villages nestling close at their sides for sustenance and protection.

Boccaccio. My disorder, if it should keep its promise of leaving me at last, will have been preparing me for the accomplishment of such a project. Should I get thinner and thinner at this rate, I shall soon be able to mount not only a turret or a belfry, but a tube of macarone,* while a Neapolitan is suspending it for deglutition.

What I am about to mention, will show you how little you can rely on me! I have preserved the books, as you desired, but quite contrary to my resolution: and, no less contrary to it, by your desire I shall now preserve the *Decameron.* In vain had I determined not only to mend in future, but to correct the past; in vain had I prayed most fervently for grace to accomplish it, with a final aspiration to Fiametta that she would unite with your beloved Laura, and that, gentle and beatified spirits as they are, they would breathe together their purer prayers on mine. See what follows.

Petrarca. Sigh not at it. Before we can see all that follows from their intercession, we must join them again. But let me hear anything in which they are concerned.

Boccaccio. I prayed; and my breast, after some few tears, grew calmer. Yet sleep did not ensue until the break of morning, when the dropping of soft rain on the leaves of the fig-tree at the window, and the chirping of a little bird, to tell another there was shelter under them, brought me repose and slumber. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, if indeed time can be reckoned any more in sleep than in heaven, when my Fiametta seemed to have led me into the meadow. You will see it below you: turn away that branch: gently! gently! do not break it; for the little bird sat there.

Petrarca. I think, Giovanni, I can divine the place. Although this fig-tree, growing out of the wall between the cellar and us, is fantastic enough in its branches, yet that other which I see yonder, bent down and forced to crawl along the grass by the prepotency of the young shapely walnut-tree, is much more so. It forms a seat, about a cubit above the ground, level and long enough for several.

Boccaccio. Ha! you fancy it must be a favourite spot with me, because of the two strong forked stakes wherewith it is propped and supported!

Petrarca. Poets know the haunts of poets at first sight; and he who loved Laura . . . O Laura! did I say he who *loved* thee? . . . hath whisperings where those feet would wander which have been restless after Fiametta.

Boccaccio. It is true, my imagination has often conducted her thither; but here in this chamber she appeared to me more visibly in a dream.

"Thy prayers have been heard, O Giovanni," said she.

I sprang to embrace her.

"Do not spill the water! Ah! you have spilt a part of it."

I then observed in her hand a crystal vase. A few drops were sparkling on the sides and running down the rim: a few were trickling from the base and from the hand that held it.

"I must go down to the brook," said she, "and fill it again as it was filled before."

What a moment of agony was this to me! Could I be certain how long might be her absence? She went: I was following: she made a sign for me to turn back: I disobeyed her only an instant: yet my sense of disobedience, increasing my feebleness and confusion, made me lose sight of her. In the next moment she was again at my side, with the cup quite full. I stood motionless: I feared my breath might shake the water over. I looked her in the face for her commands . . and to see it . . to see it so calm, so beneficent, so beautiful. I was forgetting what I had prayed for, when she lowered her head, tasted of the cup, and gave it me. I drank; and suddenly sprang forth before me, many groves and palaces and gardens, and their statues and their avenues, and their labyrinths of alaternus and bay, and alcoves of citron, and watchful loopholes in the retirements of impenetrable pomegranate. Farther off, just below where the fountain slipt away from its marble hall and guardian gods, arose, from their beds of moss and drosera and darkest grass, the sisterhood of oleanders, fond of tantalising with their bosomed flowers and their moist and pouting blossoms the little shy rivulet, and of covering its face with all the colours of the dawn. My dream expanded and moved forward. I trod again the dust of Posilipo, soft as the feathers in the wings of Sleep. I emerged on Baia; I crossed her innumerable

* This is valuable, since it shows that *macarone* (here called *pasta*) was invented in the time of Boccaccio; so are the letters of Petrarca, which inform us equally in regard to *spectacles*. Ad *ocularium* (occhiali) mihi confugiendum esset auxilium. *Domenico Grigi.*

arches; I loitered in the breezy sunshine of her mole; I trusted the faithful seclusion of her caverns, the keepers of so many secrets; and I reposed on the buoyancy of her tepid sea. Then Naples, and her theatres and her churches, and grottoes and dells and forts and promontories, rushed forward in confusion, now among soft whispers, now among sweetest sounds, and subsided, and sank, and disappeared. Yet a memory seemed to come fresh from every one: each had time enough for its tale, for its pleasure, for its reflection, for its pang. As I mounted with silent steps the narrow staircase of the old palace, how distinctly did I feel against the palm of my hand the coldness of that smooth stone-work, and the greater of the cramps of iron in it!

"Ah me! is this forgetting?" cried I anxiously to Fiametta.

"We must recall these scenes before us," she replied: "such is the punishment of them. Let us hope and believe that the apparition, and the compunction which must follow it, will be accepted as the full penalty, and that both will pass away almost together."

I feared to lose anything attendant on her presence: I feared to approach her forehead with my lips: I feared to touch the lily on its long wavy leaf in her hair, which filled my whole heart with fragrance. Venerating, adoring, I bowed my head at last to kiss her snow-white robe, and trembled at my presumption. And yet the effulgence of her countenance vivified while it chastened me. I loved her... I must not say *more* than ever... *better* than ever; it was Fiametta who had inhabited the skies. As my hand opened toward her,

"Beware!" said she, faintly smiling; "beware, Giovanni! Take only the crystal; take it, and drink again."

"Must all be then forgotten?" said I sorrowfully.

"Remember your prayer and mine, Giovanni? Shall both have been granted... O how much worse than in vain?"

I drank instantly; I drank largely. How cool my bosom grew; how could it grow so cool before her! But it was not to remain in its quiescency; its trials were not yet over. I will not, Francesco! no, I may not commemorate the incidents she related to me, nor which of us said, "I blush for having loved *first*;" nor which of us replied, "Say *least*, say *least*, and blush again."

The charm of the words (for I felt not the encumbrance of the body nor the acuteness of the spirit) seemed to possess me wholly. Although the water gave me strength and comfort, and somewhat of celestial pleasure, many tears fell around the border of the vase as she held it up before me, exhorting me to take courage, and inviting me with more than exhortation to accomplish my deliverance. She came nearer, more tenderly, more earnestly; she held the dewy globe with both hands, leaning forward, and sighed and shook her head, drooping at my pusillanimity. It was only when a ringlet had touched the rim, and perhaps the water (for a sun-beam on the surface could never have given it such a golden hue) that I took courage, clasped it, and exhausted it. Sweet as was the water, sweet as was the serenity it gave me... alas! that also which it moved away from me was sweet!

"This time you can trust me alone," said she, and parted my hair, and kissed my brow. Again she went toward the brook: again my agitation, my weakness, my doubt, came over me: nor could I see her while she raised the water, nor knew I whence she drew it. When she returned, she was close to me at once: she smiled: her smile pierced me to the bones: it seemed an angel's. She sprinkled the pure water on me; she looked most fondly; she took my hand; she suffered me to press hers to my bosom; but, whether by design I can not tell, she let fall a few drops of the chilly element between.

"And now, O my beloved!" said she, "we have consigned to the bosom of God our earthly joys and sorrows. The joys can not return, let not the sorrows. These alone would trouble my repose among the blessed.

"Trouble thy repose! Fiametta! Give me the chalice!" cried I... "not a drop will I leave in it, not a drop."

"Take it!" said that soft voice. "O now most dear Giovanni! I know thou hast strength enough; and there is but little... at the bottom lies our first kiss."

"Mine! didst thou say, beloved one? and is that left thee still?"

"*Mine*, said she, pensively; and as she abased her head, the broad leaf of the lily hid her brow and her eyes; the light of heaven shone through the flower."

"O Fiametta! Fiametta!" cried I in agony, "God is the God of mercy, God is the God of love... can I, can I ever?" I struck the chalice against my head, unmindful that I held it; the water covered my face and my feet. I started up, not yet awake, and I heard the name of Fiametta in the curtains.

Petrarca. Love, O Giovanni, and life itself, are but dreams at best. I do think

> Never so gloriously was Sleep attended
> As with the pageant of that heavenly maid.

But to dwell on such subjects is sinful. The recollection of them, with all their vanities, brings tears into my eyes.

Boccaccio. And into mine too.. they were so very charming.

Petrarca. Alas, alas! the time always comes when we must regret the enjoyments of our youth.

Boccaccio. If we have let them pass us.

Petrarca. I mean our indulgence in them.

Boccaccio. Francesco! I think you must remember Raffaellino degli Alfani.

Petrarca. Was it Raffaellino who lived near San Michele in Orto?

Boccaccio. The same. He was an innocent soul, and fond of fish. But whenever his friend Sabbatelli sent him a trout from Pratolino, he always

kept it until next day or the day after, just long enough to render it unpalatable. He then turned it over in the platter, smelt at it closer, although the news of its condition came undeniably from a distance, touched it with his forefinger, solicited a testimony from the gills which the eyes had contradicted, sighed over it, and sent it for a present to somebody else. Were I a lover of trout as Raffaellino was, I think I should have taken an opportunity of enjoying it while the pink and crimson were glittering on it.

Petrarca. Trout, yes.

Boccaccio. And all other fish I could encompass.

Petrarca. O thou grave mocker! I did not suspect such slyness in thee: proof enough I had almost forgotten thee.

Boccaccio. Listen! listen! I fancied I caught a footstep in the passage. Come nearer; bend your head lower, that I may whisper a word in your ear. Never let Assunta hear you sigh. She is mischievous: she may have been standing at the door: not that I believe she would be guilty of any such impropriety: but who knows what girls are capable of! She has no malice, only in laughing; and a sigh sets her windmill at work, van over van, incessantly.

Petrarca. I should soon check her. I have no notion . . .

Boccaccio. After all, she is a good girl . . a trifle of the wilful. She must have it that many things are hurtful to me . . reading in particular . . it makes people so odd. Tina is a small matter of the madcap . . in her own particular way . . but exceedingly discreet, I do assure you, if they will only leave her alone.

I find I was mistaken, there was nobody.

Petrarca. A cat perhaps.

Boccaccio. No such thing. I order him over to Certaldo while the birds are laying and sitting: and he knows by experience, favourite as he is, that it is of no use to come back before he is sent for. Since the first impetuosities of youth, he has rarely been refractory or disobliging. We have lived together now these five years, unless I miscalculate; and he seems to have learnt something of my manners, wherein violence and enterprise by no means predominate. I have watched him looking at a large green lizard; and, their eyes being opposite and near, he has doubted whether it might be pleasing to me if he began the attack; and their tails on a sudden have touched one another at the decision.

Petrarca. Seldom have adverse parties felt the same desire of peace at the same moment, and none ever carried it more simultaneously and promptly into execution.

Boccaccio. He enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* at Certaldo: there he is my castellan, and his chase is unlimited in those domains. After the doom of relegation is expired, he comes hither at midsummer. And then if you could see his joy! His eyes are as deep as a well, and as clear as a fountain: he jerks his tail into the air like a royal sceptre, and waves it like the wand of a magician. You would fancy that, as Horace with his head, he was about to smite the stars with it. There is ne'er such another cat in the parish; and he knows it, a rogue! We have rare repasts together in the bean-and-bacon time, although in regard to the bean he sides with the philosopher of Samos; but after due examination. In cleanliness he is a very nun; albeit in that quality which lies between cleanliness and godliness, there is a smack of Fra Biagio about him. What is that book in your hand?

Petrarca. My breviary.

Boccaccio. Well, give me mine too . . there, on the little table in the corner, under the glass of primroses. We can do nothing better.

Petrarca. What prayer were you looking for? let me find it.

Boccaccio. I don't know how it is: I am scarcely at present in a frame of mind for it. We are of one faith: the prayers of the one will do for the other: and I am sure, if you omitted my name, you would say them all over afresh. I wish you could recollect in any book as dreamy a thing to entertain me as I have been just repeating. We have had enough of Dante: I believe few of his beauties have escaped us: and small faults, which we readily pass by, are fitter for small folks, as grubs are the proper bait for gudgeons.

Petrarca. I have had as many dreams as most men. We are all made up of them, as the webs of the spider are particles of her own vitality. But how infinitely less do we profit by them! I will relate to you, before we separate, one among the multitude of mine, as coming the nearest to the poetry of yours, and as having been not totally useless to me. Often have I reflected on it; sometimes with pensiveness, with sadness never.

Boccaccio. Then, Francesco, if you had with you as copious a choice of dreams as clustered on the elm-trees where the Sibyl led Æneas, this, in preference to the whole swarm of them, is the queen dream for me.

Petrarca. When I was younger I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and the unfortunate, as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversation best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices: and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy.

Boccaccio. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of the intellectual; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff, in its impurity and rust, against the finger of the Almighty Power that formed it: but give me, Francesco, give me rather the creature to sympathise with; apportion me the suf-

ferings to assuage. Ah, gentle soul! thou wilt never send them over to another; they have better hopes from thee.

Petrarca. We both alike feel the sorrows of those around us. He who suppresses or allays them in another, breaks many thorns off his own; and future years will never harden fresh ones.

My occupation was not always in making the politician talk politics, the orator toss his torch among the populace, the philosopher run down from philosophy to cover the retreat or the advances of his sect; but sometimes in devising how such characters must act and discourse, on subjects far remote from the beaten track of their career. In like manner the philologist, and again the dialectician, were not indulged in the review and parade of their trained bands, but, at times, brought forward to show in what manner and in what degree external habits had influenced the conformation of the internal man. It was far from unprofitable to set passing events before past actors, and to record the decisions of those whose interests and passions are unconcerned in them.

Boccaccio. This is surely no easy matter. The thoughts are in fact your own, however you distribute them.

Petrarca. All can not be my own; if you mean by *thoughts* the opinions and principles I should be the most desirous to inculcate. Some favourite ones perhaps may obtrude too prominently, but otherwise no misbehaviour is permitted them: reprehension and rebuke are always ready, and the offence is punished on the spot.

Boccaccio. Certainly you thus throw open, to its full extent, the range of poetry and invention; which can not but be very limited and sterile, unless where we find displayed much diversity of character as disseminated by nature, much peculiarity of sentiment as arising from position, marked with unerring skill through every shade and gradation; and finally and chiefly, much intertexture and intensity of passion. You thus convey to us more largely and expeditiously the stores of your understanding and imagination, than you ever could by sonnets or canzonets, or sinewless and sapless allegories.

But weightier works are less captivating. If you had published any such as you mention, you must have waited for their acceptance. Not only the fame of Marcellus, but every other,

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo;

and that which makes the greatest vernal shoot is apt to make the least autumnal. Authors in general who have met celebrity at starting, have already had their reward; always their utmost due, and often much beyond it. We can not hope for both celebrity and fame: supremely fortunate are the few who are allowed the liberty of choice between them. We two prefer the strength that springs from exercise and toil, acquiring it gradually and slowly: we leave to others the earlier blessing of that sleep which follows enjoyment. How many at first sight are enthusiastic in their favour! Of these how large a portion come away empty-handed and discontented! like idlers who visit the seacoast, fill their pockets with pebbles bright from the passing wave, and carry them off with rapture. After a short examination at home, every streak seems faint and dull, and the whole contexture coarse, uneven, and gritty: first one is thrown away, then another; and before the week's end the store is gone, of things so shining and wonderful.

Petrarca. Allegory, which you named with sonnets and canzonets, had few attractions for me, believing it to be the delight in general of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the Passions. A stranger to the Affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of Poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old molehill, covered with grey grass, by the way-side, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I can not tell how long it was before a species of dream or vision came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other,

"He is under my guardianship for the present: do not awaken him with that feather."

Methought, hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather on an arrow; and then the arrow itself; the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it: the rest of the shaft, and the whole of the barb, was behind his ankles.

"This feather never awakens anyone," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you without me are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler . . "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succour. But so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you!"

"Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it." I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose

my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose . . and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I can not tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! nothing that thou touchest, lives."

"Say rather, child!" replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, "Say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted, and rumpled and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrowhead; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but, throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity: for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I became ashamed of my ingratitude; and turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure strewed and allayed all the throbbings of my bosom; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around; the heavens seemed to open above me; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others; but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily,

"Sleep is on his way to the Earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to these he hastens; for every call only makes him fly farther off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love!" said I, "whither is he departed! If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who can not follow me, he who can not overtake and pass me," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee."

I looked: the earth was under me: I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

PIEVANO GRIGI TO THE READER.

Before I proceeded on my mission, I had a final audience of Monsignore, in which I asked his counsel, whether a paper sewed and pasted to the *Interviews*, being the substance of an intended *Confession*, might, according to the *Decretals*, be made public. Monsignore took the subject into his consideration, and assented. Previously to the solution of this question, he was graciously pleased to discourse on Boccaccio, and to say, "I am happy to think he died a good catholic, and contentedly."

"No doubt, Monsignore!" answered I, "for when he was on his death-bed, or a little sooner, the most holy man in Italy admonished him terribly of his past transgressions, and frightened him fairly into Paradise."

"Pievano!" said Monsignore, "it is customary in the fashionable literature of our times to finish a story in two manners. The most approved is, to knock on the head every soul that has been interesting you: the second is, to put the two youngest into bed together, promising the same treatment to another couple, or more. Our forefathers were equally zealous about those they dealt with. Every pagan turned christian: every loose woman had bark to grow about her, as thick and astringent as the ladies had in Ovid's Metamorphoses; and the gallants, who had played false with them, were driven mad by the monks at their death-bed. I neither hope nor believe that poor Boccaccio gave way to their importunities, but am happy in thinking that his decease was as tranquil as his life was inoffensive. He was not exempt from the indiscretions of youth: he allowed his imagination too long a dalliance with his passions; but malice was never found

among them. Let us then, in charity to him and to ourselves, be persuaded that such a pest as this mad zealot had no influence over him,

> Nè turbò il tuono di nebbiosa mente
> Acqua sì limpida e ridente.*

I can not but break into verse, although no poet, while I am thinking of him. Such men as he, would bring over more to our good-natured honest old faith again, than fifty monks with scourges at their shoulders."

"Ah Monsignore!" answered I, "could I but hope to be humbly instrumental in leading back the apostate church to our true catholic, I should be the happiest man alive."

"God forbid you should be without the hope!" said Monsignore. "The two chief differences now are; with ours, that we must not eat butcher's meat on a Friday; with the Anglican, that they must not eat baked meat on a Sunday. Secondly, that *we* say, *Come, and be saved:* the Anglican says, *Go, and be damned.*"

Since the exposition of Monsignore, the Parliament has issued an Act of Grace in regard to eating. One article says,

"Nobody shall eat on a Sunday, roast or baked or other hot victuals whatsoever, unless he goes to church in his own carriage; if he goes thither in any other than his own, be he halt or blind, he shall be subject to the penalty of twenty pounds. Nobody shall dance on a Sunday, or play music, unless he also be able to furnish three *écarté* tables, at the least, and sixteen wax-lights."

I write from memory; but if the wording is inexact, the sense is accurate. Nothing can be more gratifying to a true catholic, than to see the amicable game played by his bishops with the Anglican. The catholic never makes a false move. His fish often slips into the red square, marked *Sunday*, but the shoulder of mutton can never get into its place, marked *Friday:* it lies upon the table and nobody dares touch it. Alas! I am forgetting that this is purely an English game, and utterly unknown among us, or indeed in any other country under heaven.

To promote still farther the objects of religion, as understood in the Universities and the Parliament, it was proposed that public prayers should be offered up for rain on every Sabbath-day, the more effectually to encompass the provisions of the Bill. But this clause was cancelled in the Committee, on the examination of a groom, who deposed that a coach-horse of his master's, the bishop of London, was touched in the wind, and might be seriously a sufferer: "*for the bishop,*" said he, "*is no better walker than a goose.*"

There is, moreover, great and general discontent in the lower orders of the clergy, that some should be obliged to serve a couple of churches, and perhaps a jail or hospital to boot, for a stipend of a hundred pounds, and even less, while others are incumbents of pluralities, doing no duty at all, and receiving three or four thousands. It is reported that several of the more fortunate are so utterly shameless as to liken the Church to a Lottery-office, and to declare that, unless there were great prizes, no man in his senses would enter into the service of our Lord. I myself have read with my own eyes this declaration: but I hope the signature is a forgery. What is certain is, that the emoluments of the bishopric of London are greater than the united revenue of *twelve* cardinals; that they are amply sufficient for the board, lodging, and education of *three hundred* young men destined to the ministry; and that they might relieve from famine, rescue from sin, and save perhaps from eternal punishment, *three thousand fellow-creatures yearly.* On a narrow inspection of one manufacturing town in England, I deliver it as my firm opinion, that it contains more crime and wretchedness than all the four continents of our globe. If these enormous masses of wealth had been fairly subdivided and carefully expended; if a more numerous and a more efficient clergy had been appointed; how very much of sin and sorrow had been obviated and allayed! Ultimately the poor will be driven to desperation, there being no check upon them, no guardian over them: and the eyes of the sleeper, it is to be feared, will be opened by pincers. In the midst of such woes, originating in her iniquities and aggravated by her supineness, the Church of England, the least reformed church in Christendom, and the most opposite to the institutions of the State, boasts of being the purest member of the Reformation. Shocked at such audacity and impudence, the conscientious and pious, not only of her laity but also of her clergy, fall daily off from her, and, resigning all hope of parks and palaces, embrace the cross.

Never since the Reformation (so called) have our prospects been so bright as at the present day. Our own prelates and those of the English church are equally at work to the same effect; and the catholic clergy will come into possession of their churches, with as little change in the temporals as in the spirituals. It is the law of the land that the church can not lose her rights and possessions by lapse of time; impossible then that she should lose it by fraud and fallacy. Although the bishops of England, regardless of their vocations and vows, have, by deceit and falsehood, obtained acts of parliament, under sanction of which they have severed from their sees, and made over to their families, the possessions of the episcopacy, it can not be questioned that what has been wrongfully alienated will be rightfully restored. No time, no trickery, no subterfuge, can conceal it. The exposure of such thievery in such eminent stations, worse and more shameful than any on the Thames or in the lowest haunts of villany and prostitution, and of attempts to seize from their poorer brethren a few decimals to fill up a deficiency in many

* Nor did the thunderings of a cloudy mind
Trouble so limpid and serene a water.

thousands, has opened wide the eyes of England. Consequently, there are religious men who resort from all quarters to the persecuted mother they had so long abandoned. God at last has made his enemies perform his work: and the English prelates, not indeed on the stool of repentance, as would befit them, but thrust by the scorner into his uneasy chair, are mending with scarlet silk, and seaming with threads of gold, the copes and dalmatics of their worthy predecessors. I am overjoyed in declaring to my townsmen, that the recent demeanour of these prelates, refractory and mutinous as it has been (in other matters) to the government of their patron the king, has ultimately (by joining the malcontents in abolishing the favourite farce of religious freedom, and in forbidding roast meat and country air on the sabbath) filled up my subscription for the bell of San Vivaldo.

Salve Regina Cœli!

PRETE DOMENICO GRIGI.

London, June 17th, 1837.

HEADS OF CONFESSION; A MONTHFUL.

Printed and published Superiorum Licentiâ.

March 14. Being ill at ease, I cried, "Diavolo! I wish that creaking shutter was at thy bedroom, instead of mine, old fellow!" Assuntina would have composed me, showing me how wrong it was. Perverse; and would not acknowledge my sinfulness to her. I said she had nothing to do with it; which vexed her.

March 23. Reproved Assuntina, and called her *ragazzaccia!* for asking of Messer Piero Pimperna half the evening's milk of his goat. Very wrong in me; it being impossible she should have known that Messer Piero owed me four *lire* since .. I forget when.

March 31. It blowing tramontana, I was ruffled: suspected a feather in the minestra: said the rice was as black as a coal. Sad falsehood! made Assuntina cry.. Saracenic doings.

Recapitulation. Shameful all this month: I did not believe such bad humour was in me.

Reflection. The devil, if he can not have his walk one way, will take it another; never at a fault. Manifold proof; poor sinner!

April 2. Thought uncharitably of Fra Biagio. The Frate took my hand, asking me to confess, reminding me that I had not confessed since the 3rd of March, although I was so sick and tribulated I could hardly stir. Peevish; said, "Confess yourself: I won't: I am not minded: you will find those not far off who.." and then I dipped my head under the coverlet, and saw my error.

April 6. Whispers of Satanasso; pretty clear! A sprinkling of vernal thoughts, much too advanced for the season. About three hours before sunset, Francesco came. Forgot my prayers; woke at midnight; recollected, and did not say them. Might have told him: never occurred that, being a Canonico, he could absolve me: now gone again these three days, this being the fourteenth. Must unload ere heavier-laden. Gratiæ plena! have mercy upon me!

THE TRANSLATOR'S REMARKS

ON THE ALLEGED JEALOUSY OF BOCCACCIO AND PETRARCA.

AMONG the most heinous crimes that can be committed against society, is the

temerati crimen amici,

and no other so loosens the bonds by which it is held together. Once and only once in my life, I heard it defended by a person of intellect and integrity. It was the argument of a friendly man, who would have invalidated the fact: it was the solicitude of a prompt and dexterous man, holding up his hat to cover the shame of genius. I have indeed had evidence of some who saw nothing extraordinary or amiss in these filchings and twitchings; but there are persons whose thermometer stands higher by many degrees at other points than at honour. There are insects on the shoals and sands of literature, shrimps which must be half-boiled before they redden; and there are blushes (no doubt) in certain men, of which the precious vein lies so deep that it could hardly be brought to light by cordage and windlass. Meanwhile their wrathfulness shows itself at once by a plashy and puffy superficies, with an exuberance of coarse rough stuff upon it, and is ready to soak our shoes with its puddle at the first pressure.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour" is a commandment which the literary cast down from over their communion-table, to nail against the doors of the commonalty, with a fist and forefinger pointing at it. Although the depreciation of any work is dishonest, the attempt is more infamous when committed against a friend. The calumniator on such occasions may in some measure err from ignorance, or from inadequate information, but nothing can excuse him if he speaks contemptuously. It is impossible to believe that such writers as Boccaccio and Petrarca could be widely erroneous in each other's merits: no less incredible is it that, if they did

err at all, they would openly avow a disparaging opinion. This baseness was reserved for days when the study opens into the market-place, when letters are commodities, and authors chapmen. Yet even upon their stalls, where an antique vase would stand little chance with a noticeable piece of blue-and-white crockery, and shepherds and sailors and sunflowers in its circumference, it might be heartily and honestly derided; but less probably by the fellow-villager of the vendor, with whom he had been playing at quoits every day of his life. When an ill-natured story is once launched upon the world, there are many who are careful that it shall not soon founder. Thus the idle and inconsiderate rumour, which has floated through ages, about the mutual jealousy of Boccaccio and Petrarca, finds at this day a mooring in all quarters. Never were two men so perfectly formed for friendship; never were two who fulfilled so completely that happy destination. True it is, the studious and exact Petrarca had not elaborated so entirely to his own satisfaction his poem, *Africa*, as to submit it yet to the inspection of Boccaccio, to whom unquestionably he would have been delighted to show it the moment he had finished it. He died, and left it incomplete. We have, it must be acknowledged, the authority of Petrarca himself, that he never had read the *Decameron* through, even to the last year of his life, when he had been intimate with Boccaccio four-and-twenty. How easy would it have been for him to dissemble this fact! how certainly would any man have dissembled it who doubted of his own heart or of his friend's! I must request the liberty of adducing his whole letter, as already translated.

"I have only run over your *Decameron*, and therefore I am not capable of forming a true judgment of its merit: but upon the whole it has given me a great deal of pleasure. *The freedoms in it are excusable; from having been written in youth, from the subjects it treats of, and from the persons for whom it was designed.* Among a great number of gay and witty jokes, there are however many grave and serious sentiments. I did as most people do: I paid most attention to the beginning and the end. Your description of the people in the Plague is very true and pathetic: and the touching story of Griseldis has *been ever since laid up in my memory, that I may relate it in my conversations with my friends.* A friend of mine at Padua, a man of wit and knowledge, undertook to read it aloud; but he had scarcely got through half of it, when his tears prevented him going on. He attempted it a second time; but his sobs and sighs obliged him to desist. Another of my friends determined on the same venture; and, having read it from beginning to end, without the least alteration of voice or gesture, he said, on returning the book,

"'It must be owned this is an affecting history, and I should have wept could I have believed it true; but there never was and never will be a woman like Griseldis.'"

Here was the termination of Petrarca's literary life: he closed it with the last words of this letter; which are, "Adieu, my friends! adieu my correspondence." Soon afterward he was found dead in his library, with his arm leaning on a book. In the whole of this composition, what a carefulness and solicitude to say everything that could gratify his friend; with what ingenuity are those faults not palliated but *excused* (his own expression) which must nevertheless have appeared very grievous ones to the purity of Petrarca.

But why did not Boccaccio send him his *Decameron* long before? Because there never was a more perfect gentleman, a man more fearful of giving offence, a man more sensitive to the delicacy of friendship, or more deferential to sanctity of character. He knew that the lover of Laura could not amuse his hours with mischievous or idle passions; he knew that he rose at midnight to repeat his matins, and never intermitted them. On what succeeding hour could he venture to seize? with what countenance could he charge it with the levities of the world? Perhaps the Recluse of Arqua, the visitor of old Certaldo, read at last the *Decameron*, only that he might be able the better to defend it. And how admirably has the final stroke of his indefatigable pen effected the purpose! Is this the jealous rival? Boccaccio received the last testimony of unaltered friendship in the month of October, 1373, a few days after the writer's death. December was not over when they met in heaven: and never were two gentler spirits united there.

The character of Petrarca shows itself in almost every one of his various works. Unsuspicious, generous, ardent in study, in liberty, in love, with a self-complacence which in less men would be vanity, but arising in him from the general admiration of a noble presence, from his place in the interior of a heart which no other could approach or merit, and from the homage of all who held the principalities of Learning in every part of Europe.

Boccaccio is only reflected in full from a larger mass of compositions: yet one letter is quite sufficient to display the beauty and purity of his mind. It was written from Venice, when finding there not Petrarca whom he expected to find, but Petrarca's daughter, he describes to the father her modesty, grace, and cordiality in his reception. The imagination can form to itself nothing more lovely than this picture of the gentle Ermissenda: and Boccaccio's delicacy and gratitude are equally affecting. No wonder that Petrarca, in his will, bequeathed to his friend a sum the quintuple in amount of that which he bequeathed to his only brother, whom however he loved tenderly. Such had been, long before their acquaintance, the celebrity of Petrarca, such the honours conferred on him wherever he resided or appeared, that he never thought of equality or rivalry. And such was Boccaccio's reverential modesty, that, to the very close of his life, he called Petrarca his master. Immeasurable as was his own superiority, he no

more thought himself the equal of Petrarca, than Dante (in whom the superiority was almost as great) thought himself Virgil's. These, I believe, are the only instances on record, where poets have been very tenaciously erroneous in the estimate of their own inferiority. The same observation can not be made so confidently on the decisions of contemporary critics. Indeed the balance in which works of the highest merit are weighed, vibrates long before it is finally adjusted. Even the most judicious men have formed injudicious opinions on the living and the recently deceased. Bacon and Hooker could not estimate Shakspeare, nor could Taylor and Barrow give Milton his just award. Cowley and Dryden were preferred to both, by a great majority of the learned. Many, although they believe they discover in a contemporary the qualities which elevate him above the rest, yet hesitate to acknowledge it; part, because they are fearful of censure for singularity; part, because they differ from him in politics or religion; and part, because they delight in hiding, like dogs and foxes, what they can at any time surreptitiously draw out for their sullen solitary repast. Such persons have little delight in the glory of our country, and would hear with disapprobation and moroseness it has produced four men so pre-eminently great, that no name, modern or ancient, excepting Homer, can stand very near the lowest: these are, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, and Newton. Beneath the least of these (if anyone can tell which is least) are Dante and Aristoteles; who are unquestionably the next.* Out of Greece and England, Dante is the only man of the first order; such he is, with all his imperfections. Less ardent and energetic, but having no less at command the depths of thought and treasures of fancy, beyond him in variety, animation, and interest, beyond him in touches of nature and truth of character, is Boccaccio. Yet he believed his genius was immeasurably inferior to Alighieri's; and it would have surprised and pained him to find himself preferred to his friend Petrarca; which indeed did not happen in his lifetime. So difficult is it to shake the tenure of long possession, or to believe that a living man is as valuable as an old statue, that for five hundred years together the critics held Virgil far above his obsequious but high-souled scholar, who now has at least the honour of standing alone, if not first. Milton and Homer may be placed together: on the continent Homer will be seen at the right hand; in England, Milton. Supreme, above all, immeasurably supreme, stands Shakspeare. I do not think Dante is any more the equal of Homer than Hercules is the equal of Apollo. Though Hercules may display more muscles, yet Apollo is the powerfuller without any display of them at all. Both together are just equivalent to Milton, shorn of his *Sonnets*, and of his *Allegro* and *Penseroso;* the most delightful of what (wanting a better name) we call *lyrical* poems. But in the contemplation of these prodigies we must not lose the company we entered with. Two contemporaries so powerful in interesting our best affections, as Giovanni and Francesco, never existed before or since. Petrarca was honoured and beloved by all conditions. He collated with the student and investigator, he planted with the husbandman, he was the counsellor of kings, the reprover of pontiffs, and the pacificator of nations. Boccaccio, who never had occasion to sigh for solitude, never sighed *in* it: there was his station, there his studies, there his happiness. In the vivacity and versatility of imagination, in the narrative, in the descriptive, in the playful, in the pathetic, the world never saw his equal, until the sunrise of our Shakspeare. Ariosto and Spenser may stand at no great distance from him in the shadowy and unsubstantial; but multiform Man was utterly unknown to them. The human heart, through all its foldings, vibrates to Boccaccio.

* We can speak only of those whose works are extant. Democritus and Anaxagoras were perhaps the greatest in discovery and invention.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

I. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Cleone! I write from Athens. I hasten to meet your reproaches, and to stifle them in my embrace. It was wrong to have left Miletus at all: it was wrong to have parted from you without entrusting you with my secret. No, no, neither was wrong. I have withstood many tears, my sweet Cleone, but never your's; you could always do what you would with me; and I should have been windbound by you on the Mæander, as surely and inexorably as the fleet at Aulis by Diana.

Ionia is far more beautiful than Attica, Miletus than Athens; for about Athens there is no verdure, no spacious and full and flowing river, few gardens, many olive-trees, so many indeed that we seem to be in an eternal cloud of dust. However, when the sea-breezes blow, this tree itself looks beautiful; it looks, in its pliable and undulating branches, irresolute as Ariadne when she was urged to fly, and pale as Orithyia when she was borne away.

II. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Come out, Aspasia, from among those olives. You would never have said a word about any such things, at such a time, unless you had met with an adventure. When you want to hide somewhat, you always run into the thickets of poetry. Pray leave Ariadne with Bacchus, she can not be safer; and Orithyia with Boreas, if you have any reverence for the mysteries of the gods. Now I have almost a mind to say, tell me nothing at all of what has happened to you since you left us. This would punish you as you deserve, for you know that you are dying to tell it. The venerable and good-natured old widow, Epimedea, will have trouble enough, I foresee, with her visitor from Asia. The Milesian kid will overleap her garden-wall, and browse and butt everywhere. I take it as a matter of certainty that you are with her, for I never heard you mention any other relative in Athens, and she was, I remember, the guest of your house. How she loved you, dear good woman! She would have given your father Axiochus all her wealth for you. But when you were seven years old you were worth seven times over what you are now. I loved you then myself. Well, I am resolved to relieve you of your secret.

Prodigal scatterer of precious hopes, and of smiles that seem to rise from the interest you feel, and not from the interest you excite, what victim have you crowned with flowers, and selected to fall at your altar?

III. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Spirit of divination! how dared you find me out? And how dared you accuse me of poetizing? You who poetize more extravagantly yourself. Mine, I do insist upon it, is no worse than we girls in general are apt to write: "and no better," you will reply, "than we now and then are condemned to listen to, or disposed to read."

Poetry is the weightless integument that our butterflies always shed in our path, ere they wing their way toward us. It is precisely of the same form, colour, and substance, for the whole generation. Are all mine well? and all yours? I shall be very angry to hear that mine are. If they do not weep, and look wan, and sicken, why then I must, out of very spite. But may the Gods in their wisdom keep not only their hearts, but their persons too, just where they are! I intend to be in love here at Athens. It is true, I do assure you, when I have time, and idleness, and courage for it.

Ay, ay, now your eyes are running over all the rest of the letter. Well, what have you found? where is the place? I will keep you in suspense no longer.

As soon as there was any light at all, we discovered, on the hill above the city, crowds of people and busy preparations. You are come to it.

IV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I was determined to close my letter when your curiosity was at the highest, that you might flutter and fall from the clouds like Icarus. I wanted two things; first, that you should bite your lip, an attitude in which you alone look pretty; and secondly, that you should say half-angrily, "This now is exactly like Aspasia." I will be remem-

bered; and I will make you look just as I would have you.

How fortunate! to have arrived at Athens at dawn on the twelfth of Elaphebolion. On this day begin the festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre is thrown open at sunrise.

What a theatre! what an elevation! what a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoes and temples, of men and heroes, of demi-gods and gods!

It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs; but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere!

I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost: so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not being yet eighteen years old, he could not be admitted; and he left me on the steps. My heart sank within me; so many young men stared and whispered; yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun) every one made room for me. When they were seated, and I too, I looked toward the stage; and behold there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a countenance more heroic, I should rather say more divine, than ever my imagination had conceived! I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the gods. I was neither flattered by it nor abashed. Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion of the human race, with his antagonist Zeus, and his creator Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries! how often hath his vulture torn our breasts! how often have we thrown our arms around each other's neck, and half-renounced the religion of our fathers! Even your image, inseparable at other times, came not across me then; Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruellest tortures that Almightiness could inflict; and now arose the Nymphs of ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us; and now they descended with open arms and sweet benign countenances, and spake with pity; and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled.

I sobbed; I dropt.

V. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Is this telling me all? you faithless creature! There is much to be told when Aspasia faints in a theatre: and Aspasia in disguise!

My sweet and dear Aspasia! with all your beauty, of which you can not but be conscious, how is it possible you could have hoped to be undetected? Certainly there never was any woman, or even any man, so little vain as you are. Formerly you were rather so about your poetry: but now you really write it well, you have overcome this weakness; nay, you doubt whether your best verses are tolerable. You have told me this several times: and you always say what you think, unless when anyone might be hurt or displeased. I am glad the observation comes across me, for I must warn you upon it.

Take care then, Aspasia! do not leave off entirely all dissimulation. It is as feminine a virtue, and as necessary to a woman, as religion. If you are without it, you will have a grace the less, and (what you could worse spare) a sigh the more.

VI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I was not quite well when I wrote to you. When I am not quite well I must always write to you; I am better after it.

Where did I leave off?

Ah Cleone! Cleone! I have learnt your lesson; I am dissembling; it must not be with you. My tears are falling. I acted unworthily. And are these tears indeed for my fault against you? I can not tell; if I could, I would candidly. Everything that has happened, everything that shall happen hereafter, I will lay upon your knees. Counsel me; direct me. Even were I as sensible as you are, I should not be able to discover my own faults. The clearest eyes do not see the cheeks below, nor the brow above them.

To proceed then in my narrative. Everything appeared to me an illusion but the tragedy. What was divine seemed human, and what was human seemed divine.

An apparition of resplendent and unearthly beauty threw aside, with his slender arms, the youths, philosophers, magistrates, and generals, that surrounded me, with a countenance as confident, a motion as rapid, and a command as unresisted as a god.

"Stranger!" said he, "I come from Pericles, to offer you my assistance."

I looked in his face; it was a child's.

"We have attendants here who shall conduct you from the crowd," said he.

"Venus and Cupid!" cried one.

"We are dogs," growled another.

"Worse!" rejoined a third, "we are slaves."

"Happy man! happy man! if thou art theirs," whispered the next in his ear, and followed us close behind.

I have since been informed that Pericles, who sate below us on the first seat, was the only man who did not rise. No matter; why should he? why did the rest? But it was very kind in him to send his cousin; I mean it was very kind for so proud a man.

Epimedea wept over me when I entered her house, and burnt incense before the Gods, and led me into my chamber.

"I have a great deal to say to you, my dear Aspasia; but you must go to sleep: your bath shall be ready at noon: but be sure you sleep till then," said she.

I did indeed sleep, and (will you believe it?) instantly and soundly. Never was bath more refreshing, never was reproof more gentle, than Epimedea's.

I found her at my pillow when I awoke, and she led me to the marble conch.

"Dear child!" said she when I had stept in, "you do not know our customs. You should have come at once to my house; you never should have worn men's clothes: indeed you should not have gone to the theatre at all; but, being there, and moreover in men's habiliments, you should have taken care not to have fainted, as they say you did. My husband Thessalus would never hear of fainting; he used to tell me it was a bad example. But he fainted at last, poor man! and . . I minded his admonition. Why! what a lovely child you are grown, my little Aspasia! Is the bath too hot? Aspasia! can it be? why, you are no child at all!"

I really do believe that this idle discourse of Epimedea, which will tire you perhaps, was the only one that would not have wearied out my spirits. It neither made me think nor answer. What a privilege! what a blessing! how seldom to be enjoyed in our conferences with the silly! Ah! do not let me wrong the kind Epimedea! Those are not silly who have found the way to our hearts; and far other names do they deserve who open to us theirs.

VII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The boy about whom I wrote to you in my letter of yesterday, is called Alcibiades.* He lisps and blushes at it. His cousin Pericles, you may have heard, enjoys the greatest power and reputation, both as an orator and a general, of any man in Athens. Early this morning the beautiful child came to visit me, and told me that when his cousin had finished his studies, which he usually had done about three hours after sunrise, he would desire him to come also.

I replied, "By no means do it, my beautiful and brave protector! Surely, on considering the matter, you will think you are taking too great a liberty with a person so distinguished."

"I take no liberties with any other," said he.

When I expressed in my countenance a little surprise at his impetuosity, he came forward and kissed my brow. Then said he, more submissively, "Pardon my rudeness. I like very well to be told what to do by those who are fond of me; but never to be told what not to do; and the more fond they are of me the less I like it. Because when they tell me what to do, they give me an opportunity of pleasing them; but when they tell me what not to do, it is a sign that I have displeased, or am likely to displease them. Beside . . I believe there are some other reasons, but they have quite escaped me.

"It is time I should return," said he, "or I shall forget all about the hour of his studies (I mean Pericles) and mine too."

I would not let him go however, but inquired who were his teachers, and repeated to him many things from Sappho and Alcæus and Pindar and Simonides. He was amazed, and told me he preferred them to Fate and Necessity, Pytho and Pythonissa.

I would now have kissed him in my turn, but he drew back, thinking (no doubt) that I was treating him like a child; that a kiss is never given but as the price of pardon; and that I had pardoned him before for his captiousness.

VIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! I foresee that henceforward you will admire the tragedy of Prometheus more than ever. But do not tell anyone, excepting so fond a friend as Cleone, that you prefer the author to Homer. I agree with you that the conception of such a drama is in itself a stupendous effort of genius; that the execution is equal to the conception; that the character of Prometheus is more heroic than any in heroic poetry; and that no production of the same extent is so magnificent and so exalted. But the Iliad is not a region; it is a continent; and you might as well compare this prodigy to it as the cataract of the Nile to the Ocean. In the one we are overpowered by the compression and burst of the element: in the other we are carried over an immensity of space, bounding the earth, not bounded by her, and having nothing above but the heavens.

Let us enjoy, whenever we have an opportunity, the delight of admiration, and perform the duties of reverence. May others hate what is admirable! We will hate likewise, O my Aspasia! when we can do no better. I am unable to foretell the time when this shall happen: it lies, I think, beyond the calculations of Meton.

I am happy to understand that the Athenians have such a philosopher among them. Hitherto we have been inclined to suppose that philosophy, at Athens, is partly an intricate tissue of subtile questions and illusory theories, knotted with syllogisms, and partly an indigested mass of unexamined assertions and conflicting dogmas. The Ionians are more silent, contemplative, and recluse. Knowing that Nature will not deliver her oracles in the crowd nor by sound of trumpet, they open their breasts to her in solitude with the simplicity of children, and look earnestly in her face for a reply. Meton and Democritus and Anaxagoras may perhaps lay their hands upon the leapings of your tettinxes, and moderate their chirping, but I apprehend that the genius of the people will always repose upon the wind-skins of the sophists. Comedy might be their corrector;

* He had no right to be at the theatre; but he might have taken the liberty, for there was nobody in Athens whom he feared, even in his childhood. Thucydides calls him a *youth*, in the twelfth year of the Peloponnesian war. He was, on the mother's side, grandson of Megacles, whose grand-daughter Isodoce married Cimon: her father Euryptolemus was cousin-german to Pericles.

but Comedy seems to think she has two offices to perform; from one side of the stage to explode absurdity, and from the other to introduce indecency. She might, under wise regulations (and these she should impose upon herself) render more service to a state than Philosophy could, in whatsoever other character. And I wonder that Aristophanes, strong in the poetical faculty, and unrivalled in critical acuteness, should not perceive that a dominion is within his reach which is within the reach of no mortal beside; a dominion whereby he may reform the manners, dictate the pursuits, and regulate the affections of his countrymen. Perhaps he never could have done it so effectually, had he been better and begun otherwise; but having, however unworthy might have been the means and methods, seized upon their humours, they now are as pliable to him as waxen images to Thessalian witches. He keeps them before the fire he has kindled, and he has only to sing the right song.

Beware, my dear Aspasia, never to offend him: for he holds more terrors at his command than Æschylus. The tragic poet rolls the thunder that frightens, the comic wields the lightning that kills. Aristophanes has the power of tossing you among the populace of a thousand cities for a thousand years.

A great poet is more powerful than Sesostris, and a wicked one more formidable than Phalaris.

IX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Epimedea has been with me in my chamber. She asked me whether the women of Ionia had left off wearing ear-rings. I answered that I believe they always had worn them, and that they were introduced by the Persians, who received them from nations more remote.

"And do you think yourself too young" said she "for such an ornament?" producing at the same instant a massy pair, inlaid with the largest emeralds. "Alas! alas!" said she, "your mother neglected you strangely. There is no hole in the ear, right or left! We can mend that, however; I know a woman who will bring us the prettiest little pan of charcoal, with the prettiest little steel rod in it; and, before you can cry out, one ear lets light through. These are yours," said she, "and so shall everything be when I am gone . . house, garden, quails, leveret."

"Generous Epimedea!" said I, "do not say things that pain me. I will accept a part of the present; I will wear these beautiful emeralds on one arm. Thinking of nailing them in my ears, you resolve to make me steady; but I am unwilling they should become dependencies of Attica."

"All our young women wear them; the Goddesses too."

"The Goddesses are in the right," said I; "their ears are marble; but I do not believe any one of them would tell us that women were made to be the settings of pearls and emeralds."

I had taken one, and was about to kiss her, when she said, "Do not leave me an odd ear-ring: put the other in the hair."

"Epimedea," said I, "I have made a vow never to wear on the head anything but one single flower, a single wheat-ear, green or yellow, and ivy or vine-leaves: the number of these are not mentioned in the vow."

"Rash child!" said Epimedea, shaking her head: "I never made but two vows; one was when I took a husband."

"And the other? Epimedea!"

"No matter," said she; "it might be, for what I know, never to do the like again."

X. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Pericles has visited me. After many grave and gentle inquiries, often suspended, all relating to my health; and after praises of Miletus, and pity for my friends left behind, he told me that, when he was quite assured of my recovery from the fatigues of the voyage, he hoped I would allow him to collect from me, at my leisure hours, the information he wanted on the literature of Ionia. Simple-hearted man! in praising the authors of our country, he showed me that he knew them perfectly, from first to last. And now indeed his energy was displayed: I thought he had none at all. With how sonorous and modulated a voice did he repeat the more poetical passages of our elder historians! and how his whole soul did lean upon Herodotus! Happily for me, he observed not my enthusiasm. And now he brought me into the presence of Homer. "We claim him," said he; "but he is yours. Observe with what partiality he always dwells on Asia! How infinitely more civilised are Glaucus and Sarpedon than any of the Grecians he was called upon to celebrate! Priam, Paris, Hector, what polished men! Civilisation has never made a step in advance, and never will, on those countries; she had gone so far in the days of Homer. He keeps Helen pretty rigorously out of sight, but he opens his heart to the virtues of Andromache. What a barbarian is the son of a goddess! Pallas must seize him by the hair to avert the murder of his leader; but at the eloquence of the Phrygian king the storm of the intractable homicide bursts in tears."

"And Æschylus," said I, but could not continue: blushes rose into my cheek, and pained me at the recollection of my weakness.

"He has left us," said Pericles, who pretended not to have perceived it; I am grieved that my prayers were inadequate to detain him. But what prayers or what expostulations can influence the lofty mind, labouring and heaving under injustice and indignity? Æschylus knew he merited, by his genius and his services, the gratitude and admiration of the Athenians. He saw others preferred before him, and hoisted sail. At the rumour of his departure such was the consternation as if the shield of Pallas in the Parthenon had dropt from her breast upon the pavement. That glory

shines now upon the crown of Hiero which has sunk for Athens."

"You have still great treasures left," said I; for he was moved.

"True," replied he, "but will not everyone remark who hears the observation, that we know not how to keep them, and have never weighed them?"

I sate silent; he resumed his serenity.

"We ought to change places," said he, "at the feet of the poets. Æschylus, I see, is yours; Homer is mine. Aspasia should be a Pallas to Achilles; and Pericles a subordinate power, comforting and consoling the afflicted demi-god. Impetuosity, impatience, resentment, revenge itself, are pardonable sins in the very softest of your sex: on brave endurance rises *our* admiration."

"I love those better who endure with constancy," said I.

"Happy!" replied he, "thrice happy! O Aspasia, the constancy thus tried and thus rewarded!"

He spoke with tenderness; he rose with majesty; bowed to Epimedea: touched gently, scarcely at all, the hand I presented to him, bent over it, and departed.

XI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I told you I would love, O Cleone! but I am so near it that I dare not.

Tell me what I am to do; I can do anything but write and think.

Pericles has not returned.

I am nothing here in Athens.

Five days are over; six almost.

O what long days are these of Elaphebolion!

XII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Take heed, Aspasia! All orators are deceivers; and Pericles is the greatest of orators.

I will write nothing more, lest you should attend in preference to any other part of my letter.

Yes; I must repeat my admonition: I must speak out plainly; I must try other words . . stronger . . more frightful. Love of supremacy, miscalled political glory, finds most, and leaves all, dishonest.

The Gods and Goddesses watch over and preserve you, and send you safe home again!

XIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Fear not for me, Cleone! Pericles has attained the summit of glory; and the wisdom and virtue that acquired it for him are my sureties.

A great man knows the value of greatness: he dares not hazard it, he will not squander it. Imagine you that the confidence and affection of a people, so acute, so vigilant, so jealous, as the Athenians, would have rested firmly and constantly on one inconstant and infirm.

If he loves me the merit is not mine; the fault will be if he ceases.

XIV. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I must and will fear for you, and the more because I perceive you are attracted as the bees are, by an empty sound, the fame of your admirer. You love Pericles for that very quality which ought to have set you on your guard against him. In contentions for power, the philosophy and the poetry of life are dropt and trodden down. Domestic affections can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics, than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets. In the politician the whole creature is factitious; if ever he speaks as before, he speaks either from memory or invention.

But such is your beauty, such your genius, it may alter the nature of things. Endowed with the power of Circe, you will exert it oppositely, and restore to the most selfish and most voracious of animals the uprightness and dignity of man.

XV. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

It is not wisdom in itself, O Aspasia! it is the manner of imparting it that affects the soul, and alone deserves the name of eloquence. I have never been moved by any but yours.

Is it the beauty that shines over it, is it the voice that ripens it, giving it those lovely colours, that delicious freshness; is it the modesty and diffidence with which you present it to us, looking for nothing but support? Sufficient were anyone of them singly; but all united have come forward to subdue me, and have deprived me of my courage, my self-possession, and my repose.

I dare not hope to be beloved, Aspasia! I did hope it once in my life, and have been disappointed. Where I sought for happiness none is offered to me: I have neither the sunshine nor the shade.

So unfortunate in earlier days, ought I, ten years later, to believe that she, to whom the earth, with whatever is beautiful and graceful in it, bows prostrate, will listen to me as her lover? I dare not; too much have I dared already. But if, O Aspasia! I should sometimes seem heavy and dull in conversation, when happier men surround you, pardon my infirmity.

I have only one wish; I may not utter it: I have only one fear; this at least is not irrational, and I will own it; the fear that Aspasia could never be sufficiently happy with me.

XVI. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Do you doubt, O Pericles, that I shall be sufficiently happy with you? This doubt of yours assures me that I shall be.

I throw aside my pen to crown the Gods. And I worship thee first, O Pallas! who protectest the life, enlightenest the mind, establishest the power, and exaltest the glory, of Pericles.

XVII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I tremble both for you and your lover. The people of Athens may applaud at first the homage paid to beauty and genius; nevertheless there are many whose joy will spring from malignity, and who will exult at what they think (I know not whether quite unjustly) a weakness in Pericles.

I shall always be restless about you. Let me confess to you, I do not like your sheer democracies. What are they good for? Why yes, they have indeed their use; the filth and ferment of the compost are necessary for raising rare plants.

O how I wish we were again together in that island on our river which we called the *Fortunate!* It was almost an island when your father cut across the isthmus of about ten paces, to preserve the swan-nest.

Xeniades has left Miletus. We know not whither he is gone, but we presume to his mines in Lemnos. It was always with difficulty he could be persuaded to look after his affairs. He is too rich, too young, too thoughtless. But since you left Miletus, we have nothing here to detain him.

I wish I could trifle with you about your Pericles. Any wager, he is the only lover who never wrote verses upon you.

In a politician a verse is an ostracism.

XVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

My Pericles (mine, mine he is) *has* written verses upon me; not many, nor worth his prose, even the shortest sentence of it. But you will read them with pleasure for their praises of Miletus.

No longer ago than yesterday an ugly young philosopher declared his passion for me, as you shall see. I did not write anything back to Pericles: I did to the other. I will not run the risk of having half my letter left unread by you, in your hurry to come into the poetry.

Here it all is:

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Flower of Ionia's fertile plains,
Where Pleasure leagued with Virtue reigns,
Where the Pierian Maids of old,
Yea, long ere Ilion's tale was told,
Too pure, too sacred for our sight,
Descended with the silent night
To young Arctinus, and Mæander
Delay'd his course for Melesander!
If there be city on the earth
Proud in the children of her birth,
Wealth, science, beauty, story, song,
These to Miletus all belong.
To fix the diadem on his brow
For ever, one was wanting . . thou.

I could not be cruel to such a suitor, even if he asked me for pity. Love makes one half of every man foolish, and the other half cunning. Pericles touched me on the side of Miletus, and Socrates came up to me straightforward from Prometheus:

SOCRATES TO ASPASIA.

He who stole fire from heaven,
Long heav'd his bold and patient breast; 'twas riven
By the Caucasian bird and bolts of Jove.
Stolen that fire have I,
And am enchain'd to die
By every jealous Power that frowns above.

I call not upon thee again
To hear my vows and calm my pain,
Who sittest high enthron'd
Where Venus rolls her gladsome star,
Propitious Love! But thou disown'd
By sire and mother, whoso'er they are,
Unblest in form and name, Despair!
Why dost thou follow that bright demon? why
His purest altar art thou always nigh?

I was sorry that Socrates should suffer so much for me.

Pardon the fib, Cleone! let it pass: I was sorry just as we all are upon such occasions, and wrote him this consolation:

O thou who sittest with the wise,
And searchest higher lore,
And openest regions to their eyes
Unvisited before!
I'd run to loose thee if I could,
Nor let the vulture taste thy blood.
But, pity! pity! Attic bee!
'Tis happiness forbidden me.

Despair is not for good or wise,
And should not be for love;
We all must bear our destinies
And bend to those above.
Birds flying o'er the stormy seas
Alight upon their proper trees,
Yet wisest men not always know
Where they should stop or whither go.

XIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I am quite ashamed of Alcibiades, quite angry with him. What do you imagine he has been doing? He listened to my conversation with Pericles, on the delaration of love from the *Philosopher Bound,* and afterward to the verses I repeated in answer to his, which pleased my Pericles extremely, not perhaps for themselves, but because I had followed his advice in writing them, and had returned to him with the copy so speedily.

Alcibiades said he did not like them at all, and could write better himself. We smiled at this; and his cousin said, "Do then, my boy!"

Would you believe it? he not only wrote, but I fear (for he declares he did) actually sent these:

O Satyr-son of Sophroniscus!
Would Alcon cut me a hibiscus,
I'd wield it as the goatherds do,
And swing thee a sound stroke or two,
Bewilder, if thou canst, us boys,
Us, or the sophists, with thy toys—
Thy *kalokagathons* . . beware!
Keep to the good, and leave the fair.

Could he really be the composer? what think you? or did he get any of his wicked friends to help him? The verses are very bold, very scandalous, very shocking. I am vext and sorry; but what can be done? We must seem to know nothing about the matter.

The audacious little creature . . not very little, he is within four fingers of my height . . is half

in love with me. He flames up at the mention of Socrates: can he be jealous?

Pericles tells me that the philosophers here are as susceptible of malice as of love. It may be so, for the plants which are sweet in some places are acrid in others.

He said to me, smiling, "I shall be represented in their schools as a sophist, because Aspasia and Alcibiades were unruly. O that boy! who knows but his mischievous verses will be a reason sufficient, in another year, why I am unable to command an army or harangue an assembly of the people?"

XX. XENIADES TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! Aspasia! have you forgotten me? have you forgotten *us?* Our childhood was one, our earliest youth was undivided. Why should you not see me? Did you fear that you would have to reproach me for any fault I have committed? This would have pained you formerly; ah, how lately!

Your absence . . not absence . . flight . . has broken my health, and left me fever and frenzy. Eumedes is certain I can only recover my health by composure. Foolish man! as if composure were more easy to recover than health. Was there ever such a madman as to say, "You will never have the use of your limbs again unless you walk and run!"

I am weary of advice, of remonstrance, of pity, of everything; above all, of life.

Was it anger (how dared I be angry with you?) that withheld me from imploring the sight of you? Was it pride? Alas! what pride is left me? I am preferred no longer; I am rejected, scorned, loathed. Was it always so? Well may I ask the question; for everything seems uncertain to me but my misery. At times I know not whether I am mad or dreaming. No, no, Aspasia! the past was a dream, the present is a reality. The mad and the dreaming do not shed tears as I do. And yet in these bitter tears are my happiest moments; and some angry demon knows it, and presses my temples that there shall fall but few.

You refused to admit me. I asked too little, and deserved the refusal. Come to me. This you will not refuse, unless you are bowed to slavery. Go, tell your despot this, with my curses and defiance.

I am calmer, but insist. Spare yourself, Aspasia, one tear, and not by an effort, but by a duty.

XXI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Of all men living, what man do you imagine has come to Athens? Insensate! now you know. What other, so beloved, would ever have left Miletus! I wish I could be convinced that your coldness or indifference had urged him to this extravagance. I can only promise you we will not detain him. Athens is not a refuge for the perfidious or the flighty. But if he is unfortunate; what shall we do with him? Do? I will tell him to return. Expect him hourly.

XXII. ASPASIA TO XENIADES.

I am pained to my innermost heart that you are ill.

Pericles is not the person you imagine him. Behold his billet! And can not you think of me with equal generosity?

True, we saw much of each other in our childhood, and many childish things we did together. This is the reason why I went out of your way as much as I could afterward. There is another too. I hoped you would love more the friend that I love most. How much happier would she make you than the flighty Aspasia! We resemble each other too much, Xeniades! we should never have been happy, so ill-mated. Nature hates these alliances: they are like those of brother and sister. I never loved anyone but Pericles: none else attracts the admiration of the world. I stand, O Xeniades! not only above slavery, but above splendour, in that serene light which Homer describes as encompassing the Happy on Olympus. I will come to visit you within the hour; be calm, be contented! love me, but not too much, Xeniades!

XXIII. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Xeniades, whom I loved a little in my childhood, and (do not look serious now, my dearest Pericles!) a very little afterward, is sadly ill. He was always, I know not how, extravagant in his wishes, although not so extravagant as many others; and what do you imagine he wishes now? He wishes . . but he is very ill, so ill he can not rise from his bed, . . that I would go and visit him. I wonder whether it would be quite considerate: I am half inclined to go, if you approve of it.

Poor youth! he grieves me bitterly.

I shall not weep before him; I have wept so much here. Indeed, indeed, I wept, my Pericles, only because I had written too unkindly.

XXIV. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Do what your heart tells you: yes, Aspasia, do *all* it tells you. Remember how august it is: it contains the temple, not only of Love, but of Conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of the one to the extremity of the other.

Bend in pensiveness, even in sorrow, on the flowery bank of youth, whereunder runs the stream that passes irreversibly! let the garland drop into it, let the hand be refreshed by it; but may the beautiful feet of Aspasia stand firm!

XXV. XENIADES TO ASPASIA.

You promised you would return. I thought you only broke hearts, not promises.

It is now broad daylight: I see it clearly, although the blinds are closed. A long sharp ray cuts off one corner of the room, and we shall hear the crash presently.

Come; but without that pale silent girl: I hate her. Place her on the other side of you, not on mine.

And this plane-tree gives no shade whatever. We will sit in some other place.

No, no; I will not have you call her to us. Let her play where she is . . the notes are low . . she plays sweetly.

XXVI. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

See what incoherency! He did not write it; not one word. The slave who brought it, told me that he was desired by the guest to write his orders, whenever he found his mind composed enough to give any.

About four hours after my departure, he called him mildly, and said, "I am quite recovered."

He gave no orders however, and spake nothing more for some time. At last he raised himself up, and rested on his elbow, and began (said the slave) like one inspired. The slave added, that finding he was indeed quite well again, both in body and mind, and capable of making as fine poetry as any man in Athens, he had written down every word with the greatest punctuality; and that, looking at him for more, he found he had fallen into as sound a slumber as a reaper's.

"Upon this I ran off with the verses," said he.

XXVII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Comfort him. But you must love him, if you do. Well! comfort him. Forgive my inconsiderateness. You will not love him now. You would not receive him when your bosom was without an occupant. And yet you saw him daily. Others, all others, pine away before him. I wish I could solace my soul with poetry, as you have the power of doing. In all the volumes I turn over, I find none exactly suitable to my condition: part expresses my feelings, part flies off from them to something more light and vague. I do not believe the best writers of love-poetry ever loved. How could they write if they did? where could they collect the thoughts, the words, the courage? Alas! alas! men can find all these, Aspasia, and leave us after they have found them. But in Xeniades there is no fault whatever: he never loved me: he never said he did: he fled only from my immodesty in loving him. Dissembler as I was, he detected it. Do pity him, and help him: but pity me too, who am beyond your help.

XXVIII. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Tears, O Aspasia, do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day. Weep, and perform the offices of friendship. The season of life, leading you by the hand, will not permit you to linger at the tomb of the departed; and Xeniades, when your first tear fell upon it, entered into the number of the blessed.

XXIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

What shall I say to you, tender and sweet Cleone! The wanderer is in the haven of happiness; the restless has found rest.

Weep not; I have shed all your tears . . not all . . they burst from me again.

XXX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Oh! he was too beautiful to live! Is there anything that shoots through the world so swiftly as a sunbeam! Epialtes has told me everything. He sailed back without waiting at the islands; by your orders, he says.

What hopes could I, with any prudence, entertain? The chaplet you threw away would have cooled and adorned my temples; but how could he ever love another who had once loved you? I am casting my broken thoughts before my Aspasia: the little shells upon the shore, that the storm has scattered there, and that heedless feet have trampled on.

I have prayed to Venus; but I never prayed her to turn toward me the fondness that was yours. I fancied, I even hoped, you might accept it; and my prayer was, "Grant I may never love! Afar from me, O Goddess! be the malignant warmth that dries up the dews of friendship."

XXXI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Pericles has insisted on it that I should change the air, and has recommended to me an excursion to the borders of the state.

"If you pass them a little way," said he, "you will come to Tanagra, and that will inflame you with ambition."

The honour in which I hold the name of Corinna induced me to undertake a journey to her native place. Never have I found a people so hospitable as the inhabitants. Living at a distance from the sea, they are not traders, nor adventurers, nor speculators, nor usurers, but cultivate a range of pleasant hills, covered with vines. Hermes is the principal God they worship; yet I doubt whether a single prayer was ever offered up to him by a Tanagrian for success in thievery.

The beauty of Corinna is no less celebrated than her poetry. I remarked that the women speak of it with great exultation, while the men applaud her genius; and I asked my venerable host Agesilaus how he could account for it.

"I can account for nothing that you ladies do" said he "although I have lived among you seventy-

five years: I only know that it was exactly the contrary while she was living. We youths were rebuked by you when we talked about her beauty; and the rebuke was only softened by the candid confession, that she was *clever . . in her way.*"

"Come back with me to Athens, O Agesilaus!" said I, "and we will send Aristophanes to Tanagra."

XXXII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I have been reading all the poetry of Corinna that I could collect. Certainly it is better than Hesiod's, or even than Myrtis's, who taught her and Pindar, not the rudiments of the art, for this is the only art in which the rudiments are incommunicable, but what was good, what was bad, in her verses; why it was so, and how she might correct the worse and improve the better.

Hesiod, who is also a Bœotian, is admirable for the purity of his life and soundness of his precepts, but there is hardly a trace of poetry in his ploughed field.

I find in all his writings but one verse worth transcribing, and that only for the melody:

"In a soft meadow and on vernal flowers."

I do not wonder he was opposed to Homer. What an advantage to the enemies of greatness (that is, to mankind) to be able to match one so low against one so lofty!

The Greek army before Troy would have been curious to listen to a dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles, but would have been transported with ecstasy to have been present at one between the king of men and Thersites.

There are few who possess all the poetry of any voluminous author. I doubt whether there are ten families in Athens in which all the plays of Æschylus are preserved. Many keep what pleases them most: few consider that every page of a really great poet has something in it which distinguishes him from an inferior order: something which, if insubstantial as the aliment, serves at least as a solvent to the aliment, of strong and active minds.

I asked my Pericles what he thought of Hesiod.

"I think myself more sagacious," said he. "Hesiod found out that half was more than all; I have found out that one is."

XXXIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

A slave brought to me, this morning, an enormous load of papers, as many as he could carry under both arms. They are treatises by the most celebrated philosophers. Some hours afterward, when the sun was declining, Pericles came in, and asked me if I had examined or looked over any portion of them. I told him I had opened those only which bore the superscription of famous names, but that, unless he would assist me, I was hopeless of reconciling one part with another in the same writers.

"The first thing requisite," said I, "is, that as many as are now at Athens should meet together, and agree upon a nomenclature of terms. From definitions we may go on to propositions; but we can not make a step unless the foot rests somewhere."

He smiled at me. "Ah my Aspasia!" said he, "Philosophy does not bring her sons together; she portions them off early, gives them a scanty stock of worm-eaten furniture, a chair or two on which it is dangerous to sit down, and at least as many arms as utensils; then leaves them: they seldom meet afterward."

"But could not they be brought together by some friend of the mother?" said I, laughing.

"Aspasia!" answered he, "you have lived but few years in the world, and with only one philosopher . . yourself."

"I will not be contented with a compliment," said I, "and least of all from you. Explain to me the opinions of those about you."

He traced before me the divergencies of every sect, from our countryman Thales to those now living. Epimedea sat with her eyes wide open, listening attentively. When he went away, I asked her what she thought of his discourse. She half closed her eyes, not from weariness, but (as many do) on bringing out of obscurity into light a notable discovery; and, laying her forefinger on my arm, "You have turned his head," said she. "He will do no longer; he used to be plain and coherent; and now . . did ever mortal talk so widely? I could not understand one word in twenty, and what I could understand was sheer nonsense."

"Sweet Epimedea!" said I, "this is what I should fancy to be no such easy matter."

"Ah! you are growing like him already," said she; "I should not be surprised to find, some morning, a cupola at the top of this pretty head."

Pericles, I think I never told you, has a little elevation on the crown of his; I should rather say his head has a crown, others have none.

XXXIV. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Do, my dear Aspasia, continue to write to me about the poets; and if you think there is anything of Myrtis or Corinna, which is wanting to us at Miletus, copy it out. I do not always approve of the Trilogies. Nothing can be more tiresome, hardly anything more wicked, than a few of them. It may be well occasionally to give something of the historical form to the dramatic, as it is occasionally to give something of the dramatic to the historical; but never to turn into ridicule and buffoonery the virtuous, the unfortunate, or the brave. Whatever the Athenians may boast of their exquisite judgment, their delicate perceptions, this is a perversion of intellect in its highest place, unworthy of a Thracian. There are many bad tragedies both of Æschylus and Sophocles, but none without beauties, few without excellences: I tremble then at your doubt. In another century it may be impossible to find a collection of the whole, unless some learned and rich man, like

Pericles, or some protecting king, like Hiero, should preserve them in his library.

XXXV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Prudently have you considered how to preserve all valuable authors. The cedar doors of a royal library fly open to receive them: ay, there they will be safe . . and untouched.

Hiero is however no barbarian: he deserves a higher station than a throne; and he is raised to it. The protected have placed the protector where neither the malice of men nor the power of Gods can reach him . . beyond Time . . above Fate.

XXXVI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

From the shortness of your last, I am quite certain that you are busy for me in looking out pieces of verse. If you cannot find any of Myrtis or Corinna, you may do what is better; you may compose a panegyric on all of our sex who have excelled in poetry. This will earn for you the same good office, when the world shall produce another Aspasia.

Having been in Bœotia, you must also know a great deal more of Pindar than we do. Write about any of them; they all interest me; and my mind has need of exercise. It is still too fond of throwing itself down on one place.

XXXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

And so, Cleone, you wish me to write a eulogy on Myrtis and Corinna, and all the other poetesses that ever lived; and this is for the honour of our sex! Ah Cleone! no studied eulogy does honour to anyone. It is always considered, and always ought to be, as a piece of pleading, in which the pleader says everything the most in favor of his client, in the most graceful and impressive manner he can. There is a city of Greece, I hear, in which reciprocal flattery is so necessary, that, whenever a member of the assembly dies, his successor is bound to praise him before he takes the seat.

I do not speak this from my own knowledge; indeed I could hardly believe in such frivolity, until I asked Pericles if it were true; or rather, if there were any foundation at all for the report.

"Perfectly true," said he, "but the citizens of this city are now become our allies; therefore do not curl your lip, or I must uncurl it, being an archon."

Myrtis and Corinna have no need of me. To read and recommend their works, to point out their beauties and defects, is praise enough.

"How!" methinks you exclaim. "To point out defects! is that praising?"

Yes, Cleone; if with equal good faith and accuracy you point out their beauties too. It is only thus a fair estimate can be made; and it is only by such fair estimate that a writer can be exalted to his proper station. If you toss up the scale too high, it descends again rapidly below its equipoise; what it contains drops out, and people catch at it, scatter it, and lose it.

We not only are inclined to indulge in rather more than a temperate heat (of what we would persuade ourselves is wholesome severity) toward the living, but even to peer sometimes into the tomb, with a wolfish appetite for an unpleasant odor.

We must patronise, we must pull down; in fact, we must be in mischief, men or women.

If we are capable of showing what is good in another, and neglect to do it, we omit a duty; we omit to give rational pleasure, and to conciliate right good-will; nay more, we are abettors, if not aiders, in the vilest fraud, the fraud of purloining from respect. We are entrusted with letters of great interest; what a baseness not to deliver them!

XXXVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

It is remarkable that Athens, so fertile in men of genius, should have produced no women of distinction, while Bœotia, by no means celebrated for brightness of intellect in either sex, presented to the admiration of the world her Myrtis and Corinna. At the feet of Myrtis it was that Pindar gathered into his throbbing breast the scattered seeds of poetry; and it was under the smile of the beautiful Corinna that he drew his inspiration and wove his immortal crown.

He never quite overcame his grandiloquence. The animals we call *half-asses*, by a word of the sweetest sound, although not the most seducing import, he calls

"The daughters of the tempest-footed steeds!"

O Fortune! that the children of so illustrious a line should carry sucking-pigs into the market-place, and cabbage-stalks out of it!

XXXIX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Will you always leave off, Aspasia, at the very moment you have raised our expectations to the highest? A witticism, and a sudden spring from your seat, lest we should see you smile at it, these are your ways; shame upon you! Are you determined to continue all your life in making everyone wish something?

Pindar should not be treated like ordinary men.

XL. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I have not treated Pindar like an ordinary man; I conducted him into the library of Cleone, and left him there. However, I would have my smile out, behind the door. The verse I quoted, you may be sure, is much admired by the learned, and no less by the brave and worthy men whom he celebrates for charioteership, and other such dexterities; but we of old Miletus have been always taught that words should be subordinate

to ideas, and we never place the pedestal on the head of the statue.

Now do not tell anybody that I have spoken a single word in dispraise of Pindar. Men are not too apt to admire what is admirable in their superiors, but on the contrary are apt to detract from them, and to seize on anything which may tend to lower them. Pindar would not have written so exquisitely if no fault had ever been found with him. He would have wandered on among such inquiries as those he began in:

"Shall I sing the wide-spreading and noble Ismenus? or the beautiful and white-ancled Melie? or the glorious Cadmus? or the mighty Hercules? or the blooming Bacchus?"

Now a poet ought to know what he is about before he opens his lips: he ought not to ask, like a poor fellow in the street, "Good people! what song will you have?" This however was not the fault for which he was blamed by Corinna. In our censures we are less apt to consider the benefit we may confer than the ingenuity we can display.

She said, "Pindar! you have brought a sack of corn to sow a perch of land; and, instead of sprinkling it about, you have emptied the sack at the first step."

Enough: this reproof formed his character: it directed his beat, it singled his aim, it concentrated his forces. It was not by the precepts of Corinna, it was not by her example, it was by one witticism of a wise and lovely woman, that he far excels all other poets in disdain of triviality and choice of topics. He is sometimes very tedious to us in his long stories of families, but we may be sure he was not equally so to those who were concerned in the genealogy. We are amused at his cleverness in saving the shoulder of Pelops from the devouring jaw of a hungry god. No doubt he mends the matter; nevertheless he tires us.

Many prefer his Dithyrambics to his Olympian, Isthmian, Pythian, and Nemean Odes: I do not; nor is it likely that he did himself. We may well suppose that he exerted the most power on the composition, and the most thought on the correction, of the poems he was to recite before kings and nations, in honour of the victors at those solemn games. Here the choruses and bands of music were composed of the first singers and players in the world; in the others there were no performers but such as happened to assemble on ordinary festivals, or at best at a festival of Bacchus. In the Odes performed at the games, although there is not always perfect regularity of corresponding verse, there is always enough of it to satisfy the most fastidious ear. In the Dithyrambics there is no order whatsoever, but verses and half-verses of every kind, cemented by vigorous and sounding prose.

I do not love dances upon stilts; they may excite the applauses and acclamations of the vulgar, but we, Cleone, exact the observance of established rules, and never put on slippers, however richly embroidered, unless they pair.

XLI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

We hear that between Athens and Syracuse there has always been much communication. Let me learn what you have been able to collect about the lives of Pindar and Æschylus in Sicily.

Is it not strange that the two most high-minded of poets should have gone to reside in a foreign land, under the dominion of a king?

I am ashamed of my question already. Such men are under no dominion. It is not in their nature to offend against the laws, or to think about what they are, or who administers them; and they may receive a part of their sustenance from kings, as well as from cows and bees. We will reproach them for emigration, when we reproach a man for lying down in his neighbour's field, because the grass is softer in it than in his own.

XLII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Not an atom have I been able to collect in regard to the two poets, since they went to the court of Hiero; but I can give you as correct and as full information as if I had been seated between them all the while.

Hiero was proud of his acquisition; the courtiers despised them, vexed them whenever they could, and entreated them to command their services and rely upon their devotion. What more? They esteemed each other; but poets are very soon too old for mutual love.

He who can add one syllable to this, shall have the hand of Cleone.

XLIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Torturing girl! and you, Aspasia, may justly say *ungrateful girl!* to me. You did not give me what I asked for, but you gave me what is better, a glimpse of you. This is the manner in which you used to trifle with me, making the heaviest things light, the thorniest tractable, and throwing your own beautiful brightness wherever it was most wanted.

But do not slip from me again. Æschylus, we know, is dead; we hear that Pindar is. Did they die abroad?

Ah poor Xeniades! how miserable to be buried by the stranger!

XLIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Æschylus, at the close of his seventieth year, died in Sicily. I know not whether Hiero received him with all the distinction he merited, or rewarded him with the same generosity as Pindar; nor indeed have I been able to learn, what would very much gratify me, that Pindar, who survived him four years and died lately, paid those honours to the greatest man of the most glorious age since earth rose out of chaos, which he usually paid with lavish hand to the prosperous and powerful. I hope he did; but the words *wealth* and *gold* occur too often in the poetry of Pindar.

Perhaps I may wrong him, for a hope is akin to a doubt; it may be that I am mistaken, since we have not all his poems even here in Athens. Several of these too, particularly the Dithyrambics, are in danger of perishing. The Odes on the victors at the games will be preserved by the vanity of the families they celebrate; and, being thus safe enough for many years, their own merit will sustain them afterward. It is owing to a stout nurse that many have lived to an extreme old age.

Some of the Odes themselves are of little value in regard to poetry, but he exercises in all of them as much dexterity as the worthies he applauds had displayed in their exploits.

To compensate the disappointment you complained of, I will now transcribe for you an ode of Corinna to her native town, being quite sure it is not in your collection. Let me first inform you that the exterior of the best houses in Tanagra is painted with historical scenes, adventures of Gods, allegories, and other things; and under the walls of the city flows the rivulet Thermodon. This it is requisite to tell you of so small and so distant a place.

CORINNA TO TANAGRA.

From Athens.

Tanagra! think not I forget
  Thy beautifully-storied streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
  In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

A gift I promise: one I see
  Which thou with transport wilt receive,
The only proper gift for thee,
  Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls;
A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no God can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
  To their own child the honours due,
And look ungently on the Muse;
  But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows
  Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
  The honey-gathering tribes away;
And sweetly, sweetly Attic tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant
  Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
  To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven: be such my praise!
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

XLV. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Epimedea, it appears, has not corrupted very grossly your purity and simplicity in dress. Yet, remembering your observation on armlets, I can not but commend your kindness and sufferance in wearing her emeralds. Your opinion was formerly, that we should be careful not to subdivide our persons. The arm is composed of three parts; no one of them is too long. Now the armlet intersects that portion of it which must be considered as the most beautiful. In my idea of the matter, the sandal alone is susceptible of gems, after the zone has received the richest. The zone is necessary to our vesture, and encompasses the person, in every quarter of the humanized world, in one invariable manner. The hair too is divided by nature in the middle of the head. There is a cousinship between the hair and the flowers; and from this relation the poets have called by the same name the leaves and it. They appear on the head as if they had been seeking one another. Our national dress, very different from the dresses of barbarous nations, is not the invention of the ignorant or the slave; but the sculptor, the painter, and the poet, have studied how best to adorn the most beautiful object of their fancies and contemplations. The Indians, who believe that human pains and sufferings are pleasing to the deity, make incisions in their bodies, and insert into them imperishable colours. They also adorn the ears and noses and foreheads of their gods. These were the ancestors of the Egyptian; we chose handsomer and better-tempered ones for our worship, but retained the same decorations in our sculpture, and to a degree which the sobriety of the Egyptian had reduced and chastened. Hence we retain the only mark of barbarism which dishonours our national dress, the use of ear-rings. If our statues should all be broken by some convulsion of the earth, would it be believed by future ages that, in the country and age of Sophocles, the women tore holes in their ears to let rings into, as the more brutal of peasants do with the snouts of sows!

XLVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Cleone, I do not know whether I ought to write out for you anything of Mimnermus. What is amatory poetry without its tenderness? and what was ever less tender than his? Take however the verses, such as they are. Whether they make you smile or look grave, without any grace of their own they must bring one forward. Certainly they are his best, which can not be said of every author out of whose rarer works I have added something to your collection.

I wish not Thasos rich in mines,
Nor Naxos girt around with vines,
Nor Crete nor Samos, the abodes
Of those who govern men and gods,

Nor wider Lydia, where the sound
Of tymbrels shakes the thymy ground,
And with white feet and with hoofs cloven
The dedal dance is spun and woven:
Meanwhile each prying younger thing
Is sent for water to the spring,
Under where red Priapus rears
His club amid the junipers.
In this whole world enough for me
Is any spot the gods decree;
Albeit the pious and the wise
Would tarry where, like mulberries,
In the first hour of ripeness fall
The tender creatures one and all.
To take what falls with even mind
Jove wills, and we must be resign'd.

XLVII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

There is less effrontery in those verses of Mimnermus than in most he has written. He is among the many poets who never make us laugh or weep; among the many whom we take into the hand like pretty insects, turn them over, look at them for a moment, and toss them into the grass again. The earth swarms with these; they live their season, and others similar come into life the next.

I have been reading works widely different from theirs; the odes of the lovely Lesbian. I think she has injured the phaleucian verse, by transposing one foot, and throwing it backward. How greatly more noble and more sonorous are those hendecasyllabics commencing the Scolion on Harmodius and Aristogiton, than the very best of hers, which, to my ear, labour and shuffle in their movement. Her genius was wonderful, was prodigious. I am neither blind to her beauties nor indifferent to her sufferings. We love for ever those whom we have wept for when we were children: we love them more than even those who have wept for us. Now I have grieved for Sappho, and so have you, Aspasia! we shall not therefore be hard judges of her sentiments or her poetry.

Frequently have we listened to the most absurd and extravagant praises of the answer she gave Alcæus, when he told her he wished to say something, but shame prevented him. This answer of hers is a proof that she was deficient in delicacy and in tenderness. Could Sappho be ignorant how infantinely inarticulate is early love? Could she be ignorant that shame and fear seize it unrelentingly by the throat, while hard-hearted impudence stands at ease, prompt at opportunity, and profuse in declarations!

There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface: the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.

The best Ode of Sappho, the Ode to Anactoria,

"Happy as any God is he," &c.,

shows the intemperance and disorder of passion. The description of her malady may be quite correct, but I confess my pleasure ends at the first strophe, where it begins with the generality of readers. I do not desire to know the effects of the distemper on her body, and I run out of the house into the open air, although the symptoms have less in them of contagion than of unseemliness. Both Sophocles and Euripides excite our sympathies more powerfully and more poetically.

I will not interfere any farther with your reflections; and indeed when I began, I intended to remark only the injustice of Sappho's reproof to Alcæus in the first instance, and the justice of it in the second, when he renewed his suit to her after he had fled from battle. We find it in the only epigram attributed to her.

He who from battle runs away
May pray and sing, and sing and pray;
Nathless, Alcæus, howsoe'er
Dulcet his song and warm his prayer
And true his vows of love may be,
He ne'er shall run away with me.

In my opinion no lover should be dismissed with contumely, or without the expression of commiseration, unless he has committed some bad action. O Aspasia! it is hard to love and not to be loved again. I felt it early; I still feel it. There is a barb beyond the reach of dittany; but years, as they roll by us, benumb in some degree our sense of suffering. Season comes after season, and covers as it were with soil and herbage the flints that have cut us so cruelly in our course.

XLVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Alcæus, often admirable in his poetry, was a vain-glorious and altogether worthless man. I must defend Sappho. She probably knew his character at the beginning, and sported a witticism (not worth much) at his expense. He made a pomp and parade of his generosity and courage, with which in truth he was scantily supplied, and all his love lay commodiously at the point of his pen, among the rest his first.

He was unfit for public life, he was unfit for private. Perverse, insolent, selfish, he hated tyranny because he could not be a tyrant. Sufficiently well-born, he was jealous and intolerant of those who were nothing less so, and he wished they were all poets that he might expose a weakness the more in them. For rarely has there been one, however virtuous, without some vanity and some invidiousness; despiser of the humble, detractor of the high, iconoclast of the near, and idolater of the distant.

Return we to Alcæus. Factitious in tenderness, factitious in heroism, addicted to falsehood, and unabashed at his fondness for it, he attacked and overcame every rival in that quarter. He picked up all the arrows that were shot against him, recocted all the venom of every point, and was almost an Archilochus in satire.

I do not agree with you in your censure of Sappho. There is softness by the side of power,

discrimination by the side of passion. In this however I do agree with you, that her finest ode is not to be compared to many choruses in the tragedians. We know that Sappho felt acutely; yet Sappho is never pathetic. Euripides and Sophocles are not remarkable for their purity, the intensity, or the fidelity of their loves, yet they touch, they transfix, the heart. Her imagination, her whole soul, is absorbed in her own breast: *she* is the prey of the passions; *they* are the lords and masters.

Sappho has been dead so long, and we live so far from Lesbos, that we have the fewer means of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of stories told about her. Some relate that she was beautiful, some that she was deformed. Lust, it is said, is frequently the inhabitant of deformity; and coldness is experienced in the highest beauty. I believe the former case is more general than the latter: but where there is great regularity of features I have often remarked a correspondent regularity in the affections and the conduct.

XLIX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Do you remember the lively Hegemon, whose curls you pressed down with your forefinger to see them spring up again? Do you remember his biting it for the liberty you had taken; and his kissing it to make it well; and his telling you that he was not quite sure whether some other kisses, here and there, might not be requisite to prevent the spreading of the venom? And do you remember how you turned pale? and how you laughed with me, as we went away, at his thinking you turned pale because you were afraid of it? The boy of fifteen, as he was then, hath lost all his liveliness, all his assurance, all his wit; and his radiant beauty has taken another character. His cousin Praxinoe, whom he was not aware of loving until she was betrothed to Callias, a merchant of Samos, was married a few months ago. There are no verses I read oftener than the loose dithyrambics of poor Hegemon. Do people love anywhere else as we love here at Miletus? But perhaps the fondness of Hegemon may abate after a time; for Hegemon is not a woman. How long and how assiduous are we in spinning that thread, the softest and finest in the web of life, which Destiny snaps asunder in one moment!

HEGEMON TO PRAXINOE.

Is there any season, O my soul,
When the sources of bitter tears dry up,
And the uprooted flowers take their places again
  Along the torrent-bed?

Could I wish to live, it would be for that season,
To repose my limbs and press my temples there.
But should I not speedily start away
  In the hope to trace and follow thy steps!

Thou art gone, thou art gone, Praxinōe!
And hast taken far from me thy lovely youth,
Leaving me naught that was desirable in mine.
  Alas! alas! what hast thou left me?

The helplessness of childhood, the solitude of age,
The laughter of the happy, the pity of the scorner,
A colorless and broken shadow am I,
  Seen glancing in troubled waters.

My thoughts too are scattered; thou hast cast them off;
They beat against thee, they would cling to thee,
But they are viler than the loose dark weeds,
  Without a place to root or rest in.

I would throw them across my lyre; they drop from it;
My lyre will sound only two measures;
That Pity will never, never come,
  Or come to the sleep that awakeneth not unto her.

L. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Tell Hegemon that his verses have made a deeper impression than his bite, and that the Athenians, men and women, are pleased with them. He has shown that he is a poet, by not attempting to show that he is overmuch of one. Forbear to inform him that we Athenians disapprove of irregularity in versification: we are little pleased to be rebounded from the end of a line to the beginning, as it often happens, and to be obliged to turn back and make inquiries in regard to what we have been about. There have latterly been many compositions in which it is often requisite to read twice over the verses which have already occupied more than a due portion of our time in reading once. The hop-skip-and-jump is by no means a pleasant or a graceful exercise, but it is quite intolerable when we invert it to a jump-skip-and-hop. I take some liberty in these strange novel compounds, but no greater than our friend Aristophanes has taken, and not only without reproof or censure, but with great commendation for it. However, I have done it for the first and last time, and before the only friend with whom they can be pardonable. Henceforward, I promise you, Cleone, I will always be Attic, or, what is gracefuller and better, Ionian. You shall for ever hear my voice in my letters, and you shall know it to be mine, and mine only. Already I have had imitators in the style of my conversations, but they have imitated others too, and this hath saved me. In mercy and pure beneficence to me, the Gods have marred the resemblance. Nobody can recognise me in my metempsychosis. Those who had hoped and heard better of me, will never ask themselves, "Was Aspasia so wordy, so inelegant, affected, and perverse?" Inconsiderate friends have hurt me worse than enemies could do: they have hinted that the orations of Pericles have been retouched by my pen. Cleone! the Gods themselves could not correct his language. Human ingenuity, with all the malice and impudence that usually accompany it, will never be able to remodel a single sentence, or to substitute a single word, in his speeches to the people. What wealth of wisdom has he not thrown away lest it encumber him in the Agora! how much more than ever was carried into it by the most popular of his opponents! Some of my expressions may have escaped from him in crowded places; some of his cling to me in retirement: we

can not love without imitating; and we are as proud in the loss of our originality as of our freedom. I am sorry that poor Hegemon has not had an opportunity of experiencing all this. Persuade his friends never to pity him, truly or feignedly, for pity keeps the wound open: persuade them rather to flatter him on his poetry, for never was there poet to whom the love of praise was not the first and most constant of passions. His friends will be the gainers by it: he will divide among them all the affection he fancies he has reserved for Praxinoe. With most men, nothing seems to have happened so long ago as an affair of love. Let nobody hint this to him at present. It is among the many truths that ought to be held back; it is among the many that excite a violent opposition at one time, and obtain at another (not much later) a very ductile acquiescence; he will receive it hereafter (take my word for him) with only one slight remonstrance . . *you are too hard upon us lovers:* then follows a shake of the head, not of abnegation, but of sanction, like Jupiter's.

Praxinoe, it seems, is married to a merchant, poor girl! I do not like these merchants. Let them have wealth in the highest, but not beauty in the highest; cunning and calculation can hardly merit both. At last they may aspire, if any civilized country could tolerate it, to honours and distinctions. These too let them have, but at Tyre and Carthage.

LI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

How many things in poetry, as in other matters, are likely to be lost because they are small! Cleobuline of Lindos wrote no long poem. Her lover was Cyenus of Colophon. There is not a single verse of hers in all that city; proof enough that he took no particular care of them. At Miletus she was quite unknown, not indeed by name, but in her works, until the present month, when a copy of them was offered to me for sale. The first that caught my eyes was this:

> Where is the swan of breast so white
> It made my bubbling life run bright
> On that one spot, and that alone,
> On which he rested; and I stood
> Gazing: now swells the turbid flood;
> Summer and he for other climes are flown!

I will not ask you at present to say anything in praise of Cleobuline, but do be grateful to Myrtis and Corinna!

LII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Grateful I am, and shall for ever be, to Myrtis and Corinna. But what odour of bud or incense can they wish to be lavished on the empty sepulchre, what praises of the thousand who praise in ignorance, or of the learned who praise from tradition, when they remember that they subdued and regulated the proud unruly Pindar, and agitated with all their passion the calm pure breast of Cleone!

Send me the whole volume of Cleobuline; transcribe nothing more. To compensate you as well as I can, and indeed I think the compensation is not altogether an unfair one, here are two little pieces from Myrtis, autographs, from the library of Pericles.

> Artemis, while Arion sighs,
> Raising her white and taper finger,
> Pretends to loose, yet makes to linger,
> The ivy that o'ershades her eyes.
>
> "Wait, or you shall not have the kiss,"
> Says she; but he, on wing to pleasure,
> "Are there not other hours for leisure?
> For love is any hour like this?"
>
> Artemis! faintly thou respondest,
> As falsely deems that fiery youth;
> A God there is who knows the truth,
> A God who tells me which is fondest.

Here is another, in the same hand, a clear and elegant one. Men may be negligent in their hand-writing, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly.

Well, the verses are prettier than my reflection, and equally true.

> *I will not love!*
> . . . These sounds have often
> Burst from a troubled breast;
> Rarely from one no sighs could soften,
> Rarely from one at rest.

Myrtis and Corinna, like Anacreon and Sappho who preceded them, were temperate in the luxuries of poetry. They had enough to do with one feeling; they were occupied enough with one reflection. They culled but few grapes from the bunch, and never dragged it across the teeth, stripping off ripe and unripe.

LIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

The verses of Myrtis, which you sent me last, are somewhat less pleasing to me than those others of hers which I send you in return. A few loose ideas on the subject (I know not whether worth writing) occur to me at this moment. Formerly we were contented with schools of philosophy; we now begin to talk about schools of poetry. Is not that absurd? There is only one school, the universe; one only school mistress, Nature. Those who are reported to be of such or such a school, are of none; they have played the truant. Some are more careful, some more negligent, some bring many dishes, some fewer, some little seasoned, some highly. Ground however there is for the fanciful appellation. The young poets at Miletus are beginning to throw off their allegiance to the established and acknowledged laws of Athens, and are weary of following in the train of the graver who have been crowned. The various schools, as they call them, have assumed distinct titles; but the largest and most

flourishing of all would be discontented, I am afraid, with the properest I could inscribe it with, the *queer*. We really have at present in our city more good poets than we ever had; and the *queer* might be among the best if they pleased. But whenever an obvious and natural thought presents itself, they either reject it for coming without imagination, or they *phrygianize* it with such biting and hot curling-irons, that it rolls itself up impenetrably. They declare to us that pure and simple imagination is the absolute perfection of poetry; and if ever they admit a sentence or reflection, it must be one which requires a whole day to unravel and wind it smoothly on the distaff.

To me it appears that poetry ought neither to be all body nor all soul. Beautiful features, limbs compact, sweetness of voice, and easiness of transition, belong to the Deity who inspires and represents it. We may loiter by the stream and allay our thirst as it runs, but we should not be forbidden the larger draught from the deeper well.

FROM MYRTIS.

Friends, whom she look'd at blandly from her couch
And her white wrist above it, gem-bedewed,
Were arguing with Pentheusa: she had heard
Report of Creon's death, whom years before
She listened to, well-pleas'd; and sighs arose;
For sighs full often fondle with reproofs
And will be fondled by them. When I came
After the rest to visit her, she said,
"Myrtis! how kind! Who better knows than thou
The pangs of love? and my first love was he!"
Tell me (if ever, Eros! are reveal'd
Thy secrets to the earth) have they been true
To any love who speak about the first?
What! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars
In the few hours assign'd them, change their place,
And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear?
Idler I am, and pardon, not reply,
Implore from thee, thus questioned; well I know
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

LIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Lysicles, a young Athenian, fond of travelling, has just returned to us from a voyage in Thrace. A love of observation, in other words curiosity, could have been his only motive, for he never was addicted to commerce, nor disciplined in philosophy; and indeed were he so, Thrace is hardly the country he would have chosen. I believe he is the first that ever travelled with no other intention than to see the cities and know the manners of barbarians. He represents the soil as extremely fertile in its nature, and equally well cultivated, and the inhabitants as warlike, hospitable, and courteous. All this is credible enough, and perhaps as generally known as might be expected of regions so remote and perilous. But Lysicles will appear to you to have assumed a little more than the fair privileges of a traveller, in relating that the people have so imperfect a sense of religion as to bury the dead in the temples of the Gods, and the priests are so avaricious and shameless as to claim money for the permission of this impiety. He told us furthermore that he had seen a magnificent temple, built on somewhat of a Grecian model, in the interior of which there are many flat marbles fastened with iron cramps against the walls, and serving for monuments. Continuing his discourse, he assured us that these monuments, although none are ancient, are of all forms and dimensions, as if the Thracians were resolved to waste and abolish the symmetry they had adopted; and that they are inscribed in an obsolete language, so that the people whom they might animate and instruct, by recording brave and virtuous actions, pass them carelessly by, breaking off now and then a nose from a conqueror, and a wing from an agathodemon.

Thrace is governed by many princes. One of them, Teres, an Odrysan,* has gained great advantages in war. No doubt, this is uninteresting to you, but it is necessary to the course of my narration. Will you believe it? yet Lysicles is both intelligent and trustworthy. . will you believe that, at the return of the Thracian prince to enjoy the fruits of his victory, he ordered an architect to build an arch for himself and his army to pass under, on their road into the city? As if a road, on such an occasion, ought not rather to be widened than narrowed! If you will not credit this of a barbarian, who is reported to be an intelligent and prudent man in other things, you will exclaim, I fear, against the exaggeration of Lysicles and my credulity, when I relate to you on his authority that, to the same conqueror, by his command, there has been erected a column sixty cubits high, supporting his effigy in marble!

Imagine the general of an army standing upon a column of sixty cubits to show himself! A crane might do it after a victory over a pigmy; or it might aptly represent the virtues of a rope-dancer, exhibiting how little he was subject to dizziness.

I will write no more about it, for really I am beginning to think that some pretty Thracian has given poor Lysicles a love-potion, and that it has affected his brain.

LV. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Never will I believe that a people, however otherwise ignorant and barbarous, yet capable of turning a regular arch and of erecting a lofty column, can be so stupid and absurd as you have represented. What! bury dead bodies in the temples! cast them out of their own houses into the houses of the Gods! Depend upon it, Aspasia, they were the bones of victims; and the strange uncouth inscriptions commemorate votive offerings, in the language of the priests, whatever it may be. So far is clear. Regarding the arch, Lysicles saw them removing it, and fancied they were building it. This mistake is really ludicrous. The column, you must have perceived at once, was

* Teres not only governed the larger part of Thrace, but influenced many of the free and independent states in that country, and led into the field the Getes, the Agrianians, the Lexans, and the Pœonians. Sitalces, son of Teres, ravaged all Macedonia in the reign of Perdiccas.

erected, not to display the victor, but to expose the vanquished. A blunder very easy for an idle traveller to commit. Few of the Thracians, I conceive, even in the interior, are so utterly ignorant of Grecian arts, as to raise a statue at such a highth above the ground that the vision shall not comprehend all the features easily, and the spectator see and contemplate the object of his admiration, as nearly and in the same position as he was used to do in the Agora.

The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.

Enough about Thracians; enough about tombs and monuments. Two pretty Milesians, Agapentha and Peristera, who are in love with you for loving me, are quite resolved to kiss your hand. You must not detain them long with you: Miletus is not to send all her beauty to be kept at Athens: we have no such treaty.

LVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

There is such a concourse of philosophers, all anxious to show Alcibiades the road to Virtue, that I am afraid they will completely block it up before him. Among the rest is my old friend Socrates, who seems resolved to transfer to him all the philosophy he designed for me, with very little of that which I presented to him in return.

And Alcibiades, who began with ridiculing him, now attends to him with as much fondness as Hyacinthus did to Apollo. The graver and uglier philosophers, however they differ on other points, agree in these; that beauty does not reside in the body, but in the mind; that philosophers are the only true heroes; and that heroes alone are entitled to the privilege of being implicitly obeyed by the beautiful.

Doubtless there may be very fine pearls in very uninviting shells; but our philosophers never wade knee-deep into the beds, attracted rather to what is bright externally.

LVII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Alcibiades ought not to have captious or inquisitive men about him. I know not what the sophists are good for; I only know they are the very worst instructors. Logic, however unperverted, is not for boys; argumentation is among the most dangerous of early practices, and sends away both fancy and modesty. The young mind should be nourished with simple and grateful food, and not too copious. It should be little exercised until its nerves and muscles show themselves, and even then rather for air than anything else. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age.

I am confident that persons like you and Pericles see little of these sharpers who play tricks upon words. It is amusing to observe how they do it, once or twice. As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them, and which, if you do otherwise, emit what is unpleasant or noxious, so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable; a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.

LVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Pericles rarely says he likes anything; but whenever he is pleased, he expresses it by his countenance, although when he is displeased he never shows it, even by the faintest sign. It was long before I ventured to make the observation to him: he replied,

"It would be ungrateful and ungentle not to return my thanks for any pleasure imparted to me, when a smile has the power of conveying them. I never say that a thing pleases me while it is yet undone or absent, lest I should give somebody the trouble of performing or producing it. As for what is displeasing, I really am insensible in general to matters of this nature; and when I am not so, I experience more of satisfaction in subduing my feeling than I ever felt of displeasure at the occurrence which excited it. Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other we may exercise. I foresee," he added, "that Alcibiades will be an elegant man, but I apprehend he will never be a polite one. There is a difference, and a greater than we are apt to perceive or imagine. Alcibiades would win without conciliating: he would seize and hold, but would not acquire. The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping and waking."

LIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Agapenthe and Peristera, the bearers of your letter, came hither in safety and health, late as the season is for navigation. They complain of our cold climate in Athens, and shudder at the sight of snow upon the mountains in the horizon.

Hardly had they been seen with me, before the housewives and sages were indignant at their effrontery. In fact, they gazed in wonder at the ugliness of our sex in Attica, and at the gravity of philosophers, of whom stories so ludicrous are related. I do not think I shall be able to find them lovers here. Peristera hath lost a little of her dove-like faculty (if ever she had much) at the report which has been raised about her cousin and herself. Dracontides was smitten at first sight by Agapenthe; she however was not at all by him, which is usually the case when young men would warm us at their fire before ours is kindled. For, honestly to confess the truth, the best of us are more capricious than sensitive, and more sensitive than grateful. Dracontides is not indeed a man to excite so delightful a feeling. He is confident that Peristera must be the cause of Agapenthe's disinclination to him; for how is

it possible that a young girl of unperverted mind could be indifferent to Dracontides? Unable to discover that any sorceress was employed against him, he turned his anger toward Peristera, and declared in her presence that her malignity alone could influence so abusively the generous mind of Agapenthe. At my request the playful girl consented to receive him. Seated upon an amphora in the aviary, she was stroking the neck of a noble peacock, while the bird pecked at the berries on a branch of arbutus in her bosom. Dracontides entered, conducted by Peristera, who desired her cousin to declare at once whether it was by any malignity of hers that he had hitherto failed to conciliate her regard.

"O the ill-tempered frightful man!" cried Agapenthe; "does anybody that is not malicious ever talk of malignity?"

Dracontides went away, calling upon the Gods for justice.

The next morning a rumour ran through Athens, how he had broken off his intended nuptials, on the discovery that Aspasia had destined the two Ionians to the pleasures of Pericles. Moreover, he had discovered that one of them, he would not say which, had certainly threads of several colours in her threadcase, not to mention a lock of hair, whether of a dead man, or no, might by some be doubted; and that the other was about to be consigned to Pyrilampes, in exchange for a peacock and sundry smaller birds.

No question could be entertained of the fact, for the girls were actually in the house, and the birds in the aviary.

Agapenthe declares she waits only for the spring, and will then leave Athens for her dear Miletus, where she never heard such an expression as malignity.

"O what rude people the Athenians are!" said she.

LX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Rather than open my letter again, I write another.

Agapenthe's heart is won by Mnasylos: I never suspected it.

On his return out of Thessaly (whither I fancy he went on purpose) he brought a cage of nightingales. There are few of them in Attica; and none being kept tame, none remain with us through the winter. Of the four brought by Mnasylos, one sings even in this season of the year. Agapenthe and Peristera were awakened in the morning by the song of a bird like a nightingale in the aviary. They went down together; and over the door they found these verses:—

> Maiden or youth, who standest here,
> Think not, if haply we should fear
> A stranger's voice or stranger's face,
> (Such is the nature of our race)
> That we would gladly fly again
> To gloomy wood or windy plain.
> Certain we are we ne'er should find
> A care so provident, so kind,
> Altho' by flight we repossest
> The tenderest mother's warmest nest.
> O may you prove, as well as we,
> That even in Athens there may be
> A sweeter thing than liberty.

"This is surely the hand-writing of Mnasylos," said Agapenthe.

"How do you know his hand-writing?" cried Peristera.

A blush and a kiss, and one gentle push, were the answer.

Mnasylos, on hearing the sound of footsteps, had retreated behind a thicket of laurustine and pyracanthus, in which the aviary is situated, fearful of bringing the gardener into reproof for admitting him. However, his passion was uncontrollable; and Peristera declares, although Agapenthe denies it, that he caught a kiss upon each of his cheeks by the interruption. Certain it is, for they agree in it, that he threw his arms around them both as they were embracing, and implored them to conceal the fault of poor old Alcon, "who showed me," said he, "more pity than Agapenthe will ever show me."

"Why did you bring these birds hither?" said she, trying to frown.

"Because you asked," replied he, "the other day, whether we had any in Attica, and told me you had many at home."

She turned away abruptly, and, running up to my chamber, would have informed me why.

Superfluous confidence! Her tears wetted my cheek.

"Agapenthe!" said I, smiling, "are you sure you have cried for the last time, 'O what rude people the Athenians are!'"

LXI. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

I apprehend, O Pericles, not only that I may become an object of jealousy and hatred to the Athenians, by the notice you have taken of me, but that you yourself, which affects me greatly more, may cease to retain the whole of their respect and veneration.

Whether, to acquire a great authority over the people, some things are not necessary to be done on which Virtue and Wisdom are at variance, it becomes not me to argue or consider; but let me suggest the inquiry to you, whether he who is desirous of supremacy should devote the larger portion of his time to one person.

Three affections of the soul predominate; Love, Religion, and Power. The first two are often united; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance to their society. I wonder then how you can love so truly and tenderly. Ought I not rather to say I *did* wonder? Was Pisistratus affectionate? Do not be angry. It is certainly the first time a friend has ever ventured to discover a resemblance, although you are habituated to it from your opponents. In these you forgive it; do you in me?

LXII. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Pisistratus was affectionate: the rest of his

character you know as well as I do. You know that he was eloquent, that he was humane, that he was contemplative, that he was learned; that he not only was profuse to men of genius, but cordial, and that it was only with such men he was familiar and intimate. You know that he was the greatest, the wisest, the most virtuous, excepting Solon and Lycurgus, that ever ruled any portion of the human race. Is it not happy and glorious for mortals, when, instead of being led by the ears under the clumsy and violent hand of vulgar and clamorous adventurers, a Pisistratus leaves the volumes of Homer and the conversation of Solon, for them?

We may be introduced to Power by Humanity, and at first may love her less for her own sake than for Humanity's, but by degrees we become so accustomed to her as to be quite uneasy without her.

Religion and Power, like the Cariatides in sculpture, never face one another; they sometimes look the same way, but oftener stand back to back.

We will argue about them one at a time, and about the other in the triad too: let me have the choice.

LXIII. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

We must talk over again the subject of your letter; no, not talk, but write about it.

I think, Pericles, you who are so sincere with me, are never quite sincere with others. You have contracted this bad habitude from your custom of addressing the people. But among friends and philosophers, would it not be better to speak exactly as we think, whether ingeniously or not? Ingenious things, I am afraid, are never perfectly true: however, I would not exclude them, the difference being wide between perfect truth and violated truth; I would not even leave them in a minority; I would hear and say as many as may be, letting them pass current for what they are worth. Anaxagoras rightly remarked that Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never.

LXIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Pericles was delighted with your letter on education. I wish he were as pious as you are; occasionally he appears so. I attacked him on his simulation, but it produced a sudden and powerful effect on Alcibiades. You will collect the whole from a summary of our conversation.

"So true," said he, "is the remark of Anaxagoras, that it was worth my while to controvert it. Did you not observe the attention paid to it by young and old? I was unwilling that the graver part of the company should argue tomorrow with Alcibiades on the nature of love, as they are apt to do, and should persuade him that he would be the better for it.

"On this consideration I said, while you were occupied, 'O Anaxagoras! if we of this household knew not how religious a man you are, your discourse would in some degree lead us to countenance the suspicion of your enemies. Religion is never too little for us; it satisfies all the desires of the soul. Love is but an atom of it, consuming and consumed by the stubble on which it falls. But when it rests upon the Gods, it partakes of their nature, in its essence pure and eternal. Like the ocean, Love embraces the earth; and by Love, as by the ocean, whatever is sordid and unsound is borne away.'

"'Love indeed works great marvels,' said Anaxagoras, 'but I doubt whether the ocean, in such removals, may not peradventure be the more active of the two.'

"'Acknowledge at least,' said I, 'that the flame of Love purifies the temple it burns in.'

"'Only when first lighted,' said Anaxagoras. 'Generally the heat is either spent or stifling soon afterward; and the torch, when it is extinguished, leaves an odour very different from myrrh and frankincense.'

"I think, Aspasia, you entered while he was speaking these words."

He had turned the stream. Pericles then proceeded.

"Something of power," said he, "hath been consigned to me by the favour and indulgence of the Athenians. I do not dissemble that I was anxious to obtain it; I do not dissemble that my vows and supplications for the prosperity of the country were unremitted. It pleased the Gods to turn toward me the eyes of my fellow-citizens, but had they not blessed me with religion they never would have blessed me with power, better and more truly called an influence on their hearts and their reason, a high and secure place in the acropolis of their affections. Yes, Anaxagoras! yes, Meton! I do say, had they not *blessed* me with it; for, in order to obtain it, I was obliged to place a daily and a nightly watch over my thoughts and actions. In proportion as authority was consigned to me, I found it both expedient and easy to grow better, time not being left me for sedentary occupations or frivolous pursuits, and every desire being drawn on and absorbed in that mighty and interminable, that rushing, renovating, and purifying one, which comprehends our country. If any young man would win to himself the hearts of the wise and brave, and is ambitious of being the guide and leader of them, let him be assured that his virtue will give him power, and power will consolidate and maintain his virtue. Let him never then squander away the inestimable hours of youth in tangled and trifling disquisitions, with such as perhaps have an interest in perverting or unsettling his opinions, and who speculate into his sleeping thoughts and dandle his nascent passions. But let him start from them with alacrity, and walk forth with firmness; let him early take an interest in the business and concerns of men; and let him, as he goes along, look steadfastly at the images of those who have benefited his country, and make with himself a solemn compact to stand hereafter among them."

I had heard the greater part of this already, all but the commencement. At the conclusion Alcibiades left the room; I feared he was conscious that something in it was too closely applicable to him. How I rejoiced when I saw him enter again, with a helmet like Pallas's on his head, a spear in his hand, crying, "To Sparta, boys! to Sparta!"

Pericles whispered to me, but in a voice audible to those who sate farther off, "Alcibiades, I trust, is destined to abolish the influence and subvert the power of that restless and troublesome rival."

LXV. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

I disbelieve, O Pericles, that it is good for us, that it is good for men, women, or nations, to be without a rival.

Acquit me now of any desire that, in your generosity, you should resolve on presenting me with such a treasure, for I am without the ability of returning it. But have you never observed how many graces of person and demeanour we women are anxious to display, in order to humble a rival, which we were unconscious of possessing until opposite charms provoked them?

Sparta can only be humbled by the prosperity and liberality of Athens. She was ever jealous and selfish; Athens has been too often so. It is only by forbearance toward dependent states, and by kindness toward the weaker, that her power can long preponderate. Strong attachments are strong allies. This truth is so clear as to be colourless, and I should fear that you would censure me for writing what almost a child might have spoken, were I ignorant that its importance hath made little impression on the breasts of statesmen.

I admire your wisdom in resolving to increase no farther the domains of Attica; to surround her with the outworks of islands, and more closely with small independent communities. It is only from such as these that Virtue can come forward neither hurt nor heated; the crowd is too dense for her in larger. But what is mostly our consideration, it is only such as these that are sensible of benefits. They cling to you afflictedly in your danger; the greater look on with folded arms, nod knowingly, cry *sad work!* when you are worsted, and turn their backs on you when you are fallen.

LXVI. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

There are things, Aspasia, beyond the art of Phidias. He may represent Love leaning upon his bow and listening to Philosophy; but not for hours together: he may represent Love, while he is giving her a kiss for her lesson, tying her arms behind her: loosing them again must be upon another marble.

LXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The philosophers are less talkative in our conversations, now Alcibiades hath given up his mind to mathematics and strategy, and seldom comes among them

Pericles told me they will not pour out the rose-water for their beards, unless into a Corinthian or golden vase.

"But take care," added he, "to offend no philosopher of any sect whatever. Indeed to offend any person is the next foolish thing to being offended. I never do it, unless when it is requisite to discredit somebody who might otherwise have the influence to diminish my estimation. Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same. I have scarcely had time to think of any blessings that entered my house with you, beyond those which encompass myself; yet it can not but be obvious that Alcibiades hath now an opportunity of improving his manners, such as even the society of scholastic men will never countervail. This is a high advantage on all occasions, particularly in embassies. Well-bred men require it, and let it pass: the ill-bred catch at it greedily; as fishes are attracted from the mud, and netted, by the shine of flowers and shells."

LXVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

At last I have heard him speak in public.

Apollo may shake the rocks of Delphi, and may turn the pious pale; my Pericles rises with serenity; his voice hath at once left his lips and entered the heart of Athens. The violent and desperate tremble in every hostile city; a thunderbolt seems to have split in the centre, and to have scattered its sacred fire unto the whole circumference of Greece.

The greatest of prodigies are the prodigies of a mortal; they are indeed the only ones: with the Gods there are none.

Alas! alas! the eloquence and the wisdom, the courage and the constancy of my Pericles, must have their end; and the glorious shrine, wherein they stand pre-eminent, must one day drop into the deformity of death!

O Aspasia! of the tears thou art shedding, tears of pride, tears of fondness, are there none (in those many) for thyself? Yes; whatever was attributed to thee of grace or beauty, so valuable for his sake whose partiality assigned them to thee, must go first, and all that he loses is a loss to thee! Weep then on.

LXIX. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Do you love me? do you love me? Stay, reason upon it, sweet Aspasia! doubt, hesitate, question, drop it, take it up again, provide, raise obstacles, reply indirectly. Oracles are sacred, and there is a pride in being a diviner.

LXX. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

I will do none of those things you tell me to

do; but I will say something you forgot to say, about the insufficiency of Phidias.

He may represent a hero with unbent brows, a sage with the lyre of Poetry in his hand, Ambition with her face half-averted from the City, but he cannot represent, in the same sculpture, at the same distance, Aphrodite higher than Pallas. He would be derided if he did; and a great man can never do that for which a little man may deride him.

I shall love you even more than I do, if you will love yourself more than me. Did ever lover talk so? Pray tell me, for I have forgotten all they ever talked about. But, Pericles! Pericles! be careful to lose nothing of your glory, or you lose all that can be lost of me; my pride, my happiness, my content; everything but my poor weak love. Keep glory then for my sake!

LXXI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I am not quite certain that you are correct in your decision, on the propriety of sculpturing the statues of our deities from one sole material. Those however of mortals and nymphs and genii should be marble, and marble only. But you will pardon a doubt, a long doubt, a doubt for the chin to rest upon in the palm of the hand, when Cleone thinks one thing and Phidias another. I debated with Pericles on the subject.

"In my opinion," said he, "no material for statuary is so beautiful as marble; and, far from allowing that two or more materials should compose one statue, I would not willingly see an interruption made in the figure of a god or goddess, even by the folds of drapery. I would venture to take the cestus from Venus, distinguishing her merely by her own peculiar beauty. But in the representations of the more awful Powers, who are to be venerated and worshipped as the patrons and protectors of cities, we must take into account the notions of the people. In their estimate, gold and ivory give splendour and dignity to the Gods themselves, and our wealth displays their power! Beside . . but bring your ear closer . . when they will not indulge us with their favour, we may borrow their cloaks and ornaments, and restore them when they have recovered their temper."

LXXII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

After I had written to you, we renewed our conversation on the same subject. I inquired of Pericles whether he thought the appellation of *golden* was applied to Venus for her precious gifts, or for some other reason. His answer was:

"Small statues of Venus are more numerous than of any other deity; and the first that were gilt in Greece, I believe, were hers. She is worshipped, you know, not only as the goddess of beauty, but likewise as the goddess of fortune. In the former capacity we are her rapturous adorers for five years perhaps; in the latter we persevere for life. Many carry her image with them on their journeys, and there is scarcely a house in any part of Greece wherein it is not a principal ornament."

I remarked to him that Apollo, from the colour of his hair and the radiance of his countenance, would be more appropriately represented in gold, and yet that the poets were unmindful to call him the *golden*.

"They never found him so," said he; "but Venus often smiles upon them in one department. Little images of her are often of solid gold, and are placed on the breast or under the pillow. Other deities are seldom of such diminutive size or such precious materials. It is only of late that they have even borne the semblance of them. The Egyptians, the inventors of all durable colours, and indeed of everything else that is durable in the arts, devised the means of investing other metals with dissolved gold; the Phœnicians, barbarous and indifferent to elegance and refinement, could only cover them with lamular incrustations. By improving the inventions of Egypt, bronze, odious in its own proper colour for the human figure, and more odious for Divinities, assumes a splendour and majesty which almost compensate for marble itself."

"Metal," said I, "has the advantage in durability."

"Surely not," answered he; "and it is more exposed to invasion and avarice. But either of them, under cover, may endure many thousand years, I apprehend, and without corrosion. The temples of Egypt, which have remained two thousand, are fresh at this hour as when they were first erected; and all the violence of Cambyses and his army, bent on effacing the images, has done little more harm, if you look at them from a short distance, than a single fly would do in a summer day, on a statue of Pentelican marble. The Egyptians have laboured more to commemorate the weaknesses of man than the Grecians to attest his energies. This however must be conceded to the Egyptians; that they are the only people on earth to whom destruction has not been the first love and principal occupation. The works of their hands will outlive the works of their intellect: here at least I glory in the sure hope that we shall differ from them. Judgment and perception of the true and beautiful will never allow our statuaries to represent the human countenance, as they have done, in granite, and porphyry, and basalt. Their statues have resisted Time and War; ours will vanquish Envy and Malice.

"Sculpture has made great advances in my time; Painting still greater: for until the last forty years it was inelegant and rude. Sculpture can go no farther; Painting can: she may add scenery and climate to her forms. She may give to Philoctetes, not only the wing of the sea-bird wherewith he cools the throbbing of his wound; not only the bow and the quiver at his feet, but likewise the gloomy rocks, the Vulcanian vaults,

and the distant fires of Lemnos, the fierce inhabitants subdued by pity, the remorseless betrayer, and the various emotions of his retiring friends. Her reign is boundless, but the fairer and the richer part of her dominions lies within the Odyssea. Painting by degrees will perceive her advantages over Sculpture; but if there are paces between Sculpture and Painting, there are parasangs between Painting and Poetry. The difference is that of a lake confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varieties of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself, and everything around it and above it.

"But let us turn back again to the position we set out from, and offer due reverence to the truest diviners of the Gods. Phidias in ten days is capable of producing what would outlive ten thousand years, if man were not resolved to be the subverter of man's glory. The Gods themselves will vanish away before their images."

O Cleone! this is painful to hear. I wish Pericles, and I too, were somewhat more religious: it is so sweet and graceful.

LXXIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

She, O Aspasia, who wishes to be more religious, hath much religion, although the volatility of her imagination and the velocity of her pursuits do not permit her to settle fixedly on the object of it. How could I have ever loved you so, if I believed the Gods would disapprove of my attachment, as they certainly would if you underrated their power and goodness! They take especial care both to punish the unbeliever, and to strike with awe the witnesses of unbelief. I accompanied my father, not long since, to the temple of Apollo; and when we had performed the usual rites of our devotion, there came up to us a young man of somewhat pleasing aspect, with whose family ours was anciently on terms of intimacy. After my father had made the customary inquiries, he conversed with us about his travels. He had just left Ephesus, and said he had spent the morning in a comparison between Diana's temple and Apollo's. He told us that they are similar in design; but that the Ephesian Goddess is an ugly lump of dark-coloured stone; while our Apollo is of such transcendent beauty that, on first beholding him, he wondered any other God had a worshipper. My father was transported with joy at such a declaration.

"Give up the others," said he; "worship here, and rely on prosperity."

"Were I myself to select," answered he, "any deity in preference to the rest, it should not be an irascible, or vindictive, or unjust one."

"Surely not," cried my father . . "it should be Apollo; and *our* Apollo! What has Diana done for any man, or any woman? I speak submissively . . with all reverence . . I do not question."

The young man answered, "I will forbear to say a word about Diana, having been educated in great fear of her: but surely the treatment of Marsyas by Apollo was bordering on severity."

"Not a whit," cried my father, "if understood rightly."

"His assent to the request of Phaëton," continued the young man, "knowing (as he did) the consequences, seems a little deficient in that foresight which belongs peculiarly to the God of prophecy."

My father left me abruptly, ran to the font, and sprinkled first himself, then me, lastly the guest, with lustral water.

"We mortals," continued he gravely, "should not presume to argue on the Gods after our own inferior nature and limited capacities. What appears to have been cruel might have been most kindly provident."

"The reasoning is conclusive," said the youth; "you have caught by the hand a benighted and wandering dreamer, and led him from the brink of a precipice. I see nothing left now on the road-side but the skin of Marsyas, and it would be folly to start or flinch at it."

My father had a slight suspicion of his sincerity, and did not invite him to the house. He has attempted to come, more than once, evidently with an earnest desire to explore the truth. Several days together he has been seen on the very spot where he made the confession to my father, in deep thought, and, as we hope, under the influence of the Deity.

I forgot to tell you that this young person is Thraseas, son of Phormio, the Coan.

LXXIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

If ever there was a youth whose devotion was ardent, and whose face (I venture to say, although I never saw it) was prefigured for the offices of adoration, I suspect it must be Thraseas, son of Phormio, the Coan.

Happy the man who, when every thought else is dismissed, comes last and alone into the warm and secret foldings of a letter!

LXXV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Alcibiades entered the library one day when I was writing out some verses. He discovered what I was about, by my hurry in attempting to conceal them.

"Alcibiades!" said I "we do not like to be detected in anything so wicked as poetry. Some day or other I shall perhaps have my revenge, and catch you committing the same sin with more pertinacity."

"Do you fancy," said he, "that I can not write a verse or two, if I set my heart upon it?"

"No," replied I, "but I doubt whether your heart, in its lightness and volubility, would not roll off so slippery a plinth. We remember your poetical talents, displayed in all their brightness on poor Socrates."

"Do not laugh at Socrates," said he. "The man is by no means such a quibbler and impostor as some of his disciples would represent him, making him drag along no easy mule-load, by Hercules! no summer robe, no every-day vesture, no nurse of an after-dinner nap, but a trailing, troublesome, intricate piece of sophistry, interwoven with flowers and sphynxes, stolen from an Egyptian temple, with dust enough in it to blind all the crocodiles as far as to the cataracts, and to dry up the Nile at its highest overflow. He is rather fond of strangling an unwary interloper with a string of questions, of which it is difficult to see the length or the knots, until the two ends are about the throat; but he lets him off easily when he has fairly set his mark on him. Anaxagoras tells me that there is not a school in Athens where the scholars are so jealous and malicious, while he himself is totally exempt from those worst and most unphilosophical of passions; that the parasitical weed grew up together with their very root, and soon overtopped the plant, but that it only hangs to his railing. Now Anaxagoras envies nobody, and only perplexes us by the admiration of his generosity, modesty, and wisdom.

"I did not come hither to disturb you, Aspasia! and will retire when I have given you satisfaction, or *revenge;* this, I think, is the word. Not only have I written verses, and, as you may well suppose, long after those upon the son of Sophroniscos, but verses upon love."

"Are we none of us in the secret?" said I.

"You shall be," said he; "attend and pity."

I must have turned pale, I think, for I shuddered. He repeated these, and relieved me.

> I love to look on lovely eyes,
> And do not shun the sound of sighs,
> If they are level with the ear;
> But if they rise just o'er my chin,
> O Venus! how I hate their din!
> My own I am too weak to bear.

LXXVI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Do you remember little Artemidora, the mild and bashful girl, whom you compared to a white blossom on the river, surrounded by innumerable slender reeds, and seen only at intervals as they waved about her, making way to the breeze, and quivering and bending? Not having seen her for some time, and meeting Deiphobos who is intimate with her family, I ventured to ask him whether he had been lately at the house. He turned pale. Imprudent and indelicate as I am, I accused him instantly, with much gaiety, of love for her. Accused! O Aspasia, how glorious is it in one to feel more sensibly than all others the beauty that lies far beyond what they ever can discern! From their earthly station they behold the Sun's bright disk: *he* enters the palace of the God. Externally there is fire only: pure inextinguishable æther fills the whole space within, and increases the beauty it displays.

"Cleone!" said he, "you are distressed at the apprehension of having pained me. Believe me, you have not touched the part where pain lies. Were it possible that a creature so perfect could love me, I would reprove her indiscretion; I would recall to her attention what surely her eyes might indicate at a glance, the disparity of our ages; and I would teach her, what is better taught by friendship than by experience, that youth alone is the fair price of youth. However, since there is on either side nothing but pure amity, there is no necessity for any such discourse. My soul could hardly be more troubled if there were. Her health is declining while her beauty is scarcely yet at its meridian. I will not delay you, O Cleone! nor will you delay me. Rarely do I enter the temples; but I must enter here before I sleep. Artemis and Aphroditè may perhaps hear me: but I entreat you, do you also, who are more pious than I am, pray and implore of their divine goodness, that my few years may be added to hers; the few to them any, the sorrowful (not then so) to the joyous."

He clasped my hand: I withdrew it, for it burnt me. Inconsiderate and indelicate before, call me now (what you must ever think me) barbarous and inhuman.

LXXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The largest heart, O Cleone, is that which only one can rest upon or impress; the purest is that which dares to call itself impure; the kindest is that which shrinks rather at its own inhumanity than at another's. Cleone barbarous! Cleone inhuman! Silly girl! you are fit only to be an instructress to the sillier Aspasia. In some things (in this for instance) I am wiser than you. I have truly a great mind to make you blush again, and so make you accuse yourself a second time of indiscretion. After a pause, I am resolved on it. Now then. Artemidora is the very girl who preferred you to me both for manners and beauty. Many have done the same, no doubt, but she alone to my face. When we were sitting, one evening in autumn, with our feet in the Mæander, her nurse conducted her toward us. We invited her to sit down between us, which at first she was afraid of doing, because the herbage had recovered from the drought of summer and had become succulent as in spring, so that it might stain her short white dress. But when we showed her how this danger might be quite avoided, she blushed, and, after some hesitation, was seated. Before long, I inquired of her who was her little friend, and whether he was handsome, and whether he was sensible, and whether he was courageous, and whether he was ardent. She answered all these questions in the affirmative, excepting the last, which she really did not understand. At length came the twilight of thought and showed her blushes. I ceased to persecute her, and only asked her which of us she liked the best and thought the most beautiful. "I like Cleone the best," said she, "and think her the most beautiful, because she took my hand and pitied my confusion when such very strange questions were put to me."

However, she kissed me when she saw I was concerned at my impropriety: may-be a part of the kiss was given as à compensation for the severity of her sentence.

LXXVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

We are but pebbles in a gravel walk,
Some blacker and some whiter, pebbles still,
Fit only to be trodden on.

These words were introduced into a comedy lately written by Polus, a remarkably fat person, and who appears to have enjoyed life and liberty as much as any citizen in Athens. I happen to have rendered some services to Philonides the actor, to whom the speech is addressed. He brought me the piece before its representation, telling me that Polus and his friends had resolved to applaud the passage, and to turn their faces toward Pericles. I made him a little present, on condition that, in the representation, he should repeat the following verses in reply, instead of the poet's.

. . . . . Fair Polus!
Can such fierce winds blow over such smooth seas!
I never saw a pebble in my life
So richly set as thou art: now, by Jove,
He who would tread upon thee can be none
Except the proudest of the elephants,
The tallest and the surest-footed beast
In all the stables of the kings of Ind.

The comedy was interrupted by roars of laughter: the friends of Polus slunk away, and he himself made many a violent effort to do the same; but Amphicydes, who stood next, threw his arms round his neck, crying,

"Behold another Codrus! devoting himself for his country. The infernal Powers require no black bull for sacrifice; they are quite satisfied. Eternal peace with Bœotia! eternal praise to her! what a present! where was he fatted?"

We had invited Polus to dine with us, and now condoled with him on his loss of appetite. The people of Athens were quite out of favour with him.

"I told them what they were fit for," cried he, "and they proved it. Amphicydes . . I do not say he has been at Sparta . . I myself saw him, no long time ago, on the road that leads to Megara . . that city rebelled soon after. His wife died strangely: she had not been married two years, and had grown ugly and thin: he might have used her for a broom if she had hair enough . . perhaps he did; odd noises have been heard in the house. I have no suspicion or spite against any man living . . and, praise to the Gods! I can live without being an informer."

We listened with deep interest, but could not understand the allusion, as he perceived by our looks.

"You will hear to-morrow," said he, "how unworthily I have been treated. Wit draws down Folly on us, and she must have her fling. It does not hit; it does not hit."

Slaves brought in a ewer of water, with several napkins. They were not lost upon Polus, and he declared that those two boys had more sagacity and intuition than all the people in the theatre.

"In your house and your administration, O Pericles, everything is timed well and done well, without our knowing how. Dust will rise," said he, "dust will rise; if we would not raise it we must never stir. They have begun with those who would reform their manners; they will presently carry their violence against those who maintain and execute the laws."

Supper was served.

"A quail, O best Polus!"*

"A quail, O wonderful! may hurt me; but being recommended . ."

It disappeared.

"The breast of that capon . ."

"Capons, being melancholic, breed melancholy within."

"Coriander-seed might correct it, together with a few of those white plump pine-seeds."

"The very desideration!"

It was corrected.

"Tunny under oil, with marjoram and figs, pickled locusts and pistachioes . . Your stomach seems delicate."

"Alas! indeed it is declining. Tunny! tunny! I dare not, O festoon of the Graces! I dare not verily. Chian wine alone can appease its seditions."

They were appeased.

Some livers were offered him, whether of fish or fowl, I know not, for I can hardly bear to look at that dish. He waved them away, but turned suddenly round, and said, "Youth! I think I smell fennel."

"There is fennel, O mighty one!" replied the slave, "and not fennel only, but parsley and honey, pepper and rosemary, garlick from Salamis, and . ."

"Say no more, say no more; fennel is enough for moderate men and brave ones. It reminds me of the field of Marathon."

The field was won; nothing was left upon it.

Another slave came forward, announcing loudly and pompously, "Gosling from Brauron! Sauce . . prunes, mustard-seed, capers, fenu-greek, sesamum, and squills."

"Squills!" exclaimed Polus, "they soothe the chest. It is not every cook that is deep in the secrets of nature. Brauron! an ancient city: I have friends in Brauron: I will taste, were it only for remembrance of them."

He made several essays, several pauses.

"But when shall we come to the squills?" said he, turning to the slave; "the qualities of the others are negative."

The whole dish was, presently.

"Our pastry," said I, "O illustrious Polus! is the only thing I can venture to recommend at table; the other dishes are merely on sufferance, but really our pastry is good: I usually dine entirely upon it."

"Entirely!" cried he, in amaze.

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* O *best!* O *wonderful!* O *lady!* &c.
Ω βελτιστε: Ω θαυμαστε: Ω δεσποινα.
Conversation was never carried on without these terms, even among philosophers, as we see in Plato, &c.

"With a glass of water," added I, "and some grapes, fresh or dry."

"To accompany you, O divine Aspasia! though in good truth this said pastry is but a sandy sort of road; no great way can be made in it."

The diffident Polus was not a bad engineer however, and he soon had an opportunity of admiring the workmanship at the bottom of the salver.

Two dishes of roast meat were carried to him. I know not what one was, nor could Polus easily make up his mind upon it: experiment following experiment. Kid however was an old acquaintance.

"Those who kill kids" said he "deserve well of their country, for they grow up mischievous: the Gods, aware of this, make them very eatable. They require some management, some skill, some reflection: mint, shalot, dandelion, vinegar: strong coercion upon them. Chian wine, boy!"

"What does Pericles eat?"

"Do not mind Pericles. He has eaten of the quails, and some roast fish, besprinkled with bay-leaves for sauce."

"Fish! ay, that makes him so vigilant. Cats . ."

Here he stopped, not however without a diversion in his favour from me, observing that he usually dined on vegetables, fish, and some bird: that his earlier meal was his longest, confectionary, honey, and white bread, composing it.

"And Chian or Lesbian?"

"He enjoys a little wine after dinner, preferring the lighter and subacid."

"Wonderful man!" cried he; "and all from such fare as that!"

When he rose from table he seemed by his countenance to be quiet again at heart; nevertheless he said in my ear with a sigh, "Did I possess the power of Pericles, or the persuasion of Aspasia, by the Immortals! I would enrich the galleys with a grand dotation. Every soul of them should . . I, yes, every soul of them . . monsters of ingratitude, hypocrites, traitors, they should for Egypt, for Carthage, Mauritania, Numidia. He will find out before long what dogs he has been skimming the kettle for."

It required an effort to be perfectly composed, at a simile which I imagine has never been used in the Greek language since the days of Medea; but I cast down my eyes, and said consolatorily, "It is difficult to do justice to such men as Pericles and Polus."

He would now have let me into the secret, but others saved me.

Our farmers, in the number of their superstitions, entertain a firm belief that any soil is rendered more fertile by burying an ass's head in it. On this idea is founded the epigram I send you: it raised a laugh at dinner.

Leave me thy head when thou art dead,
Speusippus! Prudent farmers say
An ass's skull makes plentiful
The poorest soil; and ours is clay.

LXXIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Anaxagoras is the true, firm, constant friend of Pericles; the golden lamp that shines perpetually on the image I adore. Yet sometimes he speaks severely. On one of these occasions, Pericles took him by the hand, saying,

"O Anaxagoras! sincere and ardent lover of Truth! why do not you love her in such a manner as never to let her see you out of humour?"

"Because," said Anaxagoras, "you divide my affections with her, much to my shame."

Pericles was called away on business; I then said: "O Anaxagoras! is not Pericles a truly great man?"

He answered, "If Pericles were a truly great man, he would not wish to appear different from what he is; he would know himself, and make others know him; he seems to guard against both. Much is wanting to constitute his greatness. He possesses, it is true, more comprehensiveness and concentration than any living; perhaps more than any since Solon; but he thinks that power over others is better than power over himself; as if a mob were worth a man, and an acclamation were worth a Pericles."

"But," said I, "he has absolute command over himself; and it is chiefly by exerting it that he has obtained an ascendancy over the minds of others."

"Has he rendered them wiser and more virtuous?" said he.

"You know best," replied I, "having lived much longer among them."

"Perhaps," said Anaxagoras, "I may wrong him; perhaps he has saved them from worse disasters."

"You think him then ambitious?" said I, with some sadness.

"Ambitious!" cried he; "how so! He might have been a philosopher, and he is content to be a ruler."

I was ill at ease.

"Come," said I, "Anaxagoras! come into the garden with me. It is rather too warm indeed out of doors, but we have many evergreens, high and shady, and those who, like you and me, never drink wine, have little to dread from the heat."

Whether the ilexes and bays and oleanders struck his imagination, and presented the simile, I can not tell, but he thus continued in illustration of his discourse,

"There are no indeciduous plants, Aspasia! the greater part lose their leaves in winter, the rest in summer. It is thus with men. The generality yield and are stripped under the first chilly blasts that shake them. They who have weathered these, drop leaf after leaf in the sunshine. The virtues by which they arose to popularity, take another garb, another aspect, another form, and totally disappear. Be not uneasy; the heart of Pericles will never dry up, so many streams run into it."

He retired to his studies; I spoke but little that evening, and slept late.

LXXX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

How can I ever hope to show you, in all its brightness, the character of my friend? I will tell you how; by following Love and Truth. Like most others who have no genius, I do not feel the want of it, at least not here.

A shallow water may reflect the sun as perfectly as a deeper.

The words of Anaxagoras stuck to me like thistles. I resolved to speak in playfulness with the object of our conversation. First I began to hint at enemies. He smiled.

"The children in my orchard," said he, "are not yet grown tall enough to reach the fruit; they may throw at it, but can bring none down."

"Do tell me, O Pericles!" said I, "now we are inseparable for ever, how many struggles with yourself (to say nothing of others) you must have had, before you attained the position you have taken."

"It is pleasanter," answered he, "to think of our glory than of the means by which we acquired it.

"When we see the horses that have won at the Olympian games, do we ask what oats they have eaten to give them such velocity and strength? Do those who swim admirably, ever trouble their minds about the bladders they swam upon in learning, or inquire what beasts supplied them? When the winds are filling our sails, do we lower them and delay our voyage, in order to philosophise on the particles of air composing them, or to speculate what region produced them, or what becomes of them afterward?"

LXXXI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

At last, Aspasia, you love indeed. The perfections of your beloved interest you less than the imperfections, which you no sooner take up for reprehension, than you admire, embrace, and defend. Happy, happy, Aspasia! but are you wise and good and equable, and fond of sincerity, as formerly! Nay, do not answer me. The Gods forbid that I should force you to be ingenious, and love you for it. How much must you have lost before you are praised for that!

Archelaüs, of all our philosophers the most quiet man, and the most patient investigator, will bring you this. He desires to be the hearer of Anaxagoras.

LXXXII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I received our countryman with great pleasure. He was obliged to be *my* hearer for several hours: I hope his patience will never be so much tried by Anaxagoras. I placed them together at table; but Anaxagoras would not break through his custom; nothing of philosophy. Our repast would have been even less talkative than usual, had not Anaxagoras asked our guest whether the earlier Milesian authors, poets or historians, had mentioned Homer.

"I find not a word about him in any one of them," replied he, "although we have the works of Cadmus and Phocylides, the former no admirable historian, the latter an indifferent poet, but not the less likely to mention him; and they are supposed to have lived within three centuries of his age. Permit my first question to you, in my search after truth, to be this; whether his age were not much earlier?"

"This is not the only question," said Anaxagoras, "on which you will hear from me the confession of my utter ignorance. I am interested in everything that relates to the operations of the human mind; and Pericles has in his possession every author whose works have been transcribed. The number will appear quite incredible to you: there can not be fewer than two hundred. I find poetry to which is attributed an earlier date than to Homer's; but stupidity and barbarism are no convincing proofs. I find Cretan, Ionian, Laconian, and Bœotian, written certainly more than three centuries ago; the language is not copious, is not fluent, is not refined. Pericles says it is all of it inharmonious: of this I can not judge; he can. Dropides and Mimnermus wrote no better verses than the servant-girls sing upon our staircases. Archilocus and Alcman, who lived a century earlier, composed much grander; but where there is at once ferocity and immodesty, either the age must have been barbarous or the poet must have been left behind it. Sappho was in reality the reviver of poetry, teaching it to humanise and delight; Simonides brought it to perfection. The muse of Lesbos, as she is called, and Alcæus, invented each a novel species of strophe. Aspasia prefers the poetry of Sappho and the metre of Alcæus, which however, I think she informs us, is less adapted to her subjects than her own is."

"It appears to me," said I, "that everyone who felt strong in poetry was ambitious of being an inventor in its measures. Archilochus, the last of any note, invented the iambic."

"True, O Aspasia!" said Pericles, "but not exactly in the sense usually received. He did not invent, as many suppose, the senarian iambic, which is coeval almost with the language itself, and many of which creep into the closest prose composition, but he was the first who subjoined a shorter to it, the barb to the dart, so fatal to Cleobule and Lycambes."

"His first," said I, "is like the trot of a mastiff, his second is like the spring at the throat.

"Homer alone has enriched the language with sentences full of harmony. How long his verse was created, how long his Gods had lived, before *him*, how long he himself before *us*, is yet uncertain, although Herodotus* is of opinion that he is nearer to us than Pericles and Anaxagoras admit. But these two philosophers place sun, moon, and stars, beyond all reasonable limits; I know not how far off."

* The *Life of Homer*, appended to the works of Herodotus, is spurious.

"We none of us know;" said Pericles, "but Anaxagoras hopes that, in a future age, human knowledge will be more extensive and more correct; and Meton has encouraged us in our speculations. The heavenly bodies may keep their secrets two or three thousand years yet; but one or other will betray them to some wakeful favourite, some Endymion beyond Latmos, perhaps in regions undiscovered, certainly in uncalculated times. Men will know more of them than they will ever know of Homer. Our knowledge on this miracle of our species is unlikely to increase."

LXXXIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Pericles, who is acknowledged to have a finer ear than any of our poets or rhetoricians, is of opinion that the versification in all the books, of both Iliad and Odyssea, was modulated by the same master-key. Sophocles too, certainly less jolted than you would suppose, by the deep ruts, angular turns, and incessant jerks of the iambic, tells me that he finds no other heroic verses at all resembling it in the rhythm, and that, to his apprehension, it is not dissimilar in the two poems.

But I must continue, while I remember them perfectly, the words of Pericles.

"The Ulysses of the *Iliad* and *Odyssea* is not the same, but the Homer is. Might not the poet have collected, in his earlier voyages, many wonderful tales about the chieftain of Ithaca; about his wanderings and return; about his wife and her suitors? Might not afterward the son or grandson have solicited his guest and friend to place the sagacious, the courageous, the enduring man, among the others whom he was celebrating in detached poems, as leaders against Troy? He describes with precision everything in Ithaca; it is evident he must have been upon the spot. Of all other countries, of Sicily, of Italy, of Phrygia, he quite as evidently writes from tradition and representation. Phrygia was subject to the Assyrian kings at the time when he commences his siege. The Greeks, according to him, had been ravaging the country many years, and had swept away many cities. What where the Assyrian kings doing? Did the Grecians lose no men by war, by climate, by disease, by time, in the whole ten years? Their horses must have been strong and long-lived: an excellent breed! to keep their teeth and mettle for five-and-twenty. I should have imagined that some of them must have got lamed, some few perhaps foundered; surely here and there a chariot can have had but one remaining, and he, in all probability, not in the very best condition. I can not but think that Homer took from Sesostris the shield that he has given to Achilles. The Greeks never worked gold so skilfully as in this shield, until our own Phidias taught them; and even he possesses not the art of giving all the various colours to the metal, which are represented as designating the fruitage, and other things included in this stupendous work, and which the Egyptians in his time, and long earlier, understood. How happened it that the Trojans had Greek names, and the leader of the Greeks an Egyptian one? When I was at Byzantion, I had the curiosity to visit the imaginary scene of their battles. I saw many sepulchral monuments, of the most durable kind, conical elevations of earth, on which there were sheep and goats at pasture. There were ruins beyond, but neither of a great city nor of an ancient one. The only ancient walls I saw were on the European coast, those of Byzantion, which Aspasia claims as the structure of Miletus, and which the people of Megara tell us were founded by their forefathers, less than two centuries ago. But neither Miletus nor Megara was built when these walls were entire. They belong to the unknown world, and are sometimes called Pelasgian, sometimes Cyclopean; appellations without meaning; signs that signify nothing; inscriptions that point out the road to places where there is neither place nor road. Walls of this massive structure surround the ruins of Phocœa, destroyed by Cyrus; they are also found in Tyrrhenia. Our acropolis was surmounted by such, until the administration of Themistocles, who removed the stones to serve as foundations to the works in the harbour; the occasion being urgent, and the magnitude of the blocks being admirably proper for that solid structure."

Cleone! are you tired? rest then.

LXXXIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Several times had Pericles been silent, expecting and inviting our guests to assist him in the investigation.

"I have no paradox to maintain, no partiality to defend," said he. "Some tell us that there were twenty Homers, some deny that there was ever one. It were idle and foolish to shake the contents of a vase in order to let them settle at last. We are perpetually labouring to destroy our delight, our composure, our devotion to superior power. Of all the animals upon earth we least know what is good for us. My opinion is, that what is best for us is our admiration of good. No man living venerates Homer more than I do. He was the only author I read when I was a boy, for our teachers are usually of opinion that wisdom and poetry are like fruit for children, unwholesome if too fresh. Simonides had indeed grown somewhat sound; Pindar was heating; Æschylus ... ay, but Æschylus was almost at the next door. Homer then nourished my fancy, animated my dreams, awoke me in the morning, marched with me, sailed with me, taught me morals, taught me language, taught me music and philosophy and war.

"Ah, were he present at this hour among us! that I might ask him how his deities entered Troy. In Phrygia there was but one goddess, the mother of all the Gods, Cybele. Unlike our mortal mothers, she was displeased if you noticed her children; indeed she disowned them. Her dignity, her gravity, her high antiquity, induced the natives

of the islands, and afterward the other Greeks, to place their little Gods under her protection, and to call her their mother. Jupiter had his Ida, but not the Phrygian; and Pallas was worshipped in her citadels, but not above the streams of Simöis and Scamander. Our holy religion has not yet found its way far beyond us; like the myrtle and olive, it loves the sea-air, and flourishes but upon few mountains in the interior. The Cabiri still hold Samothrace; and we may almost hear the cries of human victims in the north.

"If there were any true history of the times we are exploring, perhaps we might find in it that many excursions, combined and simultaneous, had utterly failed; and that the disasters of many chiefs engaged in them were partly concealed from the nations they governed by the sacred veil of poetry. Of those who are reputed to have sailed against Troy, none returned prosperous, none with the men he had led out; most were forbidden to land again upon their native shores, and some who attempted it were slain. Such is usually the fate of the unsuccessful. It is more probable that the second great naval expedition of the Greeks went out to avenge the disasters of the first, the Argonautic; and the result was nearly the same. Of the Argonauts few returned. Sparta lost her Castor and Pollux; Thessaly her Jason; and I am more disposed to believe that the head of Orpheus rolled down the Phasis than down the Hebrus.

"The poets gave successes which the Gods denied. But these things concern us little; the poet is what we seek. Needless is it to remark that the *Iliad* is a work of much reflection and various knowledge; the *Odyssea* is the marvellous result of a vivid and wild imagination. Aspasia prefers it. Homer, in nearly the thirty years which I conceive to have intervened between the fanciful work and the graver, had totally lost his pleasantries. Polyphemus could amuse him no longer; Circe lighted up in vain her fires of cedar-wood; Calypso had lost her charms; her maidens were mute around her; the Lestrigons lay asleep; the Syrens sang

> 'Come hither, O passer by! come hither,
> O glory of the Achaians!'

and the smooth waves quivered with the sound, but the harp of the old man had no chord that vibrated.

"In the *Odyssea* he invokes the Muse; in the *Iliad* he invokes her as a Goddess he had invoked before. He begins the *Odyssea* as the tale of a family, to which he would listen as she rehearsed it; the *Iliad* as a song of warriors and divinities, worthy of the Goddess herself to sing before the world.

"Demonstrate that metaphors are discoverable, drawn from things believed to have been uninvented in the Homeric age; what does it prove? Merely that Homer, who lived among the islands, and among those who had travelled into all the known regions of the world, had collected more knowledge than the shepherds and boar-hunters on the continent.

"Demonstrate that some books in the compilation retain slight traces of a language not exactly the same as the others. What then? Might they not have been composed while he visited countries in which that dialect was indigenous? or might they not have been found there at the first collection of the songs, having undergone some modification from the singers, adapted to the usages and phraseology of the people?

"Who doubts that what was illegible or obscure in the time of Lycurgus, was rendered clearer by the learned Spartan? that some Cretan words, not the Dorian of Sparta, had crept in; that others were substituted; that Solon, Pisistratus, and Hipparchus, had also to correct a few of these corrections, and many things more? They found a series of songs; never was there a series of such length without an oversight or gap.

"Shall the *salpinx* be sounded in my ear? Homer may have introduced it by way of allusion in one poem, not wanting it in the other. The Grecians of his time never used it in battle; eastern nations did; and perhaps had he known the Phrygians better, its blasts would have sounded on the plains of Troy. He would have discovered that trumpets had been used among them for many ages. We possess no knowledge of any nation who cultivated the science of music so early, or employed so great a variety of wind-instruments, unless it be the Sidonian. Little did he know of Phrygia, and as little do we know of him. His beautiful creation lies displayed before us; the creator is hidden in his own splendour. I can more easily believe that his hand constructed the whole, than that twenty men could be found, at nearly the same time, each of genius sufficient for the twentieth part; because in many centuries there arose not a single one capable of such a production as that portion.

"Archilochus and Simonides are excellent only in their shorter poems; they could not have whistled so well throughout a long march. Difficulties are to be overcome on both sides. We have no grammarians worthy of the appellation; none in any district of Greece has studied the origin and etymology of his language. We sing like the birds, equally ignorant whence our voice arises. What is worse, we are fonder of theories than of truth, and believe that we have not room enough to build up anything, until we subvert what we find before us. Be it so; but let it be only what is obnoxious, what opposes our reason, what disturbs our tranquillity of mind; not what shows us the extent of the one, the potency of the other, and, consoling us for being mortal, assures us that our structures may be as durable as those of the Gods themselves. The name of Homer will be venerated as long as the holiest of theirs; I dare not say longer; I dare not say by wiser men. I hope I am guilty of no impiety; I should aggravate it by lowering Homer, the loftiest of their works."

LXXXV. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

We are losing, day by day, one friend or other. Artemidora of Ephesus was betrothed to Elpenor, and their nuptials, it was believed, were at hand. How gladly would Artemidora have survived Elpenor. I pitied her almost as much as if she had. I must ever love true lovers on the eve of separation. These indeed were little known to me until a short time before. We became friends when our fates had made us relatives. On these occasions there are always many verses, but not always so true in feeling and in fact as those which I shall now transcribe for you.

"Artemidora! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have press'd
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,
Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob
Swell'd through the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers:
With her that old boat incorruptible,
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

LXXXVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Aristophanes often dines with us; nevertheless he is secretly an enemy of Pericles, and, fearing to offend him personally, is satirical on most of our friends. Meton, whose character you know already, great in astronomy, great in geometry, great in architecture, was consulted by Pericles on beautifying the streets of the city, which are close and crooked. No sooner had Aristophanes heard this, than he began to compose a comedy, entitled *The Birds*. He has here represented our quiet contemplative Meton, with a rule and compass in his hands, uttering the most ludicrous absurdities. Meton is a plain, unassuming, inoffensive man, and never speaks inconsiderately. The character is clumsily drawn; but that fault was easily corrected, by representing poor Meton under the chastisement of the cudgel. There is so much wit in this, I doubt whether any audience can resist it. There is magic in every stroke, and what was amiss is mended and made whole again ere the hammer falls. How easy a way of setting all things to rights, with only one dissentient voice!

In the same comedy is ridiculed the project of Pericles, on a conformity of weights and measures in Attica and her dependencies. More wit! another beating!

When Aristophanes made us the next visit, Pericles, after greeting him with much good-nature, and after various conversations with him, seemed suddenly to recollect something, and, with more familiarity than usual, took him gently by the elbow, led him a little aside, and said with a smile, and in a low voice,

"My dear friend Aristophanes! I find you are by no means willing to receive the same measure as you give; but remember, the people have ordered the adjustment, the surest preservative against fraud, particularly that by which the poorer are mostly the sufferers. Take care they do not impeach you, knowing as you do how inefficient is my protection. It is chiefly on such an occasion I should be sorry to be in a minority."

Aristophanes blushed and looked alarmed. Pericles took him by the hand, whispering in his ear, "Do not let us enter into a conspiracy against Equity, by attacking the uniformity of weights and measures; nor against Comedy, by giving the magistrates a pretext to forbid its representation."

Aristophanes turned toward Pentarces, who stood near him, and said,

"I can write a comedy as well as most; Pericles can act one better than any."

Aristophanes, in my opinion, might have easily been the first lyric poet now living, except Sophocles and Euripides; he chose rather to be the bitterest satirist. How many, adorned with all the rarities of intellect, have stumbled on the entrance into life, and have made a wrong choice on the very thing which was to determine their course for ever! This is among the reasons, and perhaps is the principal one, why the wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.

LXXXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I had retired before Aristophanes went home. On my return, it was evident that some one present had inveighed against the poet's effrontery, for I was in time to catch these words of Pericles:

"Why should I be angry with the writers of comedy? Is it because they tell me of the faults I find in myself? Surely not; for he who finds them in himself may be quite certain that others have found them in him long before, and have shown much forbearance in the delay.

"Is it because I am told of those I have not discovered in me? Foolish indeed were this. I am to be angry, it seems, because a man forewarns me that I have enemies in my chamber, who will stab me when they find me asleep, and because he helps me to catch them and disarm them.

"But it is such an indignity to be ridiculed! I incurred a greater when I threw myself into the way of ridicule: a greater still should I suffer if I tried whether it could be remedied by resentment.

"Ridicule often parries resentment, but resentment never yet parried ridicule."

LXXXVIII. ASPASIA TO HERODOTUS.

Herodotus! if there is any one who admires your writings more than another, it is I. No

residence in Attica will ever make me prefer the dialect to ours; no writer will charm my ear as you have done; and yet you can not bring me to believe that the sun is driven out of his course by storms; nor any of the consequences you deduce from it, occasioning the overflow of the Nile. The opinion you consider as unfounded, namely, that it arises from the melting of the snows, and from the periodical rains on the mountains of Ethiopia, is however that of Pericles and Anaxagoras, who attribute it also to Thales, in their estimation the soundest and shrewdest of philosophers. They appear to have very strange notions about the sun, about his magnitude, his position, and distance; and I doubt whether you could persuade them that the three stoutest winds are able to move him one furlong. I am a great doubter, you see; but they, I do assure you, are greater. Pericles is of opinion that natural philosophy has made but little progress; and yet that many more discoveries have burst open before the strenuous inquirer than have been manifested to the world; that some have been suppressed by a fear of the public, and some by a contempt for it.

"In the intellectual," said he, "as in the physical, men grasp you firmly and tenaciously by the hand, creeping close at your side, step for step, while you lead them into darkness; but when you conduct them into sudden light, they start and quit you."

O Herodotus! may your life and departure be happy! But how can it be expected! No other deities have ever received such honours as you have conferred upon the Muses; and alas, how inefficient are they to reward or protect their votaries!

LXXXIX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

The tragedy of Phrynicus, on the devastation of our city by the Persians, will outlast all the cities now flourishing on earth.* Heavy was the mulct to which the poet was condemned by the Athenians for the tears he drew from them in the theatre.

Is it not remarkable that we have never found any Milesian poem on the same subject? Surely there must have been several. Within how short a period have they perished! Lately, in searching the houses of such inhabitants as were suspected of partiality to the interests of Lacedæmon, these verses were discovered. They bear the signature of *Aletheia, daughter of Charidemus and Astyage.*

We have often heard her story. Often have we sat upon the mound of ruins under which she lies buried: often have we plucked from it the white cyclamen, sweetest of all sweet odours, and played with its stiff reverted little horns, pouring forth a parsimonious fragrance, won only when we applied to them tenderly and closely.

Whether poor Aletheia gave for life more than life's value, it were worse than curiosity to inquire. She loved her deliverer; and, at the instigation of many less gentle, she was slain for loving him. When the city was again in possession of the citizens, she was stoned to death for favouring the invader; and her mother rushed forward and shared it. These are things you know; her poem, her only one extant, you do not. You will find in it little of poetry, but much of what is better and rarer, true affection.

ALETHEIA TO PHRAORTES.

Phraortes! where art thou?
The flames were panting after us, their darts
Had pierced to many hearts
Before the Gods, who heard nor prayer nor vow;

Temples had sunk to earth, and other smoke
O'er riven altars broke
Than curled from myrrh and nard,
When like a God among
Arm'd hosts and unarm'd throng
Thee I discern'd, implored, and caught one brief regard.

Thou passest: from thy side
Sudden two bowmen ride
And hurry me away.
Thou and all hope were gone..
They loos'd me.. and alone
In a closed tent 'mid gory arms I lay.

How did my tears then burn
When, dreading thy return,
Behold thee reappear!
Nor helm nor sword nor spear..

In violet gold-hemm'd vest
Thou camest forth; too soon!
Fallen at thy feet, clasp't to thy breast,
I struggle, sob, and swoon.

"O send me to my mother! bid her come,
And take my last farewell!
One blow!.. enough for both.. one tomb..
'Tis there *our* happy dwell."

Thou orderest: call'd and gone
At once they are who breathe for thy command.
Thou stoodest nigh me, soothing every moan,
And pressing in both thine my hand.

Then, and then only, when it tore
My hair to hide my face;
And gently did thy own bend o'er
The abject head war-doomed to dire disgrace.

Ionian was thy tongue,
And when thou badest me to raise
That head, nor fear in aught thy gaze,
I dared look up.. but dared not long.

"Wait, maiden, wait! if none are here
Bearing a charm to charm a tear,
There may (who knows?) be found at last
Some solace for the sorrow past."

My mother, ere the sounds had ceas'd,
Burst in, and drew me down:
Her joy o'erpowered us both, her breast
Covered lost friends and ruin'd town.

Sweet thought! but yielding now
To many harsher! By what blow
Art thou dissevered from me? War,
That hath career'd too far,
Closeth his pinions. "Come, Phraortes, come
To thy fond friends at home!"

* This tragedy, which produced a more powerful effect than any other on record, has failed however to fulfill the prophecy of Cleone: the Ode of Aletheia, on which she places so small a value, has outlived it.

Thus beckons Love. Away then, wishes wild!
O may thy mother be as blest
As one whose eyes will sink to rest
Blessing thee for her succoured child!

Ungenerous still my heart must be:
Throughout the young and festive train
Which thou revisitest again
May none be happier (this I fear) than she!

XC. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Perhaps I like the Ode of Aletheia more than you do, because you sent it me; and you perhaps would have liked it more than I, had I sent it you. There are writings which must lie long upon the straw before they mellow to the taste; and there are summer fruits which can not abide the keeping.

My heart assures me that Aletheia, had she lived, might have excelled in poetry; and the loss of a lover is a help to it. We must defer our attempts to ascertain her station in the world of poetry: for we never see the just dimensions of what is close before our eyes. Faults are best discovered near, and beauties at some distance.

Aletheia, who found favour with Cleone, is surely not unworthy to take her seat in the library of Pericles.

I will look for a cyclamen to place within the scroll: I must find it and gather it and place it there myself. Sweet, hapless Aletheia!

XCI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Nothing is pleasanter to me than exploring in a library. What a delight in being a discoverer! Among a loose accumulation of poetry, the greater part excessively bad, the verses I am about to transcribe are perhaps the least so.

Life passes not as some men say,
If you will only urge his stay,
And treat him kindly all the while.
He flies the dizzy strife of towns,
Cowers before thunder-bearing frowns,
But freshens up again at song and smile.

Ardalia! we will place him here,
And promise that nor sigh nor tear
Shall ever trouble his repose.
What precious seal will you impress
To ratify his happiness?
That rose thro' which you breathe? Come, bring that rose.

XCII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Knowing how desirous I have always been to learn the history of Athens for these last fifty years, and chiefly that part of it in which my Pericles has partaken so largely; and to reward my forbearance in abstaining from every close and importunate inquiry, he placed a scrap of paper in my hands this morning.

"Read that," said he.

It was no easy matter: few sentences would have been legible without my interpreter; indeed there were not many unerased.

"This speech," replied he, "occupied me one whole night, and somewhat of the next morning: I had so very much *not* to say."

Aware that the party of Cimon would interest the people in his behalf, so that a leader from among his relatives or friends might be proposed and brought forward, Pericles was resolved to anticipate these exertions. See his few words.

"We have lost, O Athenians! not a town, nor a battle; these you would soon regain; but we have lost a great man, a true lover of his country, Cimon, son of Miltiades.

"I well remember the grief you manifested at the necessity of removing him for a time, from among the insidious men who would have worked upon his generous temper, ductile as gold. Never could I have believed I had sufficient interest with some I see before me, firm almost unto hardness, whose patriotism and probity had been the most alarmed; but they listened to me with patience, and revoked the sentence of banishment. Cimon returned from Sparta, took the command of your armies, vanquished the Persians, and imposed on them such conditions as will humble their pride for ever.

"Our fathers were ungenerous to his: we will, as becomes us, pay their debts, and remove the dust from their memory. Miltiades was always great, and only once unsuccessful: Cimon was greater, and never unfortunate but in the temporary privation of your affections. History offers us no example of so consummate a commander.

"I propose that a statue be erected to Cimon, son of Miltiades, vanquisher of the Persians."

XCIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

There are secrets which not even love should try to penetrate. I am afraid of knowing who caused the banishment of Cimon: certainly he was impeached by Pericles, who nevertheless praised him highly whenever his name was mentioned. He has allowed me to transcribe his speech after the sentence of the judges, and with it his letter of recall.

TO THE ATHENIANS,

On the Banishment of Cimon.

In your wisdom, O Athenians, you have decreed that Cimon son of Miltiades be exiled from our city.

Whatever may have been the errors or the crimes of Cimon, much of them should, in justice to yourselves, and in humanity to the prosecuted, be ascribed to the perversity of that faction, which never ceases or relaxes in its attempts to thwart your determinations, and to deprive you of authority at home, of respect in the sight of Greece.

But I adjure you to remember the services both of Cimon and of Miltiades; and to afford the banished man no reason or plea to call in question your liberality. Permit the rents of his many farms in Attica to be carried to him in Sparta; and let it never be said that a citizen of Athens was obliged to the most illiberal and penurious of people for a sustenance. Not indeed that there is any danger

of Sparta entertaining him too honourably. She may pay for services; but rather for those which are to be performed than for those which have been; and to the man rather who may do her harm than to him who can do it no longer.

Let us hope that at some future day Cimon may be aware of his mistake, and regard with more veneration the image of his father than the throne of his father's enemy.

XCIV. PERICLES TO CIMON.

There are few cities, O Cimon, that have men for their inhabitants. Whatever is out of Greece, and not Grecian, is nearer the animal world than the intellectual: some even in Greece are but midway. Leave them behind you; return to your country, and conquer her assailants. Wholesome is the wisdom that we have gathered from misfortune, and sweet the repose that dwells upon renown.

XCV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Generally we are little apt to exaggerate merit. In our maladies of the mind the cold fit usually is longer and more intense than the hot, and our dreams are rarely of water in the desert. We must have been among the departed before we experience this sensation. In our road through life, we may happen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another, which stone he had carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head. Seriously, my Cleone, I am inclined to think that even in these dark days (as they are called) of literature we may occasionally catch a glimpse of poetry. We should be laughed at if we ventured to compare the living with the dead, who always are preferable, but there are choruses in Sophocles and Euripides as pathetical as those tender words of Sappho in her invocation to Hesperos: "Thou bringest the wine, thou bringest the kid, thou bringest the maiden to her mother." Certainly these words are very unsophistical, and they who have seen others weep at them, weep also. But pardon me, if looking attentively, you find no letter in the sentence obliterated by a tear of mine. Sometimes I fancy that the facility and pliancy of our language is the reason why many of the most applauded verses are written with more intenseness of feeling and less expenditure of thought. What is graceful must be easy; but many things are very easy which are not very graceful. There is a great deal even of Attic poetry in which a slight covering of wax is drawn over a bundle of the commonest tow and tatters: we must not bring it too near the lamp.. But it is something to abstain from an indulgence in grossness, prolixity, and exaggeration, which are never the signs of fertility, but frequently the reverse. This abstinence is truly Attic, but Attic not exclusively: for Pindar has given manifold examples of it, and is heavy and tedious then only when he wipes away the foam off his bit with old stories and dry genealogies.

SPEECH OF PERICLES.

On the Defection of Eubœa and Megara.

Eubœa has rejected our authority and alliance, Megara our friendship. Under what pretext? That we have employed in the decoration of our city the sums of money they stipulated to contribute annually; a subsidy to resist the Persians. What! must we continue a war of extermination with Persia, when she no longer has the power to molest us? when peace has been sworn and proclaimed? Do we violate the compact with our confederates? No; men of Athens! our fleets are in harbour, every ship in good condition; our arsenals are well stored; and we are as prompt and as able now to repell aggression as we ever were.

Are our dues then to be withholden from us, because we have anticipated our engagements? because our navy and our army are in readiness before they are wanted? because, while our ungrateful allies were plotting our ruin, we were watching over their interests and providing for their security? States, like private men, are subject to the distemper of ingratitude, erasing from their memory the impression of past benefits; but it appears to be peculiar to the Megarians to recompense them with hatred and animosity. Not only have we protected them from aggression, by building for them the very walls from which they now defy us; but, when Mardonius sent against them, at Mount Cithæron, the whole force of the Median cavalry, under the command of Magestios, and when they called aloud to every near battalion of the Grecian army, and when Pausanias in vain repeated the exhortation, three hundred Athenians, led by Olympiodoros son of Lampon, threw themselves forward from Erythrai, and, after losing many brave comrades, rescued from imminent death the fathers of those degenerate men who are now in the vanguard of conspirators against us. Ingratitude may be left to the chastisement of the Gods, but the sword must consolidate broken treaties. No state can be respected if fragment after fragment may be detached from it with impunity; if traitors are permitted to delude and discompose the contented, and to seduce the ignorant from their allegiance; if loyalty is proclaimed a weakness, sedition a duty, conspiracy wisdom, and rebellion heroism. It is a crime then for us to embellish our city! it is a reproach to enlarge and fortify our harbours! In vain have we represented to the clamorous and refractory, that their annual contributions are partly due to us for past exertions, and partly the price of our protection, at this time, and in future; and not against Persia only, but against pirates. Our enemies have persuaded them that rebellion and war are better things; our enemies, who were lately theirs, and who by this perfidious instigation are about to become so more cruelly than ever. Are Athenians avaricious? are Athenians oppressive? Even the slaves in our city have easier access to the comforts and delights of life than the citizens of almost any other. Until of late the Megarians were proud

of our consanguinity, and refused to be called the descendants of Apollo, in hopes to be acknowledged as the children of Pandion. Although in later times they became the allies of Sparta, they can not but remember that we have always been their friends, often their deliverers; and it is only for their dishonesty and perfidy that we now are resolved at last to prohibit them from the advantages of our ports. Sparta and Corinth have instigated them; Corinth, whose pride and injustice have driven Corcyra, with her fleets, to seek deliverance in the Piræus. What have we to fear from so strange a union as that of Corinth and Sparta? Are any two nations so unlike? so little formed for mutual succour or for mutual esteem? Hitherto we have shared both our wealth and our dangers with Eubœa. At the conclusion of a successful war, at the signature of a most honourable and advantageous peace, we are derided and reproached. What is it they discover to despise in us? I will tell you what it is. It is the timid step of blind men: this they saw in us while they were tampering with Sparta. Not ashamed of their seduction, they now walk hand in hand, with open front, and call others to join in their infamy. They have renounced our amity, they have spurned our expostulations, they have torn our treaties, and they have defied our arms. At the peril of being called a bad citizen, I lament your blindness, O Megara and Eubœa!

XCVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I find, among the few records in my hands, that Pericles went in person, and conquered the faithless Megara and the refractory Eubœa. Before he sailed to attack the island, he warned the Athenians against an inconsiderate parsimony, which usually terminates in fruitless expenditure. He told them plainly that Eubœa was capable of a protracted and obstinate resistance; and he admonished them that, whatever reverses the arms of Athens might experience, they should continue the war, and consider the dominion of the island a thing necessary to their existence as a nation; that whoever should devise or counsel the separation of Eubœa from Athens, be declared guilty of treason, and punished with death.

"If Thebes, in a future war," said he, "should take possession of this productive country, and shut up, as she easily might, the passage of the Euripus, she would gain an ascendancy over us, from which we never could recover. Losses, defeats, inadequate supplies, may tempt her; she would always have Sparta for an ally on such an occasion. Indeed, it is wonderful that the Bœotians, as brave a race of men as any in Greece, and stronger in body, should not have been her masters. Perhaps it is the fertility of her own territory that kept her content with her possessions, and indisposed the cultivators of so rich a soil from enterprise and hazard. Eubœa is no less fertile than Bœotia, from which she is separated by the distance of a stone's throw. Give me fifty galleys, and five thousand men, and Eubœa shall fall ere Sparta can come to her assistance."

XCVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Perpetual as have been the wars of Attica, she is overpeopled. A colony hoisted sail for the Chersonese; another to repeople the ruined walls of Sybaris. Happy the families whose fathers give them lands to cultivate, instead of keeping them in idleness at home; such are the founders of colonies. The language of this city is spoken in Italy, in Sicily, in Asia, in Africa, and even on the coast of Gaul, among the yelpings and yells of Kimbers and Sicambers.

Surely the more beneficent of the Gods must look down with delight on these fruit-trees planted in the forest. May the healthfullest dews of heaven descend on them!

We are now busied in the Propylæa; they, although unfinished, are truly magnificent. Which will remain the longest, the traces of the walls or of the colonies? Of the future we know nothing; of the past little, of the present less; the mirror is too close to our eyes, and our own breath dims it.

XCVIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I have only time to send you a few perfumes and a few verses. These I transcribe out of a little volume of Erinna: the perfumes came to me from Syria.

Blessed be the man whose beneficent providence gave the flowers another life! We seem to retain their love when their beauty has departed.

ERINNA TO LEUCONÖE.

If comfort is unwelcome, can I think
  Reproof aught less will be?
The cup I bring to cool thee, wilt thou drink,
  Fever'd Leuconöe?

Rather with Grief than Friendship wouldst thou dwell,
  Because Love smiles no more!
Bent down by culling bitter herbs, to swell
  A cauldron that boils o'er.

XCIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Thanks for the verses! I hope Leuconöe was as grateful as I am, and as sensible to their power of soothing.

Thanks too for the perfumes! Pericles is ashamed of acknowledging he is fond of them; but I am resolved to betray one secret of his: I have caught him several times *trying* them, as he called it.

How many things are there that people pretend to dislike, without any reason, as far as we know, for the dislike or the pretence!

I love sweet odours. Surely my Cleone herself must have breathed her very soul into these! Let me smell them again: let me inhale them into the sanctuary of my breast, lighted up by her love for their reception.

But, ah Cleone! what an importunate and exacting creature is Aspasia! Have you no willows fresh-peeled? none lying upon the bank for baskets, white, rounded, and delicate, as your fingers! How fragrant they were formerly! I have seen none lately. Do you remember the cross old Hermesionax? how he ran to beat us for breaking his twigs? and how, after looking in our faces, he seated himself down again, finished his basket, disbursed from a goat-skin a corroded clod of rancid cheese, put it in, pushed it to us, forced it under my arm, told us to carry it home *with the Gods!* and lifted up both hands and blest us.

I do not wish *that* one exactly; cheese is the cruellest of deaths to me; and Pericles abhors it.

I am running over trifling occurrences which you must have forgotten. You are upon the spot, and have no occasion to recall to memory how the munificent old basket-maker looked after us, not seeing his dog at our heels; how we coaxed the lean, shaggy, suspicious animal; how many devices we contrived to throw down, or let slip, so that the good man might not observe it, the pestilence you insisted on carrying; how many names we called the dog by, ere we found the true one, *Cyrus;* how, when we had drawn him behind the lentisk, we rewarded him for his assiduities, holding each an ear nevertheless, that he might not carry back the gift to his master; and how we laughed at our fears, when a single jerk of the head served at once to engulf the treasure and to disengage him.

I shall always love the smell of the peeled willow. Have you none for me? Is there no young poplar then, with a tear in his eye on bursting into bud? I am not speaking by metaphor and Asiatically. I want the poplars, the willows, the water-lilies, and the soft green herbage. How we enjoyed it on the Mæander! what liberties we took with it! robbing it of the flowers it had educated, of those it was rearing, of those that came confidently out to meet us, and of those that hid themselves. None escaped us. For these remembrances, green is the colour I love best. It brings me to the *Fortunate Island* and my Cleone; it brings me back to Childhood, the proud little nurse of Youth, brighter of eye and lighter of heart than Youth herself.

These are not regrets, Cleone; they are respirations, necessary to existence. You may call them half-wishes if you will. We are poor indeed when we have no half-wishes left us. The heart and the imagination close the shutters the instant they are gone.

Do not chide me then for coming to you after the blossoms and buds and herbage: do not keep to yourself all the grass on the Mæander. We used to share it; we will now. I love it wherever I can get a glimpse of it. It is the home of the eyes, ever ready to receive them, and spreading its cool couch for their repose.

C. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Demophile, poor honest faithful creature! has yielded to her infirmities. I have spent almost as many hours with her in these last autumnal months, as I did in the earliest of my existence. She could not carry me in her arms again, but she was happy when mine were about her neck, and said they made her stronger. Do you remember how often she dropt my hand to take yours, because you never cried? saying,

"People never weep nor work, themselves, who can make others weep and work for them. That little one will have weeper and worker too about her presently. Look at her, Cleone! Can not you look like that? Have not you two lips and two eyes? Aspasia has not three. Try now! Mind how I do it!"

Good simple heart!

When she was near her end, she said to me,

"Do you ever go and read those names and bits of verses on the stones yonder? You and Aspasia used formerly. Some of them tell us to be sad and sorry for folks who died a hundred years ago; others to imitate men and women we never should have had a chance of seeing, had they been living yet. All we can learn from them is this, that our city never had any bad people in it, but has been filled with weeping and wailing from its foundation upward."

These things puzzled Demophile: she was somewhat vext that she could not well comprehend them, but praised the Gods that our house was safe, when many others must have been rent asunder: such a power of lamentation!

"My name," said she, "I believe, is a difficult and troublesome one to pinfold in a tombstone: nobody has ever tried how it would sound in verse: but if you and Aspasia think me worth remembering, I am sure you could do more with it than others could; and you would lead your little ones, when the Gods have given you any, to come and see it, and tell them many things of old Demophile."

I assured her that, if I outlived her, I would prove, in the manner she wished, that my memory and love outlived her likewise.

She died two days afterward.

Nothing is difficult, not even an epitaph, if we prefer the thoughts that come without calling, and receive the first as the best and truest. I would not close my eyes to sleep until I had performed my promise.

> Demophile rests here: we will not say
> That she was aged, lest ye turn away;
> Nor that she long had suffered: early woes
> Alone can touch you; go, and pity those!

CI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Ah poor Demophile! she remembered me then! How sorry I am I can not tell her I remember her!

Cleone! there are little things that leave a

little regrets. I might have said kind words, and perhaps have done kind actions, to many who now are beyond the reach of them. One look on the unfortunate might have given a day's happiness; one sigh over the pillow of sickness might have insured a night's repose; one whisper might have driven from their victim the furies of despair.

We think too much upon *what* the Gods have given us, and too little *why*.

We both are young; and yet we have seen several who loved us pass away; and we never can live over again as we lived before. A portion of our lives is consumed by the torch we follow at their funerals. We enter into another state of existence, resembling indeed and partaking of the former, but another! it contains the substance of the same sorrows, the shadow of the same joys. Alas! how true are the words of the old poet.

> We lose a life in every friend we lose,
> And every death is painful but the last.

I often think of my beautiful nurse, Myrtale, now married very happily in Clazomenai. My first verses were upon her. These are the verses I thought so good, that I wrote a long dissertation on the trochaic metre, to prove it the most magnificent of metres; and I mentioned in it all the poets that ever wrote, from epigrammatic to epic, praising some and censuring others, a judge without appeal upon all.

How you laughed at me! Do you remember the lines? I wonder they are not worse than they are.

> Myrtale! may heaven reward thee
> For thy tenderness and care!
> Dressing me in all thy virtues,
> Docile, duteous, gentle, fair.
>
> One alone thou never heededst,
> I can boast that one alone;
> Grateful beats the heart thy nurseling,
> Myrtale! 'tis all thy own.

CII. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Receive old Lycoris, and treat her affably. She has much influence in her tribe. The elderly of your sex possess no small authority in our city, and I suspect that in others too they have their sway. She made me tremble once. Philotas asked her how she liked my speech, I forget upon what occasion: she answered,

"His words are current words, and ring well; but unless he gives us more of them for the trouble of our attendance, he shall not be archon, I promise him."

Now I know not how long I could protract a speech, nor how long I could keep my head under water: these are accomplishments I have never studied. Lycoris and I are still friends however. In my favour she has waved her promise, and lets me be an archon.*

* Plutarch says he never was archon; he means perhaps *first* archon.

CIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

It is difficult and unsafe to pick up a pearl dropped by Alcman. Usually it is moist with the salt of its habitation; and something not quite cleanly may be found adhering to it. Here however is one which even my chaste Cleone may look down on with complacency.

> "So pure my love is, I could light
> The torch on Aglae's wedding-night,
> Nor bend its flame with sighs,
> See, from beneath, her chamber-door
> Unclose, and bridemaids trip before,
> With undejected eyes."
>
> Cupid stood near and heard this said,
> And full of malice shook his head,
> Then cried "I'll trust him when he swears
> He can not mount the first three stairs;
> Even then I'll take one look below
> And see with my own eyes 'tis so."

And even Mimnermus, who bears but an indifferent character with the chaste, is irreproachable in those verses, which he appears to have written in the decline of life.

> Love ran with me, then walk'd, then sate,
> Then said "*Come, come! it grows too late:*"
> And then he would have gone .. but .. no ..
> You caught his eye; he could not go.

CIV. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Send me a note whenever you are idle and thinking of me, dear Aspasia! Send it always by some old slave, ill-dressed. The people will think it a petition, or something as good, and they will be sure to observe the pleasure it throws into my countenance. Two winds at once will blow into my sails, each helping me onward.

If I am tired, your letter will refresh me; if occupied, it will give me activity. Beside, what a deal of time we lose in business!

CV. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Would to heaven, O Pericles! you had no business at all, but the conversation of your friends. You must always be the greatest man in the city, whoever may be the most popular. I wish we could spend the whole day together; must it never be? Are you not already in possession of all you ever contended for?

It is time, methinks, that you should leave off speaking in public, for you begin to be negligent and incorrect. I am to write you a note whenever I am idle and thinking of you!

Pericles! Pericles! how far is it from idleness to think of you! We come to rest before we come to idleness.

CVI. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

In our republic it is no easy thing to obtain an act of divorce from power. It usually is delivered to us by the messager of Death, or presented in

due form by our judges where the oyster keeps open house.

Now, oysters are quite out of season in the summer of life; and life, just about this time, I do assure you, is often worth keeping. I thought so even before I knew you, when I thought but little about the matter. It is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what Fortune, or Industry, or Virtue, has placed within it.

CVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

When Pericles is too grave and silent, I usually take up my harp and sing to it; for music is often acceptable to the ear when it would avoid or repose from discourse. He tells me that it not only excites the imagination, but invigorates eloquence and refreshes memory: that playing on my harp to him is like besprinkling a tessellated pavement with odoriferous water, which brings out the images, cools the apartment, and gratifies the senses by its fragrance.

"That instrument," said he, "is the rod of Hermes; it calls up the spirits from below, or conducts them back again to Elysium. With what ecstacy do I throb and quiver under those refreshing showers of sound!"

Come sprinkle me soft music o'er the breast,
  Bring me the varied colours into light
That now obscurely on its tablet rest,
  Show me its flowers and figures fresh and bright.

Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords
  Restore what restless years had moved away,
Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words,
  Youth's short-lived spring and Pleasure's summer-day.

I believe he composed these verses while I was playing, although he disowns them, asking me whether I am willing to imagine that my execution is become so powerless.

You remember my old song: it was this I had been playing:

The reeds were green the other day,
Among the reeds we loved to play,
  We loved to play while they were green.
The reeds are hard and yellow now,
No more their tufted heads they bow
  To beckon us behind the scene.

"What is it like?" my mother said,
And laid her hand upon my head;
  "Mother! I can not tell indeed.
I've thought of all hard things I know,
I've thought of all the yellow too;
  It only can be like the reed."

CVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Panenos is our best painter: he was educated by Pheidias, who excels all the painters in correctness of design. Panenos has travelled into Egypt, in which country, he tells us, the colours are as fresh upon the walls of the temples as when they were painted, two thousand years ago. Pericles wishes to have a representation of me in the beginning of every Olympiad. Alas! what an imprudence! The most youthful lover never committed one greater.

I will not send a stranger to you, Cleone! I will send the fugitive of Miletus when Epimedes was giving her the lecture in the bath. Be quiet now; say nothing; even the bath itself is quite imaginary.

Panenos plays upon the harp. I praised him for the simplicity and melody of the tune, and for his execution. He was but little pleased.

"Lady" said he to me "a painter can be two things; he can be painter and statuary, which is much the easier: make him a third, and you reduce him to nothing."

"Yet Pericles," said I, "plays rather well."

"*Rather well*, I can believe," said he, "because I know that his master was Damon, who was very skilful and very diligent. Damon, like every clever composer I have met with, or indeed ever heard of, was a child in levity and dissipation. His life was half feast, half concert."

"But, Panenos," said I, "surely we may be fond of music, and yet stand a little on this side of idiocy."

"Aspasia!" he replied, "he who loves not music is a beast of one species; he who overloves it is a beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale's, and his heart than a lizard's. Record me one memorable saying, one witticism, one just remark, of any great musician, and I consent to undergo the punishment of Marsyas. Some among them are innocent and worthy men; not many, nor the first. Dissipation, and, what is strange, selfishness, and disregard to punctuality in engagements, are common and nearly general in the more distinguished of them.

"O Music! how it grieves me, that imprudence, intemperance, gluttony, should open their channels into thy sacred stream!"

Panenos said this: let us never believe a word of it. He himself plays admirably, although no composer.

CIX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

O Aspasia! have you heard (you surely must) that the people of Samos have declared war against us? It is hardly sixty years since our beautiful city was captured and destroyed by the Persians. In vain hath she risen from her ashes with fresh splendour! Another Phrynicus will have perhaps to write another tragedy upon us.

Is it an offence to be flourishing and happy?

The unfortunate meet and embrace: the fortunate meet and tear each other to pieces. What wonder that the righteous Gods allow to prosperity so brief a space!

CX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Be composed and tranquil: read the speech of Pericles to the Athenians.

SPEECH OF PERICLES.

The Milesians, it appears, have sent embas-

sadors to you, O men of Athens! not entreating the co-operation of your arms, but the interposition of your wisdom and integrity. They have not spoken, nor indeed can they deem it necessary to speak, of dangers recently undergone together with you, of ancient, faithful, indissoluble alliances, or the glory of descending from the same forefathers. On this plea Miletus might have claimed as a right what she solicits as a favour.

Samos, O Athenians, has dared to declare war against the people of Miletus. She envies us our commerce, and, unable to find a plea for assailing us, strikes our friend in our sight, and looks impudently in our faces to see whether we will resent it.

No, Athenians, we will not resent it, until we have sent embassadors, to ask her why she has taken up arms against the peaceful and unoffending? It were well were it permitted us to abstain. Yes, I feel I am hazarding your favour by recommending delay and procrastination: but I do not apprehend that we are losing much time. We have weapons, we have ships, we have the same soldiers who quelled braver enemies. The vanquished seem again to be filling up the ranks we have thinned. They murmur, they threaten, they conspire, they prepare (and preparation denounces it) hostility. Let them come forth against us. Wealth rises up to our succour in that harbour: Glory stands firm and bids them defiance on those walls.

Wait, wait! twenty days only. Ten. Not ten? Little becomes it me, O Athenians! to oppose your wishes or to abate your ardour.

Depart, then, heralds! and carry with you war.

CXI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I have asked Pericles to let me see all his speeches. He declared to me that he has kept no copies, but promised that he would attempt to recover some of them from his friends. I was disappointed and grieved, and told him I was angry with him. He answered thus, taking me by the hand.

"So, you really are angry that I have been negligent in the preservation of my speeches, after all my labour in modelling and correcting them. You are anxious that I should be praised as a writer, by writers who direct the public in these matters. Aspasia! I know their value. Understand me correctly and comprehensively. I mean partly the intrinsic worth of their commendations, and partly (as we pay in the price of our utensils) the fashion. I have been accused of squandering away both the public money and my own: nobody shall ever accuse me of paying three obols for the most grandly embossed and most sonorous panegyric. I would excite the pleasure (it were too much to say the admiration) of judicious and thoughtful men; but I would neither soothe nor irritate these busybodies. I have neither honey nor lime for ants. We know that good writers are often gratified by the commendation of bad ones; and that even when the learned and intelligent have brought the materials to crown their merits, they have looked toward the door at some petulant smirking page, for the thread that was to bind the chaplet. Little do I wish to hear what I am, much less what I am not. Enough for me to feel the consciousness and effect of health and strength: surely it is better than to be told by those who salute me, that I am looking very well.

"You may reply that the question turns not upon compliments, but upon censure.

"Really I know not what my censurers may write, never having had the advantage of reading their lucubrations; all I know is this; if I am not *their* Pericles, I am at least the Pericles of Aspasia and the Athenians."

CXII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

We were conversing on oratory and orators, when Anaxagoras said, looking at Pericles and smiling,

"They are described by Hesiod in two verses, which he applies to himself and the poets:

> Lies very like the truth we tell,
> And, when we wish it, truth as well.

Meton relaxed from his usual seriousness, but had no suspicion of the application, saying,

"Cleverly applied indeed!"

Pericles enjoyed equally the simplicity of Meton and the slyness of Anaxagoras, and said,

"Meton! our friend Anaxagoras is so modest a man, that the least we can do for him is to acknowledge his claims as heir general to Hesiod: see them registered."

I have never observed the temper of Pericles either above or below the enjoyment of a joke; he invites and retaliates, but never begins, lest he should appear to take a liberty.

There are proud men of so much delicacy that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.

Meton never talks, but answers questions with great politeness, although with less clearness and precision than you would expect. I remarked to him, one evening, that mathematicians had great advantages over others in disputation, from the habitude they had acquired of exactness in solving their problems.

"We mathematicians," answered he, "lay claim to this precision. I need not mention to you, Aspasia, that of all the people who assemble at your house, I am the only one that ever wants a thought or word. We are exact in our own proper workmanship. Give us time, and we can discover what is false in logic; but I never was acquainted with a mathematician who was ready at correcting in himself a flaw of ratiocination, or who produced the fitting thing in any moderate time. Composition is quite beyond our sphere. I am not envious of others; but I often regret in my-

self that, while they are delivering their opinions freely and easily, I am arranging mine; and that, in common with all the mathematicians of my acquaintance, I am no prompt debater, no acute logician, no clear expositor, but begin in hesitation and finish in confusion."

I assure you, Cleone, I have been obliged to give order and regularity to these few words of the wise contemplative Meton, and to remove from among them many that were superfluous and repeated. When he had paused, I told him I sometimes wished he would exercise his powerful mind in conversation.

"I have hardly time," said he, "for study, much less for disputation. Rarely have I known a disputant who, however dexterous, did not either drive by Truth or over her, or who stopped to salute her, unless he had something fine or novel to display. He would stumble over my cubes and spheres, and I should leave my leg in his noose."

"And yet Anaxagoras and you agree well together," said I.

"Anaxagoras," replied he, "usually asks me short questions, and helps me himself to explain them. He comes to me when I am alone, and would find no pleasure in showing to others my perplexity. Seldom do I let him go again, until he has given me some help or some incitement in my studies. He suggests many things."

"Silence, good Meton!" cried Anaxagoras, "or I may begin to talk of a luminary whose light has not yet reached the earth."

The three men smiled: they have some meaning uncommunicated to me. Perhaps it is a remark of Pericles, in encouragement of Anaxagoras, that, while others pass before us like a half-obol tow-link across a dark alley, and dazzle and disappear, his loftier light has not yet come down to the intellects of his fellow-citizens; or perhaps it may really have a reference to some discovery in astronomy.

Pericles goes in person to command the expedition against Samos. He promises me it will soon be ready to sail, and tells me to expect him back again within a few months. Artemon is preparing machines of great magnitude for the attack of the city. He teaches me that the Samians are brave and wealthy, and that no city is capable of such a resistance. Certainly never were such preparations. I hope at least that the report of them will detain your enemies at home, and at all events that, before they land, you will leave Miletus and come to me. The war is very popular at Athens: I dare say it is equally so at Samos, equally so at Miletus. Nothing pleases men like renewing their ancient alliance with the brutes, and breaking off the more recent one with their fellow creatures.

War is it, O grave heads! that ye
With stern and stately pomp decree?
Inviting all the Gods from far
To join you in the game of war!
Have ye then lived so many years
To find no purer joy than tears?
And seek ye now the highest good
In strife, in anguish, and in blood?
Your wisdom may be more than ours,
But you have spent your golden hours,
And have methinks but little right
To make the happier fret and fight.
Ah! when will come the calmer day
When these dark clouds shall pass away?
When (should two cities disagree)
The young, the beauteous, and the free,
Rushing with all their force, shall meet
And struggle with embraces sweet,
Till they who may have suffer'd most
Give in, and own the battle lost.

Philosophy does not always play fair with us. She often eludes us when she has invited us, and leaves us when she has led us the farthest way from home. Perhaps it is because we have jumped up from our seats at the first lesson she would give us, and the easiest, and the best. There are few words in the precept,

Give pleasure: receive it:
Avoid giving pain: avoid receiving it.

For the duller scholar, who may find it difficult to learn the whole, she cuts each line in the middle, and tells him kindly that it will serve the purpose, if he will but keep it in his memory.

CXIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Will you never be serious, even upon the most serious occasions? There are so many Grecian states, on both continents and in the islands, that surely some could always be found both willing and proper to arbitrate on any dissension. If litigations are decided by arbiters when two men contend (as they often are) surely it would be an easier matter with cities and communities; for they are not liable to the irritation arising from violent words, nor to the hatred that springs up afresh between two men who strive for property, every time they come within sight. I believe the Greeks are the happiest people upon earth, or that ever are likely to exist upon it; and chiefly from their separation into small communities, independent governments, and laws made by the people for the people! But unless they come to the determination that no war whatever shall be undertaken until the causes of quarrel are examined, and the conditions of accommodation are proposed by others, from whom impartiality is most reasonably to be expected, they will exist without enjoying the greatest advantage that the Gods have offered them. Religious men, I foresee, will be sorry to displease the God of battles. Let him have all the kingdoms of the world to himself, but I wish he would resign to the quieter Deities our little Greece.

Preparations are going on here for resistance to the Samians, and we hear that Athenian ships are cruizing off their island.

In case of necessity, everything is ready for my departure to the sources of the Mæander. I will prove to you that I am not hurried nor frightened; I have leisure to write out what perhaps may be

the last verses written in Miletus, unless we are relieved.

LITTLE AGLAE,

To her Father, on her Statue being called like her.

Father! the little girl we see
Is not, I fancy, so like me;
You never hold her on your knee.

When she came home the other day
You kiss'd her; but I can not say
She kiss'd you first and ran away.

CXIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Herodotus, on returning from his victory at the Olympian games, was the guest of Pericles. You saw him afterward; and he might have told you that Pericles was urgent with him to remain at Athens. True, as a stranger, he would have been without influence here in political affairs. It is evident that he desires no such thing, but prefers, as literary men should always do, tranquillity and retirement. These he may enjoy in perfection where he is, and write the truth intrepidly. Pericles has more than once heard from him. Life passes in no part of the world so easily and placidly as among the Grecian colonies in Italy. They rarely quarrel; they have room enough, men enough, wealth enough, and not too much. One petty tyrant has sprung up among them lately, and has imprisoned, exiled, and murdered, the best citizens.

Pericles was asked his advice what should be done with him. He answered,

"I never interfere in the affairs of others. It appears to me that, where you have nothing but a weazel to hunt, you should not bring many dogs into the field, nor great ones; but in fact the rat-catcher is the best counsellor on these occasions: he neither makes waste nor noise."

The tyrant, we hear, is sickening, and many epitaphs are already composed for him; the shortest is,

The pigmy despot Mutinas lies here;
He was not godless; no; his God was Fear.

Herodotus tells us, that throughout the lower Italy poverty is unknown; every town well governed, every field well ploughed, every meadow well irrigated, every vineyard pruned scientifically. The people choose their higher magistrates from the most intelligent, provided they are not needy. The only offices that are salaried are the lower, which all the citizens have an equal chance of attaining; some by lot, some by suffrage. This is the secret why the governments are peaceful and durable. No rich man can become the richer for them; every poor man may, but honestly and carefully.

CXV. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Corinna was honoured in her native place as greatly as abroad. This is the privilege of our sex. Pindar and Æschylus left their country, not because the lower orders were indifferent or unjust to them, but because those who were born their equals could not endure to see them rise their superiors.

What a war against the Gods is this!

It seems as if it were decreed by a public edict, that no one shall receive from them any gift above a certain value; and that, if they do receive it, they shall be permitted to return the Gods no thanks for it in their native city.

So then! republics must produce genius, and kings reward it!

So then! Hiero and Archelaüs must be elevated to the rank of Cimon and Pericles! O shame! O ignominy!

What afflicts me deeply is the intelligence we receive that Herodotus has left Ionia. He was crowned at the Olympian games; he was invited to a public festival in every city he visited throughout the whole extent of Greece; even his own was pleased with him: yet he too has departed; not to Archelaüs or to Hiero, but to the retirement and tranquillity of Italy.

I do believe, Aspasia, that studious men, who look so quiet, are the most restless men in existence.

ORATION OF PERICLES TO THE SOLDIERS ROUND SAMOS.

Little time is now left us, O Athenians, between the consideration and the accomplishment of our duties. The justice of the cause, when it was first submitted to your decision in the Agora, was acknowledged with acclamations; the success of it you have insured by your irresistible energy. The port of Samos is in our possession, and we have occupied all the eminences round her walls. Patience is now as requisite to us as to the enemy: for, although every city which can be surrounded, can be captured, yet in some, where courage and numbers have been insufficient to drive off the besieger, Nature and Art may have thrown up obstacles to impede his progress. Such is Samos; the strongest fortress in Europe, excepting only Byzantion. But Byzantion fell before our fathers; and unless she become less deaf to the reclamations of honour, less indifferent to the sanctitude of treaties, unless she prefer her fellow-soldiers to her common enemy, freedom to aristocracy, friends to strangers, Greeks to Asiatics, she shall abase her Thracian fierceness before *us*. However, we will neither spurn the suppliant nor punish the repentant: our arms we will turn for ever, as we turn them now, against the malicious rival, the alienated relative, the apostate confederate, and the proud oppressor. Where a sense of dignity is faint and feeble, and where reason hath lain unexercised and inert, many nations have occasionally been happy and even flourishing under kings: but oligarchy hath ever been a curse to all, from its commencement to its close. To remove it eternally from the vicinity of Miletus, and from the well-disposed of that very city by which hostilities are denounced against her, is at once our interest and our duty. For oligarchs in every part of the

world are necessarily our enemies, since we have always shown our fixed determination to aid and support with all our strength the defenders of civility and freedom. It is not in our power (for against our institutions and consciences we Athenians can do nothing), it is not in our power, I repeat it, to sit idly by, while those who were our fellow-combatants against the Persian, and who suffered from his aggression even more than we did, are assailed by degenerate Ionians, whose usurpation rests on Persia. We have enemies wherever there is injustice done to Greeks; and we will abolish that injustice, and we will quell those enemies. Wherever there are equal laws we have friends; and those friends we will succour, and those laws we will maintain. On which side do the considerate and religious look forward to the countenance of the Gods? Often have they deferred indeed their righteous judgments, but never have they deserted the long-suffering and the brave. Upon the ground where we were standing when you last heard my appeal to you, were not Xerxes and his myriads encamped? What drove them from it? The wisdom, force, and fortitude, breathed into your hearts by the immortal Gods. Preserve them with equal constancy; and your return, I promise you, shall not have been more glorious from Salamis than from Samos.

CXVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I must always send you poetry when I find it, whether in a greater quantity or a smaller: not indeed all I happen to find; for certainly the most-part even of careful collections is mere trash. If there is a word too much in sense or sentiment, it is no poem; just as, if there is a syllable in a verse too much, it is no metre. I speak only of these shorter; not of those which are long enough to stretch ourselves on and sleep in. But there are poetical cooks so skilful in dividing the tendons of their cub-fed animals, that they contrive to fill a capacious dish with a few couples of the most meagre and tottering. From Athens you shall have nothing that is not attic. I wish I could always give you the names of the authors.

Look at that fountain! Gods around
Sit and enjoy its liquid sound.
Come, come: why should not we draw near?
Let them look on: they can not hear.
But if they envy what we do,
Say, have not Gods been happy too?

The following were composed on a picture in which Cupid is represented tearing a rose-bud.

Ah Cupid! Cupid! let alone
That bud above the rest:
The Graces wear it in their zone,
Thy mother on her breast.
Does it not grieve thee to destroy
So beautiful a flower?
If thou must do it, cruel boy,
Far distant be the hour!
If the sweet bloom (so tinged with fire
From thy own torch) must die,
Let it, O generous Love! expire
Beneath a lover's sigh.

The next is, *A Faun to Eriopis*, a Wood-nymph, who had permitted a kiss, and was sorry for it.

Tell me, Eriopis, why
Lies in shade that languid eye?
Hast thou caught the hunter's shout
Far from Dian, and without
Any sister nymph to say
Whither leads the downward way?
Trust me: never be afraid
Of thy Faun, my little maid!
He will never call thee *Dear*,
Press thy finger, pinch thy ear,
To admire it overspread
Swiftly with pellucid red,
Nor shall broad and slender feet
Under fruit-laid table meet.
Doth not he already know
All thy wandering, all thy woe?
Come! to weep is now in vain,
I will lead thee back again.
Slight and harmless was the slip
That but soil'd the sadden'd lip.
Now the place is shown to me
Peace and safety shall there be.

CXVII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA

Samos has fallen. Pericles will have given you this information long before my letter can reach you, and perhaps the joy of the light-hearted Athenians will be over ere then. So soon dies away the satisfaction of great exploits, even of such as have swept a generation from before us, have changed the fortunes of a thousand more, and indeed have shaken the last link in the remotest. We hear, but perhaps the estimate is exaggerated, that the walls of Miletus, of Ephesus, of Priene, are in comparison to Samos as the fences of a farm-yard are to them. Certain it is that the vanquished fleet was more formidable than the united navies of Corinth and of Carthage, which are rated as next in force to the Athenian.

By this conquest we are delivered from imminent danger; yet, I am ashamed to say it, our citizens are ungrateful already. It is by the exertions of the Athenians that they are not slaves; and they reason as basely as if they were. They pretend to say that it was jealousy of Samos, and the sudden and vast increase of her maritime power, but by no means any affection for Miletus, which induced them to take up arms! Athens had just reason for hostility; why should she urge, in preference, unjust ones? Alas! if equity is supported by violence, little can be the wonder if power be preceded by falsehood. Such a reflection may be womanish; but are not all peculiarly so which are quiet, compassionate, and consistent! The manly mind, in its continual course of impediments and cataracts, receives and gives few true images; our stagnant life in this respect has greatly the advantage.

Xanthus, the friend (you remember) of poor Xeniades, fought as a volunteer in the Athenian army, and was entrusted with the despatches to our government.

"Xanthus!" said the general, "your country-

men will hereafter read your name, although it is not written here; for we conquerors of Samos are no little jealous one of another. Go and congratulate the Milesians: they will understand us both."

I asked him many questions. He replied with much simplicity, "I was always too much in it to know anything about it. The principal thing I remember is, that Pericles (I was told) smiled at me for a moment in the heat of battle, and went on to another detachment."

CXVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The wind, I understand, has delayed my last letter in harbour, and continues adverse. Every day we receive some fresh vessel from Samos, and some new intelligence. True is it, we discover, that the prevailing party had been supported at once by the Peloponnesians and the Persians. The chastisement of the delinquents is represented as much too mild. "They would have made us slaves, let us make them so." Such, with scourges and tortures, were the denunciations of the people and the soldiery; and more vehemently in Samos than in Miletus. The leaders of the oligarchy (now suppreat for ever) were two men of low extraction, Lysimachus and Elpenor. We daily hear some story, well known in Samos only, of these incendiaries. Lysimachus was enriched by the collocation of his wife with an old dotard, worn out by gluttony and disordered in intellect. By his last testament, made when he had lost his senses, he bequeathed her fifty talents. The heirs refused to pay them; and Lysimachus would have pleaded her cause before the people, had they not driven him away with shouts and stones. Nevertheless, he was thought a worthy champion of the faction, and the rather as his hatred of his fellow-citizens and former companions must be sincere and inextinguishable. Elpenor is far advanced in age. His elder son was wounded by accident, and died within the walls. Avarice and parsimony had always been his characteristics, under the veil however of morality and religion. The speech he made at the funeral is thus reported.

"It hath been, O men of Samos! the decree of the immortal Gods, whose names be ever blessed! . .

"Hold hard there! Can not you see that there are no more sparks in the pyre? . . the wine smells sadly . . throw no more on them . . take it home to the cellar . .

"To remove from my aged eyes, from my frail embraces, the delight of my life, the staff of my declining years, all spent in the service of my beloved country. It is true I have another son, rising out of his adolescence . . here beside me . .

"O my child! Molismogis! Molismogis! on such a melancholy occasion dost thou, alas! tie indissolubly and wastefully that beautiful piece of packthread? Thy poor bereaved mother may want it; and it will fail her in the hour of need."

Two torches were borne before the funeral. One of them presently gave signs rather prematurely emblematical of our mortal state, and could be restored to its functions by no exertion of the bearer, first waving it gently toward its companion, then shaking it with all his might, horizontally, vertically, diagonally, then holding it down despondingly to the earth. Elpenor beckoned to him, and asked him in his ear how much he had paid for it.

"Half a drachma."

"Fraud!" cried Elpenor, "fraud, even at the tomb! before the dead, and before the Gods of the dead! From whom did you make the purchase?"

"From Gylippides son of Agoracles."

"Tell Gylippides son of Agoracles," calmly said Elpenor, "that in my love of equity, in my duty to the state, in my piety to the Gods, in my pure desire to preserve the tranquillity of his conscience, I cite him before the tribunal unless he refund an obol." Then aloud, "It was not in this manner, O Athenians! that our forefathers reverenced the dead."

He gave way under his grief, and was carried back with little commiseration. Elpenor is among the richest men in Greece, unless the conquerors have curtailed his treasures. It is but reasonable that everything such men possess should compensate the people for years of rapine, disunion, and turbulence; for the evil laws they enacted, and for the better they misadministered and perverted.

CXIX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Worse verses, it may be, than any of those which you lately sent to me, affect me more. There is no giddiness in looking down the precipices of youth: it is the rapidity and heat of its course that brings the giddiness. When we are near its termination a chilly thrill comes over us, whether we look before or behind. Yet there is something like enchantment in the very sound of the word *youth*, and the calmest heart, at every season of life, beats in double time to it. Never expect a compensation for what you send me, whether prose or poetry: but expect a pleasure, because it has given me one. Now here are the worse verses for the better, the Milesian for the Attic.

We mind not how the sun in the mid-sky
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulphs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,
And voices mellower than the Muse's own
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while, and then . . Ah Youth! dear Youth!
Listen not to my words . . but stay with me!
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh
That follows is for thee, and not for Life.

CXX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Enough, enough is it for me to see my Pericles safe at home again. Not a word has he spoken, not a question have I asked him, about the odious war of Samos. He made in Samos, I hear, a most impressive oration, to celebrate the obsequies of these brave soldiers who fell. In Athens, where all is exultation, he has rendered the slain the most glorious and triumphant, and the fatherless the proudest, of the living. But at last how little worth is the praise of eloquence! Elpenor and Lysimachus lead councils and nations! Great Gods! surely ye must pity us when we worship you; we, who obey, and appear to reverence, the vilest of our species! I recover my step; I will not again slip into this offal. Come, and away to Xanthus. Ay, ay, Cleone! Simplicity, bravery, well-merited and well-borne distinction! Take him, take him: we must not all be cruel . . to ourselves.

CXXI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! you mistake. Grant me the presence of friendship and the memory of love! It is only in this condition that a woman can be secure from fears and other weaknesses. I may admire Xanthus; and there is pleasure in admiration. If I thought I could love him, I should begin to distrust and despise myself. I would not desecrate my heart, even were it in ruins; but I am happy, very happy; not indeed altogether as I was in early youth: perhaps it was youth itself that occasioned it. Let me think so! Indulge me in the silence and solitude of this one fancy. If there was anything else, how sacred should it ever be to me! Ah yes, there was! and sacred it is, and shall be.

Laodamia saw with gladness, not with passion, a God, conductor of her sole beloved. The shade of Xeniades follows the steps of Xanthus.

CXXII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Parties of pleasure are setting sail, every day almost, for Samos. We begin to be very brave; we women, I mean. I suspect that no few of us take an unworthy delight in the humiliation and misery of the fair Samians. Not having seen, nor intending to see them myself, I can only tell you what I have heard of their calamities.

Loud outcries were raised by the popular orators against such of them as were suspected of favouring the Persian faction, and it was demanded of the judges that they should be deported and exposed for slaves. This menace, you may well imagine, caused great anxiety and alarm, even among those who appeared to be quite resigned to such a destiny while the gallant young Athenians were around the walls. But, to be sold! and the Gods alone know to whom! old morose men perhaps, and jealous women! Some suspect it was at the instigation of Pericles that a much severer chastisement has befallen them. They have been condemned to wear the habiliments of Persians. Surely no refinement of cruelty can surpass the decree, by which a Greek woman is divested of that beautiful dress which alone can be called an ornament to the female form. This decree has been carried into execution; and you would pity even the betrayers of their country. Whether in ignorance of what the Persian habit is, or from spite and malice, the Samian ladies are obliged to wear sleeves of sufficient amplitude to conceal a traitor in each; and chains intersecting the forehead with their links and ornaments; and hair not divided along the whole summit of the head, but turned back about the centre, to make them resemble the heads of some poisonous snakes. Furthermore, the dresses are stripped ignominiously off the shoulders, as for some barely conceivable punishment, and fastened round the arms in such a manner that, when they attempt to reach anything, or even to move, they are constrained to shrug and writhe, like the uncleanliest persons. Beside, they are quite at the mercy of any wicked idler in the street, who, by one slight touch, or by treading on the hem, might expose them far more undisguisedly to the gazes of the multitude. This barbarian garb has already had such an effect, that two have cast themselves into the sea; and others have entreated that they may, as was first threatened, rather be sold for slaves.

CXXIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Odious as undoubtedly was the conduct of the Samian oligarchy and priesthood, and liable as are all excesses to a still farther exaggeration in the statement of them, you will hardly believe the effrontery of the successful demagogues. Not contented with undeniable proofs, in regard to the enormous and mismanaged wealth torn away from the priests of Bacchus, they have invented the most improbable falsehood that the malevolence of faction ever cast against the insolence of power. They pretend that certain men, some of ancient family, more of recent, had conspired to transmit the reins of government to their elder sons. Possession for life is not long enough! They are not only to pass laws, but (whenever it so pleases) to impede them! They decree that the first-born male is to be the wisest and best of the family, and shall legislate for all Samos! Democracy has just to go one step farther, and to persuade the people (ready at such times to believe anything) that the oligarchy had resolved to render their power hereditary, not only for one generation, but for seven. The nation, so long abused in its understanding, would listen to and believe the report, ignorant that arbitrary power has never been carried to such extravagance even in Persia itself, although it is reported that in India the lower orders of people were hereditarily subject to the domination of a privileged class. But this may be false; and indeed it must be,

if what is likewise told us concerning them be true, which is, that they have letters among them.

CXXIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

You have given me in your two last a great deal of curious information, about the discoveries that the demagogues made, or pretended to have made, in Samos. It is credible enough that the oligarchs were desirous of transmitting their authority to their children: but that they believed so implicitly in the infatuation of the citizens, or the immutability of human events, as to expect a continuation of power in the same families for seven generations, is too gross and absurd, even to mislead an insurgent and infuriated populace. He indeed must be composed of mud from the Nile, who can endure with patience this rancorous fabrication. In Egypt, we are told by Herodotus in his *Erato*, that, "the son of a herald is of course a herald; and, if any man hath a louder voice than he, it goes for nothing."

Hereditary heralds are the proper officers of hereditary lawgivers; and both are well worthy of dignity where the deities are cats.

Strange oversight! that no provision should ever have been devised, to ensure in these tutelar and truly household Gods an equal security for lineal succession!

CXXV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Abuses of many kinds, and of great enormity, have been detected by the Samians in their overthrown government. What exasperates the people most, and indeed the most justly, is the discovery that the ruling families have grossly abused the temples, to the high displeasure of the Gods. Sacrilege has been carried to such a pitch, that some among them have appointed a relative or dependent to the service of more than one sanctuary. You remember that anciently all the worship of this island was confined to Juno. She displeased the people, I know not upon what occasion, and they suffered the greater part of her fanes to fall in ruins, and transferred the richest of the remainder to the priests of Bacchus. Several of those who had bent the knee before Juno, took up the thyrsus with the same devotion. The people did indeed hope that the poor and needy, and particularly such as had lost their limbs in war, or their parents or their children by shipwreck, would be succoured out of the wealth arising from the domains of the priesthood; and the rather as these domains were bequeathed by religious men, whose whole soul rested upon Juno, and whose bequest was now utterly frustrated, by taking them from the sister of Jupiter and giving them exclusively to his son. Beside, it was recollected by the elderly, that out of these vast possessions aid was afforded to the state when the state required it; and that, wherever there stood one of these temples, hunger and sickness, sorrow and despair, were comforted and assuaged. The people, it appears, derived no advantages from the change, and only grew more dissatisfied and violent; for, if those who had officiated in the temples of Juno were a little more licentious than became the ministers of a Goddess, they did not run into the streets, and through the country places, drunk and armed; nor did they seize upon the grapes because they belonged to Bacchus; nor upon the corn because it is unwholesome to drink wine without bread; nor upon the cattle because man can not live on bread alone. These arguments you may suspect of insufficiency: what then will you think when you hear another reason of theirs, which is, that the nation has no right to take from them what belongs to the Goddess. The people cry, "How then can it belong to you?" Pushed upon this side, they argue that they should not be deprived of their salaries, because they are from land. What! reply the citizens, "Are not gold and silver the products of land also?" But long possession . . "We will remedy that too, as well as we can." The soldiers and sailors have the most reason to complain, when they see twelve priests in the enjoyment of more salary than seven thousand of the bravest combatants. The military are disbanded and deprived of pay at the instant when their services are no longer necessary; yet no part, it appears, of a superfluous and idle priesthood is to be reduced or regulated; on the contrary, it is rapacious and irreligious to take away three temples from a venerable occupant of four. Was ever soldier so impudent as to complain that rations were not allowed him in four detachments of his army! The downfall of the old faction will be of little benefit to Samos, while these insults and iniquities press upon the people. Unless those who are now entrusted with power, resolve to abolish the gross abuses of the priesthood, the wealth of which is greater and worse applied in Samos than it is even in those countries where the priests are sovrans, and venerated as deities, little imports it by whom they are governed, or what Gods they venerate. It is better to be ruled by the kings of Lacedæmon, and wiser to salute in worship the sun of Persia. Never surely will the island be pacified, until what was taken from Juno shall also be taken from Bacchus, and until the richest priest be reduced in his emoluments far below the level of a polemarc.

CXXVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Those of your letters, my Cleone, which relate to the affairs of Samos, and especially to the priests of Juno and Bacchus, have led me into many reflections. The people of Athens are the most religious of any upon earth; but I doubt whether they are the most just, the most generous, the most kindly. There is not a friend, whatever benefit they may have received from him, whom they would not abandon or denounce, on a suspicion of irreverence to Pallas; and those in general are the most fanatical and furious whom, as Goddess of wisdom, she has least favoured.

Your neighbours the Samians are more judicious in their worship of Juno. They know that, as long as Jupiter hath a morsel of ambrosia, she will share it, although he may now and then indulge in a draught of nectar to which her lips have no access. The Samians have discovered that wealth is not a requisite of worship, and that a temple needs not a thousand parasangs of land for its inclosure. If we believed that Gods could be jealous, we might fear that there would be much ill blood between Juno and Bacchus. It is more probable that they will look on calmly, and let their priests fight it out. The Persians in these matters are not quite so silly as we are. Herodotus tells that, instead of altars and temples, the verdure of the earth is chosen for their sacrifice; and music and garlands, prayers and thanksgivings, are thought as decent and acceptable as comminations and blood. It does not appear that they are less moral or less religious than those who have twenty Gods, and twenty temples for each. The wiser men in Athens tell us that the vulgar have their prejudices. Where indeed is the person who never has repeated this observation? Yet believe me, Cleone, it is utterly untrue. The vulgar have not *their* prejudices: they have the prejudices of those who ought to remove them if they had any. Interested men give them, not their religion, but clubs and daggers for enforcing it; taking from them, in return, their time, their labour, their benevolence, their understanding, and their wealth. And are such persons to be invested with the authority of lawgivers and the splendour of satraps? The Samians have decided that question. Priests of Bacchus, let them diffuse the liberality and joyousness, and curtail a little from the swaggering stateliness of him whom the poet calls in his dithyrambic,

"The tiger-borne and mortal-mothered God."

CXXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Hephæstion, whom I never have mentioned to you, and whom indeed I hardly know by name, is going to Italy, and has written this poem on the eve of his departure. It is said that his verses are deficient in tenderness and amenity. Certain it is that he by no means indulges in the display of them, whatever they may be. When Pericles had read the following, I asked him what he thought of the author. "I think," replied Pericles, "that he will never attempt to deprive me of my popularity."

I am afraid he is an ill-tempered man: yet I hear he has suffered on many occasions, and particularly in regard to his fortune, very great injustice with equally great unconcern. He is never seen in the Agora, nor in the theatre, nor in the temples, nor in any assemblage of the people, nor in any society of the learned; nor has he taken the trouble to enter into a confederacy or strike a bargain, as warier men do, with any praiser; no, not even for the loan of a pair of palms in the Keramicos.

I have now said all I believe you will think it requisite for me to say, on a citizen so obscure, and so indifferent a poet. Yet even he, poor man! imagines that his effusions must endure. This is the most poetical thought I can find in him; but perhaps he may have written what is better than my specimen.

THE IAMBICS OF HEPHÆSTION.

Speak not too ill of me, Athenian friends!
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill!
From others of all tribes am I secure.
I leave your confines: none whom you caress,
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip
Into Cephisus the grey bowl to quench
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith
To gather the hard honey at the sides,
And give it me for having heard me sing.
Sages and friends! a better cause remains
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.
'Tis, friends and sages! lest, when other men
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.
Alas! shall this too, never lack'd before,
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach!
Thus on the plank, now Neptune is invoked,
I warn you of your peril: I *must* live,
And ye, O friends! howe'er unwilling, *may*.

CXXVIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! I have many things to say in reply to your last letter.

Believe me, I can take little interest in any ill-tempered man. Hephæstion is this, you tell me, and there is nothing in his *Iambics* to make me doubt it. Neither do they contain, you justly remark, anything so characteristic of a poet as the confidence he expresses that he shall live. All poets, good and bad, are possessed by this confidence; because the minds of them all, however feeble, however incapacious, are carried to the uttermost pitch of enthusiasm. In this dream, they fancy they stand upon the same eminence, or nearly so, and look unto the same distance. But no poet or other writer, supposing him in his senses, could ever think seriously that his works will be eternal; for whatever had a beginning must also have an end; and in this predicament are languages. Like the fowls of the air, they are driven from the plains and take refuge in the mountains, until at last they disappear, leaving some few traces, some sounds imperfectly caught up. Highly poetical works, or those in which eloquence is invested with the richest attributes of poetry, are the only ones that can prolong the existence of a dialect. Egypt and Phœnicia and Chaldæa, beyond doubt, contain many treatises on the arts and sciences, although unpublished, and preserved only by the priesthood, or by the descendants of the authors and discoverers. These are certainly to pass away before inventions and improvements more important. But if there is anything of genius in their hymns, fables, or histories, it will remain

among them, even when their languages shall have undergone many variations: and afterward, when they are spoken no longer, it will be incorporated with others, and finally be claimed as original and indigenous by nations the most remote and dissimilar. Many streams, whose fountains are now utterly dried up, have flowed from afar to be lost in the ocean of Homer. Our early companions, the animals of good old Æsop, have spoken successively in every learned tongue. And now a few words on that gentlest and most fatherly of masters. Before we teach his fables to children, we should study them attentively ourselves. They were written for the wisest and the most powerful, whose wisdom they might increase, and whose power they might direct. There are many men, of influence and authority, apt enough to take kindly a somewhat sharp bite from a dog or monkey, and to be indignant at the slightest touch on the shoulder from a fellow-creature. It is improbable that a fable will do many of them much good, but it may do a little to one in twenty, and the amount is by no means unimportant in that number of generations. The only use of Æsop to children, after the delight he gives them, is the promotion of familiarity and friendship with animals, in proportion as they appear to deserve it: and a great use indeed it is. If I were not afraid that one or other of these vigilant creatures might snap at me, I would now begin to quarrel a little with you. And yet I think I should have on my side some of the more sagacious, were I to reprehend you for letting an ill-tempered man render you supercilious and unjust. How do you know, pray, that Hephæstion may not live? and quite as long as he fancies he shall; a century, or two, or three. Even in the *Iambics* there is a compression and energy of thought, which the best poets sometimes want; and there is in them as much poetry as was necessary on the occasion. The poet has given us, at one stroke, the true impression of a feature in his character; which few have done, and few can do, excepting those features only which are nearly alike in the whole fraternity.

Doubtless we are pleased to take our daily walk by streams that reflect the verdure and the flowers: but the waters of a gloomy cavern may be as pellucid and pure, and more congenial to our graver thoughts and bolder imaginations.

For any high or any wide operation, a poet must be endued, not with passion indeed, but with power and mastery over it; with imagination, with reflection, with observation, and with discernment. There are however some things in poetry which admit few of these qualities. Comedy for instance would evaporate under too fervid a fancy: and the sounds of the Ode would be dulled and deadened by being too closely overarched with the fruitage of reflection. Homer in himself is subject to none of the passions; but he sends them all forth on his errands, with as much precision and velocity as Apollo his golden arrows. The hostile Gods, the very Fates themselves, must have wept with Priam in the tent before Achilles: Homer stands unmoved.

Aspasia! there is every reason why a good-natured person should make us good-natured, but none whatever why an ill-natured one should make us ill-natured: neither of them ought to make us unjust. You do not know Hephæstion, and you speak ill of him on the report of others, who perhaps know him as little as you do. You would shudder if I ventured to show you the position you have taken. Ill-tempered you can not be; you would not be unfair: what if, in the opinion of your friends, you should be a more shocking thing than either! what, in the name of the immortal Gods! if I should have found you, on this one occasion, a somnambulist on the verge of vulgarity! Take courage: nobody has seen it but myself. If there are bad people in the world, and may-be there are plenty, we ought never to let it be thought that we are near enough to be aware of it. Again to Hephæstion. It is better to be austere than ambitious: better to live out of society than to court the worst. How many of the powerful, even within the confines of their own household, will be remembered less affectionately and lastingly than tame sparrows and talking daws! and, among the number of those who are destined to be known hereafter, of how many will the memory be laden with contempt or with execration! To the wealthy, proud, and arrogant, the Gods have allotted no longer an existence, than to the utensils in their kitchens or the vermin in their sewers: while, to those whom such perishables would depress and vilify, the same Eternal Beings have decreed and ratified their own calm consciousness of plastic power, of immovable superiority, with a portion (immeasurably great) of their wisdom, their authority, and their duration.

CXXIX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

We have kept your birth-day, Aspasia! On these occasions I am reluctant to write anything. Politeness, I think, and humanity, should always check the precipitancy of congratulation. Nobody is felicitated on losing. Even the loss of a bracelet or tiara is deemed no subject for merriment and alertness in our friends and followers. Surely then the marked and registered loss of an irreparable year, the loss of a limb of life, ought to excite far other sensations. So long is it, O Aspasia! since we have read any poetry together, I am quite uncertain whether you know the Ode to Asterœssa.

Asterœssa! many bring
The vows of verse and blooms of spring
  To crown thy natal day.
Lo, *my* vow too amid the rest!
"Ne'er mayst thou sigh from that white breast,"
  O take them all away!

For there are cares and there are wrongs,
And withering eyes and venom'd tongues;
  They now are far behind;

But come they must: and every year
Some flowers decay, some thorns appear,
Whereof these gifts remind.

Cease, raven, cease! nor scare the dove
With creak around and swoop above;
Be peace, be joy, within!
Of all that hail this happy tide
My verse alone be cast aside!
Lyre, cymbal, dance, begin!

Although there must be some myriads of Odes written on the same occasion, yet, among the number on which I can lay my hand, none conveys my own sentiment so completely.

Sweetest Aspasia, live on! live on! but rather, live back the past!

CXXX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The Hecatompedon, which many of the citizens begin to call the *Parthenon*, is now completed, and waits but for the Goddess. A small temple, raised by Cimon in honour of Theseus, is the model. This until lately was the only beautiful edifice in the Athenian dominions. Pericles is resolved that Athens shall not only be the mistress, but the admiration of the world, and that her architecture shall, if possible, keep pace with her military and intellectual renown. Our countrymen, who have hitherto been better architects than the people of Attica, think it indecorous and degrading that Ionians, as the Athenians are, should follow the fashion of the Dorians, so inferior a race of mortals. Many grand designs were offered by Ictinos to the approbation and choice of the public. Those which he calls Ionian, are the gracefuller. Crateros, a young architect, perhaps to ridicule the finery and extravagance of the Corinthians, exposed to view a gorgeous design of slender columns and top-heavy capitals, such as, if ever carried into execution, would be incapable of resisting the humidity of the sea-breezes, or even the action of the open air, uninfluenced by them. These however would not be misplaced as in-door ornaments, particularly in bronze or ivory; and indeed small pillars of such a character would be suitable enough to highly ornamented apartments. I have conversed on the subject with Ictinos, who remarked to me that what we call the Doric column is in fact Egyptian, modified to the position and the worship; and that our noblest specimens are but reduced and petty imitations of those ancient and indestructible supporters, to the temples of Thebes, of Memphis and of Tentyra. He smiled at the ridicule cast on the Corinthians by the name designating those florid capitals, but agreed with me that, on a smaller scale, in gold or silver, they would serve admirably for the receptacles of wax-lights on solemn festivals. He praised the designs of our Ionian architects, and acknowledged that their pillars alone deserve the appellation of Grecian, but added that, in places liable to earthquakes, inundations, or accumulations of sand, the solider column was in its proper situation. The architraves of the Parthenon are chiselled by the scholars of Pheidias, who sometimes gave a portion of the design. It is reported that two of the figures bear the marks of the master's own hand: he leaves it to the conjecture of future ages which they are. Some of the young architects, Ionian and Athenian, who were standing with me, disputed not only on the relative merits of their architecture, but of their dialect. One of them, Psamiades of Ephesus, ill enduring the taunt of Brachys the Athenian, that the Ionian, from its open vowels, resembles a pretty pulpy hand which could not close itself, made an attack on the letter T usurping the place of S, and against the augments.

"Is it not enough," said he, "that you lisp, but you must also stammer?"

Let us have patience if any speak against us, O Cleone! when a censure is cast on the architecture of Ictinos and on the dialect of Athens.

CXXXI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

When the weather is serene and bright, I think of the young Aspasia; of her liveliness, her playfulness, her invitations to sit down on the grass; and her challenges to run, to leap, to dance, and if nobody was near, to gambol. The weather at this season is neither bright nor serene, and I think the more of my Aspasia, because I want her more. Fie upon me! And yet on the whole,

Happy to me has been the day,
The shortest of the year,
Though some, alas! are far away
Who made the longest yet more brief appear.

I never was formed for poetry: I hate whatever I have written, five minutes afterward. A weakly kid likes the warm milk, and likes the drawing of it from its sources; but place the same before her, cold, in a pail, and she smells at it and turns away.

Among the *Tales* lately come out here, many contain occasional poetry. In the preface to one, the scene of which lies mostly in Athens, the author says,

"My reader will do well to draw his pen across the verses: they are not good for him. The olive, especially the Attic, is pleasing to few the first time it is tasted."

This hath raised an outcry against him; so that of the whole fraternity he is the most unpopular.

"The Gods confound him with his Atticisms!" exclaim the sober-minded. "Is not the man contented to be a true and hearty Carian? Have we not roses and violets, lilies and amaranths, crocuses and sowthistles? Have we not pretty girls and loving ones; have we not desperate girls and cruel ones, as abundantly as elsewhere? Do not folks grieve and die to his heart's content? We possess the staple; and by Castor and Pollux! we can bleach it and comb it and twist it, as cleverly as the sharpest of your light-fingered locust-eaters."

You will soon see his works, among others more voluminous. In the meanwhile, I can not end my letter in a pleasanter way than with a copy of these verses, which are nearer to the shortest than to the best.

Perilla! to thy fates resign'd,
Think not what years are gone:
While Atalanta look't behind
The golden fruit roll'd on.

Albeit a mother may have lost
The plaything at her breast,
Albeit the one she cherish't most,
It but endears the rest.

Youth, my Perilla, clings on Hope,
And looks into the skies
For brighter day; she fears to cope
With grief, she shrinks at sighs.

Why should the memory of the past
Make you and me complain?
Come, as we could not hold it fast,
We'll play it o'er again.

CXXXII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

There are odes in Alcæus which the pen would stop at, trip at, or leap over. Several in our collection are wanting in yours; this among them:—

Wormwood and rue be on his tongue
And ashes on his head,
Who chills the feast and checks the song
With emblems of the dead!

By young and jovial, wise and brave,
Such mummers are derided.
His sacred rites shall Bacchus have,
Unspared and undivided.

Couch't by my friends, I fear no mask
Impending from above,
I only fear the later flask
That holds me from my love.

Show these to any priest of Bacchus, especially to any at Samos, and he will shake his head at you, telling you that Bacchus will never do without his masks and mysteries, which it is holier to fear than the *later flask*. On this subject, he would prove to you, all fears are empty ones.

CXXXIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

In ancient nations there are grand repositories of wisdom, although it may happen that little of it is doled out to the exigencies of the people. There is more in the fables of Æsop than in the schools of our Athenian philosophers: there is more in the laws and usages of Persia, than in the greater part of those communities which are loud in denouncing them for barbarism. And yet there are some that shock me. We are told by Herodotus, who tells us whatever we know with certainty a step beyond our thresholds, that a boy in Persia is kept in the apartments of the women, and prohibited from seeing his father, until the fifth year. The reason is, he informs us, that if he dies before this age, his loss may give the parent no uneasiness. And such a custom he thinks commendable. Herodotus has no child, Cleone! If he had, far other would be his feelings and his judgment. Before that age, how many seeds are sown, which future years, and distant ones, mature successively! How much fondness, how much generosity, what hosts of other virtues, courage, constancy, patriotism, spring into the father's heart from the cradle of his child! And does never the fear come over him, that what is most precious to him upon earth is left in careless or perfidious, in unsafe or unworthy hands? Does it never occur to him that he loses a son in every one of these five years? What is there so affecting to the brave and virtuous man, as that which perpetually wants his help and can not call for it! What is so different as the speaking and the mute! And hardly less so are inarticulate sounds, and sounds which he receives half-formed, and which he delights to modulate, and which he lays with infinite care and patience, not only on the tender attentive ear, but on the half-open lips, and on the eyes, and on the cheeks; as if they all were listeners. In every child there are many children; but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying. When they are grown much older, the leaves (as it were) lose their pellucid green, the branches their graceful pliancy.

Is there any man so rich in happiness that he can afford to throw aside these first five years? is there any man who can hope for another five so exuberant in unsating joy?

O my sweet infant! I would teach thee to kneel before the Gods, were it only to thank 'em for being Athenian and not Persian.

CXXXIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Our good Anaxagoras said to me this morning, "You do well, Aspasia, to read history in preference to philosophy, not only on the recommendation but according to the practice of Pericles. A good historian will also be a good philosopher, but will take especial care that he be never caught in the attitude of disquisition or declamation. The golden vein must run through his field, but we must not see rising out of it the shaft and the machinery. We should moderate or repress our curiosity and fastidiousness. Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth. But actions enow will come out with sufficient prominence before the great tribunal of mankind, to exercise their judgment and regulate their proceedings. If statesmen looked attentively at everything past, they would find infallible guides in all emergencies. But leaders are apt to shudder at the idea of being led, and little know what different things are experiment and experience. The sagacity of a Pericles himself is neither rule nor authority to those impetuous men, who would rather have rich masters than frugal friends.

"The young folks from the school of your suitor Socrates, who begin to talk already of

travelling in Egypt when the plague is over, are likely to return with a distemper as incurable, breaking bulk with demons and dreams. They carry stem and stern too high out of the water, and are more attentive to the bustling and bellying of the streamers, than to the soundness of the mast, the compactness of the deck, or the capacity and cleanliness of the hold."

CXXXV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Anaxagoras told me yesterday that he had been conversing with some literary men, philosophers and poets, who agreed in one thing only, which is, that we are growing worse day after day, both in morality and intellect. Hints were thrown out that philosophy had mistaken her road, and that it was wonderful how she could be at once so dull and so mischievous. The philosophers themselves made this complaint: the poets were as severe on poetry, and were amazed that we were reduced so low as to be the hearers of Sophocles and Euripides, and three or four more, who however were quite good enough for such admirers.

"It is strange," said Anaxagoras, "that we are unwilling to receive the higher pleasures, when they come to us and solicit us, and when we are sure they will do us great and lasting good; and that we gape and pant after the lower, when we are equally sure they will do us great and lasting evil. I am incapable," continued he, "of enjoying so much pleasure from the works of imagination as these poets are, who would rather hate Euripides and Sŏphocles than be delighted by them, yet who follow the shade of Orpheus with as ardent an intensity of love as Orpheus followed the shade of Eurydice. Ignorant as I am of poetry, I dared not hazard the opinion that our two contemporaries were really deserving of more commendation on the score of verse, inferior as they might in originality be to Marsyas and Thamyris and the Centaur Chiron: and to the philosophers I could only say, My dear friends! let us keep our temper firmly and our tenets laxly; and let any man correct both who will take the trouble. I come to you, Aspasia, to console me for the derision I bring home with me."

I kissed his brow, which was never serener, and assured him that he possessed more comfort than any mortal could bestow upon him, and that he was the only one living who never wanted any.

"I am not insensible," said he, "that every year, at my time of life, we lose some pleasure; some twig that once blossomed, cankers."

I never was fond of looking forward: I have invariably checked both hopes and wishes. It is but fair then that I should be allowed to turn away my eyes from the prospect of age: even if I could believe that it would come to me as placidly as it has come to Anaxagoras, I would rather lie down to sleep before the knees tremble as they bend. With Anaxagoras I never converse in this manner: for old men more willingly talk of age than hear others talk of it; and neither fool nor philosopher likes to think of the time when he shall talk no longer. I told my dear old man that, having given a piece of moral to the philosophers, he must not be so unjust as to refuse a like present to the poets. About an hour before I began my letter, he came into the library, and, to my great surprise, brought me these verses, telling me that, if they were satirical, the satire fell entirely upon himself.

Pleasures! away; they please no more.
Friends! are they what they were before?
Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them are their wings.
The dance! 'tis what the bear can do;
Music! I hate your music too.

Whene'er these witnesses that Time
Hath snatcht the chaplet from our prime,
Are call'd by Nature, as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow,
And will be heard and noted down,
However we may fret or frown,
Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?
No, 'twere ungrateful and unwise!
But when die down our charities
For human weal and human woes,
Then is the time our eyes should close.

CXXXVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

We hear that another state has been rising up gradually to power, in the centre of Italy. It was originally formed of a band of pirates from some distant country, who took possession of two eminences, fortified long before, and overlooking a wide extent of country. Under these eminences, themselves but of little elevation, are five hillocks, on which they inclosed the cattle by night. It is reported that here were the remains of an ancient and extensive city, which served the robbers for hiding-places; and temples were not wanting in which to deprecate the vengeance of the Gods for the violences and murders they committed daily. The situation is unhealthy, which perhaps is the reason why the city was abandoned, and is likewise a sufficient one why it was rebuilt by the present occupants. They might perpetrate what depredations they pleased, confident that no force could long besiege them in a climate so pestilential. Relying on this advantage, they seized from time to time as many women as were requisite for any fresh accession of vagabonds, rogues, and murderers.

The Sabines bore the loss tolerably well, until the Romans (so they call themselves) went beyond all bounds, and even took their cattle from the yoke. The Sabines had endured all that it became them to endure; but the lowing of their oxen from the seven hills reached their hearts and inflamed them with revenge. They are a pastoral and therefore a patient people, able to undergo the exertions, and endure the privations of war, but, never having been thieves, the Romans over-matched them in vigilance, activity, and enterprise; and have several times since

made incursions into their country, and forced them to disadvantageous conditions. Emboldened by success, they ventured to insult and exasperate the nearest of the Tyrrhenian princes.

The Tyrrhenians are a very proud and very ancient nation, and, like all nations that are proud and ancient, excell chiefly in enjoying themselves. Demaratos the Corinthian dwelt among them several years; and from the Corinthians they learned to improve their pottery, which however it does not appear that they ever have carried to the same perfection as the Corinthian, the best of it being indifferently copied, both in the form and in the figures on it.

Herodotus has written to Pericles all he could collect relating to them; and Pericles says the account is interesting. For my part I could hardly listen to it, although written by Herodotus and read by Pericles. I have quite forgotten the order of events. I think they are such as neither you nor anyone else, excepting those who live near them, will ever care about. But the Tyrrhenians really are an extraordinary people. They have no poets, no historians, no orators, no statuaries, no painters: they say they once had them: so much the more disgraceful. The Romans went out against them and dispersed them, although they blew many trumpets bravely, and brought (pretty nearly into action) many stout soothsayers. The enemy, it appears, has treated them with clemency: they may still feed soothsayers, blow horns, and have wives in common.

I hope it is near your bed-time: if it is, you will thank me for my letter.

CXXXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Who would have imagined that the grave sedate Pericles could take such delight in mischief! After reading my dissertation on the Tyrrhenians and Romans, he gave it again into my hands, saying,

"Pray amuse your friend Cleone with your first attempt at history."

I sent it off, quite unsuspicious. In the evening he looked at me with a smile of no short continuance, and said at last,

"Aspasia! I perceive you are emulous of our Halicarnassian; but pray do not publish that historical Essay either in his name or your own. He does not treat the Romans quite so lightly as you do, and shows rather more justice to the Tyrrhenians. You forgot to mention some important facts recorded by him, and some doubts as weighty. We shall come to them presently.

"Having heard of the Romans, but nothing distinctly, I wished to receive a clearer and a fuller account of them, and wrote to Herodotus by the first ship that sailed for Tarentum. The city where he is residing lies near it, and I gave orders that my letter should be taken thither, and delivered into his hands. Above a year is elapsed, during which time Herodotus tells me he has made all the inquiries which the pursuit of his studies would allow; that he is continuing to correct the errors, elucidate the doubtful points, and correct the style and arrangement of his history; and that, when he has completed it to his mind, he shall have time and curiosity to consider with some attention this remarkable tribe of barbarians.

"At present he has not been able to answer my questions; for never was writer so sedulous in the pursuit and examination of facts. What he sees, he describes clearly; what he hears, he relates faithfully; and he bestows the same care on the composition as he had bestowed on the investigation.

"The Romans I imagined had been subdued by Numa, a Sabine; for it can hardly be credited that so ferocious a community sent a friendly invitation to be governed and commanded by the prince of a people they had grossly and repeatedly insulted. What services had he rendered them? or by what means had they become acquainted with his aptitude for government? They had ever been rude and quarrelsome: he was distinguished for civility and gentleness. They had violated all that is most sacred in public and private life: virgins were seized by treachery, detained by force, and compelled to wipe the blood of their fathers off the sword of their ravishers. A fratricide king had recently been murdered by a magistracy of traitors. What man in his senses would change any condition of life to become the ruler of such a nation? None but he who had conquered and could control them: none but one who had swords enough for every head among them. Absolute power alone can tame them and fit them for anything better; and this power must reside in the hands of a brave and sagacious man, who will not permit it to be shared, or touched, or questioned. Under such a man such a people may become formidable, virtuous, and great. It is too true that, to be martial, a nation must taste of blood in its cradle. Philosophers may dispute it; but time past has written it down, and time to come will confirm it. Of these matters the sophists can know nothing: he who understands them best will be the least inclined to discourse on them.

"Another thing I doubted, and wished to know. Numa is called a Sabine. The Sabines are illiterate still: in the time of Numa they were ruder; they had no commerce, no communication with countries beyond Italy; and yet there are writers who tell us that he introduced laws, on the whole not dissimilar to ours, and corrected the calendar. Is it credible? Is it possible? I am disposed to believe that both these services were rendered by the son of Demaratos, and that the calendar might have been made better, were it not requisite on such an occasion, more than almost any other, to consult the superstition of the populace.

"I myself am afraid of touching the calendar here in Athens, many as have been my conferences with Meton on the subject. Done it shall be; but it must be either just before a victory or just after.

"If the Sabine had sent an embassy, or even an individual, to Athens, in order to collect our laws, the archives of the city would retain a record of so wonderful an event. He certainly could not have picked them up in the pastures or woodlands of his own country. But the Corinthians know them well, and have copied most of them. All nations are fond of pushing the date of their civilization as high up as possible, and care not how remotely they place the benefits they have received. And probably some of the Romans, aware that Numa was their conqueror, helped to abolish the humiliating suspicion, by investing him successively with the robes of a priest, of a legislator, and of an astronomer.

"His two nearest successors were warriors and conquerors. The third was the son of that Demaratos of whom we have spoken, and who, exiled from Corinth, settled among the Tyrrhenians, and afterward, being rich and eloquent, won over to his interest the discontented and venal of the Romans; at all times the great majority. We hear that he constructed of hewn stone a long, a spacious, and a lofty channel, to convey the filth of the town into the river: we hear, at the same time, that the town itself was fabricated of hurdles and mud, upon ruins of massy workmanship; that the best houses were roofed with rushes, and that the vases of the temples were earthen. Now, kings in general, and mostly those whose authority is recent and insecure, think rather of amusing the people by spectacles, or pampering their appetites by feasts and donatives, or dazzling their imagination by pomp and splendour. Theatres, not common sewers, suited best the Romans. Their first great exploit was performed in a theatre, at the cost of the Sabines. Moreover they were religious, and stole every God and Goddess they could lay their hands on. Surely so considerate a person as the son of Demaratos would have adapted his magnificence to the genius of the people, who never cared about filth, but were always most zealous in their devotions. This we might imagine would occur to him as more and more requisite on the capture of every town or village; for, when the Romans had killed the inhabitants, they transferred the Gods very diligently into their city, that they might not miss their worshippers. Now the Gods must have wanted room by degrees, and might not have liked their quarters. Five hundred temples could have been erected at less expense than the building of this stupendous duct. Did the son of Demaratos build it then?

"The people are still ignorant, still barbarous, still cruel, still intractable; but they are acute in the perception of their interests, and have established at last a form of government more resembling the Carthaginian than ours. As their power does not arise from commerce, like the power of Carthage, but strikes its roots into the solid earth, its only sure foundation, it is much less subject to the gusts of fortune, and will recover from a shock more speedily. Neither is there any great nation in contact with them. When they were much weaker, the Tyrrhenians conquered them, under the command of their prince Porsena; but thought they could leave them nowhere less inconveniently than in the place they themselves had abandoned. The Sabines, too, conquered them a second time, and imposed a king over them, but were so unsuspicious and inconsiderate as not to destroy the city, and parcel out the inhabitants for Greece, Sicily, and Africa.

"Living as they did on their farms, with no hold upon the Romans but a king, who, residing in the city with few of his own countrymen about him, was rather a hostage than a ruler, his authority was soon subverted. The Sabines at this time are partly won by conquest, and partly domiciliated by consanguinity. The Tyrrhenians are spent and effete. The government of the Romans, from royal, is now become aristocratical; and the people, deprived of their lawful share in the lands they conquered from so many enemies, swear hatred to kings, and sigh for their return. One flagrant crime consumed the regal authority; a thousand smouldering ones eat deep into the consular. The military system stands apart, admirable in its formation; and, unless that too falls, the Roman camps will move forward year after year, until the mountains and the seas of Italy shall not contain them. They are heirs to the wealth of worn-out nations, and, when they have seized upon their inheritance, they will fight with braver. The Romans will be to Italy what the Macedonians at some future day will be to Greece.

"The old must give way to the young, nations like men, and men like leaves."

CXXXVIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Buildings of high antiquity have usually been carried by the imagination much higher still. But, by what we hear of the Tyrrhenians, we may believe that in their country there are remains of earlier times than in ours. Everything about them shows a pampered and dissolute and decaying people.

You will hardly think a sewer a subject for curiosity and investigation: yet nothing in Europe is so vast and so well-constructed as the sewer at Rome, excepting only the harbour walls and propylæa, built recently here at Athens, under the administration of Pericles. I have asked him some further questions on the wonderful work still extant in the city occupied by the Romans. I will now give you his answer.

"Do not imagine that, unable as I am to ascertain the time when the great sewer of Rome was constructed, I am desirous of establishing one opinion in prejudice of another, or forward in denying that a rich Corinthian might have devised so vast an undertaking. But in Corinth herself we find nothing of equal magnitude, nothing at all resembling its architecture: the Tyrrhenians, who are stated to have been employed in building

it, have ceased for many ages to be capable of anything similar; all their great fabrics may be dated more than a thousand years before the age of Tarquin. I feel no interest in the support of an hypothesis. Take it, or reject it; I would rather that you rejected it, if you would replace it with another and a better. Many things pass across the mind, which are neither to be detained in it with the intention of insisting on them as truths, nor are to be dismissed from it as idle and intrusive. Whatever gives exercise to our thoughts, gives them not only activity and strength, but likewise range. We are not obliged to continue on the training-ground; nor on the other hand is it expedient to obstruct it or plough it up. The hunter, in quest of one species of game, often finds another, and always finds what is better, freshness and earnestness and animation. Were I occupied in literature, I should little fear stumbling in my ascent toward its untrodden and abstruser scenery: being a politician, I know that a single false step is a fall, and a fall is ruin. We may begin wrong, and continue so with impunity; but we must not deviate from wrong to right."

He said this with one of his grave smiles; and then to me,

"A slender shrub, the ornament of your private walk, may with moderate effort be drawn straight again from any obliquity; but such an attempt, were it practicable, would crack every fibre in the twisted tree that overshades the forest."

CXXXIX. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Who told you, Aspasia, that instead of poetry, of history, of philosophy, our writers at Miletus are beginning to compose a species of tales founded on love or madness, and ending in miserable death or wealthy marriage; and that at the conclusion of the work a strict account is rendered of all estrays, of all that had once come into it and had disappeared? Very true, the people at large run after the detail of adventures, and are as anxious to see the termination as they are to reach the bottom of an amphora: but I beseech you never to imagine that we are reduced in our literature to such a state of destitution, as to be without the enjoyment of those treasures which our ancestors left behind them. No, Aspasia, we are not yet so famished that a few morsels of more nutritious food would overpower us. I assure you, we do not desire to see a death or a marriage set upon the table every day. We are grateful for all the exercises and all the excursions of intellect, and our thanks are peculiarly due to those by whose genius our pleasure in them is increased or varied. If we have among us any one capable of devising an imaginary tale, wherein all that is interesting in poetry is united with all that is instructive in history, such an author will not supersede the poets and historians, but will walk between them, and be cordially hailed by both.

CXL. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

When we are dull we run to music. I am sure you must be dull enough after so much of history and of politics. My Pericles can discover portents in Macedonia and Italy: Anaximander could see mountains in the moon: I desire to cast my eyes no farther than to Miletus.

Take your harp.

ODE TO MILETUS.

Maiden there was whom Jove
Illuded into love,
Happy and pure was she;
Glorious from her the shore became,
And Helle lifted up her name
To shine eternal o'er the river-sea.

And many tears are shed
Upon thy bridal-bed,
Star of the swimmer in the lonely night!
Who with unbraided hair
Wipedst a breast so fair,
Bounding with toil, more bounding with delight.

But they whose prow hath past thy straits
And, ranged before Byzantion's gates,
Bring to the God of sea the victim due,
Even from the altar raise their eyes,
And drop the chalice with surprise,
And at such grandeur have forgotten you.

At last there swells the hymn of praise,
And who inspires those sacred lays?
"The founder of the walls ye see."
What human power could elevate
Those walls, that citadel, that gate?
"Miletus, O my sons! was he.'

Hail then, Miletus! hail beloved town,
Parent of me and mine!
But let not power alone be thy renown,
Nor chiefs of ancient line,

Nor visits of the Gods, unless
They leave their thoughts below,
And teach us that we most should bless
Those to whom most we owe.

Restless is Wealth; the nerves of Power
Sink, as a lute's in rain:
The Gods lend only for an hour
And then call back again

All else than Wisdom; she alone,
In Truth's or Virtue's form,
Descending from the starry throne
Thro' radiance and thro' storm,

Remains as long as godlike men
Afford her audience meet,
Nor Time nor War tread down again
The traces of her feet.

Always hast thou, Miletus, been the friend,
Protector, guardian, father, of the wise;
Therefore shall thy dominion never end
Till Fame, despoil'd of voice and pinion, dies.

With favouring shouts and flowers thrown fast behind,
Arotinos ran his race,
No wanderer he, alone and blind . .
And Melesander was untorn by Thrace.

There have been, but not here,
Rich men who swept aside the royal feast
On child's or bondman's breast,
Bidding the wise and aged disappear.

Revere the aged and the wise,
Aspasia! but thy sandal is not worn
To trample on these things of scorn;
By his own sting the fire-bound scorpion dies.

CXLI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

To-day there came to visit us a writer who is not yet an author: his name is Thucydides. We understand that he has been these several years engaged in preparation for a history. Pericles invited him to meet Herodotus, when that wonderful man had returned to our country, and about to sail from Athens. Until then, it was believed by the intimate friends of Thucydides that he would devote his life to poetry, and such is his vigour both of thought and of expression, that he would have been the rival of Pindar. Even now he is fonder of talking on poetry than any other subject, and blushed when history was mentioned. By degrees however he warmed, and listened with deep interest to the discourse of Pericles on the duties of a historian.

"May our first Athenian historian not be the greatest!" said he "as the first of our dramatists has been, in the opinion of many. Æschylus was the creator of Tragedy, nor did she ever shine with such splendour, ever move with such stateliness and magnificence, as at her first apparition on the horizon. The verses of Sophocles are more elaborate, the language purer, the sentences fuller and more harmonious; but in loftiness of soul, and in the awfulness with which he invests his characters, Æschylus remains unrivalled and unapproached.

"We are growing too loquacious, both on the stage and off. We make disquisitions which render us only more and more dim-sighted, and excursions that only consume our stores. If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting, in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and, at the sides of her, Eloquence and War.

"Aspasia! try your influence over Thucydides: perhaps he would not refuse you the pleasure of hearing a few sentences of the work he has begun. I may be a plagiary if I am a listener, and yet I would request permission to be present."

Thucydides was pleased at this deference, and has promised to return soon.

CXLII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Polynices, a fishmonger, has been introduced upon the stage. He had grown rich by his honesty and good-nature; and latterly, in this hot season, had distributed among the poorer families the fish he could not sell in the day-time at a reasonable price. Others of the same trade cried out against his unfairness, and he was insulted and beaten in the market-place. So favourable an incident could not escape the sagacious scent of our comic writers. He was represented on the stage as aiming at supreme power, riding upon a dolphin through a stormy sea, with a lyre in one hand, a dogfish in the other, and singing,

> I, whom you see so high on
> A dolphin's back, am not Arion,
> But (should the favouring breezes blow me faster)
> Cecropians! by the Gods!.. your master!

The people were indignant at this, and demanded with loud cries the closing of the theatre, and the abolition of comedies for ever.

What the abuse of the wisest and most powerful men in the community could not effect, the abuse of a fishmonger has brought about.

The writers and actors of comedy came in a body to Pericles, telling him they had seen the madness of the people, and had heard with wonder and consternation that it was supported by some of the archons.

He answered, that he was sorry to see Comedy with a countenance so altered as to make him tremble for her approaching dissolution; her descent into the regions of Tragedy. He wondered how the Archons should deem it expedient to correct those, whose office and employment it had hitherto been to correct *them*; and regretted his inability to interpose between two conflicting authorities; he must leave it entirely to the people, who would soon grow calmer, and renew their gratitude to their protectors and patrons.

In the midst of these regrets the theatre for comedy was closed. The poets and actors, as they departed, made various observations.

"Dogs sweat and despots laugh inwardly," said Hegesias. "Did you note his malice? the Sisyphus!"

"We have nothing left for it," said Hipponax, "but to fall on our knees among the scales, fins, and bladders at the fish-stall."

"Better," said Aristophanes, "make up to Religion, and look whether the haughty chieftain has no vulnerable place in his heel for an arrow from that quarter."

"He has broken your bow," said Pherecydes: "take heed that the people do not snatch at the string: they have shown that they can pull hard, and may pull where we would not have them."

CXLIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Thucydides has just left us. He has been reading to me a portion of history. At every pause I nodded to Pericles, who, it seems to me, avoided to remark it purposely, but who in reality was so attentive and thoughtful that it was long before he noticed me. When the reading was over, I said to him,

"So, you two sly personages have laid your sober heads together in order to deceive me; as if I am so silly, so ignorant of peculiarity in style, as not to discover in an instant the fraud you would impose on me. Thucydides!" said I "you have read it well; only one could have read it better . . the author himself" . . shaking my head at Pericles.

"O Aspasia!" said our guest, "I confess to you I was always a little too fond of praise, although I have lived in retirement to avoid it until due, wishing to receive the whole sum at once, however long I might wait for it. But never did I expect so much as this: it overturns the scale by its weight."

"O Thucydides!" said Pericles "I am jealous of Aspasia. No one before ever flattered her so in my presence."

I entreated him to continue to write, and to bring down his history to the present times.

"My reverence for Herodotus," said he, "makes me stand out of his way and look at him from a distance: I was obliged to take another model of style. I hope to continue my work beyond the present day, and to conclude it with some event which shall have exalted our glory and have established our supremacy in Greece."

"Go on," said I; "fear no rivals. Others are writing who fear not even Herodotus, nor greatly indeed respect him. They will be less courteous with you perhaps, whose crown is yet in the garden. The creatures run about and kick and neigh in all directions, with a gadfly on them ever since they left the race-course at Olympia. At one moment they lay the muzzle softly and languidly and lovingly upon each other's neck; at another they rear and bite like Python."

"I ought to experience no enmity from them," said he, "before my time comes, theirs will be over."

CXLIV. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

I am pleased with your little note, and hope you may live to write a commentary on the same author. You speak with your usual judgment, in commending our historian for his discretion in metaphors. Not indeed that his language is without them, but they are rare, impressive, and distinct. History wants them occasionally; in oratory they are nearly as requisite as in poetry; they come opportunely wherever the object is persuasion or intimidation, and no less where delight stands foremost. In writing a letter I would neither seek nor reject one: but I think, if more than one came forward, I might decline its services. If however it had come in unawares, I would take no trouble to send it away. But we should accustom ourselves to think always with propriety, in little things as in great, and neither be too solicitous of our dress in the house, nor negligent because we are at home. I think it as improper and indecorous to write a stupid or a silly note to you, as one in a bad hand or on coarse paper. Familiarity ought to have another and worse name, when it relaxes in its attentiveness to please.

We began with metaphors, I will end with one. Do not look back over the letter to see whether I have not already used my privilege of nomination, whether my one is not there. Take then a simile instead. It is a pity that they are often lamps which light nothing, and show only the nakedness of the walls they are nailed against.

CXLV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Sophocles left me about an hour ago.

Hearing that he was with Pericles on business, I sent to request he would favour me with a visit when he was disengaged. After he had taken a seat, I entreated him to pardon me, expressing a regret that we hardly ever saw him, knowing as I did that no person could so ill withstand the regrets of the ladies. I added a hope that, as much for my sake as for the sake of Pericles, he would now and then steal an hour from the Muses in our behalf.

"Lady!" said he, "it would only be changing the place of assignation."

"I shall begin with you," said I, "just as if I had a right to be familiar, and desire of you to explain the meaning of a chorus in *King Œdipus*, which, although I have read the tragedy many times, and have never failed to be present at the representation, I do not quite comprehend."

I took up a volume from the table . .

"No," said I, "this is *Electra*: give me the other." We unrolled it together.

"Here it is: what is the meaning of these words about the *Laws?*"

He looked over them, first without opening his lips; then he read them in a low voice to himself; and then, placing the palm of his left hand against his forehead,

"Well! I certainly did think I understood it at the time I wrote it."

Cleone! if you could see him you would fall in love with him. Fifteen olympiads have not quite run away with all his youth. What a noble presence! what an open countenance! what a

brow! what a mouth! what a rich harmonious voice! what a heart, full of passion and of poetry!

CXLVI. REPLY OF PERICLES TO THE ACCUSATION OF CLEON.

There is a race of men, (and they appear to have led colonies into many lands,) whose courage is always in an inverse ratio to their danger. There is also a race who deem that a benefit done to another is an injury done to them. Would you affront them, speak well of their friends; would you deprive them of repose, labour and watch incessantly for their country.

Cleon! in all your experience, in all the territories you have visited, in all the cities and islands you have conquered for us, have yon never met with any such people? And yet, O generous Cleon! I have heard it hinted that the observation is owing to you.

Were my life a private one, were my services done toward my friends alone, had my youth been exempt as yours hath been from difficulty and peril, I might never have displeased you; I might never have been cited to defend my character against the foulest of imputations. O Athenians! let me recall your attention to every word that Cleon has uttered. I know how difficult is the task, where so much dust is blown about by so much wind. The valorous Cleon has made your ears tingle and ring with Harmodius and Aristogiton. I am ignorant which of the two he would take for imitation, the handsomer or the braver. He stalks along with great bustle and magnificence, but he shows the dagger too plainly: he neglects to carry it in myrtle.

In your astonishment at this sudden procedure, there are doubtless many of you who are unable to comprehend the title of the denunciation. Let me tell you what it is.

"Pericles, son of Xanthippus" . . (may all Greece hear it! may every herald in every city proclaim it at every gate!) "Pericles, son of Xanthippus, is accused of embezzling the public money, collected, reserved, and set apart, for the building and decoration of the Parthenon. The accuser is Cleon, son of Cleæretus."

The scribe has designated the father of our friend by this name, in letters very legible, otherwise I should have suspected it was the son of Cligenes, the parasite of the wealthy, the oppressor of the poor, the assailer of the virtuous, and the ridicule of all. Charges more substantial might surely be brought against me, and indeed were threatened. But never shall I repent of having, by my advice, a little decreased the revenues of the commonwealth, in lowering the price of admission to the theatres, and in offering to the more industrious citizens, out of the public treasury, the trifle requisite for this enjoyment. In the theatre let them see before them the crimes and the calamities of Power, the vicissitudes of Fortune, and the sophistries of the Passions. Let it be there, and there only, that the just man suffers, and that murmurs are heard against the dispensations of the Gods.

But I am forgetting the accusation. Will Cleon do me the favour to inform you in what place I have deposited, or in what manner I have spent, the money thus embezzled? Will Cleon tell you that I alone had the custody of it; or that I had anything at all to do in the making up of the accounts? Will Cleon prove to you that I am now richer than I was thirty years ago, excepting in a portion of the spoil, won bravely by the armies you decreed I should command; such a portion as the laws allow, and the soldiers carry to their general with triumphant acclamations. Cleon has yet to learn all this; certainly his wealth is derived from no such sources; far other acclamations does Cleon court; those of the idle, the dissolute, the malignant, the cowardly, and the false. But if he seeks them in Athens, and not beyond, his party is small indeed, and your indignation will drown their voices. What need have I of pilfer and peculation? Am I avaricious? am I prodigal? Does the indigent citizen, does the wounded soldier, come to my door and return unsatisfied? Point at me, Cleon! and tell your friends to mark that. Let them mark it; but for imitation, not for calumny. Let them hear, for they are idle enough, whence I possess the means of relieving the unfortunate, raising the dejected, and placing men of worth and genius (too often in that number!) where all their fellow-citizens may distinguish them. My father died in my childhood; careful guardians superintended it, managing my affairs with honesty and diligence. The earliest of my ancestors, of whom anything remarkable is recorded, was Cleisthenes, whom your forefathers named general with Solon, ordering them to conquer Cirrha. He devoted his portion of the spoils to the building of a portico. I never have heard that he came by night and robbed the labourers he had paid by day: perhaps Cleon has. He won afterward at the Olympian games: I never have ascertained that he bribed his adversaries. These actions are not in history nor in tradition: but Cleon no doubt has authorities that outvalue tradition and history. Some years afterward, Cleisthenes proclaimed his determination to give in marriage his daughter Agarista to the worthiest man he could find, whether at home or abroad. It is pity that Cleon was not living in those days. Agarista and her father, in default of him, could hear of none worthier than Megacles, son of Alcmæon. Their riches all descended to me, and some perhaps of their better possessions. These at least, with Cleon's leave, I would retain; and as much of the other as may be serviceable to my friends, without being dangerous to the commonwealth.

CXLVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Surely of all our pursuits and speculations, the most instructive is, how the braver pushed back

their sufferings, how the weaker bowed their heads and asked for sympathy, how the soldier smote his breast at the fallacies of glory, and how the philosopher paused and trembled at the depths of his discoveries. But the acquirement of such instruction presses us down to the earth. We see the basest and most inert of mankind the tormentors and consumers of the loftiest: the worm at last devours what the lion and tiger paused at and fled from. But Pericles for the present is safe and secure; and I am too happy for other thoughts or reflections. Anaxagoras also is only doubted: he *may* disbelieve in some mysteries, but he is surely too wise a man to divulge it.

CXLVIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Now we are quiet and at peace again, I wish you would look into your library for more pieces of poetry. To give you some provocation, I will transcribe a few lines on the old subject, which, like old fountains, is inexhaustible, while those of later discovery are in danger of being cut off at the first turn of the plough.

ERINNA TO LOVE.

Who breathes to thee the holiest prayer,
O Love! is ever least thy care.
Alas! I may not ask thee why 'tis so . .
Because a fiery scroll I see
Hung at the throne of Destiny,
Reason with Love and register with Woe.

Few question thee, for thou art strong,
And, laughing loud at right and wrong,
Seizest, and dashest down, the rich, the poor;
Thy sceptre's iron studs alike
The meaner and the prouder strike,
And wise and simple fear thee and adore.

CXLIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Among the poems of Sappho I find the following, but written in a different hand from the rest. It pleases me at least as much as any of them; if it is worse, I wish you would tell me in what it is so. How many thoughts might she have turned over and tossed away for it! Odious is the economy in preserving all the scraps of the intellect, and troublesome the idleness of tacking them together. Sappho is fond of seizing, as she runs on, the most prominent and inviting flowers: she never stops to cut and trim them: she throws twenty aside for one that she fixes in her bosom; and what is more singular, her pleasure at their beauty seems never to arise from another's admiration of it. See it or not see it, there it is.

Sweet girls! upon whose breast that God descends
Whom first ye pray to come and next to spare,
O tell me whither now his course he bends,
Tell me what hymn shall thither waft my prayer!
Alas! my voice and lyre alike he flies,
And only in my dreams, nor kindly then, replies.

CL. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Instead of expatiating on the merits of the verses you last sent me, or, on the other hand, of looking for any pleasure in taking them to pieces, I venture to hope you will be of my opinion, that these others are of equal authenticity. Neither do I remember them in the copy you possessed when we were together.

SAPPHO TO HESPERUS.

I have beheld thee in the morning hour
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise
When sleep all night had wandered from my bower.

Can it be true that thou art he
Who shinest now above the sea
Amid a thousand, but more bright?
Ah yes, the very same art thou
That heard me then, and hearest now . .
Thou seemest, star of love! to throb with light.

Sappho is not the only poetess who has poured forth her melodies to Hesperus, or who had reason to thank him. I much prefer these of hers to what appear to have been written by some confident man, and (no doubt) on a feigned occasion.

Hesperus, hail! thy winking light
Best befriends the lover,
Whom the sadder Moon for spite
Gladly would discover.

Thou art fairer far than she,
Fairer far, and chaster:
She may guess who smiled on me,
I know who embraced her.

Pan of Arcady . . 'twas Pan,
In the tamarisk bushes . .
Bid her tell thee, if she can,
Where were then her blushes.

And, were I inclined to tattle,
I could name a second,
Whom asleep with sleeping cattle
To her cave she beckon'd.

Hesperus, hail! thy friendly ray
Watches o'er the lover,
Lest the nodding leaves betray,
Lest the Moon discover.

Phryne heard my kisses given
Acte's rival bosom . .
'Twas the buds, I swore by heaven,
Bursting into blossom.

What she heard, and half espied
By the gleam, she doubted,
And with arms uplifted, cried
How they must have sprouted!

Hesperus, hail again! thy light
Best befriends the lover,
Whom the sadder Moon for spite
Gladly would discover.

The old poets are contented with narrow couches: but these couches are not stuffed with chaff which lasts only for one season. They do not talk to us from them when they are half-asleep; but think it more amusing to entertain us in our short visit with lively thoughts and fancies, than to enrich us with a paternal prolixity of studied and stored-up meditations.

CLI. PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

My Alcibiades, if I did not know your good temper from a whole life's experience, I should be

afraid of displeasing you by repeating what I have heard. This is, that you pronounce in public as well as in private a few words somewhat differently from our custom. You can not be aware how much hostility you may excite against you by such a practice. Remember, we are Athenians; and do not let us believe that we have finer organs, quicker perceptions, or more discrimination, than our neighbours in the city. Every time we pronounce a word differently from another, we show our disapprobation of his manner, and accuse him of rusticity. In all common things we must do as others do. It is more barbarous to undermine the stability of a language than of an edifice that hath stood as long. This is done by the introduction of changes. Write as others do, but only as the best of others: and if one eloquent man, forty or fifty years ago, spoke and wrote differently from the generality of the present, follow him, though alone, rather than the many. But in pronunciation we are not indulged in this latitude of choice; we must pronounce as those do who favour us with their audience. Never hazard a new expression in public: I know not any liberty we can take, even with our nearest friends, more liable to the censure of vanity. Whatever we do we must do from authority or from analogy. A young man, however studious and intelligent, can know, intrinsically and profoundly, but little of the writers who constitute authority. For my part, in this our country, where letters are far more advanced than in any other, I can name no one whatever who has followed up to their origin the derivation of words, or studied with much success their analogy. I do not, I confess, use all the words that others do, but I never use one that others do not. Remember, one great writer may have employed a word which a greater has avoided, or, not having avoided it, may have employed in a somewhat different signification. It would be needless to offer you these remarks, if our language were subject to the capriciousness of courts, the humiliation of sycophants, and the defilement of slaves. Another may suffer but little detriment by the admission of barbarism to its franchises; but ours is attic, and the words, like the citizens we employ, should at once be popular and select.

CLII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

The poetical merits of the unhappy Lesbian are sufficiently well known. Thanks, and more than thanks, if indeed there is anything more on earth, are due for even one scrap from her. But allow me, what is no great delicacy or delight to me, a reprehension, a censure. An admirer can make room for it only when it comes from an admirer. Sappho, in the most celebrated of her Odes, tells us that she sweats profusely. Now surely no female, however low-born and ill-bred, in short however Eolian, could without indecorousness speak of sweating and spitting, or any such things. We never ought to utter, in relation to ourselves, what we should be ashamed of being seen in. Writing of war and contention, such an expression is unobjectionable. To avoid it by circumlocution, or by any other word less expressive and direct, would be the most contemptible and ludicrous of pedantry: and, were it anywhere reduced to practice in the conversation of ordinary life, it would manifestly designate a coarse-grained unpolishable people. There is nothing in poetry, or indeed in society, so unpleasant as affectation. In poetry it arises from a deficiency of power and a restlessness of pretension; in conversation, from insensibility to the Graces, from an intercourse with bad company, and a misinterpretation of better.

CLIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

You desire to know what portion of history it is the intention of Thucydides to undertake. He began with the earlier settlers of Greece, but he has now resolved to employ this section as merely the portico to his edifice. The Peloponesian war appears to him worthier of the historian than any other. He is of opinion that it must continue for many years and comprehend many important events, for Pericles is resolved to wear out the energy of the Spartans by protracting it. At present it has been carried on but few months, with little advantage to either side, and much distress to both. What our historian has read to us does not contain any part of these transactions, which however he carefully notes down as they occur. We were much amused by a speech he selected for recitation, as one delivered by an orator of the Corinthians to the Ephors of Lacedæmon, urging the justice and necessity of hostilities. Never was the Athenian character painted in such true and lively colours. In composition his characteristic is brevity, yet the first sentence of the volume runs into superfluity. The words, to the best of my recollection, are these:

"Thucydides of Athens has composed a history of the war between the Peloponesians and Athenians."

This is enough; yet he adds,

"As conducted by each of the belligerents."

Of course: it could not be conducted by one only.

I observed that in the fourth sentence he went from the third person to the first.

By what I could collect, he thinks the Peloponesian war more momentous than the Persian: yet had Xerxes prevailed against us, not a vestige would be existing of liberty or civilisation in the world. If Sparta should, there will be little enough; and a road will be thrown open to the barbarians of the north, Macedonians and others with strange names. We have no great reason to fear it; although the policy of Thebes, on whom much depends, is ungenerous and unwise.

He said moreover that "transactions of an earlier time are known imperfectly, and were of small importance either in the wars or anything else."

Yet without these wars, or some other of these transactions, our Miletus and Athens, our Pericles

and Thucydides, would not be; so much does one thing depend upon another. I am little disposed to overvalue the potency and importance of the eastern monarchies; but surely there is enough to excite our curiosity, and interest our inquiries, in the fall of Chaldæa, the rise of Babylon, and the mysteries of Egypt . . not indeed her mysteries in theology, which are impostures there as elsewhere, but the mysteries in arts and sciences, which will outlive the Gods. Barbarians do not hold steadily before us any moral or political lesson; but they serve as graven images, protuberantly eminent and gorgeously uncouth, to support the lamp placed on them by History and Philosophy. If we knew only what they said and did, we should turn away with horror and disgust: but we pound their mummies to colour our narratives; and we make them as useful in history as beasts are in fable.

Thucydides shows evidently, by his preliminary observations, that he considers the Trojan war unimportant. Yet, according to Homer, the Grecian troops amounted to above a hundred thousand. In reality, so large a force hath never been assembled in any naval expedition, nor even one half. How was it provisioned at Aulis? how, on the shores of the Troad? And all these soldiers, with chariots and horses, were embarked for Troy a few years after the first ship of war left the shores of Greece! yes, a very few years indeed; for the Argo had among her crew the brothers of Helen, who can not well be supposed to have been five years older than herself. It is of rare occurrence, even in the climate of Sparta, that a mother bears children after so long an interval; and we have no reason to believe that such a time had elapsed between the brothers and their sister. Suppose the twins to have been twenty-two years old (for they had become celebrated for horsemanship and boxing) and Helen seventeen, you will find little space left between the expeditions.

But away with calculation. We make a bad bargain when we change poetry for truth in the affairs of ancient times, and by no means a good one in any.

Remarkable men of remote ages are collected together out of different countries within the same period, and perform simultaneously the same action. On an accumulation of obscure deeds arises a wild spirit of poetry; and images and names burst forth and spread themselves, which carry with them something like enchantment, far beyond the infancy of nations. What was vague imagination settles at last and is received for history. It is difficult to effect and idle to attempt the separation: it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallisation from the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins.

CLIV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

We have lost another poet, and have none left beside the comic. Euripides is gone to the court of Archelaüs. A few years ago he gained the prize against all competitors. He was hailed by the people as a deliverer, for subverting the ascendancy and dominion which Sophocles had acquired over them. The Athenians do not like to trust any man with power for life. Sophocles is now an old man, sixty years of age at the least, and he had then been absolute in the theatre for above a quarter of a century. What enthusiasm! what acclamations! for overthrowing the despot who had so often made them weep and beat their breasts. He came to visit us on the day of his defeat: Euripides was with us at the time.

"Euripides," said he, "we are here alone, excepting our friends Aspasia and Pericles. I must embrace you, now it can not seem an act of ostentation."

He did so, and most cordially.

"I should be glad to have conquered you," continued he; "it would have been very glorious."

I never saw Pericles more moved. These are the actions that shake his whole frame, and make his eyes glisten. Euripides was less affected. He writes tenderly, but is not tender. There are hearts that call for imagination: there are others that create it.

I must abstain from all reflections that fall too darkly on the departed. We may see him no more perhaps: I am sorry for it. He did not come often to visit us, nor indeed is there anything in his conversation to delight or interest me. He has not the fine manners of Sophocles; nor the open unreserved air, which Pericles tells me he admired so much in the soldierly and somewhat proud Æschylus; grave and taciturn, I hear, like himself, unless when something pleased him; and then giving way to ebullitions and bursts of rapture, and filling everyone with it round about.

The movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please, on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated. It is only such insects as petty autocrats that feel oppressed by it, and would sting them for it. Pericles is made of the same clay. He can not quite overcome his stateliness, but he bends the more gracefully for bending slowly.

When I think of Euripides, I think how short a time it is since he was hailed as a deliverer, and how odious he is become for breaking in upon our affections at an unseasonable hour, and for carrying our hearts into captivity. All the writers of the day were resolved to humble him, and ran about from magistrate to magistrate, to raise money enough for the magnificent representation of his rival . . I have forgotten the man's name. Pericles never thwarts the passions and prejudices of the citizens. In his adolescence he visited the humble habitation of the venerable Æschylus: throughout life he has been the friend of Sophocles:

he has comforted Euripides in his defeats, telling him that by degrees he would teach the people to be better judges: he rejoiced with him on his first victory, reminding him of his prophecy, and remarking that they two, of all the Athenians, had shown the most patience and had been the best rewarded for it.

We hope he may return.

CLV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The two pieces I am about to transcribe are of styles very different. I find them among the collections of Pericles, but am ignorant of the authors.

Far from the harp's and from the singer's noise,
The bird of Pallas lights on ruin'd towers.
I know a wing that flaps o'er girls and boys
To harp and song and kiss in myrtle bowers;
When age is come, I too will sit apart,
While age is absent, *that* shall fan my heart.

CUPID AND LIGEIA.

Cupid had played some wicked trick one day
On sharp Ligeia; and I heard her say,
"You little rogue! you ought to be unsext."
He was as spiteful tho' not quite so vext,
And said (but held half-shut the folding-doors)
"Ah then my beard will never grow like yours!"

CLVI. FIRST SPEECH OF PERICLES TO THE ATHENIANS.

On the Declarations of Corinth and Lacedæmon.

The Regency at Lacedæmon has resolved to make an irruption into Attica, if we attempt anything adverse to Potidæa, hearing that on the declaration of hostilities by Corinth, we ordered the Potidæans, whose infidelity we had detected, to demolish the wall facing Pallene. In reliance on their treason, Perdiccas and the Corinthians had entered into confederacy, and were exciting the defection of our Thracian auxiliaries. Perdiccas prevailed with the Chalcidians to dismantle all their towns upon the seaside, and to congregate in Olynthos. We made a truce, and afterward a treaty, with Perdiccas: he evacuates the territory he had invaded; we strictly beleaguer the revolted Potidæa. The ephors of Lacedæmon now summon to appear before them not only their allies, but whosoever has any complaint to prefer against the Athenians. Hereupon the Megarseans come forward, and protest that they have been prohibited from our markets, contrary to treaty; and what is worse, that we exclude them from the possession of Potidæa, so convenient for extending their power and authority into Thrace. They appear, in their long oration, to have forgotten nothing, unless that they had murdered our citizens and ambassadors.

By what right, O Athenians, is Lacedæmon our judge? Corinth may impell her into war against us; but Corinth can never place her on the judgment-seat of Greece; nor shall their united voices make us answer to the citation. We will declare, not to her but to all, our reasons and our rights. The Corcyræans had erected a trophy at Leucimna, and had spared after the victory their Corinthian captives: they had laid waste the territory of Leucas and they had burnt the arsenal of Cyllene. Meanwhile the Corinthians sent ambassadors to every power in the Peloponese, and enlisted mariners for their service upon every coast. If valour and skill and constancy could have availed the Corcyræans, they would have continued to abstain, as they had ever done, from all alliances. They only sought ours when destruction was imminent; knowing that, in policy and humanity, we never could allow the extinction of one Grecian state, nor consequently the aggrandisement and preponderance of another; and least so when the insolence of Corinth had threatened our naval ascendancy (by which all Greece was saved), and the rivalry of Lacedæmon our equality on land. By our treaty with the Lacedæmonians it is provided that, if any community be not in alliance with one of the parties, it may confederate with either, at its discretion; and this compact it was agreed should be binding not only on the principals but likewise on the subordinates. In such a predicament stands Corcyra.

It might behove us to chastise the inhumanity of a nation which, like Corinth, would devour her own offspring; but it certainly is most just and most expedient, when, instead of reasoning or conferring with us on the propriety of our interference, she runs at once to Sparta, conspiring with her to our degradation, and, if possible, to our ruin. Satisfactorily to demonstrate our justice and moderation, I advise that we stipulate with Corcyra for mutual defence, never for aggression, and admitting no article which, even by a forced intepretation, may contravene our treaty with Lacedæmon.

CLVII. SECOND SPEECH OF PERICLES.

The jealousy that Sparta hath ever entertained against us, was declared most flagrantly, when Leotychides, who commanded the Grecian forces at Mycale, drew away with him all the confederates of the Peloponese. We continued to assail the barbarians until we drove them from Sestos, their last hold upon the Hellespont. It was then, and then only, that the Athenians brought back again from miserable refuge their wives and children, and began to rebuild their habitations, and walls for their defence. Did the Spartans view this constancy and perseverance with admiration and with pity, as the patriotic, the generous, the humane, would do? Did they send ambassadors to congratulate your fathers on their valour, their endurance, their prosperous return, their ultimate security? Ambassadors they sent indeed, but insisting that our walls should never rise again from their ruins. A proposal so unjust and arrogant we treated with scorn and indignation, when our numbers were diminished and our wealth exhausted: shall we bend to their decisions and obey their orders now? If their power of

injuring us were in proportion to their malice, their valour to their pride, or their judgment to their ferocity, then were they most formidable indeed: but turn we to the examination of facts. Having occasion to reduce to obedience a few revolted Helotes in the city of Ithome, to whom did they apply? to the Athenians; for they themselves were utterly ignorant how to attack or even to approach a fortress. Even then they showed their jealousy, rewarding our promptitude to assist them by the ignominious dismissal of our troops. What was the consequence? a ten years siege. And these, O Athenians! are the men who now threaten the Acropolis and Piræus!

I can compare the Lacedæmonians to nothing more fitly than to the heads of spears without the shafts. There would be abundantly the power of doing mischief, were there only the means and method of directing it. Where these are wanting, we have no better cause for apprehension than at the sparks of fire under our horse's hoof, lest they produce a conflagration; which indeed they might do, if by their nature they were durable and directable.

Let us see what powerful aid our enemies are expecting; what confederates they are stirring up against us. The Megaræans, who left their alliance for ours; the Megaræans, whom we defended against the Corinthians, and whose walls we constructed at our own expense from Megara to Nissæa. Is it on the constancy or on the gratitude of this people that Lacedæmon in her wisdom so confidently relies? No sooner had we landed in Eubœa, than intelligence was brought us that the Peloponesians were about to make an incursion into Attica, and that the Athenian garrison was murdered by the Megaræans, who already had formed a junction with the Corinthians, Sicyonians, and Epidaurians. We sailed homeward, and discomfited the Peloponesians; returned, and reduced Eubœa. A truce for thirty years was granted to Lacedæmon, restoring to her Nissæa, Calchis, Pegai, and Trœzene. Five years afterward a war broke out between the Samians and Miletus. Justice and our treaties obliged us to rescue that faithful and unfortunate city from the two-fold calamity that impended over her. Many of the Samians were as earnest in imploring our assistance as the Milesians were: for, whatever might be the event of the war, they were sure of being reduced to subjection; if conquered, by a wronged and exasperated enemy; if conquerors, by the king. A rapacious and insolent oligarchy saw no other means of retaining its usurped authority, than by extending it with rigour; and were conscious that it must fall from under them unless the sceptre propped it. Honest men will never seek such aid, and free men will never endure such.

There may be nations monarchal and aristocratical, where the public good is little thought of, and often impeded by restless steps toward personal or family aggrandisement. But there is no man, even among these, so barbarous and inhuman, as to be indifferent to the approbation of some one in his city beloved above all the rest, from whom the happy rush forward for admiration, the less fortunate are gratified with a tear: life, they would tell us, is well lost for either. We Athenians have loftier views, and, I will not say purer, but the same and more ardent aspirations.

In the late brief war, the greater part of you here present have won immortal glory; and let us not believe that those who fell from your ranks in battle are yet insensible to the admiration and the gratitude of their countrymen. No one among us, whatever services he may have rendered to Athens, has received such praises, such benedictions, such imperishable rewards, as they have. Happy men! they are beyond the reach of calumny and reverses. There is only one sad reflection resting with them: they can serve their country no more. How high was the value of their lives! they knew it, and bartered them for renown. We, in this war unjustly waged against us, shall be exposed to fewer dangers, but more privations. In the endurance of these, our manliness will be put severely to the proof, and virtues which have not been called forth in fifty years, virtues which our enemies seem to have forgotten that we possess, must again come into action, as if under the eyes of a Themistocles and an Aristides. We have all done much; but we have all done less than we can do, ought to do, and will do.

Archidamos, king of Sparta, now about to march against us, is bound to me by the laws of hospitality. Should he, whether in remembrance of these, or in the design of rendering me suspected, abstain from inflicting on my possessions the violence he is about to inflict on the rest of Attica, let it be understood that henceforth I have no private property in this land, but, in the presence of the Gods, make a free donation of it to the commonwealth. Let all withdraw their cattle, corn, and other effects, from the country, and hold Athens as one great citadel, from which the Deity who presides over her hath forbidden us to descend.

CLVIII. ORATION OF PERICLES,

On the approach of the Lacedæmonians to Athens.

Long ago, and lately, and in every age intervening, O Athenians! have you experienced the jealousy and insolence of Lacedæmon. She listens now to the complaints of Corinth, because the people of Corcyra will endure no longer her vexations, and because their navy, in which the greater part of the mariners have fought and conquered by the side of ours, seek refuge in the Piræus. A little while ago she dared to insist that we should admit the ships of Megara to our harbour, her merchandise to our markets, when Megara had broken her faith with us, and gone over to the Spartans. Even this indignity we might perhaps have endured. We told the Lacedæmonians that we would admit the Megaræans to that privilege, if the ports of Sparta would ad-

mit us and our allies: although we and our allies were never in such relationship with her, and therefore could never have fallen off from her. She disdained to listen to a proposal so reasonable, to a concession so little to be expected from us. Resolved to prove to her that generosity, and not fear, dictated it, we chastised the perfidious Megara.

The king of the Lacedæmonians, Archidamos, a wiser and honester man than any of his people, is forced to obey the passions he would control; and an army of sixty thousand men is marching under his command to ravage Attica. The braver will rather burn their harvests than transfer to a sanguinary and insatiable enemy the means of inflicting evil on their relatives and friends. Few, I trust, are base enough, sacrilegious enough, to treat as guests, those whom you before men and Gods denounce as enemies. We will receive within our walls the firm and faithful. And now let the orators who have blamed our expenditure in the fortification of the city, tell us again that it was improvident. They would be flying in dismay had not those bulwarks been raised effectually. Did it require any sagacity to foresee that Athens would be the envy of every state around? Was there any man so ignorant as not to know that he who has lost all his enemies will soon lose all his energy? and that men are no more men when they cease to act, than rivers are rivers when they cease to run? The forces of our assailants must be broken against our walls. Our fleets are our farms henceforward, until the Spartans find that, if they can subsist on little, they can not so well subsist on stones and ashes. Their forces are vast; but vast forces have never much hurt us. Marathon and Platæa were scarcely wide enough for our trophies; a victorious army, an unvanquished fleet, Miltiades himself, retired unsuccessful from the rock of Paros. Shall we tremble then before a tumultuous multitude, ignorant how cities are defended or assailed? Shall we prevent them from coming to their discomfiture and destruction? Firmly do I believe that the Protectress of our city leads them against it to avenge her cause. They may ravage the lands; they can not cultivate, they can not hold them. Mischief they will do, and great; much of our time, much of our patience, much of our perseverance, and something of our courage, are required. At present I do not number this event among our happiest. We must owe our glory partly to ourselves and partly to our enemies. They offer us the means of greatness; let us accept their offer. Brief danger is the price of long security. The countryman, from the mists of the morning, not only foretells the brightness of the day, but discerns in them sources of fertility; and he remembers in his supplications to the immortal Gods to thank them alike for both blessings. It is thus, O men of Athens, that you have constantly looked up at calamities. Never have they depressed you: always have they chastened your hearts, always have they exalted your courage. Impelled by the breath of Xerxes, the locusts of Asia consumed your harvests; your habitations crumbled away as they swarmed along: the temples of the Gods lay prostrate; the Gods themselves bowed and fell: the men of Athens rose higher than ever. They had turned their faces in grief from the scene of devastation and impiety; but they listened to a provident valour, and the myriads of insects that had plagued them were consumed.

There is affront in exhortation. I have spoken.

CLIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

On the shore overlooking the fountain of Arethusa there is a statue of Æschylus. An Athenian who went to visit it, crowned it with bay and ivy, and wrote these verses at the base.

Stranger! Athenian hands adorn
  A bard thou knowest well.
Ah! do not ask where he was born,
  For we must blush to tell.

Proud are we, but we place no pride
  On good, or wise, or brave;
Hence what Cephisus had denied
  'Twas Arethusa gave.

You remember the story of a barbarous king, who would have kept the Muses in captivity. His armoury furnished an enemy of the poet Lysis with these materials for skirmishing.

TO LYSIS.

A curse upon the king of old
  Who would have kidnapp'd all the Muses!
Whether to barter them for gold
  Or keep them for his proper uses.

Lysis! aware he meant them ill,
  Birds they became, and flew away . .
Thy Muse alone continues still
  A titmouse to this very day.

Do not call me sly and perfidious, if, after tickling you with this feather, I have not only permitted a wicked thought to enter my head, but have also devised a place for it, if possible, in yours. The lines below are none of my composition, as you may well imagine from my character.

There is in kisses a delight;
  A fragrance of the wine
Quaft by the happier in the genial night
  Is there; may these be mine!

What said I? empty kisses? none are empty.
  Gods! all the just who give
That graceful feast from every grief exempt ye!
  Blest, honour'd, grant they live!

And now I have written them fairly out, I am afraid of sending them: for I remember that if ever I uttered such a word as *kiss*, you wondered at me. Really and truly it was as far from wonder as anything could be, and so it will be now; but it was very near a slight displeasure, which now it must not be.

CLX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

After an interval of nearly three years, Comedy may re-appear on the stage. It is reported that

Pericles obtained this indulgence from the archons; and in consequence of it he is now represented by the dramatists as a Jupiter, who lightens and thunders, and what not. Before he became a Jupiter, I believe he was represented as the enemy of that God, and most of the others; and the people having no public amusement, no diversion to carry off their ill-humours, listened gloomily to such discourses. Pericles noted it, and turned them into their fold again, and had them piped to; but not before the fly entered the fleece.

CLXI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Twenty days, O Cleone, twenty days are not elapsed, since Anaxagoras told me that he was about to leave Attica for the Propontis. I urged him to alter his resolution. He affirmed that his presence in the house of Pericles had brought a cloud over it, which would only disappear by his absence. "Of late" said he "I have received so much kindness from the philosophers, that I begin to suspect a change of fortune, by no means in my favour. I must fly while the weather is temperate, as the swallows do."

He mixes not with the people, he converses with none of them, and yet he appears to have penetrated into the deepest and darkest recesses of their souls.

Pericles has lost their favour; Anaxagoras is banished; Aspasia . . but what is Aspasia? Yours; and therefore you must hear about her.

We have all been accused of impiety; Anaxagoras and myself have been brought to trial for the offence. Diopeithes is the name of our accuser. He began with Anaxagoras; and having proved by three witnesses that he in their hearing had declared his opinion, that lightning and thunder were the effect of some combustion and concussion in the clouds, and that they often happened when Jupiter was in perfectly good-humour, not thinking at all about the Athenians, there was instantly such a rage and consternation in the whole assembly, that the judges were called upon from every quarter to condemn him for impiety; sentence, death.

Pericles rose. He for the first time in his life was silenced by the clamorous indignation of the people. All parties, all classes, men, women, children, priests, sailors, tavern-keepers, diviners, slave-merchants, threatened, raved, foamed.

"Pericles! you yourself will soon be cited before this august tribunal" said Diopeithes. The clamour now began to subside. Curiosity, wonder, apprehension of consequences, divided the assembly; and, when Pericles lifted up his arm, the agitation, the murmurs, and the whispers, ceased.

"O men of Athens!" said he calmly "I wish it had pleased the Gods that the vengeance of Diopeithes had taken its first aim against me, whom you have heard so often, known so long, and trusted so implicitly. But Diopeithes hath skulked from his ambush and seized upon the unsuspecting Anaxagoras, in the hope that, few knowing him, few can love him. The calculation of Diopeithes is correct: they who love him are but those few. They however who esteem and reverence him can only be numbered by him who possesses a register of all the wise and all the virtuous men in Greece."

Anaxagoras stepped forward, saying,

"You, O Athenians! want defenders, and will want them more: I look for protection to no mortal arm; I look for it to that divine power, the existence of which my accuser tells you I deny."

"He shirks the thunder" said one.

"He sticks to the blind side of Jupiter" said another.

Such were the observations of the pious and malicious, who thought to expiate all their sins by throwing them on his shoulders, and driving him out of the city. He was condemned by a majority of voices. Pericles followed him through the gates, beyond the fury of his persecutors.

CLXII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Three days after the banishment of Anaxagoras, the threat of Diopeithes was carried into effect; not against the person of Pericles, but against your Aspasia. Diopeithes had himself denounced me, on the same count as Anaxagoras: and Hermippos, whose entire life has been (they tell me) one sluggish stream of gross impurities, impeached me as a corruptress of the public morals.

You will imagine, my Cleone, that something loose and lascivious was brought forward in accusation against me. No such thing. Nothing of the kind is considered as having any concern with public morals here in Athens. My crime was, seducing young men from their parents and friends; retaining them in conversation at our house; encouraging them to study the sciences in preference to the machinations of sophists; to leave the declaimers an empty room for the benefit of their voices, and to adhere more closely to logic before they venture upon rhetoric.

You will now perceive, that all who have the most interest and the most exercise in the various artifices of deception, were my enemies. I feared lest Pericles should run further into the danger of losing his popularity by undertaking my defence, and resolved to be my own pleader. The hour had been appointed for opening the trial: I told him it was one hour later. When it was nearly at hand, I went out of the house unobserved, and took my place before the assembly of the people. My words were these.

"If any of the accusations brought against me were well-founded, they would have been known to Pericles. It would be strange were he indifferent to any offence of mine against the laws, especially such as you accuse me of, unless he is, as the accusation would imply, insensible to honour, propriety, and decency. Is this his character? He never has had an enemy bold and false enough to say it: I wonder at this; yet he never has."

The people, who had been silent, now began to

favour me, when Diopeithes asked me, whether I could deny my conversations with Anaxagoras, and my adherence to his tenets.

Love of truth, pity for Anaxagoras, and pride (it may be) in the strength of mind he had given me, and in the rejection of unworthy notions on the Gods, urged me to say,

"I deny no conversation I ever had with him, no tenet I ever received, no duty I ever learnt from him. He taught me veneration for the Gods; and I pray them to render me grateful for it."

Pericles at this moment stood at my side. Indignation that he should have followed Anaxagoras out of the gates, and should have embraced him affectionately at parting, turned many furious faces, furious cries, and furious gestures against him. He looked round disdainfully, and said aloud,

"Respect the laws and the unfortunate, you who revere the Gods!

"It was not the condemned man I followed out of the city: it was age, which would have sunk under blows; it was rectitude, which feared not death; it was friendship, which if I can not make you esteem, I will not implore you to pardon.

"At last, O Athenians! my enemies and yours have persuaded you to assemble in this place, and to witness the humiliation and affliction of one who never failed to succour the unfortunate, and who has been the solace of my existence many years. Am I, of all in Athens, the man who should mistake crimes for virtues: the man pointed out from among the rest as the most insensible to his dignity? How widely then have you erred in calling me to your counsels! how long, how wilfully, how pertinaciously! Is it not easier to believe that two or three are mistaken now, than that you all, together with your fathers and best friends, whose natal days and days of departure from us, you still keep holy, have been always so?"

Hermippos and Diopeithes, seeing that many were moved, interrupted him furiously.

"O Pericles!" cried Hermippos, "we are aware that this woman of Ionia, this Milesian, this Aspasia, entertains the same opinions as yourself."

"Highly criminal!" answered Pericles, with a smile; "I hope no other Athenian is cursed with a wife liable to so grievous an accusation."

"Scoffer!" cried Diopeithes; "dare you deny that in the summer of this very year, when you were sailing to lay waste the coasts of the Peloponese, you attempted to pervert the religion of the sailors? The sun was suddenly bedimmed: darkness came over the sea, as far even as unto our city! the pilot fell upon his face and prayed: and did not you, O Pericles! raise him up with one hand, and, throwing your mantle over his eyes with the other, ask whether he found anything dreadful in it! And when he answered in is piety, 'It is not *that*,' did not you reply,

"'The other darkness is no otherwise different than in its greater extent, and produced by somewhat larger than my mantle?'"

"Proceed to interrogate" said Pericles.

"Answer that first, O sacrilegious man!" exclaimed Diopeithes.

"Athenians!" said Pericles, "many of you here present were with me in the expedition. Do assure Diopeithes that it was not my mantle which darkened the sea and sun, that to your certain knowledge both sun and sea were dark before I took it off. So that the Gods, if they were angry at all, were angry earlier in the day. And not only did the sun shine out again, bright and serene as ever, but the winds were favourable, the voyage prosperous, the expedition successful.

"It appears to me that the Gods are the most angry when they permit the malicious and the false to prevail over the generous and simple-hearted; when they permit the best affections to be violated, and the worst to rise up in disorder to our ruin. Nor do I believe that they are very well pleased at hearing their actions and motives called in question; or at winks and intimations that they want discernment to find out offenders, and power and justice to punish them."

"In spite of philosophers" cried Diopeithes "we still have our Gods in Athens."

"And our men too" replied he "or these before me must only be the shadows of those who, but lately under my command, won eternal renown in Samos."

Tears rose into his eyes: they were for me; but he said in a low voice, audible however in the silence that had succeeded to a loud and almost universal acclamation,

"At least for our lost comrades a few tears are not forbidden us."

The people struck their breasts: the judges unanimously acquitted me, surrounded Pericles, and followed us home with enthusiastical congratulations.

CLXIII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Never did our house receive so my visitors as on my acquittal. Not only our friends and acquaintances, but every one who had fought under Pericles, came forward to offer his felicitations and his services. I was forgotten . . the danger, the insult, seemed his. When they had all retired to dinner, he too left me with my music and I did not see him again until late the next morning. It was evident he had slept but little. He came up to me, and pressing my hand, said,

"Aspasia! I have gained a great victory; the greatest, the most glorious, and the only one not subject to a reverse."

I thought his words related to his defence of me: I was mistaken.

"It was yesterday, for the first time" said he "that I knew the extent of my power. I could have demolished the houses of my adversaries; I could have exiled them from the city; I could have been their master: I am more; I am my own.

"Great injuries create great power; no feeble virtues are necessary to its rejection. In polity" continued he "the humble may rise, but not the

fallen. States live but once. Had I no Aspasia, no children, I am ignorant what support I could have found against the impulses of ambition. Many who seize upon kingly power, are the more desirous of possessing it because they have sons to succeed them. Imprudent men! they expose those sons to infinite dangers, and create no new advantages for them. If they provided for their security, they would abdicate their power, when about to be taken away by death from those over whom they exercised it. If they provided for their glory, they would not subject them to the reproach, always merited, of possessing less activity and sagacity than their father. Do they care about their wisdom or their virtue? they will not cast them among idlers and sycophants, nor abandon them on a solitary island, where many sing and none discourse. What life is wretcheder? what state more abject?"

"Yours, my dear Pericles!" said I "is far happier, but by no means enviable."

"True!" answered he: "I am subject to threats, curses, denunciations, ostracism, and hemlock: but I glory in the glory of the state, and I know that I can maintain it."

I was listening with attention, when he said to me with an air of playfulness,

"Am I not a boaster? am I not proud of my command? am I not over-fond of it, when I am resolved not to transmit it hereditarily to another?"

"Rightly judged! dear Pericles!" said I: "you always act judiciously and kindly."

"Political men, like goats," continued he, "usually thrive best among inequalities. I have chosen the meadow; and not on the whole imprudently. My life has been employed in making it more pleasurable, more even, more productive. The shepherds have often quarrelled with me; and but now the sheep too, in their wisdom, turned their heads against me."

We went into the air, and saw Alcibiades walking in the garden. He, not observing us, strode along rapidly, striking with his cane every tree in the alley. When we came up nearer, he was repeating,

"The fanatical knaves! I would knock the heads off all their Mercuries.

"Noisy demagogues! I would lead them into the midst of the enemy . . I would drag them on by the ears . . not fifty should return. *They* in their audacity, impeach Aspasia! *they* bring tears into the eyes of Pericles! I will bring more into theirs, by holy Jupiter!"

He started at our approach. My husband laid his hands upon the youth's shoulder, and said to him,

"But, Alcibiades! if you do not lead fifty back, where will you leave the captives?"

He sprang to the neck of his guardian, and, turning his face toward me, blushed and whispered,

"Did she too hear me?"

CLXIV. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

I would not disturb you, my beloved Pericles! but let not anything else! Why are you so busy now the danger is over? why do so many come to you, with countenances so earnest when they enter, and so different from composed when they go away? You never break your resolutions, otherwise I should fear they might lead you above the place of fellow citizen. Then farewell happiness, farewell manliness, security, sincerity, affection, honour!

O Pericles! descend from the car of Victory on the course itself. In abandoning power and station, what do you abandon but inquietude and ingratitude?

CLXV. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

We never alight from a carriage while it is going down a hill, but always at the top or at the bottom. There is less danger in being shaken out than there is in leaping out.

Were I at this juncture to abdicate my authority, I should appear to the people to confess a fault, and to myself to commit one.

I must defend those who would have defended me. Rely on my firmness in all things; on Pericles, one, immutable.

CLXVI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Alcibiades will one time or other bring us all into peril by his recklessness and precipitation.

When he heard I was arraigned and Pericles threatened, he ran from house to house among the officers of the army, embraced them, knelt before them, adjured them to save their general from ignominy, his wife from insult, the city from mourning, and themselves from inactivity. He swore that if they would not, he would: that two thousand of the same age, or rather older, would join him and obey him, and that he would throw judges, accusers, applauders, listeners, over the Piræus. Not a soldier did he pass without a kiss, without a pressure of the hand, without a promise; not a girl in Athens that was not his sister, not a matron that was not his mother.

Within an hour, in every part of the city there were cries,

"The Lacedæmonians have none of these rogues among them."

"No accusers there: no judges there."

"Archidamos is wise; Pericles is wiser: shall the one be a king, the other a culprit?"

"Shall his war-horse" cried a soldier "carry panniers?"

"Fore-foot and hind-foot say I" cried another, "against these market-place swine, these black-muzzled asses!"

"Out upon them! what have they won for us?" cried another.

"And what have we not won for them?" roared the next.

"What was all the stir about?" asked one more quiet.

"They dared to accuse our General of denying their dues to the Gods. Liars! he gives every man his due." A laugh arose. "No laughing here! I uphold it, we soldiers can take as good care of the Gods as they can. Who believes they ever were in danger? Pericles might have cracked them by the dozen: he has left them all standing; not a head missing. Save him, comrades, from the cowards, the poisoners."

On all sides of the city the soldiers ran to their officers, and then toward the house of Pericles. It was with difficulty he could dissuade them from their resolution to confer upon him the same authority and station as Archidamos holds among the Spartans.

"We shall then meet the enemy upon equal terms," said they; "ay, more than equal; affability for moroseness, liberality for parsimony."

The greater part of the citizens would have followed; the turbulent for change, the peaceable for tranquillity.

My husband has allayed the tempest: his ambition is higher. Nothing can be taken from the name of Pericles, and what is added to it must be of baser metal.

CLXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The poet Hermippos will be remembered for the malignity of his accusation against me, when all the poetry he has ever written, even the worst of it, is forgotten. At what a price would many men purchase the silence of futurity! Hermippos will procure it reasonably, excepting two memorable words, *Prosecutor* of *Aspasia*. Such people show me only the more clearly to the world, by throwing their torches at me. Pallas hath whispered in my ear, both dreaming and awake, that distant times shall recognise me, never perhaps alone, but sometimes by the side of Pericles, and sometimes on the bosom of Cleone.

CLXVIII. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

What but the late outrages, or rather, what but the ascendancy you have obtained in consequence, could have brought the aristocratical party to offer you their services, in helping to keep down the ferocity of the populace? It might indeed be well to unite them, were it possible; but not being possible, I would rather place the more confidence in the less ignorant and turbulent.

CLXIX. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! as you are cautious not to look earnestly at a handsome man, but rather turn your eyes another way, so must I do in regard to Aristocracy. It is not proper that I should discover any charms in her.

Among the losses I sustained by the flight of youth, I ought to regret my vanity. I had not enough of it for a robe, but I had enough for a vest; enough to keep me warm and comfortable. Not a remnant have I now. Why be ashamed of our worthy party? Did I espouse it for its virtues? Was it ever in high repute for its fidelity? What is it to me whether a couple or two of housed pards bite one another's tails off or not, excepting that they lie down the quieter for it afterward? They have still heads and necks to be led along by. We have only to walk up to them firmly, to look at them steadily, speak to them boldly, lay the hand upon them confidently as their masters, and grasp them with a tenacity that neither relaxes nor hurts. He who does this, and there are some who can do it, may go forth and catch other beasts with them, and feast all his friends in the city.

CLXX. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

There is irritation in your irony, O Pericles! your spirit is not at rest. Unworthily, for the first time since I knew you, have you thought and spoken! *Thought!* no, Pericles! passion is not thought. Contumely has produced this bitterness; it left you with the words.

CLXXI. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! you have looked into my heart, and purified it. Your indignities sometimes rise up before me; and it is only when I am prompted to do wrong by others, that I recover all my firmness. Athens has a right to my solicitude and devotion. I will forget no favour she has ever shown me, and remember no enmity.

CLXXII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Peace is at all times a blessing; and war, even the most prosperous, a curse. In war extremely few of men's desires are gratified, and those the most hateful; in peace many, and those the kindliest. Were it possible to limit the duration of hostilities, the most adverse nations, in the enjoyment of a long security, would find time enough for the cultivation of the social affections, and for the interchange of hospitality and other friendly offices. As some bodily diseases, if they can only be deferred for a certain time, terminate altogether, so might the worst of social diseases, war. I do not much wonder that no statesman ever upheld this truth: but I do greatly that it is to be found among the tenets of no philosopher. We women, who are liable to the worst outrages, and are framed by nature to the greatest susceptibility of fears, usually love war the most, until it enters our houses. We are delighted at the sound and at the spectacle from afar; and no music is more pleasing to our ears than that which is the prelude to the cries of agony and death. The Spartans are now ravaging all the country round about us. Will they never let me visit their

celebrated city? Must I never fancy I am a Helen while I am bathing in the Eurotas or the Tiasa? I am curious to see their Skeias,* and to compare it with our Hecatompedon. It would interest me the more, because in this edifice the lyre of our countryman Timotheus is suspended. It was forfeited, you know, for his having added four strings. Woe betide those improvident creatures who add anything to our delights! But surely poor Timotheus must have fallen among the poets.

CLXXIII. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

When the war is over, as surely it must be in another year, let us sail among the islands of the Ægæan, and be young as ever. O that it were permitted us to pass together the remainder of our lives in privacy and retirement! This is never to be hoped for in Athens.

I inherit from my mother a small yet beautiful house in Tenos: I remember it well. Water, clear and cold, ran before the vestibule: a sycamore shaded the whole building. I think Tenos must be nearer to Athens than to Miletus. Could we not go now for a few days? How temperate was the air, how serene the sky, how beautiful the country! the people how quiet, how gentle, how kind-hearted!

Is there any station so happy as an uncontested place in a small community, where manners are simple, where wants are few; where respect is the tribute of probity, and love is the guerdon of beneficence. O Pericles! let us go; we can return at any time.

CLXXIV. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

The gratitude and love I owe to Pericles induces me to write the very day I have landed at Lampsacos. You are prudent, Aspasia! and your prudence is of the best quality; instinctive delicacy. But I am older than you, or than Pericles, although than Pericles by only six years; and, having no other pretext to counsel you, will rest upon this. Do not press him to abstain from public business: for, supposing he is by nature no obstinate man, yet the long possession of authority has accustomed him to grasp the tighter what is touched; as shell-fish contract the claws at an atom. The simile is not an elegant one, but I offer it as the most apposite. He might believe that you fear for him, and that you wish him to fear: this alone would make him pertinacious. Let everything take its season with him. Perhaps it is necessary that he should control the multitude: if it is, he will know it; even you could not stir him, and would only molest him by the attempt. Age is coming on. This will not loosen his tenacity of power . . it usually has quite the contrary effect. . but it will induce him to give up more of his time to the studies he has always delighted in, which however were insufficient for the full activity of his mind. Mine is a sluggard: I have surrendered it entirely to philosophy, and it has made little or no progress: it has dwelt pleased with hardly anything it has embraced, and has often run back again from fond prepossessions to startling doubts: it could not help it.

But as we sometimes find one thing while we are looking for another, so, if truth escaped me, happiness and contentment fell in my way, and have accompanied me even to Lampsacos.

Be cautious, O Aspasia! of discoursing on philosophy. Is it not in philosophy as in love? the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better. Never touch upon religion with anybody. The irreligious are incurable and insensible; the religious are morbid and irritable: the former would scorn, the latter would strangle you. It appears to me to be not only a dangerous, but, what is worse, an indelicate thing, to place ourselves where we are likely to see fevers and phrenzies, writhings and distortions, debilities and deformities. Religion at Athens is like a fountain near Dodona, which extinguishes a lighted torch, and which gives a flame of its own to an unlighted one held down to it. Keep yours in your chamber; and let the people run about with theirs; but remember, it is rather apt to catch the skirts. Believe me, I am happy: I am not deprived of my friends. Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects, but it rests longer on them, and sees them better. Pericles first, and then you, and then Meton, occupy my thoughts. I am with you still; I study with you, just as before, although nobody talks aloud in the schoolroom.

This is the pleasantest part of life. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over our infancy; and, soon after we are out of the cradle we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it: and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look around us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again.

CLXXV. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Proxenos, a native of Massilia, is lately come over to visit his relations and correspondents. The Phocæans, you know, were the founders of Lampsacos, long before they were driven by the invasion of Cyrus into Italy and Gaul. Like the generality of mercantile men, Proxenos is little attached to any system of philosophy, but appears to hold in some esteem the name and institutions of Pythagoras. Formerly we have conversed

* "It was of a circular form, with a roof like an umbrella, and erected about 760 years B. C." *St. John's Ancient Greece.* The most learned, the most comprehensive, and the most judicious work ever written about the manners, the institutions, and the localities of that country.

together with Pericles on this extraordinary man, regretting that so little is known of him in the midst of his celebrity. Hardly a century hath elapsed since he left his native Samos, and settled on the peaceful shores of Italy. His presence, his precepts, his authority, his example, were unavailing to the preservation of that tranquillity, which the beauty of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the freedom of the institutions, ought to have established and perpetuated. But it is in the regions of the earth as in the regions of the air; the warm and genial are absorbed by the cold and void, and tempests and storms ensue. The happiness of thousands is the happiness of too many, in the close calculation of some inexpert contriver; and he spoils the honey by smoking the hive. No sooner is a nation at ease, than he who should be the first to participate in the blessing, is the most uneasy; and, when at last he has found a place to his mind, before he lies down he scratches a hole in it, as the dogs do. Such had been the case at Samos, and such was likewise the case at Croton. The difference lay merely in this. Polycrates was a man of abilities, and capable of holding the government in his single hand: he loved power, he loved pleasure, he contented the populace, and he reconciled the wise: Croton was subject to the discretion of an oligarchy, incompetent, arrogant, jealous, and unjust. It is untrue that Pythagoras was ever at enmity with him, or was treated by him with disrespect. The one was as fond of authority as the other, and neither was willing to divide it. Whatever could be done to promote the studies of the philosopher was done spontaneously by the chief magistrate, who gave him letters of recommendation to the king of Egypt. By these, and perhaps by these only, could he ever have penetrated into the innermost recesses of the priesthood. Conversing with them, and observing their power over the people, he lost nothing of his inclination to possess the same, and added much to the means of acquiring it. Epimenides the Cretan was perhaps the exemplar he had resolved to follow, but with mitigated severity. Solon with all his wisdom, and never had mortal more, was unable to bring back the Athenians to the simplicity and equity of their forefathers. Knowing well their propensity to superstition, which always acts with its greatest intensity on the cruel and the loose, he invited Epimenides to come and overawe them by his sanctity and his sacrifices. We can not doubt that he left the whole management of their conversion to the discretion of the stranger. An Epimenides, in all ages of the world, will possess more influence than a Solon. Lustrations and sacrifices followed prodigies and omens; and among the marvels and miracles which the Cretan seer displayed, the last was the greatest in the eyes of Athens. He announced his determination to return home, and refused all the honours and riches the people would have lavished on him. Epimenides wanted nothing: the Gods were less moderate; they required a human victim. Cratinos was too happy in devoting his blood at the altar; Ctesibias, on the bosom of his friend.

Proxenos is come in by appointment and has broken off an old story which you know as well as I do. I will give you his; but not without an account from you in return, of what is going on among the craft at Athens.

CLXXVI. ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

Secrecy and mystery drive the uninitiated into suspicion and distrust: an honest man never will propose, and a prudent man never will comply with, the condition. What is equitable and proper lies wide open on the plain, and is accessible to all, without an entrance through labyrinth or defile. I do not love Pythagoras nor Epimenides, nor indeed my friend Socrates so much as perhaps I should, who however, beside his cleverness, has many good qualities. He, like Pythagoras, is endowed with an extraordinary share of intellect; but neither of them has attained the fixed and measured scope of true philosophy: the one being in perpetual motion to display his surprising tricks of rhetorical ingenuity, which tend only to the confusion of truth and falsehood, and consequently to indifference in the choice of them; the other was no less active and restless in the acquisition and maintenance of power. The business of philosophy is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognizance of the understanding. Speculations on any that lie beyond, are only pleasant dreams, leaving the mind to the lassitude of disappointment. They are easier than geometry and dialectics; they are easier than the efforts of a well-regulated imagination in the structure of a poem. These are usually held forth by them as feathers and thistle-down; yet condescend they nevertheless to employ them; numerals as matter and mind; harmony as flute and fiddle-strings to the dances of the stars. In their compositions they adopt the phraseology and curtsey to the cadences of poetry. Look nearer; and what do you see before you? the limbs of Orpheus, bloodless, broken, swollen, and palpitating on the cold and misty waters of the Hebrus. Such are the rhapsodical scraps in their visionary lucubrations. They would poison Homer, the purest and soundest of moralists, the most ancient and venerable of philosophers, not out of any ill-will to him, but out of love to the human race. There is often an enchantment in their sentences, by which the ear is captivated, and against which the intellectual powers are disinclined to struggle; and there is sometimes, but very rarely, a simplicity of manner, which wins like truth. But when ambition leads them toward the poetical, they fall flat upon thorny ground. No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her high estate, is delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but also her days of abstinence, and, unless upon

some that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the revelry of enthusiasm. She rejects, as inharmonious and barbarous, the mimicry of her voice and manner by obstreperous sophists and argute grammarians, and she scatters to the winds the loose fragments of the schools.

Socrates and his disciples run about the streets, pick up every young person they meet with, carry him away with them, and prove to him that everything he ever heard is false, and everything he ever said is foolish. He must love his father and mother in their way, or not at all. The only questions they ask him are those which they know he can not answer, and the only doctrines they inculcate are those which it is impossible he should understand. He has now fairly reached sublimity, and looks of wonder are interchanged at his progress. Is it sublime to strain our vision into a fog? and must we fancy we see far because we are looking where nobody can see farther?

CLXXVII. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

The Massilian is intelligent and communicative. Some matters which he related at our conference you will perhaps remember in Herodotus: others are his own story; so let him tell the whole in his own manner.

"The unbroken force of Persia was brought under the walls of Phocæa. Harpagos, equally wise and generous, offered to our citizens the most favourable terms of surrender. They requested one day for deliberation. Aware of their intentions, he dissembled his knowledge, and allowed them to freight their ships, embark, and sail away. His clemency was however no security to his garrison. Within a few days the expatriated citizens landed again, slew every Persian within the walls, then, casting a mass of iron into the sea, swore they would never return a second time until it rose and floated on the surface. Some historians would persuade us that, after this cruel vengeance, this voluntary and unanimous oath, the greater part returned. Such a tale is idle and absurd. The Persians would too surely have inflicted due vengeance on their perfidy. Some however did indeed separate from the main body of the emigration, and came to reside here in Lampsacos, which their ancestors had founded, and where they continued on the most hospitable terms by frequent intermarriages. The bulk of the expedition reached Alalia, a colony of theirs, led recently into Corsica. Here they continued to reside but a little time unmolested by the jealousy of the Carthaginians and Tyrrhenians. Undaunted by the coalition against them, and by the loss of many ships in a battle with the united fleet of the confederates, they sailed to the neighbourhood of the more ancient Grecian cities, and founded Elea, near Poseidonia. And now probably they first became acquainted with the disciples of Pythagoras. He himself, it is said, retired to Metaponton, and died there. When he went from Samos to Croton he was in the vigour of life; and not many years elapsed ere he beheld the overthrow of his institutions. He is reported by some to have attained an extreme old age, which his tranquillity and temperance render probable. Even without this supposition, he may perhaps have visited the coast of Gaul, before or after the arrival of the Phocæans. Collecting, we may imagine, additional forces from the many Ionians whom the generals of Cyrus had expelled, they began to build the city of Massilia, not long after the settlement at Elea, which the vicinity of powerful states, and its incapacity and insecurity for the mooring of a navy, rendered ineligible as the seat of government, or as a constant station."

Thus much I had collected from Proxenos, when he began to give me information on anchorages and harbours, imports and exports: I could not in common civility interrupt him, or ask anything better than what it pleased him to bestow on me. As our acquaintance strengthens, I will draw more unreservedly from his stores.

CLXXVIII. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Proxenos runs into some errors both in regard to facts and motives. It is false that Pythagoras, on returning from his voyage in Egypt, was indignant at finding a tyrant in his native city. Polycrates was in possession of the supreme power when the philosopher left the island, and used it with clemency and discretion. The traveller might have gone and might have returned with discontent, but indignation is averse to favours, and these he was by no means reluctant to accept. Finding he could not be the principal man among his fellow-citizens, he resolved to attain that rank where the supremacy was yet unoccupied. He had seen enough of the Egyptian and heard enough of the Indian priesthood, to convince him that, by a system somewhat similar to theirs, absolute power was more attainable and more safe. He took lessons and precautions; and wherever there was a celebrated and ancient temple, he visited its priests, and explored the origin and conduct of their institutions and authority. In recompense for these, he is reported to have raised his tunic to the holy ones at Olympia, and to have displayed a golden thigh. Nothing so royal, so godlike, had been seen since the reign of Pelops. A golden thigh is worth an ivory shoulder. Such a miracle, we may be sure, was not altogether lost upon the prophetess at Delphi, the fair Themistocleia, who promulgated to him her secrets in return.

His doctrines were kept within his own circle, under the safeguard of an oath. This in all countries is and ought to be forbidden, as being the prerogative of the magistracy. Love of supremacy was the motive in all his injunctions and in all his actions. He avoided the trouble of office and the danger of responsibility: he excluded the commons, and called to him the nobles, who alone were deemed worthy of serving him. Among

these he established an equality, which, together with the regularity and frugality of their living, must have tended to conciliate and gratify in some measure the poorer citizens. Certain kinds of animal food were forbidden, as in India and other countries less remote, but, contrary to what we have often heard asserted, no species of pulse or vegetable. '*Abstain from the bean*' signified '*abstain from elections to political employments.*' The teacher was in the place of parent to his disciples, who appear to have renounced all the natural affections that had sprung up before they entered the society. His regimen was mild and generous: its principal merit was, however, the repression of loquacity; common in the ardour of youth after its chase in the fields of knowledge; commoner, and more unbecoming, in the morose repose of an arrogant philosophy. The history of Pythagoras, forasmuch as he interests us in being the leader of a sect and of a party, is neither long nor obscure. The commons of Croton soon began to perceive that, under his management, the sons of the aristocracy would be no better inclined than their fathers had been to concede them an equal share in the government: and the rulers themselves, day after day, lost somewhat of authority in their families. During the whole time that he had resided in Italy, the people of nearly all the Greek cities heaved indignantly under oppressive oligarchies. Sybaris, whose health they were absorbing in more than Circæan luxuries, rose first upon her feet, and expelled the council of five hundred. They retired for refuge to the lords of Croton; and, when the Sybarites called for justice on them, the demand was voted an affront. And now indeed the veil of sanctity and seclusion was violently rent by the disciples of the Samian. He incited them to maintain peace and good government; pointed out to them the phantom of Freedom, how it blasted every region it past over; and adjured them to the defence of their rulers by the purity of their religion. They marched, fought a battle, won it, and Sybaris was swept from the earth.

Discord, I suspect, O Aspasia! is the readiest of all the Deities to appear at our invocation. The oligarchs of Croton, long accustomed to uncontrolled power and irresponsible injustice, refused to the army, now comprehending all the active citizens, even the smallest portion of the spoils. Again did the Crotoniats cry to arms; and again, and in a better cause, were conquerors. Pythagoras* and his disciples fled before them, and the hall in which they assembled was reduced to ashes.

It is only a free city that is strong; for it is only in a free city that the mass of the people can be armed.

CLXXIX. ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

Men of powerful minds, although they never give up Philosophy, yet cease by degrees to make their professions in form, and lay ultimately the presents they have received from her at the feet of History. Thus did Herodotus, thus did Hecatæus, and thus, let me hope, will Anaxagoras. The deeds of past ages are signally reflected on the advancing clouds of the future: here insurrections and wrecks and conflagrations; here the ascending, there the drooping diadem; the mighty host, the mightier man before it; and, in the serener line on the horizon, the emersion of cities and citadels over far-off seas. There are those who know in what quarter to look for them: but it is rarely to their hands the power of promoting the good, or averting the evil, is entrusted. Yet, O Anaxagoras! all is not hideous in the past, all is not gloomy in the future. There are communities where the best and wisest are not utterly cast aside, and where the robe of Philosophy is no impediment to the steps of men. Idly do our sages cry out against the poets for mistuning the heart and misgoverning the intellect. Meanwhile they themselves are occupied in selfish vanities on the side of the affections; and, on the side of the understanding, in fruitless, frivolous, indefinite, interminable disquisitions. If our thoughts are to be reduced to powder, I would rather it were for an ingredient in a love-potion, to soften with sympathies the human heart, than a charm for raising up spectres to contract and to coerce it. If dust is to be thrown into our eyes, let it be dust from under a bright enlivening sun, and not the effect of frost and wind.

CLXXX. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Philosophy is but dry bread: men will not live upon it, however wholesome: they require the succulent food and exciting cup of Religion. We differ in bodily strength, in compactness of bone, and elasticity of sinew; but we all are subject to the same softness, and nearly to the same distemperature, in the nobler animators of the frame, the brain and blood. Thus it is in creeds: the sage and simple, the ardent enthusiast and the patient investigator, fall into and embrace with equal pertinacity the most absurd and revolting tenets. There are as many wise men who have venerated the ibis and cat, as there are who have bent their heads before Zeus and Pallas. No extravagance in devotion but is defended by some other towering above it; no falsehood but whose features are composed to the semblance of truth. By some people those things are adored that eat them; by others, those that they eat. Men must rest here: superstition, satiated and gorged, can go no farther.

The progression of souls is not unreasonable, the transmigration is. That we shall pass hereafter into many states of successive existence is credible enough; but not upon earth, not with earthly passions. Yet Pythagoras was so resolute and so unguarded, that he asserted to himself a series of lives here among men, by the peculiar and especial favour of the Gods, with a perfect consciousness of every change he had undergone. Others became dogs, wolves, bears, or peradven-

* Pythagoras was a Præ-jesuit.

ture men again; but knowing as little of what had happened. Nevertheless, he pretended that these transmigrations were punishments and rewards. Which is punished? the dead creature or the living? the criminal man or the guiltless animal? Some believe they can throw their sins into a fox: others (in Africa for instance) into a priest. Now the priest may have received what he esteems an equivalent: the fox is at once a creditor and a debtor, with little hope, on either side, of indemnity or balance. It is only when you or Pericles were my audience, that I ever was inclined to press hard against the inconsistencies of philosophers. But we must trace things to their origin where we can. The greater part of those now prevalent are ascribable to the school of Samos. Numerals were considered by the teacher as materials, and not only as the components, but as the elements, of the world. He misunderstood his own theory: the reason is, he made it his own by theft. The young persons who are hearers of the warier Socrates, catch at it in the playground, and the ill-compacted cake crumbles under their hands.

Unfavourable as my evidence must appear, and is, I am fortunate in being able to lay before you another and comelier representation of a philosopher so enriched by genius. I have always, in all companies, and upon all occasions, been sparing of my questions, and have exerted the uttermost ingenuity I am master of, in drawing the truth on, without such an instrument of torture. Probably I have lost by age a part of my dexterity, or presence of mind, or determination; for Proxenos, at the close of our conference, said aloud and sharply,

"You shall never make *that* out. I think him a very honest man; and I think nobody an honest man who thinks otherwise."

"Fair Proxenos!" I replied, "you are now greatly more than a philosopher. Some favourite God alone could have inspired all this enthusiasm. In the vigorous expression of that terse apothegm is there not somewhat more of the poet than of the Pythagorean?"

"I believe there may be" replied he, "I was always much given to poetry."

He grew instantly calm upon my compliment, and said with the most polite complacency,

"Well! I am not a match for you Half-Athenians; but read this little volume by my friend Psyllos of Metaponton; it will open your eyes, I warrant it."

"Blessings upon it then!" said I, bending over and taking it with due reverence; "many of late have done quite the contrary."

CLXXXI. PSYLLOS TO PISANDER OF ELEA.

On the Lawgiver of the Gauls, forwarded to CLEONE.

"Pisander! when last we met, I promised you I would make farther inquiries into the subject of our conversation at the house of Euryalos, and that I doubted not of success in attempting to prove the identity of Pythagoras and Samotes. Strange, that the idea should have occurred to no one else in the course of many generations. Was it not sufficiently clear for the follower of truth? or was it not sufficiently dark and intricate for the lover of mystery and paradox? I imagine it stood between both, at an equal distance from the road of each, and thus it was past unnoticed.

There is nobody then who can explain to me what was the religion of the Gauls at the time of the Phocæan emigration. Samotes is recorded as their legislator. Legislation here includes, as it necessarily must in ages of barbarism, not only the civil institutions of the people, but likewise the religious. Yet neither the character nor the tenets, neither the period nor the country, nor indeed the existence of Samotes, have ever been ascertained. Ask the people who he was, and they will tell you that he came to them *over the sea*, long ago. Computation of time, past and future, never occupies, never occurs to, the barbarian. It was long ago that the old tree, against which his cabin leans, sprang up; long ago since the cabin was built; long ago since he was a child. Whatever is not visible to him, or was not, has feeble hold on his memory, and never enters into his calculation. As lawgiver of the Gauls, Samotes is acknowledged to have instructed them both in the ceremony of human oblations and in the creed of the metempsychosis; for these are mentioned together in the first opening of their history. But it appears to me that the metempsychosis, which is generally held as the basis of druidism, is adventitious. We shall find that this institution is composed of two extremely different and obstinately discordant parts. One, the result of ferocity, varies but little from what exists in the early state of most nations; which diversity may be accounted for, from their climate, their wants, their habits, and pursuits. The other is engrafted on its savage stock, by the steady but not sufficiently impressive hand of a gentle and provident philosophy. You ask me when? by whom? One word will solve both questions: by Samotes; by the man of Samos. Do you doubt that he ever was in Gaul? And do you think it probable that, with his fondness for travelling, his alacrity in inquiry, he would have resided many years in Italy, and have never once visited a country so near to him, a country so singular in its customs, at least in the combination of them, *if such customs then existed*, a country on whose shores the most valiant of his own countrymen were landing? If at this early epoch the tribes of Gaul believed in the metempsychosis, would not sympathy, would not admiration, have impelled him thither? But if, on the contrary, the doctrine did not prevail, who introduced it? what author of greater weight? I am curious to learn his name or his country. Perhaps by knowing the one, we may guess the other, since the ideas he impressed and left behind him are stamped with a peculiar mark. It may be argued that, able to inculcate lastingly on the mind of his

Gallic proselytes, a dogma which seems to have been received but partially, and to have soon disappeared, where he lived in the full exercise of authority, he still was unable to abolish, as he would wish to do, their sanguinary rites. He was: for it is easier to learn than to unlearn what incessantly works and excites and agitates our passions. The advantages of the metempsychosis were perhaps the most striking of any that could be presented to warlike minds; to which minds, you must have remarked, O Pisander, advantages will present themselves more readily than disadvantages. Beside, the Druids, whom we can not well consider at any time a very enlightened order, or likely to see every consequence, every contingency, had no direct interest in suppressing such a doctrine. New colonies were endeavouring to establish themselves in their country; and colonies are the unfailing seed of wars. For, if they flourish, they require an accession of territory; if they do not flourish, they either turn into vagabonds and robbers, or employ violence to remove the obstacles that impede their industry. Something great then and something new was wanting, since the danger that impended was both new and great. Immolations before them on one side, and the sublime view of the metempsychosis on the other, what could either shake the confidence or abate the courage of the Gauls? A new body was new armour, beautiful, strong, in which they would elude the rage and laugh at the impotence of War. It was delightful to try other scenes of existence, to extinguish their burning wounds in the blood of their enemies, and to mount from the shields of their comrades into fresh life and glory.

A religion thus compounded is absurd and contradictory, but contradiction and absurdity in religion are not peculiar to barbarians. The sacrifice of a human victim was deemed the most solemn and important duty, and they would rather abandon any other ceremony than this. They were savage; we are civilised: they fought, and their adversaries were to share their immortality; we fight to make others as abject as ourselves. They had leaders of proud spirit who raised them to the heavens: we have heavy oligarchs who bend us to the earth.

Rituals, in even the less ardent and intractable, are not soon, nor easily, nor all at once, resigned. We must cease then to marvel that the most impressive, the most awful, and perhaps the most universal of devotions, human sacrifice, should not have been overthrown by the declining years of Pythagoras. It is true he retained his faculties to the last; he retained also the energy of his mind; but the voluntary exile of Samos was purely a lawgiver in philosophy. His religion was not intolerant nor intrusive, but mainly adapted to the humbler offices of temperance and peace. Beyond this, little is known and much is feigned of him. It would have been well if historians had related to us more of what he did, and less of what he did not. If, instead of the story of his dying in a bean-field, through horror of its impurity, they had carefully traced and pointed out his travels, they would neither have mentioned his voyage to India* nor have omitted his voyage to Gaul. The priests on the Nile were at all times well acquainted with their brethren on the Indus and Ganges; and indeed I believe that all the great temples of the world have secret communications. Do not lift up your hands, my good Pisander! not underground, not magical, but opened from time to time, in cases of difficulty and danger, through confidential agents.†

All religions, in which there is no craft nor cruelty, are pleasing to the immortal Gods; because all acknowledge their power, invoke their presence, exhibit our dependence, and exhort our gratitude. Therefore let us never be remiss in our duty of veneration to those holy men, who not only manifest their good-will toward such as think and worship with them, but also toward the stranger at the steps of other altars. While orators and poets, and philosophers too, are riotous and quarrelsome, malicious and vindictive, Religion leads to herself, and calls her own, the priests of all persuasions, who extend their hands one to another from a distance, unrestricted by jealousy and undefiled by blood.

How great, O my friend, is our consolation, in the certainty that our prayers and sacrifices are accepted! so long as the priests in our country and around us live fraternally, let us likewise be of the household. But if any devastating religion should spring up, any which rouses strife and spreads distrust, any which sunders man from man, *that* religion must be rejected by the Gods as wicked, and renounced by their worshippers as ineffectual. The claimants of such an imposition shall never have from me white flour or salt. Should you question why the milder creed had little effect in Gaul,—why the golden rules are not valued by the people as the precious relics of a departed master, I reply that in such a state of society it was impossible to bring them bodily into use. The priests alone (and it is not every priest who will readily sit down to be instructed) could profit by his knowledge of geometry, or would apply to practice or speculation his theory of numbers. A few of them are not utterly ignorant of either; and it is hence that the trickling may be traced. Men living in a state of barbarism and warfare would entertain but small respect for injunctions to abstain from any obvious and palatable food. Silence, forbearance, quietude, it can not be expected should be the inmates of a camp. Soldiers without regular supplies (in

* If Pythagoras had visited India, the learned men who accompanied Alexander would have inquired after him, and would have given the result.

† The use of gunpowder, for instance, if not of guns, was known to the priests in countries the most distant, and of the most different religions. The army of the Macedonians was smitten by its lightnings under the walls of the Oxydracians; the Gauls, and afterward the Persians, under the temple of Delphi.

which consists the main difficulty and on which depend the main advantages in the science of war) must subsist on whatever they can seize; and men without regular government (by which I can intend no other than of magistrates chosen by the people) would, if we consider the bean as employed in ballot, be ignorant of the lax and foreign interpretation.

As the fountains of the most celebrated rivers are neither easily discoverable nor large, so it often happens that things of the greatest moment, in the political and moral world, are derived from an obscure, from a remote, and from a slender origin. I have given you my opinion on the cause of the supposition; but having heard another, however less probable, I will report it.*

In the south of Italy, where Pythagoras resided, are several cities, Tarentum in particular, of Lacedæmonian foundation. One festival of this people, whose ancestors were distinguished for frugality, was nevertheless, even in the midst of primitive Lacedæmon, even in the bosom of Temperance herself, deformed with foul excess. It was called *The Feast of the Nurses.* They carried male infants to the Temple of Diana, and, after exposing themselves among the tents where the populace was assembled, fed them with the entrails of swine, which had been sacrificed, and with figs, vetches, and *beans.* Their morals, we may believe, were not rendered more austere by the fertility and invitations of a delicious climate. At a distance from Taygetos and Cithæron, they were (allow me the expression) beyond the latitudes of checking breezes from the headlands of bluff morality; and the voice of the Syrens sounded in ears sealed only to the call of reprehension and reproof. The hunter of Laconia would have smiled to hear them imitate his shout, and tell the trembling Sybarite, their neighbour, that such were the shouts of Spartans. He would have wondered that terror should be excited in another by that which excited only ridicule in himself; he would have stared not a little at the start from the couch, and the rustle of roses on the marble floor.

Pythagoras could not say, Abstain from the city, abstain from the fellowship of the Tarentines; it would have exasperated them against him; but he might have heard related to him some instance of sensuality which happened at this festival, and might have said briefly, yet significantly, Abstain from beans. Ordinances have often been observed and commemorated far beyond the intent and expectation of their founder. Certain it is that, formerly as at present, in the popular states of Italy, the election and rejection of magistrates were signified by beans; and no less evidently was it the interest of the philosophical stranger to dissuade his auditors from the concerns of state. This, while it procured toleration and conciliated esteem, introduced them to such habitudes of close reflection, as withheld them from being the agitators, and fitted them to become, by just degrees, the leaders of the commonwealth. After all, if they pursued any other line of conduct, *he* at least would escape uncensured, and might complete without juridical, or, what he would more have deprecated, popular molestation, his scheme of general reform.

'Abstain from beans' we have considered in a moral and political, but also in a religious point; it may easily be defended, by high authorities. However, I must express my doubts whether in the lifetime of Pythagoras his followers abstained from this article of food. Is it not probable that those who came after him took the letter for the spirit, as we know it to have happened in some other doctrines, and within a century from the founder's death? To abstain with rigour from things indifferent (and from some indeed they did abstain), may not appear consistent with the exercise of reason. Arrogant it may be thought in him who commanded, and infantine in those who obeyed. But, in the religions which have continued the longest, certain foods (it is said) are prohibited; and the observance of such prohibition is the moral cause of their duration. He who will not obey in what is easy, will not obey in what is difficult: but the subjects of these theocratical governments are every day refreshed with the exercise of salutary compliance. At the moment when a sense of duty is liable to be extinguished in others, in them it is sure to be excited: there is piety if they fast; if they satisfy their hunger there is piety. It appears to me, that the wisest and most provident of oriental legislators are in nothing more worthy of our esteem and veneration, than in the ordinance of these prohibitions. Can we ascertain what nations have, or what nations have not, been cannibals? Why does it revolt more strongly against our senses to eat a man than to kill one? The crime in itself is surely not so great. Nature has fixed certain barriers, of which many seem fancifully chosen and arranged, against the irruption of our appetites. There are animals never brought upon our tables, although the flesh is said to be wholesome and the flavour grateful. It is needless to seek how first it happened that man violated the semblance of himself and of his Gods. Was it war, was it fanaticism, or was it famine, that impelled him to the accursed sacrifice? Pisander! Pisander! he had tasted the fatness of the lamb that he carried in his bosom: he had tempted the fawn by caresses from afar: it had licked his hand, and he had shed its blood!

Cannibals have been found where food was plentiful: and the savage does not loathe for its ugliness the hugest serpent. There must be something, and it must be in the brute creation, which he shall fear to consume for the impiety of the deed.

The sacrifice of a human victim can only be performed with the concurrence of prince or magistracy. Of course Pythagoras could not oppose it,

* Qu. whether any author now extant, excepting Psyllos in his epistle, mentions this.

consistently with his profession of abstaining from their concerns. Nevertheless he was at liberty to introduce a doctrine which, as the day of cultivation advanced, would undermine the pyre and release the victim. The Druids were, and are, and always will be, barbarous. Their order has not existed long, and will soon terminate, the Gauls being not only the most ferocious of mankind, but the most suspicious and acute; they are also the most versatile, the most inconstant, and (what makes sad work with solemnities), on the detection of halt or blemish, men of irrepressible mimicry and unquenchable derision. Those in the vicinity of Massilia are free already from the furies of fanaticism. Intercourse with the Tyrrhenians and Ligurians has humanised them greatly, and the softer voice of Ionia has now persuaded them, that the Gods can take us when they want us, without wicker baskets; and that the harp and dance are as pleasant to them as the cries and agonies of dying men."

Thus ends the epistle of Psyllos; and at least in the end of it I think we shall agree. His comfits will sweeten my pomegranate.

CLXXXII. ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

Whatever may be the partiality of your Massilian to Pythagoras, it is evident enough that the philosopher of Samos, possessing great acquired intelligence and gifted with extraordinary powers of mind, was an intriguer and an impostor. And truly, O Anaxagoras, it is much to be desired that others now living were exempt from a certain part of such an imputation. Our friend Socrates, I am sorry to say, intimates to his friends in private that he has a kind of Genius always at his ear, who forewarns him in affairs apparently the most indifferent. If we consider it well, we shall be of opinion that there are few things so indifferent as they seem to us; few, the consequence of which may not, visibly or invisibly, act with grave importance on the future. But if a Genius, a superhuman power, were to influence the actions of any man, surely it would be those which must necessarily put in motion the levers and regulators of a commonwealth. We are all under the guidance of a Deity if we will let him act on us; but it is as easy to slip from under his guidance, as it is difficult to escape from the penalties of our error. Already there are some who are jealous of Socrates and his Genius; and who perhaps may try hereafter whether the Genius will help him to elude the laws. For novelties in religion, as you know, are not held guiltless; and a Genius that renders a man wiser or better is indeed an innovator. As they can not catch him, I fear they may lay their hands upon our Socrates.

CLXXXIII. ANAXAGORAS TO PERICLES.

It is easier to answer the questions than the kindnesses of your letter. I will begin then.

We have not two factions; aristocracy has kept aloof from Lampsacos. The people find themselves so secure and comfortable under the ancient laws, that they would no more hazard any innovation, than they would alter their course at sea when they were sailing with a favourable wind. They hardly can be brought to believe that any nation hath abrogated two laws in twenty or thirty years, or hath been obliged by prosperity or adversity to enact so many in so brief a space of time. Miletus was always just to her colonies. She has founded more than sixty; and not a single one has ever had reason to complain of her exactions or restrictions. All the great empires that have existed in the world, Chaldæa, Babylonia, Media, Persia, all these taken together, have not sent out the hundredth part of what has gone forth from the bosom of Miletus. Surely, of political glory this is the highest: to rear carefully a numerous family, educate it honestly, protect it bravely, and provide for it plenteously and independently. Her citizens have more reason to be proud of this section in their polity, than some others who are much powerfuller. Would not every mother wish to see her own features in her daughter? her own constitutional strength, her own character, her own prosperity? What inconsistency then, what folly, what madness, for the metropolis to wish otherwise in regard to her colony! Is the right arm stronger by rendering the left weaker? Gain we any vantage-ground against our enemy by standing on the prostrate body of our child?

To whom am I writing? to Pericles? yes, to him; to the man who best knows that the strongest reasons of state proceed from the mouth of justice.

And now let me loose again. Seldom have I written, and never have I spoken, so long at a time on such a subject. Could you ever draw from me even an opinion on these matters, in a city where (excepting myself) you alone preserved in them your calmness, equanimity, and composure? Even Aspasia, who unites the wisdom of the heart to the wisdom of the understanding, and has more in both than anyone else in either, was sometimes in perturbation at politics, and sometimes in grief.

A while since I sent her a dozen or more of such verses as our young people, and others who should know better, are idle enough to compose in the open air. My neighbour, Proxenos the Massilian, has been employed in making a collection from the gardens round about. The greater part, he tells me, are upon love and flowers, dews and suns, stars and moons, evenings and mornings, springs and autumns. He observes that summer is rather out of favour with the poets; and that where winter is mentioned, he has often found the whole composition scored across with a nail, or with a piece of tile, or defaced in some other way as nigh at hand. Proxenos is no poet, and therefore it is the more amusing to hear him discourse on poetry.

"I am sated with flowers," said he. "The Muses ought to keep out of the market: if they must come into it, let them not come as green-grocers. See, what a large proportion in my collection is upon flowers and foliage, with here and there a solitary turtle-dove, and a nightingale deplorably belimed. A few pious men indeed have written in reverence of the tutelary God, and have done all they could to repress the licentiousness of the young and thoughtless. The best inscription I have found among them is in the garden of Mnestheus; and this perhaps is worth preservation rather for its grave admonition and religious sentiment than its poetry."

So far Proxenos. I do not remember what were those verses I sent to Aspasia; there may be more good sense in these,

INSCRIPTION ON A PLINTH IN THE GARDEN OF MNESTHEUS AT LAMPSACOS.

Youngsters! who write false names, and slink behind
The honest garden-god to hide yourselves,
Take heed unto your ways! the worshipful
Requires from all upright straightforwardness.
Away, away then subterfuge with him!
I would not chide severely; nor would he,
Unless ye thwart him; for alike we know
Ye are not childisher than elder folk,
Who piously (in doing ill) believe
That every God sees every man . . but one.

CLXXXIV. ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

The style of your Psyllos is, I presume, Massilian. He walks heavily through high-stemmed leafy flowers. Does he not deserve now this little piece of imitation?

Forbear to call it mockery; for mockery is always rude and inhumane.

Our friend Socrates has taken a wife. In every danger he has been thought singularly brave; and, if she is what she is represented, the action proves it. He retains his custom of sitting in the porticoes, and beckoning to passers, and conversing on loveliness, and commending equanimity, and driving the schoolmen mad. Yet among the Epithalamions, the cleverest is one which celebrates him for the quality most remote from his character. Thales and Pherecydes and Pythagoras, and some few more, would really have made Philosophy domestic. Our epithalamiast, intending nothing satirical, tells Socrates (whom neither celibacy nor marriage have detained at home, and who never could resist an opportunity of wrangling, while a sophist or a straw was before him) that he first brought Philosophy from heaven into private houses! I hope he will find her in his own as often as he wants her: but if he is resolved to bring her down into ours, such as we have seen her lately, the city will be all in a bustle with the double-bolting of doors.

Let the archons look to it.

CLXXXV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I have been exhorting Pericles to leave Attica for a while, and to enjoy with me the pleasures of retirement in the little isle of Tenos. He listened to my entreaty with his usual attention and interest, and soon began to expatiate on the charms, on the benefits, on the necessity, of retirement. Without a question I fancied I had persuaded him to compliance, when, with an air of sadness so attempered with sweetness as it never was in any other man, he said to me, "Aspasia! you can create in me as many wishes as spring up in the bosom of a child; and it is partly by planting the slips of your own in mine, and partly by the warmth of your eloquence. What then must be my sense of duty to my country, if, after all these representations, and after all my fatigues and injuries, my determination is fixed to remain some time longer in the city. Hereafter we may visit Tenos: hereafter I may drink of the limpid brook, before the house, whose cold water has reddened this hand when you were little. We will build our navies on it: we will follow them along the bank, and applaud them as they clash. Even I foresee a perfidy in Aspasia: she will pretend to run as fast as she can, and yet let Pericles outrun her. No, no; that kiss shall not obviate such duplicity. Have I no reason for the suspicion, when you often have let me get the better of you in argument? Another and easier life may await us there, when this political one is uncoiled from us. But our child must associate with the children of the Athenians: he must love his father's friends; he must overcome and pardon his father's adversaries. We ought never to buy happiness with our children's fortunes: but happiness is not the commodity; it is desertion, it is evasion, it is sloth. However, there is at last a time when we may hang up our armour, and claim the stipend of retirement and repose. Meanwhile let us fix our eyes on Tenos."

Whether, O Cleone, we regard the moral or the material world, there is a silent serenity in the highest elevation. Pericles appears the greater when seen on his solitary eminence against the sky. Power has rendered him only more gracious and compliant, more calm and taciturn.

CLXXXVI. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Pericles tells me that you are less tranquil than you were formerly, and that he apprehends you are affected not a little by the calumnies of your enemies.

If it is true that there can be no calumny without malice, it is equally so that there can be no malice without some desirable quality to excite it. Make up your mind, Aspasia, to pay the double rate of rank and genius. It is much to be the wife of Pericles; it is more to be Aspasia. Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of Envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity. Everyone that passes is ready to give them a shake and a rip; for there are few either so busy or so idle as not to lend a hand at undoing.

You, Pericles, and myself, have a world of our own, into which no Athenian can enter without our permission. Study, philosophise, write poetry. These things I know are difficult when there is a noise in the brain; but begin, and the noise ceases. The mind, slow in its ascent at first, accelerates every moment, and is soon above the hearing of frogs and the sight of brambles.

CLXXXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

A pestilence has broken out in the city, so virulent in its character, so rapid in its progress, so intractable to medicine, that Pericles, in despite of my remonstrances and prayers, insisted on my departure. He told me that, if I delayed it a single day, his influence might be insufficient to obtain me a reception in any town, or any hamlet, throughout the whole of Greece. He has promised to write to me daily, but he declared he could not assure me that his letters would come regularly, although he purposes to send them secretly by the shepherds, fumigated and dipped in oil before they depart from Athens. He has several farms in Thessaly under Mount Ossa, near Sicurion. Here I am, a few stadions from the walls. Never did I breathe so pure an air, so refreshing in the midst of summer. And the lips of my little Pericles are ruddier and softer and sweeter than before. Nothing is wanting, but that he were less like me, and more like his father. He would have all my thoughts to himself, were Pericles not absent.

CLXXXVIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! I will not allow either the little Pericles, or the great one, or both together, to possess all your thoughts. Nay, your letter itself contradicts you. Cleone and the plague must intercept and divide them occasionally.

Pestilences are maladies that rage with more violence than others, but, like all violent things, soon pass away. The worst effects of them are the seditions, and other sad irregularities, that always burst forth when the banner of Death is unfurled in a populous city. But it is mostly the intemperate that are swept away.

Alas! I must not dissemble the magnitude of the danger; for I know your resolution, I might say rashness. What I have written is true; but I am most afraid that you will not fear enough. Keep up your courage where you are; do not exert it anywhere else.

CLXXXIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Cleone! Cleone! if you could but see Athens, you would find it a ditch to throw all your dogmas into. The pestilence has not only seized the intemperate, but, like that which Chryses imprecated on the Greeks before Troy, smitten nobler heads after the viler. Pericles himself has not escaped it. He refused to abstain from appearing in the assemblies of the people, and among the consultations to regulate (as far as might be) the burial and burning of the dead. His temperance and courage, the most efficacious preservatives against contagion, failed at length in the effect. The fever seized him, and although he has risen from his bed free from all symptoms of the distemper, his strength is impaired, and many years (he tells me) seem to have crowded into a few days.

CXC. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Behold, O Aspasia! I send you verses. They certainly are less valuable than some in your collection, but, to make up the difference, I inclose a cockle-shell.

Beauty! thou art a wanderer on the earth,
  And hast no temple in the fairest isle
Or city over-sea, where Wealth and Mirth
  And all the Graces, all the Muses, smile.

Yet these have always nurst thee, with such fond,
  Such lasting love, that they have followed up
Thy steps thro' every land, and placed beyond
  The reach of thirsty Time thy nectar-cup.

Thou art a wanderer, Beauty! like the rays
  That now upon the platan, now upon
The sleepy lake, glance quick or idly gaze,
  And now are manifold and now are none.

I have call'd, panting, after thee, and thou
  Hast turn'd and look'd and said some pretty word,
Parting the hair, perhaps, upon my brow,
  And telling me none ever was preferr'd.

In more than one bright form hast thou appear'd,
  In more than one sweet dialect hast spoken:
Beauty! thy spells the heart within me heard,
  Griev'd that they bound it, grieves that they are broken.

All the verbiage which you will find below I found rudely scrawled on a stone-table, in the garden of my next neighbour Parmenio. I perceive it to be of little worth by this; it has found an imitator, or rather a correspondent: yet, as he writes angrily, it may not be much amiss.

These are scratched under the preceding.

I have some merit too, old man!
And show me greater if you can.
I always took what Beauty gave,
Nor, when she snatch'd it back, look'd grave.
Us modest youths it most beseems
To drink from out the running streams:
Love on their banks delights to dwell . . .
The bucket of the household well
He never tugs at, thinking fit
Only to quench his torch in it.
Shameless old fellow! do you boast
Of conquests upon every coast?
I, O ye Gods! should be content
(Yea, after all the sighs I've spent,
The sighs, and, what is yet more hard,
The minas, talents, gone in nard!)
With only one: I would confine
Meekly this homesick heart of mine
'Twixt Lampsacos and Hammon's shrine.

CXCI. ASPASIA TO ANAXAGORAS.

It is really odd enough that no temple or altar

was ever dedicated to Beauty. Vengeance and other such personages, whom *we*, Anaxagoras, venture occasionally to call allegorical, have altars enow, and more than enow of worshippers.

Whatever, in your satirical mood, you may think about the cockle-shell, I shall always value it, as much nearly as the verses, and I have ordered it to be made into a clasp for them. Taunt me then as often as you please: it will be like girls pelting with roses: if there is any harm done, it is only to the fingers of the pelter.

CXCII. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Now the fever is raging, and we are separated, my comfort and delight is in our little Pericles. The letters you send me come less frequently, but I know you write whenever your duties will allow you, and whenever men are found courageous enough to take charge of them. Although you preserved with little care the speeches you delivered formerly, yet you promised me a copy of the latter, and as many of the earlier as you could collect among your friends. Let me have them as soon as possible. Whatever bears the traces of your hand, is precious to me: how greatly more precious what is imprest with your genius, what you have meditated and spoken! I shall see your calm thoughtful face while I am reading, and will be cautious not to read aloud lest I lose the illusion of your voice.

CXCIII. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Aspasia! do you know what you have asked of me? Would you accept it, if you thought it might make you love me less? Must your affections be thus loosened from me, that the separation, which the pestilence may render an eternal one, may be somewhat mitigated? I send you the papers. The value will be small to you, and indeed would be small to others, were it possible that they could fall into any hands but yours. Remember the situation in which my birth and breeding and bent of mind have placed me: remember the powerful rivals I have had to contend with, their celebrity, their popularity, their genius, and their perseverance. You know how often I have regretted the necessity of obtaining the banishment of Cimon, a man more similar to myself than any other. I doubt whether he had quite the same management of his thoughts and words, but he was adorned with every grace, every virtue, and invested by Nature with every high function of the soul. We happened to be placed by our fellow-citizens at the head of two adverse factions. Son of the greatest man in our annals, he was courted and promoted by the aristocracy: I, of a family no less distinguished, was opposed to him by the body of the people. You must have observed, Aspasia, that although one of the populace may in turbulent times be the possessor of great power, it rarely has happened that he retained it long, or without many sanguinary struggles. Moroseness is the evening of turbulence. Every man after a while begins to think himself as capable of governing as one (whoever he may be) taken from his own rank. Amid all the claims and pretensions of the ignorant and discontented, the eyes of a few begin to be turned complacently toward the more courteous demeanour of some well-born citizen, who presently has an opportunity of conciliating many more, by affability, liberality, eloquence, commiseration, diffidence, and disinterestedness. Part of these must be real, part may not be. Shortly afterward he gains nearly all the rest of the citizens by deserting his order for theirs: his own party will not be left behind, but adheres to him bravely, to prove they are not ashamed of their choice, and to avoid the imputation of inconsistency.

Aspasia! I have done with these cares, with these reflections. Little of life is remaining, but my happiness will be coetaneous with it, and my renown will survive it: for there is no example of any who has governed a state so long, without a single act of revenge or malice, of cruelty or severity. In the thirty-seven years of my administration I have caused no citizen to put on mourning. On this rock, O Aspasia! stand my Propylæa and my Parthenon.

CXCIV. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Gratitude to the immortal Gods overpowers every other impulse of my breast. You are safe.

Pericles! O my Pericles! come into this purer air! live life over again in the smiles of your child, in the devotion of your Aspasia! Why did you fear for me the plague within the city, the Spartans round it? why did you exact the vow at parting, that nothing but your command should recall me again to Athens? Why did I ever make it? Cruel! to refuse me the full enjoyment of your recovered health! crueller to keep me in ignorance of its decline! The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and past over.

CXCV. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Have you never observed, O most observant Aspasia, that there are many things which we can say in writing, and which we can not so well deliver in speech, even to our nearest friend? During all the time of my residence with you and Pericles, intimate as was our familiarity from the commencement, never once did either of you express a wish to hear the reason why I left my countrymen for strangers. The dislike I always had to relate my concerns, and to present my features for inspection, withheld me from the narrative: and delicacy withheld you from inquiry.

Come, I will live over with you now that portion of my life which I did not live with you before. I would not escape for refuge into crowds:

I would not repair my fortune by hammering on the anvil in the Agora: I would not (pardon my application of our proverb at Clazomenai) make my purse of swine's ears. Such is the occupation of those who intend to profit by a public auditory.

Often had I been solicited by the worthier of the citizens to appear in public, and to take a part, if not in the administration of affairs, at least in the debates. It ill suited my temper and turn of mind. Ours, like most free cities, was divided into two factions, the aristocratical and democratical. While others were making their way forward to the head of them, I sat quietly at home, and, to relax my mind occasionally from its sustained and fixed position for loftier and purer speculations, meditated on the advantages and disadvantages of each government. No small quantity had I written at last of remarks and aphorisms: behold a specimen: 'In most cities the majority is composed of the ignorant, the idle, and the profligate. In most cities, after a time, there are enough of bad citizens to subvert good laws. Immoral life in one leader of the people is more pernicious than a whole streetful of impurities in the lower quarters of the community, seeing that streams, foul or fair, can not flow upward.'

Be sure, Aspasia, I never promulgated such perilous doctrines. To prove that I was erroneous in the two first positions, the citizens would have poisoned or stoned me, and their orators would clearly show my unfitness to give advice, in my attempting to demonstrate no more important or novel a truth than that water can not run up a mountain. Such is the employment, such the ingenuity and sincerity of eloquence.

I was inclined to the democracy, because I knew that all government ought to be chiefly for the advantage of the many; but when I considered long and attentively its operations and effects, I began to doubt whether the people are more likely to know their interests than the aristocracy are to promote them. Immovable property is the only sure pledge for political equity, and the holders are not at all times ready to offer it. Merchants are the worst of adventurers and gamesters, because their native land is not their country. They are the sucklings of an alien, and love her best who gives them nutriment. Their preponderance in a state will invariably be its subversion.

I intended to speak of myself, but you see I can not keep to my theme; it soon tires me . . soon escapes me. The scanty streamlet has run but a little way, and is lost among the sands. A few words more, however. Before I left my country, I offered some brief observations on important matters, then in discussion, to persons in authority. Do I much over-estimate my solidity of intellect, my range of comprehension, or my clearness of discernment, in believing that all these qualities in me, however imperfect, are somewhat more than equivalent to theirs? I concealed this truth from them, if truth it be, and told them only what I thought it was their interest, and would surely be their intention, to perform. They rewarded me by suffering me to depart in peace, unanswered and unnoticed. We might imagine that advice, like manure, is only good and applicable when it has lain a long while by. He reasons ill who reasons with a bad reasoner . . he walks on chaff, and tires himself without progress and without impression. I never expostulate with the self-sufficient; but on this occasion I desired a friend of theirs to inquire of them whether they thought a conflagration in Clazomenai would only warm their baths and cook their dinners. Had I been willing to abuse my faculties, it would have been an easy matter for me to have swept them from their places, and to have assumed the highest; for the rapacious has no hold upon the people, and vulgar manners in the candidate for office are no recommendation even to vulgar men.

Here ended my life in my own country.

CXCVI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

It has been wisely said that Virtue hath only to be seen to be beloved: but unwisely, that Vice hath only to be seen to be hated. Certain it is that the more habituated we are to the contemplation of a pure and placid life, the more do we delight in it. I wish it were equally so that every glance at Vice loosens a feather from her plumage, and that on a nearer approach and more stedfast observation she grows hideous. Proofs to the contrary come before us every day.

Eupolis and Mnesilochos and Callias and Cratinos, like most other authors, are indifferent to any result from their writings but popularity and emolument. And we are informed here at Miletus that several of your philosophers are now employing a language, on the powers and provinces of love, far more seductive to the passions of their youthful auditors than the most indecent of theatrical ribaldry. For surely there is little seductive in a boisterous jocularity, that seizes and holds down the hand from the painfully blushing forehead, and forces the eyes to see what they would shun. Ionian manners, I am afraid, are as licentious as the Athenian: but ours are become so by our intercourse with the Persians, the Athenian by theirs with the Philosophers. It is only of late that such poisonous perfumery has had this influence on the brain; it is only since the departure of the sedate unostentatious Anaxagoras, that syllogists have snapped their fingers at experiment. Against such men the arrows of ridicule are well directed: but these arrows fall harmlessly from flowing robes; and indeed the purple dye is everywhere a panacea.

CXCVII. ANAXAGORAS TO PERICLES.

Thanks, O Pericles, for your provident care of me! Povident do I say? no, anything but that; kind, generous, profuse; but if you really saw the extent of my wants, you would only send me

notice that you and those about you are well and happy.

The fever which has broken out in your city will certainly spare you if you reside in the Acropolis: and yet you tell me that you are resolved on taking no such precaution, lest you should appear to claim an exemption from the common peril.

What prudent men were my enemies in Athens, to send me back hither! they would not let me live nor die among them!

You have little curiosity to know anything about private men and retired places. Nevertheless I will tell you and Aspasia what is Lampsacos.

Shrimps and oysters are the lower order of the inhabitants: and these, it is pretended, have reason to complain of the aristocracy above them. The aristocracy on their side contend that such complaints are idle and unfounded; that they are well fed and well clothed, and that the worst that ever happens to them is to be taken out of their beds, and to be banded, marshalled, and embarked, in the service of their country. In few more words, we all are either fishermen or vine-dressers. I myself am a chief proprietor: my tenement is small, but my vineyard is as spacious as any about. It is nearly a hundred of my paces broad: its length I cannot tell you, for in this direction it is too steep for me to walk up it. My neighbours have informed me that there is a fine spacious view of the Hellespont and headlands from the summit. I only know that there is a noble God, a century old at the least . . he who protects our gardens and vines. An image of him stands either at the top or the bottom of every avenue in the vicinity. He frowns in many of them; yet, amid all his threats, there is in his good-humoured gravity something like a half-invitation. The boys and girls write verses under him, very derogatory to his power and dignity. They usually write them, I understand, in one another's name; just as if he could not find them out, and would not punish them in due season. Enough of this: I have somewhat less to say about myself. The people love me, for I am no philosopher here, and have scarcely a book in the house. I begin to find that eyes are valuables and books utensils. Sitting at my door, I am amused at the whistle of curlews, and at their contentions and evolutions, for a better possession than a rabble's ear. Sometimes I go down, and enjoy a slumber on the soft deep sands; an unexpected whisper and gentle flap on the face from the passing breeze awakens me, or a startling plash from the cumbersome wave as it approaches nearer. Idleness is as dear to me, reflection as intense, and friendship as warm as ever. Yes, Pericles! Friendship may pause, may question, may agonize, but her semblance alone can perish.

My moon is in the last quarter, and my days ought now to be serene: they are so. Be yours no less; yours and Aspasia's!

CXCVIII. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

One true and solid blessing I owe to my popularity. Seldom is it that popularity has afforded any man more than a fallacious one. Late wisdom, and dearly bought, is mine, Aspasia! But I am delaying your delight, at one moment by the hurry of my spirits, at another by the intensity of my reflections. Our Pericles is Athenian in privileges as in birth. I have obtained a law to revoke a former one enforced by me . . and felt no shame. If I could hope that other statesmen would take example from my faults, if I could hope that at any future time they would cease to be opinionative, imperious, and self-willed, mistaking the eminence of station for the supremacy of wisdom, I would entreat them to urge no measure in which might be traced the faintest sign of malice or resentment, whether in regard to parties or private men. But alas! the inferior part of man is the stronger: we cannot cut the centaur in twain: we must take him as we find him composed, and derive all the advantage we can both from his strength and his weakness.

I am growing the politician again, when I should be the husband and father.

The odious law, the weight of which I drew upon my own head,* is abrogated. The children of women not Athenian are declared free citizens. Many good men, many good mothers, have mourned the degradation of theirs through my severity.

How dear, above the sweetest of Spring, are the blossoms that appear in the less genial hours of winter! how dear, above earth, above all things upon earth (Aspasia will pardon this, whether true or false), is our little Pericles! Am I dreaming when I imagine I see this beautiful boy, with Health and Hope beside him, kneeling on the border of the tomb, and raising up from it a whole family, in long perspective! We were gone, I thought, we were lost for ever. The powerful father merged his whole progeny in utter darkness; an infant shall reclaim it.

No longer is there a cloud upon my brow! no longer is there, I am apt to think, a pestilence in Athens.

* It is stated in every *Life of Pericles* that he obtained the enactment of it. This is incorrect. The law was an ancient one, and required fresh vigour and vigilant observance at a time when hostilities were imminent, and when many thousands were residing in the city who would otherwise have claimed a right to vote as citizens, while their connexions were to be found among the inveterate enemies or the seceding allies of Athens. Long antecedently to the administration of Pericles, it appears that at a certain age the illegitimate were assembled at Cynosarges, in the wrestling-ring dedicated to Hercules, who himself was in that predicament: and these alone entered it. On which occasion Themistocles, his mother being a Thracian, gave the earliest proof of his astuteness, by inviting some of unmixed blood and aristocratical lineage to wrestle with him. It is far from improbable that Pericles insisted the rather on the execution of this law in opposition to Cimon, whose father Miltiades had married the daughter of Oloros, a prince of Thrace, and who himself was descended also from a ruler of that nation.

CXCIX. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Blessings on the generosity of the Athenians! blessings a thousand-fold on the paternal heart of Pericles!

O Pericles! how wrong are all who do not for ever follow Love, under one form or other! There is no God but he, the framer, the preserver of the world, the pure Intelligence! All wisdom that is not enlightened and guided by him is perturbed and perverted. He will shed, O my husband, his brightest tints over our autumnal days. Were we ever happy until now? Ah yes, we were . . but undeserving. A fresh fountain opens before us, subject to no droughts, no overflowings. How gladly, how gratefully, do I offer to immortal Love the first libation!

Come hither, my sweet child! come hither to my heart! thou art man, thou art Athenian, thou art free. We are now beyond the reach, beyond the uttermost scope and vision, of Calamity.

CC. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Alcibiades is grown up to the highest beauty of adolescence. I think I should be enamoured of him were I a girl, and disengaged. No, Cleone! the so easy mention of him proves to me that I never should be. He is petulant, arrogant, impetuous, and inconsistent. Pericles was always desirous that he should study oratory, in order that it might keep him at home, gratify his vanity the most perfectly and compendiously, and render him master of his own thoughts and those of others. He plainly told Pericles that he could learn little from him except dissimulation.

"Even that," replied Pericles, "is useful and necessary: it proceeds from self-command. Simulation, on the contrary, is falsehood, and easily acquired by the meanest intellect. A powerful man often dissembles: he stands erect in the course of glory, with open brow but with breath suppress: the feebler mind is ready to take refuge in its poverty, under the sordid garb of whining simulation."

He then remarked to Pericles, that his oratory was somewhat like his economy, wanting in copiousness and display.

"Alcibiades!" said my husband, "it is particularly this part of it which I could wish you to adopt. In oratory there are few who can afford to be frugal: in economy there are few who can afford to act otherwise than frugally. I am a public man, and it little becomes me to leave room for suspicion that, by managing ill my own small affairs, I may be negligent in the greater of the commonwealth. There are kingdoms in Thrace and Asia, where the cares of government are consigned to ministers or satraps, and where it shall be thought honourable and glorious in one of these functionaries to die in debt, after managing the treasury. But surely there is in this no proof whatever that he managed it discreetly: there is a fair presumption that, neglecting his household, he left the community in worse disorder. Unquestionably he was a dishonest man, to incur a debt beyond the extent of his estate. Forbearance from accumulation in his own house, is hardly to be deemed a merit by the most inconsiderate, in one who can unlock the treasury to every relative, every friend, every associate, and every dependant. Such persons will generally be found to have been gamesters and prodigals, and to have entrusted the subordinate branches of public concerns to servants, as unfaithful and improvident as those menials who administered their own: and the reigns of the princes who employed them, if recorded at all, are recorded as prodigies of expenditure, profligacy, and disaster.

"Aristides died poor: but Aristides never was rich: he threw away nothing but his good example. And was his the fault there? He was frugal, he was provident: every action he performed, every word he uttered, will excite, inform, and direct, remotest generations. Thus indeed it can not properly be said that, however now neglected, his example was thrown away. Like the seeds of plants which a beneficent God hath scattered throughout the earth, although many fail to come up soon after the season of their sowing, yet do they not decay and perish, but germinate in the sterilest soils many ages later. Aristides will be forefather to many brave and honest men not descended from his lineage nor his country: he will be founder of more than nations: he will give body, vitality, and activity, to sound principles. Had he merely been a philosopher, he could effect little of this; commander as he was, imperial Persia served only for a mirror to reflect his features from Attica on the world."

Alcibiades, in several parts of this discourse, had given signs of weariness and impatience. Pericles perceived it, and reverted to Aristides. At every word that was now spoken he grew more and more animated: at the close he sprang up, seized the hand of Pericles, and told him he would listen as long as he went on in that manner.

"Speak to the purpose, as you have begun to do, and about Aristides, and I shall like you better than Aspasia. I think, after all, I may perhaps let you be my teacher." He said this laughing.

My husband replied,

"I will not undertake it, Alcibiades! Peradventure I may offer you, from time to time, a little at once, some serviceable observations, some fruits of my experience: but it is only to grace and beauty that your restless intractable mind is obedient for an hour."

"Call me anything, do anything, or nothing," said the youth, "if you will only give me such a smile again."

"Go and ride into the country," said my husband, as he was rising. "If you retain your high opinion of me on your return, you will find me at

leisure to continue. I leave you, for the present, with Aristides."

Away he went, without a word more to either of us. When he was out of the apartment, Pericles said, after a thoughtful and serious pause,

"He is as beautiful, playful, and uncertain, as any half-tamed young tiger, feasted and caressed on the royal carpets of Persepolis: not even Aspasia will ever quite subdue him."

CCI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I shall never more be in fear about you, my Aspasia! Frolicsome and giddy as you once appeared to me, at no time of your life could Alcibiades have interested your affections. You will be angry with me when I declare to you that I do not believe you ever were in love. The renown and genius of Pericles won your imagination: his preference, his fondness, his constancy, hold, and will for ever hold, your heart. The very beautiful rarely love at all. Those precious images are placed above the reach of the Passions: Time alone is permitted to efface them; Time, the father of the Gods, and even *their* consumer.

CCII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Angry! yes indeed, very angry am I: but let me lay all my anger in the right place. I was often jealous of your beauty, and I have told you so a thousand times. Nobody for many years ever called me so beautiful as Cleone; and when some people did begin to call me so, I could not believe them. Few will allow the first to be first; but the second and third are universal favourites. We are all insurgents against the despotism of excellence.

Ah Cleone! if I could divide my happiness with you, I do think I should have much to give you. I would demand a good deal of your sound judgment for it; but you should have it. We both of us value our beauty, I suspect, less than we used to do, which is certainly wrong; for whatever we may be told, or may tell ourselves, we have rather a scantier store of it. However, we are not yet come to the last loaf in the citadel.

I did not see Alcibiades again, that day or the following. When he came to me, he told me he was ashamed of having said an uncivil thing.

"Of which are you ashamed?" said I, "O Alcibiades! for there were several not distinguished for courtesy."

"As usual, in good humour, which always punishes me," said he. "But I remember I made a rude observation on what lies within your department."

"Economy?" said I.

Before he could answer me, Pericles, informed that Alcibiades had inquired for him, entered the apartment.

"I am glad you are come in," cried he, "for, although I have taken two days to collect my courage and words, I think I shall have more of both, now you are present."

He then began his apology, which Pericles thus interrupted.

"Be prepared for chastisement: I shall impose a heavy mulct on your patience: I shall render an account to you of my administration, and I hope you will permit it to pass.

"I have a son, as you know, in whose character parsimony is not among the more prominent qualities. I am unwilling to shock him by it, which is always apt to occasion a rebound to the opposite side: and I am equally unwilling to offer an example or pretext for luxury and expense. My own character will permit neither. I never gave a splendid feast: I never gave a sparing entertainment: I never closed my dining-room to a man of elegant manners or of sound information. I have not the ample fortune of our cousin Cimon, who always used it magnificently: and glad am I that I have it not; for it would oblige me to receive many who must disgust me, and who would occupy more hours of my leisure than I can spare. My system of domestic life has produced me contentment and happiness. May yours, my dear Alcibiades, whether like it or unlike it, do the same!"

"Thank you!" said he carelessly, and added, "But your manner of speaking, which we first began to talk about, the other day, is proper only for yourself: in any other man it would be ridiculous. Were I to employ it, people would believe I assumed the character of Jupiter or Hermes walking among mortals. Aspasia's is good enough for me. Many think her language as pure and elegant as yours: and I have never known it enrage and terrify men as yours does."

"Study then Aspasia in preference," said he. "You possess already some of her advantages. A beautiful mouth is always eloquent: its defects are taken for tropes and figures. Let us try together which can imitate her best. Neither of us hath ever seen her out of temper, or forgetful what argument to urge first and most forcibly. When we have much to say, the chief difficulty is to hold back some favourite thought, which presses to come on before its time, and thereby makes a confusion in the rest. If you are master of your temper, and conscious of your superiority, the words and thoughts will keep their ranks, and will come into action with all their energy, compactness, and weight. Never attempt to alter your natural tone of voice; never raise it above its pitch: let it at first be somewhat low and slow. This appears like diffidence; and men are obliged to listen the more attentively, that they may hear it. Beginning with attention, they will retain it during the whole speech: but attention is with difficulty caught in the course of one.

"I am intruding a little on the province of Aspasia. If she approves of my advice, pursue it; if she disapproves, be sure I have spoken inconsiderately; although I fancy I have observed such effects on several occasions."

He ceased: I enforced as well as I could his admonition. But Alcibiades, with grace nearly

equal, wants his gravity; and, if ever he should be his successor in the administration of the Republic, he must become so by other methods.

CCIII. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Proxenos is sailing back to Massilia. Before he left us, he collected a large cargo of *Inscriptions*, chiefly poetical. In Massilia these matters are curiosities. The people, who can not have them fresh, are glad to accept them dry, although, according to Proxenos, they are little acute in relishing or distinguishing them.

In his last conversation with me, he gave evidence that, should he ever fail as a merchant, he hopes to make his fortune as a critic. Among his remarks was this.

"I can not for my life imagine why Zephyr is such a favourite with the poets."

I answered that we Ionians were always shy of him; but that in other parts, and especially toward Gaul and Italy, he certainly was better behaved.

"Better behaved!" cried Proxenos. "By the Twins! he hath split my sail more than once."

To comfort him, I replied: "He has done that with his best friends, O Proxenos!"

"And no longer ago," continued he, "than last Boedromion, he carried off my nether garment that was drying upon deck."

"Ah! there," said I, "mischievous as he is, he could not do the same to them without homicide: few of them have one to spare."

At the recollection of his superior wealth and dignity, he grew composed again. The Gods grant him a prosperous voyage! Ere this letter shall reach Athens, he must be almost as far as Cythera. What labours and perils do seafaring men undergo! What marvels are ships! They travel in a month farther than the fleetest horse can do; to such perfection have they been brought, and such confidence is there now in human courage and skill. As there hath been little or no improvement in them for some centuries, we may suppose that, contrary to all other inventions, the ingenuity of mortals can do nothing more for them.

I forgot to mention of Proxenos, what may-be it were better not to mention at all, that he is reported to have broken off the extremity of a leaf or two on some curious old vases, and a particle of a volute * from a small column at the corner of a lane. Nothing can so distinctly prove, say the Lampsacenes, that Proxenos has a few drops of barbarian blood in him. Genuine Greeks may travel through all the world, and see every vase, every column, every statue, worth seeing in its whole circumference, without a thought of mutilation. Those people who can not keep their hands from violating the purest works of ancient days, ought, if there are not too many of them, to be confined in separate cages, among the untameable specimens of zoology.

The Lampsacenes, you see by this, are not averse to protect the Arts.

CCIV. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I have found eight verses, of which I send you only the four last. So entirely do they express what I have felt, it seems as if I myself had composed them.

They who tell us that love and grief are without fancy and invention, never knew invention and fancy, never felt grief and love.

> The thorns that pierce most deep are prest
> Only the closer to the breast:
> To dwell on them is now relief,
> And tears alone are balm to grief!

You perhaps will like these better, Aspasia! though very unlike in sentiment and expression.

> Pyrrha! your smiles are gleams of sun
> That after one another run
> Incessantly, and think it fun.
>
> Pyrrha! your tears are short sweet rain
> That glimmering on the flower-lit plain
> Zephyrs kiss back to heaven again.
>
> Pyrrha! both anguish me: do please
> To shed but (if you wish me ease)
> Twenty of those, and two of these.

CCV. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Ships are passing and repassing through the Hellespont all hours of the day; some of them from the Pirseus, urging the allies of Athens to come forward in her defence; others from the Peloponese, inciting them to rise up in arms, and at once to throw off allegiance.

Would there be half this solicitude in either of the belligerents to be virtuous and happy, supposing it possible to persuade the one or the other that she might be, and without an effort! supposing it, in other words, to be quite as easy and pleasant to receive a truth as an untruth. Would these mariners and soldiers, and those statesmen who send them out, exert half the anxiety, half the energy and prowess, to extinguish the conflagration of a friend's house in the neighbourhood, as they are exerting now to lay in ashes all the habitations that lie beyond it? And such are brave men, such are wise men, such are the rulers of the world! Well hath it been said by some old poet,

* One Eyles Irwin, who was not poor nor quite uneducated, tells us in his *Travels* that he broke off a volute *as a relic* from what was called Pompey's Pillar. This happened so lately as the last century. We are, it seems, about to remove from Egypt the obelisk named Cleopatra's Needle. Do we believe that Egypt is never to come to life again? It may be some hundreds, it may be some thousands of years: but these are to the glories of Egypt as pounds are to our national debt . . itself so glorious, and of which the formation has constituted our glorious men! Are we sure that the Genius who created these eternal works, derives no portion of his beatitude from the hourly contemplation of them, in the country where they were formed and fixed?

Men let themselves slide onward by degrees
Into the depths of madness; one bold spring
Back from the verge, had saved them; but it seems
There dwells rare joy within it! O thou Sire
Of Gods and mortals, let the blighting cloud
Pass over me! O grant me wholesome rest
And innocent uprisings, although call'd
The only madman on thy reeling earth!

CCVI. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

It is well that you are removed from the city, and that the enemies of Athens pay respect either to your birth-place or your wisdom, either to your celebrity or your confidence. I remember that, speaking of the human form and countenance, both as existing in life and represented in the ideal, you remarked that the perfection of beauty is what is farthest from all similitude to the brutes. Surely then, in like manner, the perfection of our moral nature is in our remoteness from all similitude to their propensities. Now the worst propensity of the worst beasts is bloodshed, for which we pursue them as nearly as we can to extermination, but which they never commit with so little urgency, or to so great an extent, as we do. Until we bring ourselves at least to an equality with them, we can hardly be said to have made much progress in wisdom. It will appear wonderful and perhaps incredible to future generations, that what are now considered the two highest gifts of man, oratory and poetry, should be employed, the one chiefly in exciting, the other in emblazoning, deeds of slaughter and devastation. If we could see, in the nature of things, a child capable of forming a live tiger, and found him exercising his power of doing it, I think we should say to him,

"You might employ your time better, child!"

But then, Aspasia, we must not be orators nor poets, nor hope for any estimation in the state. Beware how you divulge this odd opinion; or you may be accused, as before, of crimes against the purity of morals, against the customs of our forefathers, and against the established and due veneration of the Gods. I hardly know what I am treading on, when I make a single step toward philosophy. On sand I fear it is; and, whether the impression be shallow or profound, the eternal tide of human passions will cover and efface it. There are many who would be vexed and angry at this, and would say, in the bitterness of their hearts, that they have spent their time in vain. Aspasia! Aspasia! they have indeed, if they are angry or vext about it.

CCVII. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

Did I tell you, O Aspasia, we were free and remote from the calamities of war? we were. The flute and the timbrel and the harp alone were heard along our streets; and the pavement was bestrewn with cistus and lavender and myrtle, which grow profusely on the rocks behind us. Melanthos had arrived from the Chersonese to marry Eurycleia; and his friend Sosigenes of Corinth had determined to be united on the same day with her sister Phanera.

Those who have seen them say that they were the prettiest girls in the city: they were also the happiest; but less happy than their lovers, who however owed at present but a part of the happiness to either. They were sworn friends from early youth, and had not met since, but always had corresponded.

Why can not men draw a line against war as against plague, and shut up the infected? Instead of which, they are proud of being like the dogs in the worst feature; rushing forth into every affray, and taking part in it instantly with equal animosity. I wish we had arrived at such a degree of docility, and had advanced so many steps in improvement, that by degrees we might hope to acquire anything better of these good creatures. We have the worst of every beast, and the best of none.

This is not, O Aspasia! my usual tone of thinking and discoursing: nor is what has happened here among the usual occurrences of my life. The generous heart needs little to be reminded what are the embraces of young and ardent friends; and the withered one could ill represent them.

Eurycleia, in the silence of fondness, in the fulness of content, was holding the hand of her Melanthos. Love has few moments more sweet, Philosophy none more calm. That moment was interrupted by the entrance of Sosigenes; and composure was exchanged for rapture by the friendly soul of Melanthos. Yes, yes, Aspasia! friendship, even in the young, may be more animated than love itself. It was not long, however.

"Where is Phanera?"

"I will call her," said Eurycleia, and went out.

Phanera, fond of ornament, it may be, and ambitious to surpass her sister and enchant her lover, came not speedily, nor indeed did Eurycleia very soon, for it was not at first that she could find her. Conversation had begun in the meanwhile about the war. Melanthos was a little more vehement than the mildness of his nature, it is said, ever allowed him before, and blamed the Corinthians for inciting so many states to hostility. Often had Sosigenes been looking toward the door, expecting his Phanera, and now began to grow impatient. The words of Melanthos, who felt the cruelty of war chiefly because it would separate the two sisters and the two friends, touched the pride of Sosigenes. Unable to moderate his temper, now excited by the absence of Phanera after the sister had some time returned, he said fiercely,

"It is well to blame the citizens of the noblest city upon earth, for not enduring an indignity. It is well; but in slaves alone, or viler dependents."

"Sosigenes! Sosigenes!" cried Melanthos, starting up and rushing toward him. At that instant the impetuous Sosigenes, believing vio-

lence was about to follow affront, struck him with his dagger to the heart.

"I could not then calm thy anger with an embrace! my too unhappy friend!" while the blood gurgled through the words, sobbed forth Melanthos.

CCVIII. ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

You commanded me, O Pericles, that I should write to you, whenever I found an opportunity on land. Phormio cast anchor before Naupactos: we command the Gulf of Crissa and check the movements of the Corinthians. The business of blockading is little to my mind. Writing is almost as insufferable: it is the only thing I do not willingly undertake when my friends desire it. Beside, I have nothing in the world to write about. We have done little but sink a few vessels and burn a few villages. It is really a hard matter to find a table to write upon, so quick and so complete is the devastation. I fancied war had something in it more animating and splendid. The people of the Peloponese are brave, however. They sometimes ask for their children (if very young) but never for their lives. Why can not we think them as little worth taking as they of giving?

I am heartily tired of this warfare; and Phormio has told me, in plain words, he is heartily tired of *me*. Upon this, I requested his permission to join without delay our army before Potidæa. I expected not only an uncivil refusal, but a sharp rebuke.

"The Gods have begun to favour us!" cried Phormio. "This offer is better than the luckiest omen. Alcibiades! thou art the whitest of white birds; and thy flight, whichever wind it float upon, is worth a victory."

I would have been angry; but laughter sprang uppermost; so, throwing my arms round old Phormio's neck, I almost pulled him down with it.

"How now, stripling!" cried he, as willing to be angry as I was, "all this buffoonery before the commander of the fleet!"

CCIX. ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Hardly could it have been expected that "the whitest of white birds" should have been so speedily on the wing. The day had not closed when Phormio told me, that, knowing my fickleness, he had given orders for my voyage back. Every voyage is prosperous that brings me within sight of an enemy worth seeing. Brave fellows these Potidæans! They never lose their appetite, even in the greatest want of air and exercise. You, who hear everything, must know that they eat one another rather than surrender. I have been but three days in the camp, where, to my delight, I found the brave and kindly Socrates. Do you disapprove of my renewing my intimacy with Philosophy in the midst of battles? Let Philosophy then stand aside; and behold in her place the defender of his country and the saviour of his friend.

The morning after my arrival, the Potidæans burst forth with incredible bravery from their gates, overthrowing all opposition. Now was my time. The heavy-armed in general, being old soldiers, were somewhat slower; and many of the enemy were assailing me when they came up: nor indeed was it then in sufficient force. I was wounded and overthrown, and, at the beginning, stunned: but presently I fancied I heard the sound of a brisk sword on armour over me, and felt something heavy fall on my legs. I was drawn forcibly from under the last of my antagonists. Socrates raised me up, and defended me from the weapons of not a few, unwilling to retire and irresolute to renew the engagement.

I write now, because I am so wounded I can do nothing else.

CCX. PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

You are courageous, my Alcibiades, to a degree which I hardly ever observed in another. This alone induces me to doubt whether you will become, so soon as we both of us wished it, an accomplished and perfect soldier. To rush against the enemy before your comrades, is not indeed quite so unseemly as to lag behind; yet it may be even more detrimental in an officer. With old troops, who know their duty, it is always so: with younger alone, who want encouragement, it may not be. Socrates deserved the first honours in the action: his modesty and his affection transferred them to the imprudent and the vanquished, whom he rescued from the shame of rashness and the wretchedness of captivity. With all my fondness for you, I could not have given you my vote; and, had I commanded against Potidæa, I must have reproved you in presence of the army.

Never, O Alcibiades, inflict on me the misery of passing so severe a sentence. I praised you before others did; I condemn you after them. Your high spirit deserved its reward; your temerity its rebuke. I, who have been the careful guardian of your fortune, am the more anxious one of your safety and of your fame. In my former letter I gave unobstructed way to the more pleasurable emotions: and, in everyone that I shall have occasion to write to you hereafter, I am confident of the same enjoyment. Reply to me as your friend, your comrade, the partaker of your pains and pleasures, and at most the director of your studies. But here, my Alcibiades, we must be grave and serious: I must, for once, not guide, but dictate: no answer is here admissible, excepting the answer of a soldier to his general.

CCXI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

You know that to Niconöe was awarded by her judge Priapos the prize of beauty in the Kallisteia. In return for this favourable decision,

she dedicated to him a golden ewer and a fawn-skin. Under his image a poet, who perhaps was her admirer, and who was grateful to the arbiter, wrote this epigram.

Niconôe is inclined to deck
Thy ruddy shoulder and thick neck
With her own fawn-skin, Lampsacene!
Beside, she brings a golden ewer
To cool thy hands in, very sure
Among what herbage they have been.

Ah! thou hast wicked leering eyes,
And any maiden were unwise
Who should invest thee face to face;
Therefore she does it from behind,
And blesses thee, so just and kind
In giving her the prize for grace.

Here are some others, I believe by Erinna herself, but I find inscribed on them *Address to Erinna.*

Ay, shun the dance and shun the grape,
Erinna! thou shalt not escape.
Idle the musing maid who thinks
To lie unseen by sharp-eyed lynx
Where Bacchus, god of joy and truth,
Hunts with him, hunts for bashful youth.
So take the thyrsus if you please,
And come and join the Mœnades.

CCXII. ANAXAGORAS TO ASPASIA.

We are now so near winter that there may not be, after the vessel which is about to sail, any more of them bound for Athens, all the remainder of the year. And who knows what another may bring or take away?

I remain in health, but feeble. Life slips from me softly and imperceptibly. I am unwilling to tire myself by blowing a fire which must soon go out, whether I blow it or not. Had I any species of curiosity to send you, were it pebble, sea-weed, or new book, I would send it; not (for it is idle to talk so) as a memorial of me. If the friend is likely to be forgotten, can we believe that anything he has about him will repose a longer time on the memory?

Thus far had I written, when my strength failed me. Stesicles and Apollodoros have told me I must prepare for a voyage. The passage is neither so broad nor so stormy as the Hellespont.

I was resolved not to go until I had looked in my garden for some anemonies, which I recollected to have seen blossoming the other day. It occurred to me that usually they appear in spring: so does poetry. I will present to you a little of both; for the first time. They are of equal value; and are worth about as much as the pebble, or the sea-weed, or the new book.

Where are the blooms of many dyes
That used in every path to rise?
Whither are gone the lighter hours?
What leave they? I can only send
My wisest, loveliest, latest friend
These weather-worn and formless flowers.

Think me happy that I am away from Athens; I, who always lose my composure in the presence of crime or calamity. If anyone should note to you my singularities, remembering me a year hence, as I trust you and Pericles will do, add to them, but not aloud, a singularity of felicity, "*He neither lived nor died with the multitude.*" There are however some Clazomenians who know that Anaxagoras was of Clazomenai.

CCXIII. ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Pericles! I did wrong and rashly. The praises of the Athenians are to me as the hum of insects: they linger in my ear, but are senseless and unexciting. I swear to you I will do better; but I must see you before I go.

Aspasia, whose letter you have sent me since, is even more severe than you have been; and she has neither right nor reason. She is the only woman upon earth that ever railed at rashness, the only one that could distinguish it from fortitude. But every man must be rash once: it saves him from as much inconvenience and mischief as being oftener rash would incur.

Do not consider this nonsense as vindication or reply; and let it not stand in the way of your pardon.

CCXIV. ASPASIA TO ALCIBIADES.

Are you not ashamed, young man, to leave the aged behind you, with all their wounds, merely to show how dexterous you are become in the management of your sword? Unworthy Alcibiades! Never expect that the Athenians, whatever be their levity and inconsiderateness, will award to you the honour of superiority in valour. Socrates well deserved it; not for saving a life which on the next occasion will be thrown away, but for giving to every one capable of profiting by it, an example of steadiness and constancy. Pericles, I hope, will not allow you to disembark, until you have acquired the rudiments of discipline, in the only art in which you ever seemed likely to excell. Have you forgotten too that the pestilence is raging in the city? O rash Alcibiades! the sight of Pericles himself, to you at least, could hardly have been worth so desperate a hazard. But Pericles will reprove you, confident boy! Let me hear no more of you until I have heard that he has granted you his forgiveness.

CCXV. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Censure not too severely, O my Pericles, your inconsiderate cousin! In these days, when so many of your adherents are fallen, some by the fever, some by war, we must be parsimonious in the treasury of friendship, at all times far from inexhaustible.

A hundred men of more wisdom and more virtue than Alcibiades would prevail much less with the multitude, should anything sinister befall you. May the Gods avert it! but I always fear something; and, what certainly is more foolish, I fancy my presence could avert from you any

calamity. I wish I were persuaded that the Immortals hear us: I would then so perpetually pray for you as hardly to give myself time to read your letters; and you should quarrel with the shortness of mine. But reason, which strengthens our religion, weakens our devotion. Happy are those who have retained throughout life their infantine simplicity, which nurses a tractable idol in an unsuspicious bosom, is assured it knows and heeds the voice addressing it, and shuts it up again with a throb of joy, and keeps it warm. For this, the mind must be nurtured to the last with the same milky food as in childhood; the Gods must have their tangible images, and must laugh to us out of ivy and flowers.

Thinking of you, I had forgotten that I began to write in favour of Alcibiades. Lest, by taxing him with impetuosity and imprudence, you should alienate his fickle mind, I myself have written to him with quite enough severity: at least I think so: you shall judge for yourself. When you have perused it, let it go to him instantly; for here we are uncertain at what point the troops will land from Potidæa. I shall be grieved if anything happens to him. He has more life in him than is enough to animate a city; yet the point of an arrow may extinguish it in an instant. With however long experience before us, we yet might wonder that what is so animated should ever cease at all. You men often talk of glorious death, of death met bravely for your country: I too have been warmed by the bright idea in oratory and poetry: but ah! my dear Pericles! I would rather read it on an ancient tomb than on a recent one.

CCXVI. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

I had already warned Alcibiades of his imprudence and irregularity; but your letter will ensure his correction. The reply he sent me is worthy of a man formed for command. We must watch over him: he will do great good or great evil. Those who are most capable of both, always end miserably; for, although they may have done many things well, yet the first or second that they do badly is their ruin. They know not whom to choose as their follower up the scaling-ladder, nor when to loosen their grasp of the pinnacle. Intractable as you may think Alcibiades, there is not a youth in Athens so easily led away by a weaker judgment than his own. He wishes to excell in everything, and succeeds: but this wish brings him into contact with too many; and he can not at present push them off far enough from him to see plainly and distinctly what they are. He will soon stand above them and know them better.

I must leave off: the dying call me forth. Blessings on my Aspasia and her little Athenian!

CCXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

The verses I shall presently write out for you, at the bottom of my letter, are composed, as you will perceive, in the broadest Dorian, on the extraordinary death of Æschylus. Probably the unhappy poet was murdered by some enemy or some robber. He was found with his skull fractured, and, may-be, with a tortoise near him. But who in the world can believe that an eagle dropped it from above? that the quickest in sight of all animals mistook a bald head for a rock? And did ever man walk in the fields of Sicily with his head uncovered? If he did, his death might easily be accounted for, without a tortoise or eagle: a sunbeam is stronger and surer. Whenever I find a book containing this gross absurdity, I instantly throw it aside, as the effusion of an idle and silly writer, and am well assured it must be incapable of instructing or interesting me.

The petulant author of the verses you will find below, is evidently a disappointed poet. Hiero and Theron could never treat Æschylus with neglect or with indifference. Little as may be our regard and our respect for royalty, we hardly can suppose any king, who knows Greek, so barbarous and stupid as to fancy in himself a nobility more exalted than in Æschylus, or gifted by the Gods with a higher office, than stewardship to the greatest of men among whom he himself is the richest.

Bard of Eleusis! art thou dead
So strangely! can it be
An eagle dropt upon thy head
A tortoise? no, not he.

They who devised the fable, marr'd
The moral of their song:
They meant the eagle by the bard
But placed the creature wrong.

Quickest in courts those ever move
Whom nature made most slow:
Tortoise wears plumes and springs above
While eagle moults below.

I have room enough for another short piece, which carries with it somewhat more than the dialect for a testimonial of its atticism. They who are ill-trained in the course of poetry, *puff and blow*, as the trainers express it, at short distances: they who are trained better, move with little difficulty and no appearance of exertion. Strength does not lie in varicose veins. This is, however, a subject which requires grace only. You like to drink water; but you like to drink it from a silver cup.

To Love.

Where is my heart, perfidious boy?
Give it, O give it, back again!
I ask no more for hours of joy;
Lift but thy hand and burst my chain.

Love's Reply.

Fond man! the heart we rashly gave
She values not, yet won't restore:
She passes on from slave to slave;
Go, go; thy heart is thine no more.

CCXVIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

The Athenians, my dear Aspasia, are reported to be a religious people; yet I have often wondered

at their freedom and boldness, in depriving the Immortal Gods of their power on some occasions, and on others in accosting them with familiarity and disrespect. It would have been satisfactory to me if you had related what befell the unhappy man who presumed to call *perfidious* and *boy* one of the most powerful. Certainly we are inspired by our holy religion to believe that Love is youthful: but Anacreon is the only poet who represents him as a child. There is an absurdity in making him appear younger than we ourselves are when we begin to be under the influence of the passion. But the graver fault is in calling him (what I tremble to write) perfidious! You will relieve my mind of some anxiety by assuring me that nothing sinister has befallen so captious and irreverential a votary. If his fault is recent, and if he is yet living, it would be wise and considerate in him to implore the blessed mother of this almighty deity, that she may be pleased to avert his anger, should he not have forgotten the offence. I say it, because the most experienced and the most pious are of opinion that he is oftener oblivious. Was not he both wiser and more pious who wrote a poem in a very different spirit, and, whether more or less attic, fuller of thought, consistency, and reflection. If you have forgotten it, let me bring it back again, and fix it as firmly as may be in your memory:

> Ah! what a blessed privilege it is
> To stand upon this insulated rock
> On the north side of youth! I see below
> Many at labour, many at a game
> Than labour more laborious, wanting breath
> And crying *help!* What now! what vexes them?
> Only a laughing maid and winged boy,
> Obstinate boy indeed, who will not shoot
> His other arrow, having shot the first.
> Where is the harm in this? yet they meanwhile
> Make all the air about them pant with sobs,
> And with one name weary poor Echo down.

Aspasia! I too have suffered; and Love knows it: yet I dare not even tell him that he knows it. To remind him would be indelicate; to complain would be irreligious. And what could all his power do for me now? But this, believe me, is not the reason why I endure in silence, and bend in submission to the arbitrement of the Gods. Surely, too surely, whoever has breathed has sighed. When we have lost, O Aspasia, those we love, whether by impassable distance or any other dispensation of the Gods, youth is less happy than age, and age than death.

CCXIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Youth, like the aloe, blossoms but once, and its flower springs from the midst of thorns: but see with what strength and to what height the aloe-flower rises over them: be not surpassed by it.

> On love, on grief, on every human thing,
> Time sprinkles Lethe's water with his wing.

If I continue to reason, or to moralize, or to versify, you will begin to doubt my sincerity, or at least the warmth of my affection. I am induced to believe, O Cleone, that the Deity you venerate so profoundly and solemnly, is far from unforgiving. In the verses I now send you, there appears to be a proof of it; for the writer seems to have treated him not only as a child, but a child much addicted to mischief; yet never was man treated in return with more benignity. I should tremble at the manner in which the Fates are mentioned, if matters were left at their arbitration. But we know the contrary: we know positively that they can spin only what is on their distaffs, and not a thread can be turned to a new pattern.

I would be grave, Cleone! I would indeed: but really there is no harm in laughing at children and old women, Gods or not. We know they have a good deal to do in the affairs of this world, however: and it is unwise to laugh at those who are as capable of extinguishing our laughter as of exciting it.

> "What art thou doing with those shears?"
> I shouted in an urchin's ears,
> Who notched them and who made them grate,
> While three old women near him sate,
> And scowl'd at every scratch they heard,
> But never said a single word.
> In a dark corner thus all three
> Sate with an elbow on the knee,
> And three blue fingers held their tips
> Imprest on three still bluer lips.
> Although the froward boy I chid
> Did not (boys will not) what was bid,
> His countenance was not malign
> As that was of the elder trine.
> "Look at those frightful ones!" he said,
> And each one shook her thin-hair'd head.
> "Nay, never fear the angry crones" . .
> Said he; and each replied with groans.
> "They are all vicious; for they knew
> That what I did I did for you,
> Contemplating the fairest maid
> That ever with my bow has play'd.
> Crones! by my help your shears have got
> A set of teeth, which you have not.
> Come! come! Death's bridemaids! snip as fast
> As snip ye may, her years shall last
> In spite of you, her beauty bloom
> On this side and beyond the tomb:
> I swear by Styx."
> "And I by thee,"
> Cried I, "that what thou sayst shall be."

CCXX. ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Pray why did you tell Phanomachos to station some confidential one near me, who should be an eternal check on me? There is little chance that I should do anything extravagant, unless the Potidæans invite me to dinner and I accept the invitation. I will not allow any man to defend me before I stand in need of defence, and before I have deserved to save my life by proving it worth something. I should quarrel with Socrates himself, much more with another, presuming to take what belongs to me, of danger or of glory. It is not kind in you, nor open, nor prudent. Would you wish anyone to say "Pericles takes care of his own relatives!" This ought only

to be said of the vilest men in the worst governments; and of you until now it never could be. You have given no such orders in regard to Xanthippos. He may be as rash and violent as he pleases. Even here he dares to call me *Neaniskos* and *Kouridion* and *Ta paidika.** By Castor! if he were not the son of Pericles, his being my cousin should not save from a stroke of the sabre that fierce disdainful visage. I promise you it shall soon be seen which of us is the braver and the better man. I would not say this to you unless that you might let him know my sentiments. I have no words, written or spoken, for the contumelious: my complaints are for the ear of those only who are kind to me.

CCXXI. PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

Do not think, my Alcibiades, that I recommended you to the guardianship of Phanomachos, in order that he should exercise over you a troublesome vigilance of controul, or indulge toward you an unmilitary partiality. But I am more intimate with him than I am with Xenophon or Aristoclides or Hestiodoros;† and having sons, he knows that restraints are often necessary on the impatience of military ardour.

Your letter is a proof that I judged rightly. My praises of your valour are lost amid those of the army and of the city; but the delight it has given me is, I am confident, one among the thoughts that have assuaged your wounds. On your return, the citizens will express their sense of your conduct.

Endeavour to prove, now that you are acknowledged to be the first in bravery, that you are more discreet than Xanthippos. Many in every army are so nearly on an equality in courage, that any attempt of theirs to show a superiority is ineffectual. Unbecoming language can neither prove nor disprove it, but must detract from its worth and merit. Discretion, on the contrary, is the sure sign of that presence of mind without which valour strikes untimely and impotently. Judgment alone makes courage available, and conciliates power with genius. Consider that you never will have attained the scope of your ambition, until you lead and govern those men against whom your passions now exasperate you: and, unless you do conciliate them, you never can induce them to acknowledge your superiority, much less submit to your governance. It is best the germs of power should spring forth early, that they may have time enough for gaining strength: therefore I write to you, no longer as a youth in pupilage, but as a candidate for the highest offices of the commonwealth.

Try whether your forbearance may not produce a better effect on Xanthippos than my remonstrances. I write to you rather than to him, because I rely more firmly on your affection. Be worthy of such a secret, O Alcibiades! and think how highly I must esteem your prudence and manliness, when I delegate to you, who are the younger, the power of correcting in him the faults which I have been unable to eradicate or suppress. Go, and, in the spirit with which I send it, give my love to Xanthippos. He may neglect it, he may despise it, he may cast it away, but I will gather it all up again for him: you must help me.

CCXXII. ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Pericles, I was much edified by your letter; but, pardon me, when I came to the close of it I thought you rather mad.

"What!" said I "heard this panther!"

However, when I had considered a little more and a little better on it, I went to him and delivered your love. He stared at me, and then desired to see the direction. "Ay," said he, "I remember the handwriting. He oftener writes to me than I to him. I suppose he has less to do and less to think of."

The few other words he added are hardly worth the trouble of repetition: in fact, they were not very filial. Dear Pericles! I would love him, were it only out of perversity. But, beside all other rights over me, you have made me more disposed than ever to obey you, in making me more contented with myself, as you have by this commission. I may do something yet, if we can but fumigate or pray away the plague. Of two thousand four hundred soldiers, who landed but forty days before me from the Bosphorus, under the command of Agnon son of Nikias, one thousand and fifty are already dead. I shall have nobody to persuade or manage, or even to fight with, if we go on so.

CCXXIII. ALCIBIADES TO PERICLES.

Potidæa has surrendered. The dead of the city are scarcely more shadows than the living, and yet how bravely they fought to the last! I should have been sorry for them a few months ago; but I have now learnt what it is to be a soldier. We must rise superior to pain, and then take another flight, farther afield, and rise superior to pity. Beside, the Potidæans were traitors; and next, they were against us; and furthermore, they were so wicked as to eat one another rather than submit. This shows their malice. Now we have done nothing half so bad toward them; and I assure you, if others are disposed to such cruelty, I will take no part in it: for who would ever kiss me afterward?

CCXXIV. PERICLES TO ALCIBIADES.

The remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefits of those that would be.

In the midst of the plague this reflection

* This expression was usually reproachful; not always; as we see in Plato.

† These three were appointed to commands with Phanomachos.

strikes me, on the intelligence I have received from Lampsacos. You likewise will be sorry, O Alcibiades, to hear that Anaxagoras is dying. Although he seldom conversed with you, and seldom commended you in private, believe me, he never omitted an occasion of pointing out to your friends any sign you had manifested of ability or virtue. He declined the character of teacher, yet few have taught so much, wherever his wisdom was accessible. Philosophers there have been indeed, at Athens and elsewhere, earnest in the discovery and in the dissemination of truth; but, excepting Thales and Pherecydes, none among them has been free from ostentation, or from desire of obtaining the absolute and exclusive possession of weak and ductile minds. Now the desire of great influence over others is praiseworthy only where great good to the community may arise from it. To domineer in the arbitrary sway of a dogmatical and grasping, yet loose and empty-handed philosophy, which never bears upon inventions and uses, nor elevates nor tranquillises the mind, and to look upon ourselves with a sweet complacency from so petty an eminence, is worse than boyish ambition. To call idlers and stragglers to us, and to sit among them and regale on their wonder, is the selfishness of an indigent and ill-appointed mind. Anaxagoras was subject to none of these weaknesses, nor to the greater of condescending to reprove, or to argue with, those who are. He made every due allowance for our infirmities of understanding; and variations of temper, the effect of them; and he was no less friendly toward those who differed widely in opinion from him, than toward those who quite agreed. When a friend of his was admiring and praising him for it, he interrupted him, saying,

"Why not? Is it not too self-evident for language, that, if I had taken the same road, I should have gone in the same direction? and would not the same direction have led to the same conclusion?"

Yes, Alcibiades! it is indeed self-evident, and, were it spoken unwarily, it would be reprehended for being so: and yet scarcely one man in ten millions acts consistently upon it.

There are humanities, my friend, which require our perpetual recollection, and are needful to compensate, in some measure, for those many others we must resign to the necessities and exactions of war.

CCXXV. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Serene and beautiful are our autumnal days in Thessaly. We have many woods about us, and many woodland sounds among them. In this season of the year I am more inclined to poetry than in any other; and I want it now more than ever to flow among my thoughts, and to bear up the heavier.

I hesitate, O Cleone, to send you what I have been writing. You will say it is a strange fancy of mine, and fitter for me in those earlier hours of life when we were reposing in the Island.

Nothing, I must confess, would be more ill-placed than a *Drama* or *Dialogue* in the world below; at least if the Shades entered into captious disquisitions or frivolous pleasantries. But we believe that our affections outlive us, and that Love is not a stranger in Elysium. Humours, the idioms of life, are lost in the transition, or are generalised in the concourse and convergency of innumerable races: passions, the universal speech, are throughout intelligible.

The Genius of Homer is never to be gainsaid by us: and he shows us how heroes, and women worthy of heroes, felt and reasoned. A long dialogue, a formal drama, would be insupportable: but perhaps a single scene may win attention and favour from my own Cleone.

I imagine then Agamemnon to descend from his horrible death, and to meet instantly his daughter. By the nature of things, by the suddenness of the event, Iphigeneia can have heard nothing of her mother's double crime, adultery and murder.

I suspend my pen. Although I promised you in the morning my short Acherusian scene, I am almost ready to retract my words. Everybody has found out that I am deficient in tenderness. While I was writing I could not but shed tears . . just as priests do libations, you will say, to save other people the trouble.

THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF IPHIGENEIA.

Iphigeneia. Father! I now may lean upon your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigeneia's hand.
We are not shades
Surely! for yours throbs yet.
And did my blood
Win Troy for Greece?
Ah! 'twas ill done to shrink,
But the sword gleam'd so sharp, and the good priest
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.
Agamemnon. Daughter!
Iphigeneia. Beloved father! is the blade
Again to pierce my bosom? 'tis unfit
For sacrifice; no blood is in its veins;
No God requires it here; here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You are standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd;
This alone shows me we are with the Blest,
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.
Tell me then,
Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She prais'd us both (which most?) for what we did.
Agamemnon. Ye Gods who govern here! do human pangs
Reach the pure soul thus far below? do tears
Spring in these meadows?
Iphigeneia. No, sweet father, no . .
I could have answered that; why ask the Gods?
Agamemnon. Iphigeneia! O my child! the Earth
Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,
And Nature may have changed in her last depths,
Together with the Gods and all their laws.
Iphigeneia. Father! we must not let you here condemn;
Not, were the day less joyful: recollect
We have no wicked here; no king to judge.

Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire
Innoxious to his fields and palaces,
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three
And happiest in obedience, views sedate
His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.
No change have we, not even day for night
Nor spring for summer.
All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit! None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatch'd your robe away from me,
Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him indoors
Before he heard the voice that marshall'd Greece.
Therefore all prais'd you.
Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility, and most
Admire it in the sceptre and the sword.
What then can make you speak thus rapidly
And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?
Are you afraid to meet among the good
Incestuous Helen here?
Agamemnon. O! Gods of Hell!
Iphigeneia. She hath not past the river.
We may walk
With our hands link'd nor feel our house's shame
Agamemnon. Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia, feel it!
Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst exclaim,
Greece no avenger . . I, her chief so late,
Through Erebos, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.
Iphigeneia. Come, I have better diadems than those
Of Argos and Mycenai: come away,
And I will weave them for you on the bank.
You will not look so pale when you have walk'd
A little in the grove, and have told all
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.
Agamemnon. O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!
(*Aside.*) The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows
That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?
Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.
Iphigeneia!
Iphigeneia. Why thus turn away?
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
Father! and where you are, will ever be.
Agamemnon. Thou art my child; yes, yes, thou art my child.
All was not once what all now is! Come on,
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!
(*Alone.*) Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last
Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;
And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk
Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,
Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,
Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon:
The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,
The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath quench'd,
'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever.
Iphigeneia. What spake my father to the Gods above?
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer?
If, on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblest;
But, O my faultless father! why should you?
And shun so my embraces?
Am I wild
And wandering in my fondness?
We are shades!
Groan not thus deeply; blight not thus the season
Of full-orb'd gladness! Shades we are indeed,
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.
Look on me; smile with me at my illusion . .
You are so like what you have ever been
(Except in sorrow!) I might well forget
I could not win you as I used to do.
It was the first embrace since my descent
I ever aim'd at: those who love me live,
Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.
Agamemnon. We want not, O Iphigeneia, we
Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart
With purity, nor words that more and more
Teach what we know from those we know, and sink
Often most deeply where they fall most light.
Time was when for the faintest breath of thine
Kingdom and life were little.
Iphigeneia. Value them
As little now.
Agamemnon. Were life and kingdom all!
Iphigeneia. Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.
The little fond Electra, and Orestes
So childish and so bold! O that mad boy!
They will be happy too.
Cheer! king of men!
Cheer! there are voices, songs . . Cheer! arms advance.
Agamemnon. Come to me, soul of peace! These, those alone,
These are not false embraces.
Iphigeneia. Both are happy!
Agamemnon. Freshness breathes round me from some breeze above.
What are ye, winged ones! with golden urns?

The Hours (descending.)

The Hours. To each an urn we bring.
Earth's purest gold
Alone can hold
The lymph of the Lethèan spring.
We, son of Atreus! we divide
The dulcet from the bitter tide
That runs athwart the paths of men.
No more our pinions shalt thou see.
Take comfort! We have done with thee,
And must away to earth again.

(*Ascending.*)

Where thou art, thou
Of braided brow,
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bow'rs,
Where thy sweet voice is heard among
The shades that thrill with choral song,
None can regret the parted Hours.

Chorus of Argives.

Maiden! be thou the spirit that breathes
Triumph and joy into our song!
Wear and bestow these amaranth-wreaths,
Iphigeneia! they belong
To none but thee and her who reigns
(Less chaunted) on our bosky plains.

Semichorus.

Iphigeneia! 'tis to thee
Glory we owe and victory.
Clash, men of Argos, clash your arms
To martial worth and virgin charms.

Other Semichorus.

Ye men of Argos! it was sweet
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet
Whose whispering sound made bravest hearts beat fast.
This we have known at home,
But hither we are come
To crown the king who ruled us first and last.

Chorus.

Father of Argos! king of men!
We chaunt the hymn of praise to thee.
In serried ranks we stand again,
Our glory safe, our country free.
Clash, clash the arms we bravely bore
Against Scamander's God-defended shore.

Semichorus.

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd
Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming foam;
Blessed o'er all, to have beheld
Wife, children, house avenged, and peaceful home!

Other Semichorus.

We too, thou seest, are now
Among the happy, though the aged brow
From sorrow for us we could not protect,
Nor, on the polisht granite of the well
Folding our arms, of spoils and perils tell,
Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head erect.

Semichorus.

What whirling wheels are those behind?
What plumes come flaring through the wind,
Nearer and nearer? From his car
He who defied the heaven-born Powers of war
Pelides springs! Dust, dust are we
To him, O king, who bends the knee,
Proud only to be first in reverent praise of thee.

Other Semichorus.

Clash, clash the arms! None other race
Shall see such heroes face to face.
We too have fought; and they have seen
Nor sea-sand grey nor meadow green
Where Dardans stood against their men . .
Clash! Io Pæan! clash again!
Repinings for lost days repress . .
The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

Chorus.

Hark! from afar more war-steeds neigh,
Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.
Ajax is yonder! ay, behold
The radiant arms of Lycian gold!
Arms from admiring valour won,
Tydeus! and worthy of thy son.
'Tis Ajax wears them now; for he
Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost
(By the dim judgment of the host)
Those wet with tears which Thetis gave
The youth most beauteous of the brave.
In vain! the insatiate soul would go
For comfort to his peers below.
Clash! ere we leave them all the plain,
Clash! Io Pæan! once again!

Hide these things away, Cleone! I dare never show them to any but Pericles. I can reach no further than a chorus; hardly that. Tragedy is quite above me: I want the strength, the pathos, the right language. Fie! when there are so many who would teach me. Concede, that the shades were not happy at once in Elysium; and that the Hours are not more shadowy than they. Æschylus brings into *our* world Beings as allegorical: and where shall we fix a boundary between the allegorical and divine?

CCXXVI. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

You build your nest, Aspasia, like the swallow,
Bringing a little on the bill at once,
And fixing it attentively and fondly,
And trying it, and then from your soft breast
Warming it with the inmost of the plumage.
Nests there are many, of this very year
Many the nests are, which the winds shall shake,
The rains run through, and other birds beat down;
Yours, O Aspasia! rests against the temple
Of heavenly love, and thence inviolate,
It shall not fall this winter, nor the next.

CCXXVII. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

You have encouraged me to proceed in the most difficult tract of poetry. Had I openly protested that the concluding act of *Agamemnon*, the *Electra* of our tragedian, dissatifies me, he alone of the Athenians would have pardoned my presumption. But Electra was of a character to be softened rather than exasperated by grief. An affectionate daughter is affectionate even to an unworthy mother; and female resentment (as all resentment should do) throws itself down inert at the entrance of the tomb. Hate with me, if you can hate anything, my Cleone! the vengeance that rises above piety, above sorrow; the vengeance that gloats upon its prostrate victim. Compunction and pity should outlive it; and the child's tears should blind her to the parent's guilt. I have restored to my Electra such a heart as Nature had given her; torn by suffering, but large and alive with tenderness. In her veneration for the father's memory, with his recent blood before her eyes, she was vehement in urging the punishment of the murderess. The Gods had commanded it at the hands of their only son. When it was accomplished, he himself was abhorrent of the deed, but defended it as a duty; she in her agony cast the whole on her own head. If character is redeemed and restored; if Nature, who always is consistent, is shown so; if pity and terror are concentrated at the close; I have merited a small portion of what my too generous Cleone bestowed on me in advance.

THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA.

Orestes and Electra.

Electra. Pass on, my brother! she awaits the wretch,
Dishonorer, despoiler, murderer . . .
None other name shall name him . . . she awaits
As would a lover . .
Heavenly Gods! what poison
O'erflows my lips!
Adultress! husband-slayer!
Strike her, the tigress!
Think upon our father . .
Give the sword scope . . think what a man was he,
How fond of her! how kind to all about,
That he might gladden and teach *us* . . how proud
Of thee, Orestes! tossing thee above
His joyous head and calling thee his crown.
Ah! boys remember not what melts our hearts
And marks them evermore!
Bite not thy lip,
Nor tramp as an unsteady colt the ground,
Nor stare against the wall, but think again
How better than all fathers was our father.
Go . .
Orestes. Loose me then! for this white hand, Electra,
Hath fastened upon mine with fiercer grasp
Than mine can grasp the sword.
Electra. Go, sweet Orestes!
I knew not I was holding thee . . Avenge him!
(*Alone.*) How he sprang from me!
. . Sure, he now has reacht
The room before the bath . .
The bath-door creaks!
. . It hath creakt thus since he . . since thou, O father!
Ever since thou didst loosen its strong valves,
Either with all thy dying weight, or strength
Agonised with her stabs . .

What plunge was that?
Ah me!
. . What groans are those?
Orestes (returning). They sound through hell
Rejoicing the Eumenides.*
She slew
Our father; she made thee the scorn of slaves;
Me (son of him who ruled this land and more)
She made an outcast . . .
Would I had been so
For ever! ere such vengeance . . .
Electra. O that Zeus
Had let thy arm fall sooner at thy side
Without those drops! list! they are audible . .
For they are many . . from the sword's point falling,
And down from the mid blade!
Too rash Orestes!
Couldst thou not then have spared our wretched mother?
Orestes. The Gods could not.
Electra. She was not theirs, Orestes.
Orestes. And didst not thou . .
Electra. 'Twas I, 'twas I, who did it;
Of our unhappiest house the most unhappy!
Under this roof, by every God accurst,
There is no grief, there is no guilt, but mine.
Orestes. Electra! no!
'Tis now my time to suffer . .
Mine be, with all its pangs, the righteous deed.

CCXXVIII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

I will never praise you again until you complete the tragedy. This is the time for it, now all the dramatic poets of your country are dead or silent. Not that I would invite you to have it represented or published: but, believe me, the exertion of poetical power, in these elevations, throws off many of the mind's diseases. Little or nothing of the sort can be effected by slenderer and more desultory attempts. A bushel of garnets and amethysts and topazes is not worth a single ruby the size of the smallest: and yet they are pretty things enough, and attract as many people. One single act of such a tragedy as you are able to compose, outvalues a thousand pieces of less cohesive and infrangible materials. Let others expatiate on trivial objects, ordinary characters, and uninteresting events: let them be called poets by themselves and by their households: but remember, O Aspasia, that you have Athenians for judges, and that the progeny of heroes and gods is about to plead before them.

Again, I declare it, I will never praise you until you comply with me: I will only love you; and hardly that.

CCXXIX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

I will never take so many steps up the highths of poetry, as to make any poet doubt whether he can overtake me. There is not enough honey in my cells to attract the wasps; nor shall there be. If you really think I have done better in some parts than the generality, keep the secret; at least from others; and if you desire to see the tragedy completed . . . finish it yourself. You have often done work for me greatly more difficult. I never could work anything with the needle: and it was not because I feared its roughening my fingers, as you were pleased to say after you had finished it. I do not like any labour of the hands; that is the matter of fact; not even so little as the writing out of a tragedy. I will, however, on this one occasion, give you a little assistance.

THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

Orestes and Electra.

Orestes. Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,
Have dragged me from myself.
Is this Mycenai?
Are we . . . are all who should be . . . in our house?
Living? unhurt? our father here? our mother?
Why that deep gasp? for 'twas not sigh nor groan,
She then . . . 'twas she who fell! when? how? beware!
No, no, speak out at once, that my full heart
May meet it, and may share with thee in all . .
In all . . . but that one thing.
It was a dream.
We may share all.
They live? both live?
O say it!
Electra. The Gods have placed them from us, and there rolls
Between us that dark river . . .
Orestes. Blood! blood! blood!
I see it roll; I see the hand above it,
Imploring; I see *her*.
Hiss me not back,
Ye snake-hair'd maids! I will look on; I will
Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,
And catch that hand . . that hand . . which slew my father!
It can not be . . . . how could it slay my father?
Death to the slave who spoke it! . . . slay my father!
It tost me up to him to earn a smile,
And was a smile then such a precious boon,
And royal state and proud affection nothing?
Ay, and thee too, Electra, she once taught
To take the sceptre from him at the door . .
Not the bath-door, not the bath-door, mind that! . .
And place it in the vestibule, against
The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.
Where is it now? methinks I missed it there.
How we have trembled to be seen to move it!
Both looking up, lest that stern face should frown
Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite.
O! could but one tear more fall from my eyes,
It would shake off those horrid visages,
And melt them into air.
I am not yours,
Fell Goddesses! A just and generous Power,
A bright-hair'd God, directed me.
And thus
Abased is he whom such a God inspired!
(*After a pause.*)
Into whose kingdom went they? did they go
Together?
Electra. Oh! they were not long apart.
Orestes. I know why thou art pale; I know whose head
Thy flower-like hands have garlanded; I know
For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.
He well deserves it . . . . he shall have it all.
Glory and love shall crown thee, my brave sister!
Electra. I am not she of Sparta. Let me live
(If live I must, Orestes!) not unnamed

* An ancient scholiast has recorded that the name of Eumenides was given to these Goddesses after the expiation of Orestes. But Catullus (called the *learned* by his countrymen) represents Ariadne invoking them by this appellation long before the Trojan war. The verses are the most majestic in the Roman language.

Eumenides! quarum anguineis redimita capillis
Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,
Huc, huc adventate! &c.

Nor named too often. Speak no more of love,
Ill-omen'd and opprobrious in this house . .
A mother should have had, a father had it,
O may a brother let it dwell with him,
Unchangeable, unquestioned, solitary,
Strengthened and hallowed in the depths of grief!
Gaze not so angrily . . I dare not see thee,
I dare not look where comfort should be found.

Orestes. I dare and do behold them all day long,
And, were that face away so like my mother's,
I would advance and question and compel them . .
They hear me and they know it.

Electra. Hear me too,
Ye mighty ones! to me invisible!
And spare him! spare him! for without the Gods
He wrought not what he wrought: And are not ye
Partakers of their counsels and their power?
O spare the son of him whom ye and they
Sent against Ilion, to perform your will
And bid the rulers of the earth be just.

Orestes. And dare they frighten thee too? frighten thee?
And bend thee into prayer?
Off, hateful eyes!
Look upon me, not her.
Ay, thus; 'tis well.
Cheer, cheer thee, my Electra!
I am strong,
Stronger than ever . . steel, fire, adamant . .
But can not bear thy brow upon my neck,
Can not bear these wild writhings, these loud sobs.
By all the Gods! I think thou art half mad . . .
I must away . . follow me not . . stand there!

Here is the Prayer of Orestes, in his madness, to Apollo; and there follows, what is not immediately connected with it, the Reply of the Priestess.

Orestes. O king Apollo! god Apollo! god
Powerful to smite and powerful to preserve!
If there is blood upon me, as there seems,
Purify that black stain (thou only canst)
With every rill that bubbles from these caves
Audibly; and come willing to the work.
No; 'tis not they; 'tis blood; 'tis blood again
That bubbles in my ear, that shakes the shades
Of thy dark groves, and lets in hateful gleams,
Bringing me . . what dread sight! what sounds abhorr'd!
What screams! They are my mother's: 'tis her eye
That through the snakes of those three furies glares,
And makes them hold their peace that she may speak.
Has thy voice bidden them all forth? There slink
Some that would hide away, but must turn back,
And others like blue lightnings bound along
From rock to rock; and many hiss at me
As they draw nearer. Earth, fire, water, all
Abominate the deed the Gods commanded!
Alas! I came to pray, not to complain;
And lo! my speech is impious as my deed!

Priestess of Apollo.

Take refuge here amid our Delphian shades,
O troubled breast!
Here the most pious of Mycenai's maids
Shall watch thy rest
And wave the cooling laurel o'er thy brow,
Nor insect swarm
Shall ever break thy slumbers, nor shalt thou
Start at the alarm
Of boys infesting (as they do) the street
With mocking songs,
Stopping and importuning all they meet,
And heaping wrongs
Upon thy diadem'd and sacred head,
Worse than when base
Ægisthus (shudder not!) his toils outspread
Around thy race.
Altho' even in this fane the fitful blast
Thou may'st hear roar,
Thy name among our highest rocks shall last
For evermore.

Orestes. A calm comes over me: life brings it not
With any of its tides: my end is near.
O Priestess of the purifying God
Receive her! * and when she hath closed mine eyes,
Do thou (weep not, my father's child!) close hers.

CCXXX. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Many are now recovering from the fever, which no longer can be called a pestilence. Pericles, though he tells me he is weak in body and altered in appearance, will soon overcome his fears about me. We shall presently meet again. And so, Cleone, you really have ventured at last to accept the invitation of Euphorbia. If she talked to you of her son she was imprudent and indiscreet: perhaps in her earlier invitations she was hardly less so. But who can foresee the end of sorrow, or would foresee the end of happiness? It usually is nearer at hand. When we enter a place whence the beloved has been long absent, part of the presence seems to be left behind. Again we draw back from the window as we did before, because then we were told people were coming. Foolish! foolish! I am representing my own sensations in times past: girlish sensations, which never were Cleone's, even in girlhood. Ah, Cleone! the beautiful smooth dove's plumage is hard and cold externally; but what throbbing, what warmth, what ardour, what tenderness, deep within! We must neither of us prefix *ah!* to anything in future: we must be the happiest of the happy. Here are two pieces of verse for you. That on Dirce was sent to me by Pericles; to prove that his Athenians can sport with Charon even now. The last quaternion seems the production of an elderly man: and some of the ladies, on whom it was not written, and to whom it is not applicable, cry shame on him, beyond a doubt.

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat convey'd,
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old, and she a shade.

Love ran with me, then walkt, then sate,
Then said, *Come! come! it grows too late.*
And then he would have gone, but . . no . .
You caught his eye: he could not go.

CCXXXI. ASPASIA TO CLEONE.

Where on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child? He accompanies me in my walks, gazes into my eyes for what I am gathering from books, tells me more and better things than they do, and asks me often what neither I nor they can answer. When he is absent I am filled with reflections: when he is present I have room for none beside what I receive from him. The charms of his childhood bring me back to the delights

* Pointing to his sister.

of mine, and I fancy I hear my own words in a sweeter voice. Will he (O how I tremble at the mute oracle of futurity!) will he ever be as happy as I have been? Alas! and must he ever be as subject to fears and apprehensions? No; thanks to the Gods! never, never. He carries his father's heart within his breast: I see him already an orator and a leader. I try to teach him daily some of his father's looks and gestures, and I never smile but at his docility and gravity. How his father will love him! the little thunderer! the winner of cities! the vanquisher of Cleones!

CCXXXII. CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

The Lacedæmonians, we hear, have occupied not only all Attica, but are about to enter, if they have not entered already, the territory of their confederates the Thebans, and to join their forces. Whither will you go, my Aspasia? Thessaly is almost as perilous as Bœotia. It is worse than criminal to be so nearly allied to the greatest man on earth, who must always have the greatest enemies. There are more who will forgive injury than there are who will forgive station: and those who assail in vain the power of Pericles, will exert their abilities in diminishing his equanimity and happiness. I fear your fondness will have induced you again to enter the city, that you may assuage and divide those cares which must weigh heavily on his wisdom and patriotism; and the more, since his health has been undermined by the pestilence. I dare not advise you to forego a duty: but remember he has commanded you to remain away. Your return would afflict him. I am quite incapable of judging for you. Were I with you, then perhaps I might know many things which should influence your decision.

And can two years have passed over since this evil entered your city, without my flying to comfort you? Two years have indeed passed over; but my house has also had its days of mourning. The prayers of my father were heard: he died contentedly, and even joyfully. He told me he had implored of the Gods that they would bestow on me a life as long and happy as his own, and was assured they would. Until we have seen some one grown old, our existence seems stationary. When we feel certain of having seen it (which is not early) the earth begins a little to loosen from us. Nothing now can detain me at Miletus, although when I have visited you I shall return. You must return with me, which you can do from any region but Attica. Pericles will not refuse, for you have already conciliated me his favour. In the meanwhile, do not think yourself bound by the offices of humanity, to bestow those cares on others which are all required for your own family. Do not be so imprudent as to let the most intimate of your friends persuade you to visit them. You have a child, you have a husband, and, without your presence, you possess the means of procuring every human aid for the infected. O that I were with you! to snatch you away from the approach of the distemper. But I sadly fear I should grow hard-hearted toward others, in your danger.

I must be with my Aspasia; and very soon.

O Athens! Athens! are there not too many of the dead within thy walls already? and are none there who never should have been?*

CCXXXIII. ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Never tell me, O my Pericles, that you are suddenly changed in appearance. May every change of your figure and countenance be gradual, so that I shall not perceive it: but if you really are altered to such a degree as you describe, I must transfer my affection . . from the first Pericles to the second. Are you jealous! If you are, it is I who am to be pitied, whose heart is destined to fly from the one to the other incessantly. In the end it will rest, it shall, it must, on the nearest. I would write a longer letter; but it is a sad and wearisome thing to aim at playfulness where the hand is palsied by affliction. Be well; and all is well: be happy; and Athens rises up again, alert and blooming and vigorous, from between war and pestilence. Love me: for love cures all but love. How can we fear to die, how can we die, while we cling or are clung to the beloved?

CCXXXIV. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

The pestilence has taken from me both my sons. You, who were ever so kind and affectionate to them, will receive a tardy recompense, in hearing that the least gentle and the least grateful did acknowledge it.

I mourn for Paralos, because he loved me; for Xanthippos, because he loved me not.

Preserve with all your maternal care our little Pericles. I can not be fonder of him than I have always been; I can only fear more for him.

Is he not with my Aspasia? What fears then are so irrational as mine? But oh! I am living in a widowed house, a house of desolation; I am living in a city of tombs and torches; and the last I saw before me were for my children.

CCXXXV. PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

It is right and orderly, that he who has partaken so largely in the prosperity of the Athenians, should close the procession of their calamities. The fever that has depopulated our city, returned upon me last night, and Hippocrates and Acron tell me that my end is near.

When we agreed, O Aspasia, in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it neces-

* This seems to refer to Xeniades.

sary of late. We never can meet again: the laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever: and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me at one moment as if we met but yesterday; at another as if centuries had passed within it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile: and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear,

"Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison."

In my boyhood Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather: in my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles: not long afterward I embraced the neck of Æschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides on polity and ethics; I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious; a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece; a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his just supremacy!

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary Deity of this land, and the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labours and anxieties. I were unworthy of the friendships I have commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest. Sacred it ought to be, formed as it was under the portico of Death, my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen!

And now, at the close of my day, when every light is dim and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me, remembering, as I do in the pride and fulness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory, and Aspasia her happiness, to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian? do I resign them to the custody of the Gods undiminished and unimpaired? Welcome then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and my private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation what is the lot of all.

CCXXXVI. ALCIBIADES TO ASPASIA.

I returned to Athens in time to receive the last injunctions of my guardian. What I promised him, to comfort him in his departure, I dare not promise his Aspasia, lest I fail in the engagement; nevertheless I will hope that my natural unsteadiness may sometimes settle on his fixed principles. But what am I, what are all my hopes, in comparison with the last few words of this great man, surely the greatest that earth has ever seen, or ever will see hereafter! Let me repeat them to you, for they are more than consolation, and better. If on such a loss I or anyone could console you, I should abominate you eternally.

I found him surrounded by those few friends whom pestilence and despair had left in the city. They had entered but a little while before me; and it appears that one or other of them had been praising him for his exploits.

"In these," replied he, "Fortune hath had her share: tell me rather, if you wish to gratify me, that never have I caused an Athenian to put on mourning."

I burst forward from the doorway, and threw my arms around his neck.

"O Pericles! my first, last, only friend! afar be that hour yet!" cried I, and my tears rolled abundantly on his cheeks. Either he felt them not, or dissembled, or disregarded them; for, seeing his visitors go away, he began with perfect calmness to give me such advice as would be the best to follow in every occurrence, and chiefly in every difficulty. When he had ended, and I was raising my head from above his pillow (for I continued in that posture, ashamed that he, who spake so composedly, should perceive my uncontrollable emotion), I remarked I knew not what upon his bosom. He smiled faintly, and said, "Alcibiades! I need not warn you against superstition: it never was among your weaknesses. Do not wonder at these amulets: above all, do not order them to be removed. The kind old nurses, who have been carefully watching over me day and night, are persuaded that these will save my life. Superstition is rarely so kind-hearted; whenever she is, unable as we are to reverence, let us at least respect her. After the good patient creatures have found, as they must soon, all their traditional charms unavailing, they will surely grieve enough, and perhaps from some other motive than their fallability in science. Inflict not, O Alcibiades! a fresh wound upon their

grief, by throwing aside the tokens of their affection. In hours like these we are the most indifferent to opinion and greatly the most sensible to kindness."

The statesman, the orator, the conqueror, the protector, had died away; the philosopher, the humane man, yet was living . . alas! few moments more.

CCXXXVII. ALCIBIADES TO ASPASIA.

Must I again, Aspasia, torment my soul? again must I trouble yours? Has the pestilence then seized me, that I want hardihood, strength, understanding, to begin my labour? No; I walk through the house of mourning, firmly, swiftly, incessantly: my limbs are alert as ever.

Write it I must. Somebody was at the house-door; admittance was, it seems, not granted readily. I heard a voice, feeble and hoarse, and, looking forth, saw two women who leaned against the lintels.

"Let her enter, let her enter: look at her: she is one of us."

These words were spoken by the younger; and maliciously. Scarcely had she uttered them when her head dropped forward. The stranger caught and supported her, and cried *help! help!* and rubbed her temples, and, gazing on her with an intensity of compassion, closed her eyelids: for death had come over them. In my horror (my fright and dastardly cowardice I should rather call it) I failed to prevent or check her.

Aspasia has then her equal on the earth!

Aspasia is all that women in their wildest wishes can desire to be; Cleone, all that the Immortals are. But she has friendship, she has sympathy: have those?

She *has*, did I say? And can nothing then bring me back my recollection? not even she! I want it not: those moments are present yet, and will never pass away.

She asked for you.

"Aspasia," answered I, "is absent."

"Not with her husband? not with her husband?" cried she.

"Pericles," I replied, "is gone to the Blessed."

"She was with him then, while hope remained for her! I knew she would be. Tell me she was."

And saying it, she grasped my arm and looked earnestly in my face. Suddenly, as it appeared to me, she blushed slightly: on her countenance there was, momentarily, somewhat less of its paleness. She walked into the aviary: the lattice stood open: the birds were not flown, but dead. She drew back; she hesitated; she departed. I followed her: for now, and not earlier, I bethought me it was Cleone. Before I came up to her, she had asked a question of an elderly man, who opened his lips but could not answer her, and whose arm, raised with difficulty from the pavement, when it would have directed her to the object of her inquiry, dropped upon his breast. A boy was with him, gazing in wonder at the elegance and composure of her attire, such as, in these years of calamity and of indifference to seemliness, can nowhere be found in Athens. He roused himself from his listless posture, beckoned, and walked before us. Reaching the garden of Epimedes, we entered it through the house; silent, vacant, the doors broken down. Sure sign that some family, perhaps many, had, but few days since, utterly died off within its chambers. For nearly all the habitations, in all quarters of the city, are crowded with emigrants from the burghs of Attica. The pestilence is now the least appalling where it has made the most havoc. But how hideous, how disheartening, is the sudden stride before our eyes, from health and beauty to deformity and death! In this waste and desolation there was more peacefulness, I believe, than anywhere else beyond, in the whole extent of our dominions. It was not to last.

A tomb stood opposite the entrance: Cleone rushed toward it, reposed her brow against it, and said at intervals,

"I am weary: I ache throughout: I thirst bitterly: I can not read the epitaph."

The boy advanced, drew his finger slowly along, at the bottom of the letters, and said,

Surely they are plain enough.

"*Xeniades son of Charondas.*"

He turned round and looked at me, well satisfied. Cleone lowered her cheek to the inscription; but her knees bent under her, and she was fain to be seated on the basement.

"Cleone!" said I, . . she started at the name . . "Come, I beseech you, from that sepulchre."

"The reproof is just!" she replied . . "Here too, even here I am an alien!"

Aspasia! she will gladden your memory no more: never more will she heave your bosom with fond expectancy. There is none to whom, in the pride of your soul, you will run with her letters in your hand. He, upon whose shoulder you have read them in my presence, lies also in the grave. The last of them is written.

MINOR PROSE PIECES.

MINOR PROSE PIECES.

OPINIONS OF CÆSAR, CROMWELL, MILTON, AND BUONAPARTE.

No person has a better right than Lord Brougham to speak contemptuously of Cæsar, of Cromwell, and of Milton. Cæsar was the purest and most Attic writer of his country, and there is no trace of intemperance, in thought or expression, throughout the whole series of his hostilities. He was the most generous friend, he was the most placable enemy; he rose with moderation, and he fell with dignity. Can we wonder then at Lord Brougham's unfeigned antipathy and assumed contempt? Few well-educated men are less able to deliver a sound opinion of style than his lordship; and perhaps there are not many of our contemporaries who place a just value on Cæsar's, dissimilar as it is in all its qualities to what they turn over on the sofa-table. There is calmness, there is precision, there is a perspicuity which shows objects in their proper size and position, there is strength without strain, and superiority without assertion. I acknowledge my preference of his style, and he must permit me to add Cicero's, to that which he considers the best of all, namely his own; and he must pardon me if I entertain an early predilection for easy humour over hard vulgarity, and for graceful irony over intractable distortion. I was never an admirer, even in youth, of those abrupt and splintery sentences, which, like many coarse substances, sparkle only when they are broken, and are looked at only for their sharpnesses and inequalities.

Cæsar and Cromwell are hung up in the same wicker basket, as an offering to the warrior God of our formidable Celt's idolatry. Cromwell was destitute of all those elegancies which adorned the Roman dictator, but he alone possessed in an equal degree all those which ensure the constancy of Fortune. Both were needful: one against an unjust and reckless aristocracy, whose leader had declared that he would follow up the steps of Sulla, and cover the fields of Italy with slaughter; the other, to rescue the most religious and most conscientious of his countrymen from the persecution of an unchristian and intolerant episcopacy; and the bravest friends of ancient freedom, from torture, from mutilation, and from solitude and death in pestilential gaols. Were such the deeds of Charles? Yes; but before an infallible church had commanded us to worship him among the martyrs. Among? no, not among; above; and to the exclusion of all the rest. This was wanting as the finishing stroke of our Reformation. And was Cromwell then pure? Certainly not; but he began in sincerity; and he believed to the last that every accession of power was an especial manifestation of God's mercy. Fanaticism hath always drawn to herself such conclusions from the Bible. Power made him less pious, but more confident. God had taken him by the hand at first, and had now let him walk by himself: to show how he could walk, he strode. Religion, in the exercise of power, is more arbitrary, more intolerant, and more cruel than monarchy; and the sordid arrogance of Presbyterianism succeeded to the splendid tyranny of Episcopacy. The crosier of Laud was unbroken: those who had been the first in cursing it, seized and exercised it: it was to fall in pieces under the sword of Cromwell. To him alone are we indebted for the establishment of religious liberty. If a Vane and a Milton have acknowledged the obligation, how feeble were the voices of all men living, if the voices of all men living were raised against it. Of our English rulers Oliver holds the next place to Alfred; and it would be unjust and ignominious to station him merely on a level with the most intelligent, the most energetic, and the most patriotic, of succeeding kings. He did indeed shed blood; but the blood he shed was solely for his country, although without it he never would have risen to the Protectorate. The same can not be said of Cæsar; nor of that extraordinary personage whom some of his flatterers place beside, and some before him.

The first campaigns of Buonaparte were admirably conducted, and honour and glory in the highest degree are due to him for abstaining from the plunder of Italy. It would be ungenerous to seize the obvious idea that, by his vivid imagination, he probably saw in the land of his forefathers his future realm, without any such hope regarding France, and was desirous of winning those golden opinions which bear so high an interest. But Egypt seems to be the country in which the renown of conquerors is destined to be tarnished. The latent vices of the Persian, of the Macedonian, of Pompey, of Julius, of Antonius, of Octavius, shot up here and brought forth fruits after their kind. It was here also that the eagle eye of

Buonaparte was befilmed; here forty thousand of the best troops in the world were defeated under his guidance, and led captive after his desertion. He lost Haiti, which he attempted to recover by force; he lost Spain, which he attempted to seize by perfidy. And what generosity or what policy did he display with Toussaint l'Ouverture or with Ferdinand? Imprisonment and a miserable death befell the braver. Is there a human heart that swells not at the deliberate murder of the intrepid and blameless Hofer? I say nothing of Palm; I say nothing of D'Enghein; even in such atoms as these he found room enough for the perpetration of a crime. They had indeed friends to mourn for them; but they were not singly worth whole nations. Their voices did not breathe courage into ten thousand breasts; children were not carried into churches to hear their names uttered with God's; if they had virtues, those virtues perished with them; Hofer's will ring eternally on every mountain and irradiate every mine of Tyrol; Universal Man, domestic, political, and religious, will be the better for him. When he was led to slaughter in Mantua, some of those Italian soldiers who had followed Buonaparte in his earliest victories, shed tears. The French themselves, from the drummer on the platform to the governor in the citadel, thought of the cause that first united them in arms, and knew that it was Hofer's. Buonaparte could no more pardon bravery in his enemy than cowardice in his soldier. No expression was too virulent for Hofer, for Sir Sydney Smith, or for any who had foiled him. He spoke contemptuously of Kleber, maliciously of Hoche: he could not even refrain from an unmanly triumph on the death of the weak Moreau. If this is greatness, he certainly did not inherit it from any great man on record. Sympathy with men at large is not among their attributes, but sympathy with the courageous and enterprising may be found in all of them, and sometimes a glance has fallen from them so low as on the tomb of the unfortunate. The inhumanity of Napoleon was certainly not dictated by policy, whose dictates, rightly understood, never point in that direction. It is unnecessary to discuss what instruction he received in his military school, after which he had small leisure for any unconnected with his profession. And so little was his regard for literature in others, that he drove out of France the only person in that country* who had attained any eminence in it. His *Catechism* was adapted to send back the rising generation to the middle ages.

But let us consider that portion of his policy which he studied most, and on which he would have founded his power and looked forward to the establishment of his dynasty. He repudiated the woman who attached to him the best of all parties, by the sweetness of her temper and the activity of her beneficence; and he married into the only family proscribed by the prejudices of his nation. He soon grew restless with peace, and uneasy under the weight of his acquisitions. No public man, not Pitt himself, ever squandered such prodigious means so unprofitably. Anxious to aggrandise his family, could he not have given the whole of Italy to one brother, leaving Spain as his privy purse in the hands of its imbecile Bourbon? Could he not have given Poland and Polish Prussia to the King of Saxony, and have placed an eternal barrier between France and Russia? The Saxon dominions, with Prussian Silesia, would have recompensed Austria for the cession of the Venetian territories on the west of the Tagliamento. I do not suggest these practicabilities as fair dealings toward nations: I suggest them only as suitable to the interests of Napoleon, who shook and threw nations as another gamester shakes and throws dice. Germany should have been broken up into its old Hanse towns and small principalities.

With such arrangements, all feasible at one time or other, France would have been unassailable. Instead of which, her ruler fancied it necessary to make an enemy of Russia. Had it been so, he might have profited by the experience of all who had ever invaded the interior of that country. The extremities of the Muscovite empire are easily broken off, by lying at so great a distance from the trunk; added to which, they all are grafts, imperfectly granulated on an uncongenial stock, and with the rush-bound cement fresh and friable about them. Moscow never could be long retained by any hostile forces; subsistence would be perpetually cut off and carried away from them by hostile tribes, assailing and retreating as necessity might demand, and setting fire to the harvests and the forests. The inhabitants of that city, especially the commercial body and the ancient nobility, would have rejoiced at the demolition of Petersburg, which nothing could prevent, the ports of the Baltic being in the hands of Buonaparte, and Dantzic containing stores of every kind, sufficient for an army the most numerous that ever marched upon the earth. For the Asiatic have contained, in all ages, less than a fifth of fighting men, the rest being merchants, husbandmen, drovers, artisans, and other followers of the camp. The stores had been conveyed by the coast, instead of employing two-thirds of the cavalry; and the King of Sweden had been invited to take possession of a fortress (for city there would have been none) protecting a province long under his crown, and reluctantly torn away from it. No man ever yet obtained the lasting renown of a consummate general, who committed the same mistakes as had been committed in the same position by those before him; who suffered great reverses by great improvidence; who never rose up again after one discomfiture; or who led forth army upon army fruitlessly. Napoleon, in the last years of his sovranty, fought without aim, vanquished without glory, and perished without defeat.

Did Gustavus Adolphus, did Frederick, did Washington, ever experience a great reverse by

* Madame de Staël.

committing a great imprudence? For on this main question rests the solid praise of generalship. Buonaparte, after affronting every potentate of every dimension by the rudeness of his nature and the insolence of his domination, left to every one of them sufficient power to retaliate. Surely he must have read his Machiavelli upside-down! A king should never be struck unless in a vital part. Cromwell, with many scruples, committed not this mistake: Buonaparte, with none, committed it. The shadow of Cromwell's name overawed the most confident and haughty. He intimidated Holland, he humiliated Spain, and he twisted the supple Mazarine, the ruler of France, about his finger. All those nations had then attained the summit of their prosperity; all were unfriendly to the rising power of England; all trembled at the authority of that single man who coerced at once her aristocracy, her priesthood, and her factions. No agent of equal potency and equal moderation had appeared upon earth before. He walked into a den of lions and scourged them growling out: Buonaparte was pushed into a menagerie of monkeys, and fainted at their grimaces. His brother's bell and Oudinot's grenadiers frightened them off, and saved him. Meteors look larger than fixed stars, and strike with more admiration the beholder. Those who know not what they are, call them preternatural. They venerate in Buonaparte what they would ridicule in a gipsy on the road-side; his lucky and unlucky days, his ruling star, his ascendant. They bend over his emetic with gravity, and tell us that poison has no power over him. Nevertheless, the very men who owed their fortunes to him found him incompetent to maintain them in security. In the whole of Europe there was one single great man opposed to him, wanting all the means of subsistence for an army, and thwarted in all his endeavours by those for whose liberation he fought. His bugles on the Pyrenees dissolved the trance of Europe. He showed the world that military glory may be intensely bright without the assumption of sovranty, and that history is best occupied with it when she merely transcribes his orders and despatches. Englishmen will always prefer the true and modest to the false and meretricious: and every experienced eye will estimate a Vatican fresco more highly than a staircase transparency. Rudeness, falsehood, malignity, and revenge, have belonged in common to many great conquerors, but never to one great man. Cromwell had indulged in the least vile of these; but on his assumption of power he recollected that he was a gentleman. No burst of rage, no sally of ribaldry, no expression of contemptuousness, was ever heard from the Lord Protector. He could subdue or conciliate or spell-bind the master-spirits of his age: but it is a genius of a far different order that is to seize and hold Futurity: it must be such a genius as Shakspeare's or Milton's. No sooner was Cromwell in his grave, than all he had won for himself and for his country vanished. If we must admire the successful, however brief and hollow the advantages of their success, our admiration is not due to those whose resources were almost inexhaustible, and which nothing but profligate imprudence could exhaust, but to those who resisted great forces with means apparently inadequate, such as Kosciusko and Hofer, Hannibal and Sertorius, Alexander and Cæsar, Charles of Sweden and Frederick of Prussia. Above all these, and indeed above all princes, stands high Gustavus Adolphus; one of whose armies in the space of six weeks had seen the estuary of the Elbe and the steeples of Vienna; another, if a fever had not wasted it on the Lake of Como, would within less time have chaunted Luther's Hymn in St. Peter's. But none of these potentates had attempted the downfall or the disgrace of England. Napoleon, on the contrary, stood at the head of that confederacy whose orators were consulting the interests of France in the British parliament. He has left to the most turbulent and unprincipled of them a very memorable lesson. The schoolmaster is abroad in the guise of Buonaparte. He reminds them how, when his hands were full, they dropped what they held by grasping at what they could not hold: how he made enemies of those who might have been neutrals or friends: how he was driven out by weaker men than himself: and how he sank at last the unpitied victim of disappointed ambition. Lord Brougham will not allow us to contemplate greatness at our leisure: he will not allow us indeed to look at it for a moment. Cæsar must be stript of all his laurels and left bald, or some rude soldier with bemocking gestures must be thrust before his triumph. If he fights, he does not know how to hold his sword; if he speaks, he speaks vile Latin. I wonder that Cromwell fares no better; if, signal as were his earlier services to his country, he lived a hypocrite and he died a traitor. Milton is indeed less pardonable. He adhered through good report and through evil report (and there was enough of both) to those who had asserted liberty of conscience, and who alone were able to maintain it.

But an angry cracked voice is now raised against that eloquence

> "Of which all Europe rang from side to side."

I shall make only a few remarks on his English, and a few preliminary on the importance of style in general, which none understood better than he. The greater part of those who are most ambitious of it are unaware of all its value. Thought does not separate man from the brutes; for the brutes think: but man alone thinks beyond the moment and beyond himself. Speech does not separate them; for speech is common to all perhaps, more or less articulate, and conveyed and received through different organs in the lower and more inert. Man's thought, which seems imperishable, loses its form, and runs along from proprietor to impropriator, like any other transitory thing, unless it is invested so becomingly and nobly that no successor can improve upon it, by any new fashion

or combination. For want of dignity or beauty, many good things are passed and forgotten; and much ancient wisdom is over-run and hidden by a rampant verdure, succulent but unsubstantial. It would be invidious to bring forward proofs of this out of authors in poetry and prose, now living or lately dead. A distinction must, however, be made between what falls upon many, like rain, and what is purloined from a cistern or a conduit belonging to another man's house. There are things which were another's before they were ours, and are not the less ours for that; not less than my estate is mine because it was my grandfather's. There are features, there are voices, there are thoughts, very similar in many; and when ideas strike the same chord in any two with the same intensity, the expression must be nearly the same. Let those who look upon style as unworthy of much attention, ask themselves how many, in proportion to men of genius, have excelled in it. In all languages, ancient and modern, are there ten prose-writers at once harmonious, correct, and energetic? Harmony and correctness are not uncommon separately, and force is occasionally with each; but where, excepting in Milton, where, among all the moderns, is energy to be found always in the right place? Even Cicero is defective here, and sometimes in the most elaborate of his orations. In the time of Milton it was not customary for men of abilities to address to the people at large what might inflame their passions. The appeal was made to the serious, to the well-informed, to the learned, and was made in the language of their studies. The phraseology of our Bible, on which no subsequent age has improved, was thought to carry with it solemnity and authority; and even when popular feelings were to be aroused to popular interests, the language of the prophets was preferred to the language of the vulgar. Hence, amid the complicated antagonisms of war there was more austerity than ferocity. The gentlemen who attended the court avoided the speech as they avoided the manners of their adversaries. Waller, Cowley, and South, were resolved to refine what was already pure gold, and inadvertently threw into the crucible many old family jewels, deeply enchased within it. Eliot, Pym, Selden, and Milton, reverenced their father's house, and retained its rich language unmodified. Lord Brougham would make us believe that scarcely a sentence in Milton is easy, natural, and vernacular. Nevertheless, in all his dissertations, there are many which might appear to have been written in our days, if indeed any writer in our days were endowed with the same might and majesty. Even in his *Treatise on Divorce*, where the Bible was most open to him for quotations, and where he might be the most expected to recur to the grave and antiquated, he has often employed, in the midst of theological questions and juridical formularies, the plainest terms of his contemporaries. Even his arguments against prelacy, where he rises into poetry like the old prophets, and where his ardent words assume in their periphery the rounded form of verse, there is nothing stiff or constrained. I remember a glorious proof of this remark, which I believe I have quoted before, but no time is lost by reading it twice.

> "... But when God commands to take the trumpet,
> And blow a dolorous or thrilling blast,
> It rests not with man's will what he shall say,
> Or what he shall conceal."

Was ever anything more like the inspiration it refers to? Where is the harshness in it? where is the inversion?

The style usually follows the conformation of the mind. Solemnity and stateliness are Milton's chief characteristics. Nothing is less solemn, less stately, less composed, or less equable, than Lord Brougham's. When he is most vivacious, he shows it by twitches of sarcasm; and when he springs highest, it is from agony. He might have improved his manner by recurring to Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, equally discontented politicians: but there was something of high breeding in their attacks, and more of the rapier than of the bludgeon. He found their society uncongenial to him, and trundled home in preference the sour quarter-cask of Smollett. Many acrid plants throw out specious and showy flowers; few of these are to be found in his garden. What then has he? I will tell you what he has: more various and greater talents than any other man ever was adorned with, who had nothing of genius and little of discretion. He has exhibited a clear compendious proof, that a work of extraordinary fiction may be elaborated in the utter penury of all those qualities which we usually assign to imagination. Between the language of Milton and Brougham there is as much difference as between an organ and a bagpipe. One of these instruments fills, and makes to vibrate, the amplest, the loftiest, the most venerable edifices, and accords with all that is magnificent and holy; the other is followed by vile animals in fantastical dresses and antic gestures, and surrounded by the clamorous and disorderly.

A STORY OF SANTANDER.

Don Luis Cabeza-de-Moro was a widower, with two sons, Antonio and Ignacio. His younger brother, named also Ignacio, had married a rich heiress in the island of Cuba. Both parents died, leaving an only daughter, seven years old, to the guardianship of Don Luis, and intimating a wish, and providing by will and testament, that Ines in due time should espouse her cousin Ignacio.

Don Luis was rejoiced at the injunction: for he disliked his elder son from the cradle. This was remarkable; especially as his lady, the Doña Pedrila, had continued long without offspring,

and Antonio was her first-born. Beside which, there were mysteries, and signs, and tokens, such as ought to have taught him better. His whole household were amazed, and edified, and awed, at the result of supplications which, after four years of fruitless marriage, had produced this blessing: and the *Moor's head*, the blazon of the family, was displayed by them, with greater pride than ever, in the balcony of the ancient mansion-house. About a year before this event, an Irish ensign had entered the service of Spain. Leave of absence was given him to visit his maternal uncle, the dean of Santander, near which city was the residence of Don Luis. Subsequently, Doña Pedrila saw him so often, and was so impressed by his appearance, that it was reported in the family, and the report was by no means discouraged by the dean, that Ensign Lucius O'Donnell, now entitled Don Lucio, had been dreamt of by Doña Pedrila, not once only, or occasionally, but on the three successive vigils of the three glorious saints who were more especially the patrons of the house. Under the impression of these dreams, there was a wonderful likeness of the infant to Don Lucio, which Don Luis was the first to perceive, and the last to communicate. It extended to the colour of the hair and of the eyes. Surely it ought to have rendered a reasonable man more pious and paternal, but it produced quite a contrary effect. He could hardly endure to hear the three glorious saints mentioned; and, whenever he uttered their names, he elongated the syllables with useless emphasis and graceless pertinacity. Moreover, in speaking of the child to its numerous admirers, he swore that the creature was ugly and white-blooded. Within two more years, Doña Pedrila bore another son to him, and died. This son, Ignacio, came into the world a few months before his cousin Iñes, and the fathers were confident that the union of two such congenial names would secure the happiness of the children, and of their posterity.

Before Antonio had completed quite eleven years, he was sent for his education to Salamanca, not as a collegian, but as a pupil under an old officer, a friend of Don Luis, who, being somewhat studious, had retired to end his days in that city. Here the boy, although he made no unsatisfactory progress in polite literature, engaged more willingly with his tutor in manly exercises, likewise in singing and playing on the guitar. He was never invited home for three entire years; but Ignacio, who was of the mildest temper and kindest disposition, remembering the playfulness and fondness of Antonio, united his entreaties with those of Iñes, that he might return. Don Luis, in reply, threw a leg over a knee.

"Uncle," said Iñes, "he cannot ride on that knee all the way from Salamanca; send my mule for him, saddle, bridle, and ropes, and the little bit of gilt leather for the crupper, from the shrine of blessed St. Antonio, his patron, no less than the patron of mules and horses. Ignacio says we must have him, and have him we will, if prayers and masses go for anything. Can not we sing? can not we play? What would you wish for his studies? heresy, magic, freemasonry, chemistry, necromancy? We want him, dear uncle; we want him sadly with us. You always give us what we ask for in reason. Come now, a kiss, uncle! and then the mule out of the stable. Come; we will help you to write the letter, as you are somewhat out of practice, and I know how to fold one up, after a trial or two."

No one could resist this appeal: Antonio was sent for; he returned in raptures. On his first entrance, the lively eyes of Iñes, full of curiosity, were bent toward him; but he regarded her not; he threw his arms round Ignacio, lifted him off the ground, set him down again, gazed on his face, and burst suddenly into tears.

"Ignacio, my Ignacio, how light you are! how thin! how pallid! how weak!"

Don Luis looked on, and muttered something inaudible. Antonio, fearful of having offended his worthy genitor by neglect of duty, sprang from his dejection, clasped the waist of Don Luis, and then falling at his feet, asked his blessing. Don Luis, with bitter composure, prayed the three saints to bestow it, as they might well do, he said, on the young Señor Don Antonio now before them. The boy kissed his hand and thanked him fervently; and now, in his inconsiderate joyousness, another spring forward; but he stopped in the midst of it, and instead of running up at once to Iñes, who bit her lip and pinched her veil, he turned again to Ignacio, and asked him in a whisper whether cousins were forced to kiss, after an absence of only three years?

"Certainly not," replied Ignacio. But Iñes came up, and pouting a little, gave him her hand spontaneously, and helped him moreover to raise it to his lips, saying, as he blushed at it, "You simpleton! you coward!"

Antonio bore *simpleton* pretty well; *coward* amused him, and gave him spirit; he seized her hand afresh, and kept it within his, although she pushed the other against his breast; the little hand, with its five arches of pink polished nails half hidden in his waistcoat, the little hand sprouting forth at him, soft and pulpy as that downy bud which swells and bursts into the vine-leaf.

Antonio never saw in her any other object than the betrothed of his brother, and never was with her so willingly as with him. Nor indeed did Iñes care much about Antonio, but wished he could be a little more attentive and polite, and sing in a chamber as willingly as in a chesnut-tree. After six weeks, Don Luis observed that Antonio was interrupting the studies of Ignacio, and neglecting his own. Accordingly he was sent back to Salamanca, where he continued five whole years without recall. At this time the French armies had invaded Spain: the old officer, Don Pablo Espinosa, who directed the studies of Antonio, wrote to his father that the gallant youth, now in his twentieth year, desired to be enrolled in the regiment of the province, next to himself, as a

volunteer and a private. In the fulness of joy, Don Luis announced these tidings to Ignacio and Iñes. They both turned pale, both threw themselves on the floor before him, entreating and imploring him to forbid it. Their supplications and their tears for many days were insufficient to mollify Don Luis. By this time, a large division of the French army had surrendered, and insurrection was universal. Don Pablo was constrained, by three urgent letters, of which the father's was however the least so, to leave his pupil at the university: he himself took the field, and perished in the first battle. Antonio, disappointed in his hopes of distinction, swore to avenge his tutor's death, and his country's honour. His noble person, his extraordinary strength, his eloquent tongue, his unquestioned bravery, soon placed him at the head of many students, and he was always the first to advise and execute the most difficult and dangerous enterprises.

Toward the north of Spain the enemy had rallied, and had won indeed the battle of Rio-Seco, but within a month were retreating in all directions. Antonio, bound by no other duties than those of a volunteer, acceded at last to the earnest and repeated wishes of his brother and cousin, that he would in this interval return to them. Don Luis said he would be a madman wherever he was, but might return if he liked it, both he and his guitar. On the first of August, 1808, the visitor passed again the threshold of his native home. Covered as he was with dust, he entered the apartment where the family were seated. The sun was setting, and the supper had just been taken off the table, excepting two small flasks of red and white wine, part of a water-melon, and some pomegranates. In fact, more was remaining than had been eaten or removed, not reckoning a radish of extraordinary length and tenuity, which the Señorita Iñes was twisting round her thumb. It was no waste; there was not any use for it; many things in the house were better to mend harness with. Moreover on the sideboard there were sundry yellow peaches, of such a size, weight, and hardness, that only a confident and rash invader would traverse the country in the season of their maturity, unless he had collected the most accurate information that powder was deficient in the arsenals.

At the dusty apparition, at the beard and whiskers never seen before, at the broad and belted shoulder, at the loud spurred boot, at the long and hurried stride toward the party, Don Luis stared; Don Ignacio stared; Doña Iñes cast her eyes on the ground, and said, "'Tis he!" The brother, whether he heard her or not, repeated the words, "'tis he!" and rushed into his arms. Don Luis himself rose slowly from his chair, and welcomed him. Iñes was the nearest to him, and seemed abashed.

"My cousin!" said Antonio, bending down to her, "I have yet to remove in part the name of coward," and, lifting her hand from her apron, he kissed the extremities of her fingers. "Brother! one more embrace, and then for those pomegranates: I am thirsty to death. God be with you, my dear, kind, honoured father! you look upon me with more than usual, and much more than merited, affection." Don Luis did indeed regard him with much complacency. "I must empty those two flasks, my beloved father, to your health." So saying, he poured the contents of one into a capacious beaker, with about the same quantity of water, and swallowed it at a draught.

"What lady have you engulfed with that enormous gasp?" asked Iñes, with timid shyness; "will she never rise up, do you think, in judgment against you?"

"Pray mix me the flask near you," said he, "in like manner as the last, and then perhaps I may answer you, my sweet cousin; but tell me, Iñes, whether I did not rasp your nails with my thirsty and hard lips?"

"Yes, and with that horrid brake above," said she, pouring out the wine and water, and offering it.

Don Luis all this time had kept his eyes constantly on his son, and began to prognosticate in him a valiant defender; then discovered, first in one feature, afterward in another, a resemblance to himself; and lastly, he was persuaded in his own mind, that he had been prejudiced and precipitate when he was younger. The spirit of hospitality was aroused by paternal love: he gave orders for a fowl to be killed instantaneously, even the hen on her nest rather than none, although the omelet might be thinner for it on the morrow. Such was the charm the gallant and gay Antonio breathed about the house. He was peculiarly pleased and gratified by the suavity of his father, not that he ever had doubted of his affection, but he had fancied that his own boisterous manners had rendered him less an object of solicitude. He had always been glad to see it bestowed on his brother, whose delicate health and sensitive nature so much required it.

No house in Spain, where few were happy then, contained four happier inmates. Ignacio, it is true, became thinner daily, and ceased after a time to join in the morning walks of his brother and Iñes; but he was always of the party when, returning from the siesta, they took up their guitars, and tuned each other's.

Were there ever two comely and sensitive young persons, possessing sweet voices, exercising them daily together, bending over the same book, expressing the same sentiment in its most passionate accents, were they ever long exempt from the gentle intrusion of one sweet stranger! Neither Iñes nor Antonio was aware of it: both would have smiled in the beginning, and both would have afterward been indignant at any such surmise. But revolutions in states effect no revolutions in nature. The French, who changed everything else, left the human heart as they found it. Ignacio feared, but said nothing. Antonio too, although much later, was awakened to the truth, and determined on departure. And

now Ignacio was ashamed and grieved at his suspicions, and would have delayed his brother, who dissembled his observation of them; but the poor youth's health, always slender, had given way under them. For several days he had taken to his bed; fever had seized him, and had been subdued. But there is a rose which Death lays quietly on the cheek of the devoted, before the poppy sheds on it its tranquillising leaves: it had settled immoveably in the midst of Ignacio's smiles, smiles tranquilly despondent. Seldom did Antonio leave his bedside, but never had he yet possessed the courage to inquire the cause of those sighs and tears, which burst forth in every moment of silence, and then only. At length however he resolved on it, that he might assure him the more confidently of his recovery, having first requested Iñes that, whenever he was absent, she would supply his place.

"Can not we go together?" said she, disquieted.

"No, señora!" answered he, with stern sadness, "we can not. You owe this duty to the companion of your girlhood, to the bequeathed of your parents, to your betrothed!"

At that word sudden paleness overspread her countenance; her lips, which never before had lost their rich colour, faded and quivered; no reply could pass them, had any been ready: even the sigh was drawn suddenly back: not one escaped. In all that was visible she was motionless. But now with strong impulse she pressed both palms against her bosom, and turned away. The suddenness and the sound struck terror into the heart of Antonio. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and looked into her face. Tears glittered on the folds of the long black veil; and they were not the tears of Iñes. But now she also shed them. Alas! from how many and from what distant sources do they flow!

Iñes went; she sobbed at the door, but she went. No song that evening, no book, no romance of love, no narrative of war: the French were as forgotten as the Moors.

Morning rose fresh and radiant: but the dim lavender on each side of the narrow pathway had all its dew upon it; the cistus was opening its daily flowers, with no finger to press down and attempt to smoothen the crumpled leaves; none to apply its viscous cup in playful malice against the trim ornament of a smiling lip. Nobody thought of looking for the large green lizard on the limestone by the twisted rosemary-bush, covered with as many bees as blossoms, and uprearing as many roots as branches above the prostrate wall. Nobody thought of asking "Did you ever know any creature who panted so quickly as that foolish lizard?.. I mean in battle." Nobody met the inquiry with, "Did you ever hear of any one who felt anything a little, a very little like it, at the cembalo?"

Antonio, at this early hour, was seated on the edge of his brother's bed, asking him, with kind dissimulation, what reason he could possibly have to doubt Iñes' love and constancy.

"At first," replied Ignacio, "she used to hold my hand, to look anxiously in my face, and to wipe away her tears that she might see it the more distinctly in this darkened chamber. Now she has forgotten to take my hand; she looks as often into my face, but not anxiously; not even inquiringly; she lets her tears rise and dry again; she never wipes them away, and seldom hides them. This at least is a change in her; perhaps no favourable one for me." Antonio thus answered him: "Ignacio, if we would rest at all, we must change our posture in grief as in bed. The first moments are not like the second, nor the second like the last. Be confident in her; be confident in me: within two hours you shall, I promise you, whether you will or not. Farewell, my beloved brother! You are weary; close but your eyes for sleep, and sleep shall come. I will not awaken you, even with glad tidings."

Folding his arms, he left the chamber with a firm step. Within two hours he entered it again; but how? Hateful as monastic life had ever appeared to him, ridiculous as he daily in Salamanca had called its institutions, indifferent and incredulous as he lately had become to many articles of the faith, having been educated under the tuition of a soldier, so free in his opinions as once to have excited the notice and questionings of the Inquisition, he went resolutely forth at daybreak, and prevailed on the superior of a monastic order to admit him into it at once, as its sworn defender. He returned in the vestments of that order, and entered the bedchamber in silence. His brother had slept, and was yet sleeping. He gently undrew the curtain, and stood motionless. Ignacio at last moved his elbow, and sighed faintly; he then rested on it a little, and raised his cheek higher on the pillow; it had lost the gift of rest; its virtues were departed from it; there was no cool part left. He opened his eyes and looked toward Antonio; then closed them, then looked again.

"Ignacio!" said Antonio softly, "you see me; it is me you see, Ignacio!" The sick exhausted youth sighed again, and closing his hands, raised them up as if in prayer. This movement fully awakened him. He now opened his eyes in wonder on his brother, who pressed those raised hands within his, and kissed that brow which the fever had shortly left. Ignacio sighed deeply, and sank back again. The first words he uttered afterward were these:

"Oh Antonio! why could you not have waited? impetuous, impatient Antonio! I might have seen you both from Paradise; I might have blest you from thence; from thence I might indeed. O God! O Virgin! O Mary, pure and true! pardon my ingratitude! Should love ever bear that bitter fruit? Forbid it, O host of Heaven! forbid it! it must not be."

"Brother! speak not so: it is accomplished," said Antonio; "and now can you doubt your bride?"

Iñes at this moment rushed into the chamber:

she knew the stately figure, she knew the lofty head, although tonsured; she screamed and fainted. Antonio drew her forth by the arm, and, when she recovered her senses, thus addressed her:

"Cousin! my heart reproaches me for having loved you. If yours (how incomparably less guilty!) should haply feel some compunction, not indeed at what is past, but at what you see," and he extended his large mantle to his arm's length, "return from the unworthy to the worthy; from him who renounces the world to him whose world you are. Now, Iñes, now we can with unabashed front go together into his chamber."

"I will tend him," said she, "day and night: I will follow him to the grave; I will enter it with him: yes, and even that chamber, while he suffers in it, I will enter." She paused awhile, then continued: "Antonio! oh Antonio! you have never loved. They tell us, none can love twice. That is false; but this is true: we can never love twice the same object."

Antonio stood mute with wonder at the speech of this innocent girl, retired alike from society and unbeguiled by books. Little had he considered how strong a light is sometimes thrown on the intellect, what volumes of thought are expanded and made clearly legible, by the first outflaming of the passions. And yet Antonio should have known it; for in the veins of Antonio one half was blood, the other half was fire. While, with eyes fixed on the ground, he stood yet before her, who perhaps was waiting for his reply, she added briefly:

"Let me repair my fault as well as may be. You shall see me no more. Leave me, sir."

Antonio did leave her. In a fortnight the gentle spirit of Ignacio had departed.

The French armies had again defeated the Spanish, penetrated to Santander, laid waste all the country around, and demolished the convent in which Iñes had taken refuge. Some women in Spanish cities were heroines; in Spanish convents if any became so, the heroism was French. They who have visited Santander, will remember the pointed hill on the north-west of the city, looking far over the harbour, the coast, and the region of La Mancha. Even while the enemy was in possession of the place, a solitary horseman was often seen posted on this eminence, and many were the dead bodies of French soldiers found along the roads on every side under it. Doubtless, the horseman had strong and urgent reasons for occupying a position so exposed to danger. It was Antonio. He had heard that Iñes, after the desecration of the convent, had been carried back by the invaders into Santander. Early in October, the officers of the garrison made parties with the ladies of the city to enjoy the vintage in its vicinity. One morning a peasant boy employed by Antonio, ran breathless up to him on the mountain-side, saying, as soon as he could say it:

"Illustrious señor! the señora Iñes, and the other señoras, and an officer and a soldier, all French, are coming; and only a mile behind are many more."

"I have watched them," replied Antonio, "and shall distinguish them presently." He led his horse close behind a high waggon, laden with long and narrow barrels of newly gathered grapes, standing upright in it, and then tied his bridle to the bar which kept them in their position. Only one horse could pass it at a time. Iñes was behind; the officer was showing her the way, and threatening both vintagers and mules for their intractability. Antonio sprang forward, seized him by the collar, and threw him under them, crying to Iñes:

"Fly into the mountains with me: not a moment is to be lost. Pass me: he is out of the way. Fly! fly! Distrust my sanctity, but trust my honour, O Iñes of Ignacio!"

Iñes drew in her bridle, turned her face aside, and said irresolutely.

"I can not.. Oh! I can not. I am.. I am.."

She could not utter what she was: perhaps the sequel may in part reveal it. Scarcely had she spoken the last words, before she leapt down from her saddle, and hung with her whole weight on Antonio's arm, in which the drawn sword was uplifted over the enemy, and waiting only until he could rise upon his feet again, and stand upon his defence. He was young, as was discernible even through the dense forest of continuous hair, which covered all but nose and forehead. Roughly and with execrations did he thrust Iñes away from him, indignant at her struggles for his protection. Before the encounter (for which both were eager) could begin, the private had taken his post behind an ilex at the back of Antonio, and discharged his musket. Gratitude, shame, love perhaps too, hurried Iñes to his help. She fell on her kness to raise him. Gently, with open palm and quivering fingers, he pushed her arm away from him, and, turning with a painful effort quite round, pressed his brow against the wayside sward. The shepherd-dogs, in the evening of that sultry day, tried vainly to quench their thirst, as they often had done in other human blood, in the blood also of Antonio: it was hard, and they left it. The shepherds gave them all the bread they carried with them, and walked home silently.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

I PASSED two entire months in Germany, and like the people. On my way I saw Waterloo, an ugly table for an ugly game. At Innspruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight, tens against thousands; they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder: therefore they are heroes! My admiration for these works of art was soon satisfied, which perhaps it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro (I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine) the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man.. the greatest man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciusko. Andreas Hofer gave him the chain and crucifix he wore three days before his death. You may imagine this man's enthusiasm, who, because I had said that Hofer was greater than king or emperor, and had made him a present of small value, as the companion and friend of that harmless and irreproachable hero, took this precious relic from his neck and offered it to me. By the order of Buonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumbscrewed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them, most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country, led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them; when, stopping on the ground which was about to receive his blood, they heard him with unfaltering voice commend his soul and his country to the Creator; and, as if still under his own roof (a custom with him after the evening prayer), implore a blessing for his boys and his little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood; finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer, many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Buonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, anyone of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as indeed of all his atrocities the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity, he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

The name of Andreas Hofer will be honoured by posterity far above any of the present age, and together with the most glorious of the last, Washington and Kosciusko. For it rests on the same foundation, and indeed on a higher basis. In virtue and wisdom their co-equal, he vanquished on several occasions a force greatly superior to his own in numbers and in discipline, by the courage and confidence he inspired, and by his brotherly care and anxiety for those who were fighting at his side. Differently, far differently, ought we to estimate the squanderers of human blood and the scorners of human tears. *We* also may boast of *our* great men in a cause as great; for without it they could not be so. We may look back upon our Blake; whom the prodigies of a Nelson do not eclipse, nor would he have wished (such was his generosity) to obscure it. Blake was among the founders of freedom; Nelson was the vanquisher of its destroyers; Washington was both; Kosciusko was neither; neither was Hofer. But the aim of all three was alike; and in the armoury of God are suspended the arms the two last of them bore; suspended for success more signal and for vengeance more complete.

I am writing this from Venice, which is among cities what Shakspeare is among men. He will give her immortality by his works, which neither her patron saint could do nor her surrounding sea.

TO CORNELIUS AT MUNICH.

On coming to England, and on looking at the Cartoons exhibited for decorating the Houses of Parliament, you will wonder, Cornelius, that the most important facts and most illustrious men have been overlooked. The English are certainly less sensitive to national glory than to party politics; to past achievements than to passing celebrity. Wilkes excited more enthusiasm than Hampden. It appears to be certain that the Protector Cromwell will be expunged from the pictorial history of the nation; of that nation which he raised to the summit of political power. It is contended that he usurped his authority. We will not argue the point, nor take the trouble to demonstrate that the greatest and best princes, in many countries, have been usurpers. Without great services none of them could ever have been invested with sufficient power to assume the first dignity of the State. William of Normandy was manifestly a usurper; and, if breaking the direct line of succession is usurpation, so was William the Third. Henry the Fourth and Henry the Seventh were usurpers also, yet their reigns were signally beneficial to their people. And to Richard the Third, whatever may have been his crimes in the ascent to sovereignty, the nation at large is perhaps more indebted for provident statutes of perdurable good, than to any other of her kings. But the glory of them all is cast into obscurity by Cromwell. He humbled in succession the dominant powers of Europe, at a time when they were governed by the ablest men, and had risen to the zenith of their prosperity. Spain, France, Holland, crouched before him; and the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest king the world ever beheld, thought he had risen from the grave to accomplish the delivery of nations. For how little, in comparison, is France indebted to Napoleon! Yet both king and people are united in raising a monument to his memory. Compare the posthumous honours conferred by the two great nations on the two great men. The body of the one is brought back from the extremities of the ocean, to be venerated by a people he had reduced to servitude; the body of the other was treated as the vilest malefactor's, in the midst of a nation he had vindicated from double slavery, the slavery of a lawless prince and an intolerant priesthood. It is enough for Frenchmen that Napoleon had once humbled the enemies of France. We, who judge more calmly, judge that whatever he did was done for the advancement of his power and the perpetuation of his dynasty. He had the quickest and the shortest sight of all men living, and his arrogance brought into France the nations that subdued her. Different in all these points was Oliver. Never was man more bravely humane, or more tranquilly energetic. He stood above fear, above jealousy, above power: he was greater than all things but his country.

The English are erecting a column and statue to Nelson. No such monument has been raised to Blake, because he fought for a country without a king at the head of it. This courageous and virtuous man abstained from party and from politics, and would have defended his country even under the king who sold her. No action of Nelson himself is more glorious than the action of Blake at Cadiz, and his character, on every side, is without a stain; but in England the authorities and the arts neglect him.

"Caret quia *rege* sacro."

In the list of the committee which is to decide on fit subjects for painting the Houses of Parliament, you will find the name of Eastlake, a good painter, and a good scholar; and of Rogers, endowed with every quality of a gentleman, and with an exquisite judgment in everything relating to literature and the fine arts. Yet I doubt if either of them would not prefer an allegory in the *Faery Queen*, or a witchery in *Faust*, for a decoration of the Chambers, if highly picturesque, to the most appropriate scene in parliamentary annals, if less so. English history, in fact, is now represented without living figures, and worked by machinery. We see the events, and wonder where are the actors. The later historians keep them carefully out of sight, and make their own voices suffice for all within the boxes they exhibit.

The histories of other nations are alive with human agents; the earth moves and heaves with their energies; we see not only the work they have done, but we see them doing it. Whereas, in our own sandy deserts, the only things astir are small animals intent on their burrows, or striving to possess a knot of fresh herbage. All beyond is indistinct: if ever we come to it, we find only scanty eminences, under which are evanescent features and weightless bones: we trample them down and walk back again.

A VISION.

Blessed be they who erected temples to the ancient Gods! Mistaken they may have been, but they were pious and they were grateful. The deities of Olympus, although no longer venerated, have thrown open, both to the enthusiastic and to the contemplative, many a lofty view beyond the sterile eminences of human life, and have adorned every road of every region with images of grandeur and of grace. Never are they malignant or indifferent to the votary who has aban-

doned them; and I believe, there is no record of any appearing by night with frowns and threats: but, on the contrary, I know from my own experience, that neither time nor neglect has worn the celestial smile off their placid countenances. An instance of this fact I am now about to relate. Let me begin by observing that my eyes, perhaps by an imprudent use of them, grow soon weary with reading, even while curiosity and interest have lost little or nothing of excitement. A slumber of a few minutes is sufficient to refresh them; during which time I often enjoy the benefit of a dream; and, what is (I believe) remarkable and singular, it usually takes a direction far wide of the studies on which I had been engaged. On one occasion, perhaps it might have been that (pushing my book away from me to the middle of the table) the last object I saw was a picture by Swaneveldt, on the left of which there is a temple; for a temple, sure enough, stood before me in my dream: beside it ran a river, and beyond it rose a mountain, each sensible alike of the sky that glowed above. So far the picture and the dream were in accordance. But the dream's temple was entirely its own: it had no sheep nor shepherd near it, as the picture had: and, although dreams are apt to take greater liberties than pictures do, yet in the picture there was an autumnal tree by the side of a summer tree; the one of rich yellow, the other of deep green. In the dream I remember nothing of the kind; yet I verily think I remember every particle of it. I remember a cool and gentle hand conducting me over some narrow planks, thrown across a deep channel of still water. I remember the broad leaves underneath us, and how smooth, how quiet, how stainless. I remember we tarried here awhile, not leaning on the rail, for there was none, but tacitly agreeing to be mistaken in what we reciprocally were leaning on. At length we passed onward, by the side of a cottage in ruins, with an oven projecting from it at the gable-end: on the outside of its many-coloured arch were gilliflowers growing in the crevices: very green moss, in rounded tufts, and blossoming, had taken possession of its entrance: and another plant, as different as possible, was hanging down from it, so long and slender and flexible, that a few bees, as they alighted on it, shook it. Suddenly I stumbled: my beautiful guide blushed deeply, and said,

"Do you stumble at the first step of the temple? What an omen!"

I had not perceived that we had reached any temple: but now, abashed at the reproof, I looked up, and could read the inscription, although the letters were ancient, for they were deeply and well engraven.

Sacred to Friendship were the words, in Greek. The steps were little worn, and retained all their smoothness and their polish. After so long a walk as I had taken, I doubt whether I should have ascended them without the hand that was offered me. In the temple I beheld an image, of a marble so purely white, that it seemed but recently chiselled. I walked up to it and stood before it. The feet were not worn as the feet of some images are, by the lips of votaries: indeed I could fancy that scarcely the tip of a finger had touched them; and I felt pretty sure that words were the only offerings, and now and then a sigh at a distance. Yet the longer I gazed at it the more beautiful did it appear in its colour and proportions; and turning to my companion, who (I then discovered) was looking at me,

"This image," said I, "has all the features and all the attributes of Love, excepting the bow, quiver, and arrows."

"Yes," answered she, smiling; "all, excepting the mischievous. It has all that the wiser and the better of the ancients attributed to him. But do you really see no difference?"

Again I raised my eyes, and after a while I remarked that the figure was a female, very modest, very young, and little needing the zone that encompassed her. I suppressed this portion of my observations, innocent as it was, and only replied,

"I see that the torch is borne above the head, and that the eyes are uplifted in the same direction."

"Do you remember," said she, "any image of Love in this attitude?"

"It might be," I answered; "and with perfect propriety."

"Yes; it both might and should be," said she. "But," she continued, "we are not here to worship Love, or to say anything about him. Like all the other blind, he is so quick at hearing; and above all others, blind or sighted, he is so ready to take advantage of the slightest word, that I am afraid he may one day or other come down on us unaware. He has been known before now to assume the form of Friendship, making sad confusion. Let us deprecate this, bending our heads devoutly to the Deity before us."

Was it a blush, or was it the sun of such a bright and genial day, that warmed my cheek so vividly while it descended in adoration; or could it be, by any chance or casualty, that the veil touched it through which the breath of my virgin guide had been passing? Whatever it was, it awakened me. Again my eyes fell on the open book; to rest on it, not to read it; and I neither dreamed nor slumbered a second time that day.

THE DREAM OF PETRARCA.

When I was younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and of the unfortunate, as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversation best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices; and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of the intellectual; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff in its impurity, and rash against the finger of the Almighty Power that formed it; but give me rather the creature to sympathise with; apportion me the sufferings to assuage. Allegory had few attractions for me; believing it to be the delight, in general, of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the Passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the hand-maidens of Poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old mole-hill covered with grey grass by the way-side, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream, or vision, came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other, "He is under my guardianship for the present: do not awaken him with that feather." Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather of an arrow, and then the arrow itself, the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ancles.

"This feather never awakens anyone," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succour; but so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches, on these occasions, have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you."

"Odd enough, that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I can not tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest, lives."

"Say rather, child!" replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, "say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted; and rumpled and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near; and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity: for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees I grew ashamed of my ingratitude; and turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure allayed all

the throbbings of my bosom, the coolness of freshest morning breathed around, the heavens seemed to open above me, while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others; but, knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily,

"Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens; for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love," said I, "whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who can not follow me, he who can not overtake and pass me," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder; and ready to receive thee."

I looked: the earth was under me: I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

PARABLE OF ASABEL.

CHAPTER I.

Asabel in his youth had been of those who place their trust in God, and he prospered in the land, and many of his friends did partake of his prosperity.

After a length of years it came to pass that he took less and less delight in the manifold gifts of God; for that his heart grew fat within him, and knew not any work-day for its work; nor did thankfulness enter into it, as formerly, to awake the sluggard.

Nevertheless did Asabel praise and glorify the Almighty, both morning and evening, and did pray unto him for the continuance and increase of his loving mercies; and did call himself, as the godly are wont to do, miserable sinner, and leper, and worm, and dust.

And all men did laud Asabel, inasmuch as, being clothed in purple and smelling of spikenard, he was a leper, and worm, and dust.

And many did come from far regions to see that dust, and that worm, and that leper; and did marvel at him; and did bow their heads; and did beseech of God that they might be like unto him.

But God inclined not his ear; and they returned unto their own country.

CHAPTER II.

And behold it came to pass that an angel from above saw Asabel go forth from his house.

And the angel did enter, and did seat himself on the seat of Asabel.

After a while, a shower fell in sunny drops upon the plane-tree at the gate, and upon the hyssop thereby, and over the field nigh unto the dwelling.

Whereon did Asabel hasten him back; and, coming into the doorway, he saw another seated upon his seat, who arose not before him, but said only, "Peace unto thee!"

Asabel was wroth, and said, "Lo! the rain abateth, the sun shineth through it; if thou wilt eat bread, eat; if thou wilt drink water, drink; but, having assuaged thy hunger and thy thirst, depart!"

Then said the angel unto Asabel, "I will neither eat bread nor drink water under thy roof, O Asabel, forasmuch as thou didst send therefrom the master whom I serve."

And now the wrath of Asabel waxed hotter, and he said, "Neither thy master nor the slave of thy master have I sent away, not knowing nor having seen either."

Then rose the angel from the seat, and spake: "Asabel! Asabel! thy God hath filled thy house with plenteousness. Hath he not verily done this and more unto thee?"

And Asabel answered him, and said: "Verily the Lord my God hath done this and more unto his servant: blessed be his name for ever!"

Again spake the angel:

"He hath given thee a name among thy people; and many by his guidance have come unto thee for counsel and for aid."

"Counsel have I given; aid also have I given," said Asabel, "and neither he who received it nor he who gave it, hath repented himself thereof."

Then answered the angel:

"The word that thou spakest is indeed the true word. But answer me in the name of the Lord thy God. Hath not thy soul been farther from him as thy years and his benefits increased? The more wealth and the more wisdom (in thy estimation of it) he bestowed upon thee, hast thou not been the more proud, the more selfish, the more disinclined to listen unto the sorrows and wrongs of men?"

And Asabel gazed upon him, and was angered that a youth should have questioned him, and thought it a shame that the eyes of the young should see into the secrets of the aged; and stood reproved before him.

But the angel took him by the hand and spake thus: "Asabel! behold the fruit of all the good seed thy God hath given thee; pride springing from wealth, obduracy from years, and from knowledge itself uncontrollable impatience and inflexible perversity. Couldst thou not have employed these things much better? Again I say it, thou hast driven out the God that dwelt with thee; that dwelt within thy house, within thy breast; that gave thee much for thyself, and entrusted thee with more for others. Having seen thee abuse, revile, and send him thus away from thee, what wonder that I, who am but the lowest of his ministers, and who have bestowed no gifts upon thee, should be commanded to depart!" Asabel covered his eyes, and when he

raised them up again, the angel no longer was before him.

"Of a truth," said he, and smote his breast, "it was the angel of the Lord." And then did he shed tears. But they fell into his bosom, after a while, like refreshing dew, bitter as were the first of them; and his heart grew young again, and felt the head that rested on it; and the weary in spirit knew, as they had known before, the voice of Asabel. Thus wrought the angel's gentleness upon him, even as the quiet and silent water wins itself an entrance where tempest and fire pass over. It is written that other angels did look up with loving and admiration into the visage of this angel on his return; and he told the younger and more zealous of them, that whenever they would descend into the gloomy vortex of the human heart, under the softness and serenity of their voice and countenance its turbulence would subside.

"Beloved!" said the angel, "there are portals that open to the palm-branches we carry, and that close at the flaming sword."

JERIBOHANIAH.

Jeribohaniah sate in his tent, and was grieved and silent, for years had stricken him.

And behold there came and stood before him a man who also was an aged man, who, howbeit, was not grieved, neither was he silent.

Nevertheless, until Jeribohaniah spake unto him, spake not he.

But Jeribohaniah had alway been one of ready speech; nor verily had age minished his words, nor the desire of his heart to question the stranger.

Wherefore uttered he first what stirred within him, saying,

"Methinks thou comest from a far country: now what country may that be whence thou comest?"

And the stranger named by name the country whence his feet, together with the staff of his right-hand, had borne him.

"Bad, exceeding bad, and stinking in our nostrils," said Jeribohaniah, "is that country; nevertheless mayst thou enter and eat within my tent, and welcome; seeing that thy scrip hangeth down to thy girdle, round and large as hangeth the gourd in the days of autumn; and it is fitting and right that, if I give unto thee of mine, so likewise thou of thine, in due proportion, give unto me; and the rather, forasmuch as my tent containeth few things within it, and thy wallet (I guess) abundant."

Whereupon did Jeribohaniah step forward, and strive to touch with his right hand the top of the wallet, and the bottom with his left. But the stranger drew back therefrom, saying, "Nay." Then Jeribohaniah waxed wroth, and would have smitten the stranger at the tent, asking him in his indignation why he drew back, and wherefore he withheld the wallet from the most just, the most potent, the most intelligent, and the most venerable of mankind! Whereupon the stranger answered him, and said, "Far from thy servant be all strife and wrangling, all doubt and suspicion. Verily he hath much praised thee, even until this day, unto those among whom he was born and abided. And when some spake evil of thee and of thine, then did thy servant, even I who stand before thee, say unto them, 'Tarry! I will myself go forth unto Jeribohaniah, and see unto his ways, and report unto ye truly what they be.'"

"And now I guess," quoth Jeribohaniah, "thou wouldst return and tell them the old story; how I and my children have lusted after the goods of other men, and have taken them. Now we only took the goods; the men took we not; yet so rebellious and ungrateful were they, that we were fain to put them to the edge of the sword. And thus did we. And lest another such generation of vipers should spring up in the wilderness beyond them, we sent onward just men, who should turn and harrow the soil, and put likewise to the edge of the sword such as would hinder us in doing what is lawful and right, namely, that which our wills ordained. To prevent such an extremity, our prudence and humanity led us, under God, to detain the silver and gold intrusted to us by the most suspicious and spiteful of our enemies. And now thou art admitted into my confidence, lay down thy scrip, and eat and drink freely."

"Pleaseth it thee," replied the stranger, "that I carry back unto my own country what thou hast related unto me as seeming good in thine eyes?"

"Carry back what thou wilt," calmly said Jeribohaniah, "save only that which my sons, whose long shadows are now just behind thee, may hold back."

Scarcely had he spoken when the sons entered the tent, and, occupying all the seats, bade the stranger be seated and welcome. Venison brought they forth in deep dishes; wine also poured they out; and they drank unto his health. And when they had wiped their lips with the back of the hand, which the Lord in his wisdom had made hairy for that purpose, they told the stranger that other strangers had blamed curiosity in their kindred; and, that they might not be reproved for it, they would ask no questions as to what might peradventure be contained within the scrip, but would look into it at their leisure.

Jeribohaniah told his guest that they were wild lads, and would have their way. He then looked more gravely and seriously, saying,

"Everything in this mortal life ends better than we, short-sighted creatures, could have believed or hoped. Providence hath sent us back those boys, purely that thy mission might be accomplished. Unless they had come home in due time, how little wouldst thou have had to relate to thy own tribe concerning us, save only what others, envying our probity and prosperity, and far behind us in wisdom and enterprise, have discoursed about, year after year."

POEMS.

HELLENICS.

I. THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

Who will away to Athens with me? who
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægæan isles
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as Gods have lived with, and have led.
The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? what pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropian port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.
"Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if love,
If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, "didst not thou, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"
"Ay, before all the Gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Hera,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."
The sword was up.
And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seeth'd slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus:
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Pisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have askt thyself
This question ere the sail first flapt the mast."
"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.
Piræos they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men: he led her forth, nor spake;
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht
The mansion of Pisistratos her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they,
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."
"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Pisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunoe, my daughter?"
"Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is, when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people and before the Goddess
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness,
To poverty and exile, this my child."

Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim'd,
"I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Pisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people,
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Pisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

II. DRIMACOS.

In Crete reign'd Zeus and Minos; and there sprang
From rocky Chios (but more years between)
Homer. Ah! who near Homer's side shall stand?
A slave, a slave shall stand near Homer's side.
Come from dark ages forth, come, Drimacos!
O gems of Ocean, shining here and there
Upon his vest of ever-changeful green,
Richer are ye than wide-spread continents,
Richer in thoughtful men and glorious deeds.
Drimacos was a slave; but Liberty
By him from Slavery sprang, as day from night.
Intolerable servitude o'erran
The isle of Chios. They whose sires had heard
The blind man, and the muse who sat beside,
Constant, as was the daughter to the king
Of Thebes, and comforting his sunless way,
Yea, even these bore stones within their breasts,
Buying by land or capturing by sea,
And torturing too limbs fashion'd like their own,
Limbs like the Gods' they all fell down before.
But Zeus had from Olympus lookt oblique,
Then breath'd into the breasts of suffering slaves
Heroic courage and heroic strength,
And wisdom for their guidance and support.
Drimacos he appointed to coerce
The pride of the enslaver, and to free
All those who laboured and were heavy-laden
With griefs, not even by the avenging Gods
Inflicted, wrongs which men alone inflict
On others, when their vices have scoopt out
A yoke far more opprobrious for themselves.
From field to field the clang of arms was heard;
Fires from the rocks and the hill-tops by night
Collected all the valiant, all the young,
Female and male, stripling and suckling babe,
By mother (then most fond) not left behind.
But many were o'ertaken; many dropt
Faint by the road; thirst, hunger, terror, seiz'd
Separate their prey. Among the fugitives,
In the most crowded and the narrowest path
That led into the thickets on the hill,
Was Amymonè with her infant boy,
Eiarinos. She pray'd the Gods, nor pray'd
Inaudible, although her voice had fail'd.
On Drimacos she called by name; he heard
The voice; he turn'd his head, and cried aloud:
"Comrades! take up yon infant from the arms
That sink with it; and help the mother on."
Far in advance was he; all urged amain;
All minded their own household, nor obey'd.
But he rusht back amid them till he reacht
The mother, who had fallen under-foot,
Trampled, but not relinquishing her hold.
Scarcely was space to stoop in, yet he stoopt
And rais'd what feebly wail'd among men's legs,
And placed it on his head, that the fresh air
Might solace it: soon it began to play,
To pat the hair of some, of some the eyes,
Unconscious that its mother's soul had fled.
The dust rose lower, for the sultry day
Was closing, and above shone Hesperus
Alone. On mossy banks within the brake
The men threw down their weapons snatcht in haste,
Impenetrable woods received their flight,
And shelter'd and conceal'd them from pursuit.
There many years they dwelt; nor only there,
But also in the plain and in the towns
Fought they, and overthrew the wealthier race,
And drove their cattle off and reapt their grain.
Drimacos, strong in justice, strong in arms,
Prompt, vigilant, was everywhere obey'd.
He proffer'd the proud Chiots, half-subdued,
Repression of invaders, in return
For their repression of invaders too,
And corn and wine and oil enough for all,
And horned victims to avenger Zeus.
But plenteousness and sloth relaxt his hold
Upon a few, men yearning to partake
The vices of a city: murmurs rose
And reacht the ear of Drimacos, and reacht
The wealthy towns and their impatient lords.
Rewards were offered for the leader's head,
And askt perhaps ere offered. When he found
Ingratitude so nigh and so alert,
He listened calmly to the chiefs around,
His firm defenders; then replied:
"My friends!
Already in the days of youth ye watcht
Over the common-weal, but now your eyes
And mine too want repose. Fear not for me,
But guard yourselves. The Gods who placed me here
Call *me* away, not you."
They heard, and went,
Sorrowing. Then called he unto him the youth
Eiarinos, who two whole years had fought
Beside him, and fought well.
"Eiarinos!
I may have saved thy life ('tis said I did),
In infancy: it now behoves me, boy,
To give thee substance such as parents give.
Alas! 'tis wanting: nought is in the house
Save arms, as thou well knowest; but those men
Who left me now, had talkt with thee before,
And there are marks along thy cheek which tears
Leave upon maidens' cheeks, not upon men's.
Eiarinos spake not, but threw his arms
Around his guardian's neck and shook with grief.
"Thou shalt not be quite destitute, my son!"
Said he, "Thou knowest what reward awaits
Him who shall bring my head within the town.

Here! strike! let never traitor grasp the gold."
Forward he held the hilt and lowered his brow.
"Bequeathest thou to parricidal hand,
O father! that accursed gold?" cried he,
And ran against the portal, blind with tears.
But the calm man now caught his arm, and said,
"Delay may bring on both what comes for one.
Inevitable is my death: at least
Promise me this one thing, Eiarinos!
And I release thee: swear that, when I die,
Thou wilt, against all adversaries, bear
My head to those who seek it, pledge of peace."
Calmer, but sobbing deep, the youth replied,
"When Zeus the liberator shall appoint
The pastor of the people to depart,
His will be done! if such be his and thine."
He lowered his eyes in reverence to the earth;
And Drimacos then smote into his breast
The unaccepted sword. The pious youth
Fell overpowered with anguish, nor arose
Until the elders, who had gone, return'd.
They comforted the orphan, and implored
He would perform the duty thus enjoined.
Nor Muse, nor Memory her mother, knows
The sequel: but upon the highest peak
Of Chios is an altar of square stone
Roughened by time, and some believe they trace
In ancient letters, cubit-long, the words
Drimacos and *Eiarinos* and *Zeus*.

III. THERON AND ZOE.

Zoe. Changed? very true, O Theron, I am changed.
Theron. It would at least have been as merciful
To hold a moment back from me the briar
You let recoil thus sharply on my breast.
Not long ago, not very long, you own'd
With maiden blushes, which became your brow
Better than corn-flower, or that periwinkle
Trained round it by a very careful hand,
A long while trimming it (no doubt) and proud
Of making its blue blossom laugh at me.
Zoe. I could laugh too. What did I own? It seems
(It was so little) you have quite forgot.
Theron. That, since we sate together day by day,
And walkt together, sang together, none
Of earliest, gentlest, fondest, maiden friends
Loved you as formerly. If one remained
Dearer to you than any of the rest,
You could not wish her greater happiness . .
Zoe. Than what?
Theron. I think you never could have said it..
I must have dreamt it . .
Zoe. Tell me then your dream.
Theron. I thought you said . . nay, I will swear you said . .
More than one heard it . . that you could not wish
The nearest to your heart more perfect joy
Than Theron's love.
Zoe. Did I?
Theron. The Gods in heaven
Are witnesses, no less than woodland Gods,
That you did say it. O how changed! no word,
No look, for Theron now!
Zoe. Girls often say
More than they mean: men always do.
Theron. By Pan!
Who punishes with restless nights the false,
Hurling the sleeper down the precipice
Into the roaring gulph, or letting loose
Hounds, wolves, and tigers after him, his legs
Meanwhile tied not quite close, but just apart,
In withy bands . . by him I swear, my tongue,
Zoe! can never utter half my love.
Retract not one fond word.
Zoe. I must retract
The whole of those.
Theron. And leave me most unblest!
Zoe. I know not.
Theron. Heed not, rather say. Farewell.
Zoe. Farewell. I will not call you back again.
Go, Theron! hatred soon will sear your wound.
Theron. Falsehood I hate: I can not hate the false.
Zoe. Never? Then scorn her.
Theron. I can scorn myself,
And will; for others are preferr'd to me;
The untried to the tried.
Zoe. You said farewell.
Theron. Again I say it.
Zoe. Now I can believe
That you, repeating it, indeed are gone.
Yet seem you standing where you stood before.
Hath Pan done this? Pan, who doth such strange things.
Theron. Laugh me to scorn: derision I deserve:
But let that smile . . O let it be less sweet!
Sorrowful let me part, but not insane.
Zoe. I know some words that charm insanity
Before it can take hold.
Theron. Speak them; for now
Are they most wanted.
Zoe. I did say, 'tis true,
If on this solid earth friend dear enough
Remain'd to me, that Theron is the youth
I would desire to bless her.
Theron. To avoid
My importunity; to hear no more
The broken words that spoilt our mutual song,
The sobs that choakt my flute, the humidity
(Not from the lip) that gurgled on the stops.
Zoe. I would avoid them all; they troubled me.
Theron. Now then, farewell.
Zoe. I will do all the harm
I can to any girl who hopes to love you;
Nor shall you have her.
Theron. Vain and idle threat!
Zoe. So, Theron! you would love then once again?
Theron. Never; were love as possible and easy . . .
Zoe. As what?
Theron. As death.
Zoe. O Theron! once indeed
I said the words which then so flatter'd you,
And now so pain you. Long before my friends'

Left me through envy of your fondness for me,
No, not the dearest of them could I bear
To see beloved by you. False words I spake,
Not knowing then how false they were.
Theron. Speak now
One that shall drown them all.
Zoe. My voice is gone.
Why did you kiss me, if you wisht to hear it?

IV. DAMÆTAS AND IDA.

Damætas is a boy as rude
As ever broke maid's solitude.
He watcht the little Ida going
Where the wood-raspberries were growing,
And, under a pretence of fear
Lest they might scratch her arms, drew near,
And, plucking up a stiff grey bent,
The fruit (scarce touching it,) he sent
Into both hands: the form they took
Of a boat's keel upon a brook;
So not a raspberry fell down
To splash her foot or stain her gown.
When it was over, for his pains
She let his lips do off the stains
That were upon two fingers; he
At first kist two, and then kist three,
And, to be certain every stain
Had vanisht, kist them o'er again.
At last the boy, quite shameless, said
"See! I have taken out the red!
Now where there 's redder richer fruit
Pray, my sweet Ida, let me do 't."
"Audacious creature!" she cried out,
"What in the world are you about?"
He had not taken off the red
All over; on both cheeks 'twas spread;
And the two lips that should be white
With fear, if not with fear, with spite
At such ill usage, never show'd
More comely, or more deeply glow'd.
Damætas fancied he could move
The girl to listen to his love:
Not he indeed.
Damætas. For pity's sake!
Ida. Go; never more come nigh this brake.
Damætas. Must I, why must I, press in vain?
Ida. Because I hate you.
Damætas. Think again
Think better of it, cruel maid!
Ida. Well then.. because I am afraid.
Damætas. Look round us: nobody is near.
Ida. All the more reason for my fear.
Damætas. Hatred is overcome by you,
And Fear can be no match for two.

V. LYSANDER, ALCANOR, PHANŎE.

Lysander. Art thou grown hoarse by sitting in the sun
Of early spring, when winds come down adrift
To punish them they find asleep at noon?
Alcanor. Hoarse I am not, but I am tired of song,
Therefore do I retire, where, without pipe,
The goat-foot God brought all the nymphs to sit
Half-way up Mænalos. If she I love
Will follow me, I swear to thee by him,
Bitter to those who slight him or forswear,
Thou shalt hear something sweet, do thou but stay.
Lysander. Lysander well can stay, do thou but sing.
Alcanor. But not unless a Nymph or Nymph-like maid
Will listen.
Lysander. Here comes Phanŏe. Thou art pale.
Sing: Phanŏe! bid him sing.
Phanŏe. By Artemis!
I bade him never more repeat my name,
And if he disobeys me...
Lysander. Hush! 'twere ill
To call down vengeance upon those who love:
And he hath sworn by Pan that he will sing
If thou wilt follow him up Mænalos.
Phanŏe. He may snatch off my slipper while I kneel
To Pan, upon the stone so worn aslant
That it is difficult to kneel upon
Without my leaving half a slipper loose.
Little cares he for Pan: he scarcely fears
That other, powerfuller and terribler,
To whom more crowns are offered than to Zeus,
Or any God beside, and oftener changed.
In spring we garland him with pointed flowers,
Anemone and crocus and jonquil,
And tender hyacinth in clustering curls;
Then with sweet-breathing mountain strawberry;
Then pear and apple blossom, promising
(If he is good) to bring the fruit full-ripe,
Hanging it round about his brow, his nose,
Down even to his lips. When autumn comes,
His russet vine-wreath crackles under grapes:
Some trim his neck with barley, wheat, and oat;
Some twine his naked waist with them: and last
His reverend head is seen and worshipt through
Stiff narrow olive-leaves, that last till spring.
Say, ought I not to fear so wild a boy,
Who fears not even *him!* but once has tried
By force to make me pat him, after prayers?
How fierce then lookt the God! and from above
How the club reddened, as athirst for blood!
Yet, fearing and suspecting the audacious,
Up Mænalos I must, for there my herd
Is browsing on the thorn and citisus
At random.
Lysander. He hath not endured thy frown,
But hurries off.
Phanŏe. And let him.
Lysander. Captious Pan
On one or other may look evil-eyed.
Phanŏe. I mind my Goddess, let him mind his God.

..Away she went, and as she went she sang.
Brief cries were heard ere long, faint and more faint.
Pan! was it thou? was it thou, Artemis?
Frolicsome kids and hard goats glassy-eyed

Alone could tell the story, had they speech.
The maiden came not back: but, after rites
Due to the goat-foot God, the pious youth
Piped shrilly forth and shook off all his woe.

VI. HYPERBION.

Hyperbion was among the chosen few
Of Phœbus; and men honoured him awhile,
Honouring in him the God. But others sang
As loudly; and the boys as loudly cheer'd.
Hyperbion (more than bard should be) was wroth,
And thus he spake to Phœbus: "Hearest thou,
O Phœbus! the rude rabble from the field,
Who swear that they have known thee ever since
Thou feddest for Admetus his white bull?"
"I hear them," said the God. "Seize thou the first,
And haul him up above the heads of men,
And thou shalt hear them shout for thee as pleas'd."
Headstrong and proud Hyperbion was: the crown
Of laurel on it badly cool'd his brow:
So, when he heard them singing at his gate,
While some with flints cut there the rival's name,
Rushing he seized the songster at their head:
The songster kickt and struggled hard: in vain.
Hyperbion claspt him round with arm robust,
And with the left a hempen rope uncoil'd,
Whereon already was a noose: it held
The calf until its mother's teat was drawn
At morn and eve; and both were now afield.
With all his strength he pull'd the wretch along,
And haul'd him up a pine-tree, where he died.
But one night, not long after, in his sleep
He saw the songster: then did he beseech
Apollo to enlighten him, if perchance
In what he did he had done aught amiss.
"Thou hast done well, Hyperbion!" said the God,
"As I did also to one Marsyas
Some years ere thou wert born: but better 'twere
If thou hadst understood my words aright,
For those around may harm thee, and assign
As reason, that thou wentest past the law.
My meaning was, that thou shouldst hold him up
In the high places of thy mind, and show
Thyself the greater by enduring him."
Downcast Hyperbion stood: but Phœbus said
"Be of good cheer, Hyperbion! if the rope
Is not so frayed but it may hold thy calf,
The greatest harm is, that, by hauling him,
Thou hast chafed, sorely, sorely, that old pine;
And pine-tree bark will never close again."

VII. ICARIOS AND ERIGONÈ.

Improvident were once the Attic youths,
As (if we may believe the credulous
And testy) various youths have been elsewhere.
But truly such was their improvidence,
Ere Pallas in compassion was their guide,
They never stowed away the fruits of earth
For winter use; nor knew they how to press
Olive or grape: yet hospitality
Sate at the hearth, and there was mirth and song.
Wealthy and generous in the Attic land,
Icarios! wert thou; and Erigonè,
Thy daughter, gave with hearty glee the milk,
Buzzing in froth beneath unsteady goat,
To many who stopt near her; some for thirst,
And some to see upon its back that hand
So white and small and taper, and await
Until she should arise and show her face.
The father wisht her not to leave his house,
Nor she to leave her father; yet there sued
From all the country round both brave and rich.
Some, nor the wealthier of her wooers, drove
Full fifty slant-brow'd kingly-hearted swine,
Reluctant ever to be led aright,
Race autocratical, autochthon race,
Lords of the woods, fed by the tree of Jove.
Some had three ploughs; some had eight oxen; some
Had vines, on oak, on maple, and on elm,
In long and strait and gleamy avenues,
Which would have tired you had you reacht the end
Without the unshapen steps that led beyond
Up the steep hill to where they leaned on poles.
Yet kind the father was, and kind the maid.
And now when winter blew the chaff about,
And hens pursued the grain into the house,
Quarrelsome and indignant at repulse,
And rushing back again with ruffled neck,
They and their brood; and kids blinkt at the brand,
And bee-nosed oxen, with damp nostrils lowered
Against the threshold, stampt the dogs away;
Icarios, viewing these with thoughtful mind,
Said to Erigonè, "Not scantily
The Gods have given us these birds and these
Short-bleating kids, and these loose-hided steers.
The Gods have given: to them will we devote
A portion of their benefits, and bid
The youths who love and honour us partake:
So shall their hearts, and so shall ours, rejoice."
The youths were bidden to the feast: the flesh
Of kid and crested bird was plentiful:
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates;
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks
Through nets wide-mesht, work of Erigonè
When night was long and lamp yet unsupplied.
Choice grapes Icarios had; and these, alone
Of all men in the country, he preserved
For festive days; nor better day than this
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatcht roof.
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,
And soon was heard he, breathing hard: he now
Descended, holding in both arms a cask,
Fictile, capacious, bulging: cork-tree bark
Secured the treasure; wax above the mouth,
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by.
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark,
A hum was heard. "What! are there bees within?"

Euphorbas cried. "They came then with the grapes,"
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon.
"The ghosts of grapes!" cried Phanor, fond of jokes
Within the house, but ever abstinent
Of such as that, in woodland and alone,
Where any sylvan God might overhear.
No few were saddened at the ill-omen'd word,
But sniffing the sweet odour, bent their heads,
Tasted, sipt, drank, ingurgitated: fear
Flew from them all, joy rusht to every breast,
Friendship grew warmer, hands were join'd, vows sworn.
From cups of every size, from cups two-ear'd,
From ivy-twisted and from smooth alike,
They dash the water; they pour in the wine;
(For wine it was,) until that hour unseen.
They emptied the whole cask; and they alone;
For both the father and the daughter sate
Enjoying their delight. But when they saw
Flusht faces, and when angry words arose
As one more fondly glanced against the cheek
Of the fair maiden on her seat apart,
And she lookt down, or lookt another way
Where other eyes caught hers, and did the like,
Sadly the sire, the daughter fearfully,
Upon each other fixt wide-open eyes.
This did the men remark, and, bearing signs
Different, as were their tempers, of the wine,
But feeling each the floor reel under him,
Each raging, with more thirst at every draught,
Acastor first (sidelong his step) arose,
Then Phanor, then Antyllos:
"Zeus above
Confound thee, cursed wretch!" aloud they cried,
"Is this thy hospitality? must all
Who loved thy daughter perish at a blow?
Not at a blow, but like the flies and wasps."
Madness had seiz'd them all. Erigonè
Ran out for help: what help? Before her sprang
Mœra, and howl'd and barkt, and then return'd
Presaging. They had dragg'd the old man out
And murdered him. Again flew Mœra forth,
Faithful, compassionate, and seized her vest,
And drew her where the body lay, unclosed
The eyes, and rais'd toward the stars of heaven.

Raise thine, for thou hast heard enough, raise thine
And view Böotes bright among those stars,
Brighter the Virgin: Mœra too shines there.
But where were the Eumenides? Repress
Thy anger. If the clear calm stars above
Appease it not, and blood must flow for blood,
Listen, and hear the sequel of the tale.
Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down; as mortals knew
By the woods bending under his dark eye,
And huge towers shuddering on the mountain tops,
And stillness in the valley, in the wold,
And over the deep waters all round earth.
He lifted up his arm, but struck them not
In their abasement: by each other's blow
They fell; some suddenly; but more beneath
The desperate gasp of long-enduring wounds.

VIII. THE HAMADRYAD.

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was intwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.
For various men wore various coronals;
But one was their devotion: 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.
Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."
And ere he ended, sigh'd; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.
"Suppose thou go and help
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
This we may do in winter."
Rhaicos went;
For thence he could see farther, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall:
He held it upright. "There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said, "Echion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow; for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near." Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms

Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.
"What dost thou here?" Echion, half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gaspt, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.
"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.
Hamadryad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? no vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.
Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.
Hamadryad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?
Rhaicos. Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birth-day since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.
Hamadryad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.
Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it; 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough . .
It shows such kindness . . if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.
Hamadryad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?
Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.
Hamadryad. But wilt thou spare the tree?
Rhaicos. My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.
Hamadryad. Awhile? thy father numbers then my days?
Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?
Hamadryad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?
Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
Trust me: till then let me sit opposite.
Hamadryad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.
Rhaicos. O sight for gods! Ye men below! adore
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below?
Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those highths that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.
Hamadryad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay . .
Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not:
No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.
Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphrodite!
O Herè! let my vow be ratified!
But wilt thou come into my father's house?
Hamadryad. Nay: and of mine I can not give thee part.
Rhaicos. Where is it?
Hamadryad. In this oak.
Rhaicos. Ay; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through.
Hamadryad. Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!
Rhaicos. For shame I can not rise. O pity me!
I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,

But many days: let me love on . . unloved!
I aimed too high: on my own head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.
Hamadryad. Go . . rather go, than make me say I love.
Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)
I am immortal too: my vow is heard:
Hark! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now,
I claim my kiss.
Hamadryad. Do men take first, then claim?
Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

. . Her lips were seal'd; her head sank on his breast.
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:
But who should hear them?. . and whose laughs? and why?
Savoury was the smell and long past noon,
Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram,
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between;
It ought to run; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increast by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid, . .
It was religion.
He thus fortified,
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abasht,
"Father, that oak is Jove's own tree: that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love . . that one"
(He blusht, nor said
What one)
"Has promist this, and may do more.
Thou hast not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best: if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn."
"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
Said the glad sire: "but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find
In every crevice, over and above
What has been promist; would they reckon that?"
Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs:
They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out they pleased.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander, there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain; for those who most are loved
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here."
He spake; and pluckt it from its pliant stem.
"Impatient Rhaicos! why thus intercept
The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes: I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away: then shall I know my fate,
And,. . for thou must be wretched,. . weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
And season after season: years had past,
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.
The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods; one did, alas! She called
Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
The draft-board was expanded; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son
Was puzzled, vext, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not; his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing: but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

IX. ALCIPHRON AND LEUCIPPE.

An ancient chestnut's blossoms threw
Their heavy odour over two:
Leucippe, it is said, was one,
The other then was Alciphron.
"Come, come! why should we stand beneath
This hollow tree's unwholesome breath,"
Said Alciphron, "here 's not a blade
Of grass or moss, and scanty shade.
Come; it is just the hour to rove
In the lone dingle shepherds love,
There, straight and tall, the hazel twig
Divides the crooked rock-held fig,
O'er the blue pebbles where the rill
In winter runs, and may run still.
Come then, while fresh and calm the air,
And while the shepherds are not there."
Leucippe. But I would rather go when they
Sit round about and sing and play.
Then why so hurry me? for you
Like play and song and shepherds too.
Alciphron. I like the shepherds very well,
And song and play, as you can tell.
But there is play I sadly fear,
And song I would not have you hear.
Leucippe. What can it be? what can it be?
Alciphron. To you may none of them repeat
The play that you have played with me,
The song that made your bosom beat.
Leucippe. Don't keep your arm about my waist.
Alciphron. Might not you stumble?
Leucippe. Well then, do.
But why are we in all this haste?
Alciphron. To sing.
Leucippe. Alas! and not play too?

X. ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA.

A vision came o'er three young men at once,
A vision of Apollo: each had heard
The same command; each followed it; all three
Assembled on one day before the God
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.
Bright shone the morning; and the birds that build
Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropt
From under them and wheeled athwart the sky,
When, silently and reverently, the youths
Marcht side by side up the long steps that led
Toward the awful God who dwelt within.
Of those three youths fame hath held fast the name
Of one alone; nor would that name survive
Unless Love had sustain'd it, and blown off
With his impatient breath the mists of time.
"Ye come," the God said mildly, "of one will
To people what is desert in the isle
Of Lemnos. But strong men possess its shores;
Nor shall you execute the brave emprize
Unless, on the third day from going forth,
To him who rules the waters ye devote
A virgin, cast into the sea alive."
They heard, and lookt in one another's face,
And then bent piously before the shrine
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,
And, after a short silence, went away,
Taking each other's hand and swearing truth,
Then to the ship in which they came, return'd.
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad;
Sad was Enallos; yet those two by none
Were loved; Enallos had already won
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.
By night, by day, in company, alone,
The image of the maiden fill'd his breast
To the heart's brim. Ah! therefore did that heart
So sink within him.
They have sail'd; they reach
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng
The plashing port, to watch the gather'd sail,
And who springs first and farthest upon shore.
Enallos came the latest from the deck.
Swift ran the rumour what the God had said,
And fearful were the maidens, who before
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,
That they might give their hands, and have their homes,
And nurse their children; and more thoughts perhaps
Led up to these, and even ran before.
But they persuaded easily their wooers
To sail without them, and return again
When they had seiz'd the virgin on the way.
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three
Before their fresh departure, that her own
Enallos had been cast into the deep,
And she had saved him. She alone embarkt
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,
And hid herself before the break of day
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.
But when the noon was come, and the repast
Was call'd for, there they found her. Not quite stern,
But more than sad, Enallos lookt upon her.
Forebodings shook him: hopes rais'd *her*, and love
Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray.
Kindly were all to her and dutiful;
And she slept soundly mid the leaves of figs
And vines, and far as far could be apart.
Now the third morn had risen, and the day
Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs

Perplext them : land they saw not yet, nor knew
Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blaz'd,
Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew
Howled for the victim. "Seize her, or we sink."
O maid of Pindus! I would linger here
To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,
For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,
Where thou and I, apart from living men,
And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.
Ah! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed?
And thy voice too, Cymodameia! thine
Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself
In this extremity. Sad words! sad words!
"O save me! save! Let me not die so young!
Loving you so! Let me not cease to see you?"
Thou claspedest the youth who would have died
To have done less than save thee. Thus he prayed.
"O God! who givest light to all the world,
Take not from me what makes that light most blessed!
Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save
This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,
To share with her (and bring no curses up
From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate!"
They wrung her from his knee; they hurl'd her down
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pitch)
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair
Scarcely had risen up again, before
Another plunge was heard, another form
Clove the straight line of bubbling foam, direct
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all
Burst, for the roaring sea ingulpht them both.
Onward the vessel flew; the skies again
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.
Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.
The shore was won; the fields markt out; and roofs
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare;
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest
Of winter, knew the doors: then infant cries
Were heard within; and lastly, tottering steps
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.
Ay, three full years had come and gone again,
And often, when the flame on windy nights
Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash
Piled high, men pusht almost from under them
The bench on which they talkt about the dead.
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light
Environed them with its eternal green:
And many nymphs sate round: one blew aloud
The spiral shell; one drew bright chords across
Shell more expansive; tenderly a third
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt
At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy;
A fourth took up the lyre and pincht the strings,
Inviaible by trembling: many rais'd
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.
I know them all; but all with eyes downcast,
Conscious of loving, have entreated me
I would not utter now their names above.
Behold, among these natives of the sea
There stands but one young man: how fair! how fond!
Ah! were he fond to *them!* It may not be!
Yet did they tend him morn and eve; by night
They also watcht his slumbers: then they heard
His sighs, nor his alone; for there were two
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair
Upward he rais'd his arms, and thus he prayed,
"O Phœbus! on the higher world alone
Showerest thou all thy blessings? Great indeed
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her;
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful
More than herself the Nymphs she sees around,
And asks me 'Are they not more beautiful?'
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,
But not with me! Release her from the sight;
Restore her to a happier home, and dry
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears!"
She saw him in the action of his prayer,
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground,
Ere she had claspt his neck, her feet were borne.
He caught her robe; and its white radiance rose
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,
But spann'd one ancle too. The swift ascent
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,
Invigorating her, nor letting loose
The lover's arm below; albeit at last
It closed those eyes intensely fixt thereon,
And still as fixt in dreaming. Both were cast
Upon an island till'd by peaceful men,
And few (no port nor road accessible)
Fruitful and green as the abode they left,
And warm with summer, warm with love and song.
'Tis said that some, whom most Apollo loves,
Have seen that island, guided by his light;
And others have gone near it, but a fog
Rose up between them and the lofty rocks;
Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,
And shepherd-boys and credulous hinds believe.

XI. IPHIGENEIA.

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right-hand, and said,
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.

"O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Altho' she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm'd
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents will'd the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena,* that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over her's,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turn'd away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shudder'd; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seem'd the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she rais'd her voice.
"O father! if the ships are now detain'd,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now enter'd, and without
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

XII. THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

"Artemidora! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thy own come near
And nearer, and solicit an embrace."
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have prest
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He lookt into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more:
Her head fell back: and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers.

* Pallas Athena was the patroness of Argos.

XIII. MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY.

HELEN is pursued by MENELAUS up the steps of the palace: an old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

Menelaus. Out of my way! Off! or my sword may smite thee,*
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,
Fugitive! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair..
Thou mountest not another, by the Gods!
(*She stops: he seizes her.*)
Now take the death thou meritest, the death
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,
And every other god whom thou hast left,
And every other who abandons thee
In this accursed city, sends at last.
Turn, vilest of vile slaves! turn, paramour
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,
Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss
It and its odours to the dust and flames.
Helen. Welcome the death thou promisest! Not fear
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.
Menelaus. Duty! false harlot!
Helen. Name too true! severe
Precursor to the blow that is to fall,
It should alone suffice for killing me.
Menelaus. Ay, weep: be not the only one in Troy
Who wails not on this day.. its last.. the day
Thou and thy crimes darken with dead on dead.
Helen. Spare! spare! O let the last that falls be me!
There are but young and old.
Menelaus. There are but guilty
Where thou art, and the sword strikes none amiss.
Hearest thou not the creeping blood buzz near
Like flies? or wouldst thou rather hear it hiss
Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown down
Wherewith the streets are pathless? Ay, but vengeance
Springs over all; and Nemesis and Atè
Drove back the flying ashes with both hands.
I never saw thee weep till now: and now
There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger
Leaves not her young athirst for the first milk,
As thou didst. Thine could scarce have clasp't thy knee
If she had felt thee leave her.
Helen. O my child!
My only one! Thou livest: 'tis enough:
Hate me, abhor me, curse me.. these are duties..
Call me but Mother in the shades of death!

* The reader must be reminded that this is no translation from a French tragedy: such really and truly were the manners of the Greeks in the time of the Trojan war: they respected age, but disregarded sex.

She now is twelve years old, when the bud swells
And the first colours of uncertain life
Begin to tinge it.
Menelaus (*aside*). Can she think of home?
Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermione's!
Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth, one left,
For thee, my last of love!
Scorn, righteous scorn
Blows it from me . . but thou mayst . . never, never.
Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave
On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd below.
Helen. Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,
Send me among the captives; so that Zeus
May see his offspring led in chains away,
And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword
At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,
Cry, "She alone shall never sail for Greece!"
Menelaus. Hast thou more words?
Her voice is musical
As the young maids who sing to Artemis:
How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp
Seiz'd and let loose! Ah! can then years have past
Since . . but the children of the Gods, like them,
Suffer not age.
Helen! speak honestly,
And thus escape my vengeance . . was it force
That bore thee off?
Helen. It was some evil God.
Menelaus. Helping that hated man?
Helen. How justly hated!
Menelaus. By thee too?
Helen. Hath he not made *thee* unhappy?
O do not strike.
Menelaus. Wretch!
Helen. Strike, but do not speak.
Menelaus. Lest thou remember me against thy will.
Helen. Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,
Against my will; O! how against my will
They know above, they who perhaps can pity.
Menelaus. They shall not save thee.
Helen. Then indeed they pity.
Menelaus. Prepare for death.
Helen. Not from that hand: 'twould pain you.
Menelaus. Touch not my hand. Easily dost thou drop it!
Helen. Easy are all things, do but thou command.
Menelaus. Look up then.
Helen. To the hardest proof of all
I am now bidden: bid me not look up.
Menelaus. She looks as when I led her on behind
The torch and fife, and when the blush o'erspread
Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
On the first step before the wreathed gate.
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.
Helen. The hand
That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.
I dare no longer see the light of heaven,
Nor thine . . alas! the light of heaven to me.
Menelaus. Follow me.
She holds out both arms . . and now
Drops them again . . She comes . . Why stoppest thou?
Helen. O Menelăus! could thy heart know mine,
As once it did . . for then did they converse,
Generous the one, the other not unworthy . .
Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even than guilt.
Menelaus. And must I lead her by the hand again?
Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws back . .
The true alone and loving sob like her . .
Come, Helen! [*He takes her hand.*
Helen. Oh! let never Greek see this!
Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,
Hide me from all.
Menelaus. Thy anguish is too strong
For me to strive with.
Helen. Leave it all to me.
Menelaus. Peace! peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

XIV. CHRYSAOR.

Come, I beseech ye, Muses! who, retired
Deep in the shady glens by Helicon,
Yet know the realms of Ocean, know the laws
Of his wide empire, and throughout his court
Know every Nymph, and call them each by name;
Who from your sacred mountain see afar
O'er earth and heaven, and hear and memorise
The crimes of men and counsels of the Gods;
Sing of those crimes and of those counsels, sing
Of Gades sever'd from the fruitful main,
And what befell and from what mighty hand,
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword.
'Twas when the high Olympus shook with fear,
Lest all his temples, all his groves, be crusht
By Pelion piled on Ossa: but the sire
Of mortals and immortals waved his arm
Around, and all below was wild dismay:
Again; 'twas agony: again; 'twas peace.
Chrysaor still in Gades tarrying,
Hurl'd into ether, tinging, as it flew,
With sudden fire the clouds round Saturn's throne,
No pine surrender'd by retreating Pan,
Nor ash, nor poplar pale; but swoln with pride
Stood towering from the citadel; his spear
One hand was rested on, and one with rage
Shut hard, and firmly fixt against his side;
His frowning visage, flusht with insolence,
Rais'd up oblique to heaven. "O thou," he cried,
"Whom nations kneel to, not whom nations know,
Hear me, and answer, if indeed thou canst,
The last appeal I deign thee or allow.
Tell me, and quickly, why should I adore,
Adored myself by millions? why invoke,
Invoked with all thy attributes? Men wrong

By their prostrations, prayers, and sacrifice,
Either the gods, their rulers, or themselves:
But flame and thunder fright them from the Gods;
Themselves they can not, dare not, they are ours;
Us, dare they, can they, *us?* but triumph, Jove!
Man for one moment hath engaged his lord,
Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.
No! lower thy sceptre, and hear Atrobal,
And judge aright to whom men sacrifice.
'My children,' said the sage and pious priest,
'Mark there the altar! though the fumes aspire
Twelve cubits ere a nostril they regale,
'Tis myrrh for Titans, 'tis but air for Gods.'
Time changes, Nature changes, I am changed!
Fronting the furious lustre of the sun,
I yielded to his piercing swift-shot beams
Only when quite meridian, then abased
These orbits to the ground, and there survey'd
My shadow: strange and horrid to relate!
My very shadow almost disappear'd!
Restore it, or by earth and hell I swear
With blood enough will I refascinate
The cursed incantation: thou restore,
And largely; or my brethren, all combined,
Shall rouse thee from thy lethargies, and drive
Far from thy cloud-soft pillow, minion-prest,
Those leering lassitudes that follow Love."

The smile of disappointment and disdain
Sat sallow on his pausing lip half-closed;
But, neither headlong importunity
Nor gibing threat of reed-propt insolence
Let loose the blast of vengeance: heaven shone bright,
And proud Chrysaor spurn'd the prostrate land.
But the triumphant Thunderer, now mankind
(Criminal mostly for enduring crimes)
Provoked his indignation, thus besought
His trident-sceptered brother, triton-borne.
"O Neptune! cease henceforward to repine.
They are not cruel, no; the Destinies
Intent upon their loom, unoccupied
With aught beyond its moody murmuring sound,
Will neither see thee weep nor hear thee sigh:
And wherefore weep, O Neptune, wherefore sigh!
Ambition? 'tis unworthy of a God,
Unworthy of a brother! I am Jove,
Thou Neptune: happier in uncitied realms,
In coral hall or grotto samphire-ceil'd,
Amid the song of Nymphs and ring of shells
Thou smoothest at thy will the pliant wave
Or liftest it to heaven. I also can
Whatever best beseems me, nor for aid
Unless I loved thee, Neptune, would I call.
Though absent, thou hast heard and hast beheld
The profanation of that monstrous race,
That race of earth-born giants; one survives;
The rapid-footed Rhodan mountain-rear'd
Beheld the rest defeated; still remain
Scatter'd throughout interminable fields,
Sandy and sultry, and each hopeless path
Choakt up with crawling briars and bristling thorns,
The flinty trophies of their foul disgrace.
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword,
Still hails as brethren men of stouter heart,
But, wise confederate, shuns Phlegræan fields.
No warrior he, yet who so fond of war,
Unfeeling, scarce ferocious; flattery's dupe,
He fancies that the gods themselves are his;
Impious, but most in prayer. Now re-assert
Thy friendship, raise thy trident, strike the rock,
Sever him from mankind." Then thus replied
The Nymph-surrounded monarch of the main.
"Empire bemoan I not, however shared,
Nor Fortune frail, nor stubborn Fate, accuse:
No! mortals I bemoan! when Avarice,
Ploughing these fruitless furrows, shall awake
The basking Demons and the dormant Crimes,
Horrible, strong, resistless, and transform
Meekness to Madness, Patience to Despair.
What is Ambition? what but Avarice?
But Avarice in richer guise array'd,
Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien'd,
Her brow uncrost by care, but deeply markt,
And darting downward 'twixt her eyes hard-lasht
The wrinkle of command. Could ever I
So foul a fiend, so fondly too, caress?
Judge me not harshly, judge me by my deeds."

Though seated then on Afric's further coast,
Yet sudden at his voice, so long unheard,
(For he had grieved, and treasured up his grief)
With short kind greeting meet from every side
The Triton herds, and warm with melody
The azure concave of their curling shells.
Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,
He glided through the deep, and now arrived,
Leapt from his pearly beryl-studded car.
Earth trembled: the retreating tide, black-brow'd,
Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd
The promontory's base: but when the God
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky
Was darken'd with their fragments ere they fell.
Lygeia vocal, Zantho yellow-hair'd,
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Berōē
Demure, and sweet Ione, youngest-born,
Of mortal race, but grown divine by song;
Had you seen playing round her placid neck
The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,
O! who had call'd them boders of a storm!
These, and the many sister Nereids,
Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,
All unsuspicious of the dread intent,
Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks
Of terror plunge amid the closing wave;
Yet, just above, one moment more appear
Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.
Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege
Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurst
The stars, the destinies, the gods; his breast
Panted from consternation and dismay,
And pride untoward on himself o'erthrown.
From his distended nostrils issued gore
At intervals, with which his wiry locks,
Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed:
And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice

More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon
Below, that urge along ten thousand ghosts
Wafted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.
But answer heard he none: the men of might
Who gather'd round him formerly, the men
Whom frozen at a frown, a smile revived,
Were far: enormous mountains interposed,
Nor ever had the veil-hung pine out-spread
O'er Tethys then her wandering leafless shade:
Nor could he longer under wintry stars
Suspend the watery journey, nor repose
Whole nights on Ocean's billowy restless bed;
No longer, bulging through the tempest, rose
That bulky bosom; nor those oarlike hands
Trusted ere mortal's keenest ken conceived
The bluest shore, threw back opposing tides.
Shrunken mid brutal hair his violent veins
Subsided, yet were hideous to behold
As dragons panting in the noontide brake.
At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,
And stifling all within his deadly grasp,
Struggling and tearing up the glebe to turn,
And from a throat that, as it throbb'd and rose,
Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,
Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.
Nations of fair Hesperia! lo o'erthrown
Your peace-embracing war-inciting king!
Ah! thrice twelve years and longer ye endured
Without one effort to rise higher, one hope
That heaven would wing the secret shaft aright,
The abomination: hence 'twas Jove's command
That many hundred, many thousand more,
Freed from one despot, still from one unfreed,
Ye crouch unblest at Superstition's feet.
Her hath he sent among ye; her the pest
Of men below and curse of Gods above:
Hers are the last worst tortures they inflict
On all who bend to any king but them.
Born of Sicanus in the vast abyss
Where never light descended, she survived
Her parent; he omnipotence defied,
But thunderstruck fell headlong from the clouds;
She, though the radiant ether overpower'd
Her eyes, accustom'd to the gloom of night,
And quencht their lurid orbs, Religion's helm
Assuming, vibrated her Stygian torch,
Till thou, Astræa! though behind the sire's
Broad egis, trembledst on thy heavenly throne.

XV.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
But where the land is dim from tyranny,
There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
That burst into existence from the froth
Of ever-varying ocean: what is best
Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deformed.
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
The passions flourish, the affections die.
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillest all the space between the seas,
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'tis the breath
Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to life!
Let the last work of his right hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man. Thou recreant slave
That sittest afar off and helpest not,
O thou degenerate Albion! with what shame
Do I survey thee, pushing forth the spunge
At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst
Of holy Freedom in his agony,
And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side!
Must Italy then wholly rot away
Amid her slime, before she germinate
Into fresh vigour, into form again?
What thunder bursts upon mine ear! some isle
Hath surely risen from the gulphs profound,
Eager to suck the sunshine from the breast
Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the gale
From golden Hermus and Melena's brow.
A greater thing than isle, than continent,
Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth,
Hath risen there; regenerate Man hath risen.
Generous old bard of Chios! not that Jove
Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight
Would I complain, but that no higher theme
Than a disdainful youth, a lawless king,
A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,
When on the Chian coast, one javelin's throw
From where thy tombstone, where thy cradle stood,
Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assail'd
The naval host of Asia, at one blow
Scattered it into air . . . and Greece was free . . .
And ere these glories beam'd, thy day had closed.
Let all that Elis ever saw, give way,
All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon:
The Marathonian columns never told
A tale more glorious, never Salamis,
Nor, faithful in the centre of the false,
Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary foot
In the warm streamlet of the strait below.*
Goddess! altho' thy brow was never rear'd
Among the powers that guarded or assail'd
Perfidious Ilion, parricidal Thebes,
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er inclosed
Man's congregated crimes and vengeful pain,
Yet hast thou toucht the extremes of grief and joy;
Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,
A solitary mother; joy beyond,
Far beyond, that thy woe, in this thy fane:
The tears were human, but the bliss divine.

* The Amphictyons met annually in the temple of Ceres near Anthela.

I, in the land of strangers, and deprest
With sad and certain presage for my own,
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, tho afar,
There where my youth was not unexercised
By chiefs in willing war and faithful song:
Shades as they were, they were not empty shades,
Whose bodies haunt our world and blear our sun,
Obstruction worse than swamp and shapeless sands.
Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the souls
That, rising from the seas into the heavens,
Have ransom'd first their country with their blood!
O thou immortal Spartan! at whose name
The marble table sounds beneath my palms,
Leonidas! even thou wilt not disdain
To mingle names august as these with thine;
Nor thou, twin-star of glory, thou whose rays
Stream'd over Corinth on the double sea,
Achaian and Saronic; whom the sons
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy light,
Wept more than slavery ever made them weep,
But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet tears . .
The hand that then pour'd ashes o'er their heads
Was loosen'd from its desperate chain by thee.
What now can press mankind into one mass,
For Tyranny to tread the more secure?
From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire
That Adulation trills: she mocks the tone
Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,
And under her sits Hope. O how unlike
That graceful form in azure vest array'd,
With brow serene, and eyes on heaven alone
In patience fixt, in fondness unobscured!
What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree
Of Despotism! what wastes extend around!
What poison floats upon the distant breeze!
But who are those that cull and deal its fruit?
Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade,
Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and Famine's cry.
Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,
Dejected Man! and scare this brood away.

GEBIR.

FIRST BOOK.

I SING the fates of Gebir. He had dwelt
Among those mountain-caverns which retain
His labours yet, vast halls and flowing wells,
Nor have forgotten their old master's name
Though sever'd from his people: here, incenst
By meditating on primeval wrongs,
He blew his battle-horn, at which uprose
Whole nations; here, ten thousand of most might
He call'd aloud; and soon Charoba saw
His dark helm hover o'er the land of Nile. 10
What should the virgin do? should royal knees
Bend suppliant? or defenceless hands engage
Men of gigantic force, gigantic arms?
For 'twas reported that nor sword sufficed,
Nor shield immense nor coat of massive mail,
But that upon their towering heads they bore
Each a huge stone, refulgent as the stars.
This told she Dalica, then cried aloud,
"If on your bosom laying down my head
I sobb'd away the sorrows of a child, 20
If I have always, and Heav'n knows I have,
Next to a mother's held a nurse's name,
Succour this one distress, recall those days,
Love me, tho' twere because you lov'd me then."
But whether confident in magic rites
Or toucht with sexual pride to stand implor'd,
Dalica smiled, then spake: "Away those fears.
Though stronger than the strongest of his kind,
He falls; on me devolve that charge; he falls.
Rather than fly him, stoop thou to allure; 30
Nay, journey to his tents. A city stood
Upon that coast, they say, by Sidad built,
Whose father Gad built Gadir; on this ground
Perhaps he sees an ample room for war.
Persuade him to restore the walls himself
In honour of his ancestors, persuade . .
But wherefore this advice? young, unespoused,
Charoba want persuasions! and a queen!"
"O Dalica!" the shuddering maid exclaim'd, 40
"Could I encounter that fierce frightful man?
Could I speak? no, nor sigh." "And canst thou reign?"
Cried Dalica; "yield empire or comply."
Unfixt, though seeming fixt, her eyes downcast,
The wonted buzz and bustle of the court
From far through sculptured galleries met her ear;
Then lifting up her head, the evening sun
Pour'd a fresh splendour on her burnisht throne:
The fair Charoba, the young queen, complied.
But Gebir, when he heard of her approach,
Laid by his orbed shield; his vizor-helm, 50
His buckler and his corset he laid by,
And bade that none attend him: at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's hand.
There was a brightening paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe. 60
But when the royal damsel first he saw,
Faint, hanging on her handmaid, and her knees
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
His eyes lookt earnest on her, and those eyes
Show'd, if they had not, that they might have, lov'd,
For there was pity in them at that hour.
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,
He sooth'd her; but lest Pity go beyond
And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim,
Bending, he kist her garment, and retired. 70
He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry noon,
When viands, couches, generous wines, persuade,
And slumber most refreshes; nor at night,
When heavy dews are laden with disease;
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.
Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he arrived
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed
The royal flocks entrusted to his care.
"Now," said he to himself, "will I repose
At least this burthen on a brother's breast." 80
His brother stood before him: he, amazed,
Rear'd suddenly his head, and thus began.
"Is it thou, brother! Tamar, is it thou!
Why, standing on the valley's utmost verge,
Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore
Where beyond sight Nile blackens all the sand?
And why that sadness? When I past our sheep
The dew-drops were not shaken off the bar,
Therefore if one be wanting, 'tis untold."
"Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold," 90

Said Tamar; "and this dull and dreary shore
Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours."
Whereon the tear stole silent down his cheek,
Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv'd:
Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake.
"Let me approach thee; does the morning light
Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,
This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes?"
"O brother, is this pity or reproach?"
Cried Tamar, "cruel if it be reproach, 100
If pity, O how vain!" "Whate'er it be
That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but speak,
And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for pang."
"Gebir! then more than brothers are we now!
Everything (take my hand) will I confess.
I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;
How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why
That anger which has risen to your cheek?
Can other men? could you? what, no reply!
And still more anger, and still worse conceal'd! 110
Are these your promises? your pity this?"
"Tamar, I well may pity what I feel . .
Mark me aright . . I feel for thee . . proceed . .
Relate me all." "Then will I all relate,"
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from his heart.
"'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:
'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my neck
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art! 120
It always brings us enemies or love.
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed,
Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!
I can not wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd
The sailor; of what happen'd there remains 130
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank
Before I was aware; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
Her eyes too! O immortal Gods! her eyes 140
Resembled . . what could they resemble? what
Ever resemble those? Even her attire
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.
'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention: could I fail
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press? 150
'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted; no; I will engage.'
'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'
'A sheep,' I answered: 'add whate'er you will.'
'I can not,' she replied, 'make that return:
Our hided vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed 160
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have;
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend,
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.' 170
Now came she forward eager to engage,
But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,
And heav'd it, doubting if she could deceive.
Her bosom seem'd, inclos'd in haze like heav'n,
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.
'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.' 180
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout
And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.
Again with violent impulse gusht my blood,
And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined: 190
Often mine springing with eluded force
Started aside and trembled till replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so compress't
That life was almost quivering on my lips,
Yet nothing was there painful: these are signs
Of secret arts and not of human might;
What arts I can not tell; I only know
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd;
I was indeed o'ercome . . with what regret,
And more, with what confusion, when I reacht 200
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,
'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.'
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like love.
She went away; I on the wicker gate
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet 210
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip,
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil'd,
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;

Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her; she was gone; gone down the tide;
And the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half up-rear'd."
"But, Tamar! tell me, will she not return?"
"She will return, yet not before the moon
Again is at the full: she promist this,
Tho' when she promist I could not reply."
"By all the Gods I pity thee! go on,
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame,
For when a lover only hears of love
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,
With contemplation, with humility,
A tatter'd cloak that pride wears when deform'd,
Away with all that hides me from myself,
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise:
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt
Than from the barest folly of our friend.
Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich, afford
Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy sheep,
But, battened on too much, the poorest croft
Of thy poor neighbour yields what thine denies."
They hasten'd to the camp, and Gebir there
Resolved his native country to forego,
And order'd from those ruins to the right
They forthwith raise a city. Tamar heard
With wonder, tho' in passing 'twas half-told,
His brother's love, and sigh'd upon his own.

SECOND BOOK.

The Gadite men the royal charge obey.
Now fragments weigh'd up from the uneven streets
Leave the ground black beneath; again the sun
Shines into what were porches, and on steps
Once warm with frequentation; clients, friends,
All morning, satchel'd idlers all mid-day,
Lying half-up and languid tho' at games.
Some raise the painted pavement, some on wheels
Draw slow its laminous length, some intersperse
Salt water thro' the sordid heaps, and seize
The flowers and figures starting fresh to view;
Others rub hard large masses, and essay
To polish into white what they misdeem
The growing green of many trackless years.*
Far off at intervals the axe resounds
With regular strong stroke, and nearer home
Dull falls the mallet with long labour fringed.
Here arches are discover'd; there huge beams
Resist the hatchet, but in fresher air
Soon drop away: there spreads a marble squared
And smoothen'd; some high pillar for its base
Chose it, which now lies ruin'd in the dust.
Clearing the soil at bottom, they espy
A crevice, and, intent on treasure, strive
Strenuous and groan to move it: one exclaims,
"I hear the rusty metal grate; it moves!"
Now, overturning it, backward they start,
And stop again, and see a serpent pant,
See his throat thicken and the crisped scales
Rise ruffled, while upon the middle fold
He keeps his wary head and blinking eye,
Curling more close and crouching ere he strike.
Go, mighty men, invade far cities, go,
And be such treasure portions to your heirs.
Six days they labour'd: on the seventh day
Returning, all their labours were destroy'd.
'Twas not by mortal hand, or from their tents
'Twere visible; for these were now removed
Above, where neither noxious mist ascends
Nor the way wearies ere the work begin.
There Gebir, pierced with sorrow, spake these words:
"Ye men of Gades, arm'd with brazen shields,
And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore
Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe
To Bœtis and his banks for their attire,
Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,
Inherent in your hearts is bravery,
For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails,
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the Gods,
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixt,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Tho' different, glows with beauty; at the throne
Of Mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosom'd, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand. Let us arise
On these high places daily, beat our breast,
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath."
The people bow'd their bodies and obey'd.
Nine mornings with white ashes on their heads
Lamented they their toil each night o'erthrown,
And now the largest orbit of the year,
Leaning o'er black Mocattam's rubied brow,*
Proceeded slow, majestic, and serene,
Now seem'd not further than the nearest cliff,
And crimson light struck soft the phosphor wave.
Then Gebir spake to Tamar in these words:
"Tamar! I am thy elder and thy king,
But am thy brother too, nor ever said
Give me thy secret and become my slave:
But haste thee not away; I will myself
Await the nymph, disguised in thy attire."
Then, starting from attention, Tamar cried,
"Brother! in sacred truth it can not be.
My life is yours, my love must be my own.
O surely he who seeks a second love
Never felt one, or 'tis not one I feel."
But Gebir with complacent smile replied,
"Go then, fond Tamar, go in happy hour,
But, ere thou partest, ponder in thy breast
And well bethink thee, lest thou part deceived,
Will she disclose to thee the mysteries
Of our calamity? and unconstrain'd?
When even her love thy strength had to disclose.
My heart indeed is full, but, witness heaven!
My people, not my passion, fill my heart."

* *Verde Antico* is found here.

* The summits are of a deep red.

"Then let me kiss thy garment," said the youth,
"And heaven be with thee, and on me thy grace."
Him then the monarch thus once more addrest:
"Be of good courage: hast thou yet forgot
What chaplets languisht round thy unburnt hair,
In colour like some tall smooth beech's leaves
Curl'd by autumnal suns?" How flattery
Excites a pleasant, soothes a painful shame!
"These," amid stifled blushes Tamar said,
"Were of the flowering raspberry and vine: 100
But ah! the seasons will not wait for love,
Seek out some other now." They parted here:
And Gebir, bending through the woodland, cull'd
The creeping vine and viscous raspberry,
Less green and less compliant than they were,
And twisted in those mossy tufts that grow
On brakes of roses when the roses fade:
And as he passes on, the little hinds
That shake for bristly herds the foodful bough,
Wonder, stand still, gaze, and trip satisfied; 110
Pleas'd more if chesnut, out of prickly husk
Shot from the sandal, roll along the glade.
And thus unnoticed went he, and untired
Stept up the acclivity; and as he stept,
And as the garlands nodded o'er his brow,
Sudden from under a close alder sprang
Th' expectant nymph, and seiz'd him unaware.
He stagger'd at the shock; his feet at first
Slipt backward from the wither'd grass short-grazed,
But striking out one arm, tho' without aim, 120
Then grasping with his other, he enclosed
The struggler; she gain'd not one step's retreat,
Urging with open hands against his throat
Intense, now holding in her breath constrain'd,
Now pushing with quick impulse and by starts,
Till the dust blacken'd upon every pore.
Nearer he drew her and yet nearer, claspt
Above the knees midway, and now one arm
Fell, and her other lapsing o'er the neck
Of Gebir, swung against his back incurved, 130
The swoln veins glowing deep, and with a groan
On his broad shoulder fell her face reclined.
But ah! she knew not whom that roseate face
Cool'd with its breath ambrosial; for she stood
Higher on the bank, and often swept and broke
His chaplets mingled with her loosen'd hair.
Whether, while Tamar tarried, came desire,
And she, grown languid, loost the wings of Love
Which she before held proudly at her will,
And, nought but Tamar in her soul, and nought 140
(Where Tamar was) that seem'd or fear'd deceit,
To fraud she yielded what no force had gain'd;
Or whether Jove in pity to mankind,
When from his crystal fount the visual orbs
He fill'd with piercing ether, and endued
With somewhat of omnipotence, ordain'd
That never two fair forms at once torment
The human heart and draw it different ways,
And thus, in prowess like a god, the chief
Subdued her strength nor softened at her charms, 150
The nymph divine, the magic mistress, fail'd.
Recovering, still half-resting on the turf,
She lookt up wildly, and could now descry
The kingly brow archt lofty for command.
"Traitor!" said she undaunted, tho' amaze
Threw o'er her varying cheek the air of fear,
"Thinkest thou thus that with impunity
Thou hast forsooth deceived me? dar'st thou deem
Those eyes not hateful that have seen me fall?
O heaven! soon may they close on my disgrace. 160
Merciless man! what! for one sheep estranged
Hast thou thrown into dungeons and of day
Amerced thy shepherd? hast thou, while the iron
Pierced thro' his tender limbs into his soul,
By threats, by tortures, torn out that offence,
And heard him (O could I) avow his love?
Say, hast thou? cruel, hateful! ah my fears!
I feel them true! speak, tell me, are they true?"
She, blending thus entreaty with reproach,
Bent forward, as tho' falling on her knee 170
Whence she had hardly risen, and at this pause
Shed from her large dark eyes a shower of tears.
The Iberian King her sorrow thus consoled.
"Weep no more, heavenly maiden, weep no more:
Neither by force withheld nor choice estranged,
Thy Tamar lives, and only lives for thee.
Happy, thrice happy, you! 'tis me alone
Whom heaven and earth and ocean with one hate
Conspire on, and throughout each path pursue.
Whether in waves beneath or skies above 180
Thou hast thy habitation, 'tis from heaven,
From heaven alone, such power, such charms descend.
Then O! discover whence that ruin comes
Each night upon our city; whence are heard
Those yells of rapture round our fallen walls:
In our affliction can the Gods delight,
Or meet oblation for the Nymphs are tears?"
He spake, and indignation sank in woe.
Which she perceiving, pride refresht her heart,
Hope wreath'd her mouth with smiles, and she exclaim'd: 190
"Neither the Gods afflict you, nor the Nymphs.
Return me him who won my heart, return
Him whom my bosom pants for, as the steeds
In the sun's chariot for the western wave.
The Gods will prosper thee, and Tamar prove
How Nymphs, the torments that they cause, assuage.
Promise me this; indeed I think thou hast,
But 'tis so pleasing, promise it once more."
"Once more I promise," cried the gladden'd king,
"By my right-hand and by myself I swear, 200
And ocean's Gods and heaven's Gods I adjure,
Thou shalt be Tamar's, Tamar shall be thine."
Then she, regarding him long fixt, replied:
"I have thy promise, take thou my advice.
Gebir! this land of Egypt is a land
Of incantation, demons rule these waves;
These are against thee, these thy works destroy.
Where thou hast built thy palace, and hast left
The seven pillars to remain in front,
Sacrifice there, and all these rites observe. 210
Go, but go early, ere the gladsome Hours
Strew saffron in the path of rising Morn,

Ere the bee buzzing o'er flowers fresh disclosed
Examine where he may the best alight
Nor scatter off the bloom, ere cold-lipt herds
Crop the pale herbage round each other's bed,
Lead seven bulls well pastur'd and well form'd,
Their neck unblemisht and their horn unring'd,
And at each pillar sacrifice thou one.
Around each base rub thrice the blackening blood,
And burn the curling shavings of the hoof,
And of the forehead locks thou also burn:
The yellow galls, with equal care preserv'd,
Pour at the seventh statue from the north."
He listen'd, and on her his eyes intent
Perceiv'd her not, and she had disappear'd;
So deep he ponder'd her important words.
And now had morn arisen and he perform'd
Almost the whole enjoined him: he had reacht
The seventh statue, pour'd the yellow galls,
The forelock from his left he had release,
And burnt the curling shavings of the hoof
Moisten'd with myrrh; when suddenly a flame
Spired from the fragrant smoke, nor sooner spired
Down sank the brazen fabric at his feet.
He started back, gazed, nor could aught but gaze,
And cold dread stiffen'd up his hair flower-twined;
Then with a long and tacit step, one arm
Behind, and every finger wide outspread,
He lookt and totter'd on a black abyss.
He thought he sometimes heard a distant voice
Breathe thro' the cavern's mouth, and further on
Faint murmurs now, now hollow groans reply.
Therefore suspended he his crook above,
Dropt it, and heard it rolling step by step:
He enter'd, and a mingled sound arose
Like one (when shaken from some temple's roof
By zealous hand, they and their fretted nest)
Of birds that wintering watch in Memnon's tomb,
And tell the halcyons when spring first returns.

THIRD BOOK.

O FOR the spirit of that matchless man
Whom Nature led throughout her whole domain,
While he embodied breath'd ethereal air!
Tho' panting in the play-hour of my youth
I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,
That rous'd within the feverish thirst of song,
Yet never may I trespass o'er the stream
Of jealous Acheron, nor alive descend
The silent and unsearchable abodes
Of Erebus and Night, nor unchastised
Lead up long-absent heroes into day.
When on the pausing theatre of earth
Eve's shadowy curtain falls, can any man
Bring back the far-off intercepted hills,
Grasp the round rock-built turret, or arrest
The glittering spires that pierce the brow of Heaven?
Rather can any with outstripping voice
The parting Sun's gigantic strides recall?
Twice sounded *Gebir!* twice th' Iberian king
Thought it the strong vibration of the brain
That struck upon his ear; but now descried
A form, a man, come nearer: as he came
His unshorn hair (grown soft in these abodes)
Waved back, and scatter'd thin and hoary light.
Living men called him Arcar, but no more
In celebration or recording verse
His name is heard, no more by Arnon's side
The well-wall'd city, which he rear'd, remains.
Gebir was now undaunted, for the brave
When they no longer doubt, no longer fear,
And would have spoken, but the shade began.
"Brave son of Hesperus! no mortal hand
Has led thee hither, nor without the Gods
Penetrate thy firm feet the vast profound.
Thou knowest not that here thy fathers lie,
The race of Sidad; their's was loud acclaim
When living, but their pleasure was in war;
Triumphs and hatred followed: I myself
Bore, men imagin'd, no inglorious part;
The Gods thought otherwise, by whose decree
Depriv'd of life, and more, of death depriv'd,
I still hear shrieking thro' the moonless night
Their discontented and deserted shades.
Observe these horrid walls, this rueful waste!
Here some refresh the vigour of the mind
With contemplation and cold penitence.
Nor wonder while thou hearest, that the soul,
Thus purified, hereafter may ascend
Surmounting all obstruction, nor ascribe
The sentence to indulgence; each extreme
Hath tortures for ambition; to dissolve
In everlasting languor, to resist
Its impulse, but in vain; to be enclosed
Within a limit, and that limit fire;
Sever'd from happiness, from eminence,
And flying, but hell bars us, from ourselves.
Yet rather all these torments most endure
Than solitary pain, and sad remorse,
And towering thoughts on their own breast o'erturn'd
And piercing to the heart: such penitence,
Such contemplation theirs! thy ancestors
Bear up against them, nor will they submit
To conquering Time the asperities of Fate:
Yet could they but revisit earth once more,
How gladly would they poverty embrace,
How labour, even for their deadliest foe!
It little now avails them to have rais'd
Beyond the Syrian regions, and beyond
Phenicia, trophies, tributes, colonies:
Follow thou me: mark what it all avails."
Him Gebir follow'd, and a roar confused
Rose from a river rolling in its bed,
Not rapid, that would rouse the wretched souls,
Nor calmly, that might lull them to repose;
But with dull weary lapses it upheaved
Billows of bale, heard low, yet heard afar;
For when hell's iron portals let out night,
Often men start and shiver at the sound,
And lie so silent on the restless couch,
They hear their own hearts beat. Now Gebir breath'd
Another air, another sky beheld:
Twilight broods here, lull'd by no nightingale
Nor waken'd by the shrill lark dewy-wing'd,

But glowing with one sullen sunless heat.
Beneath his foot nor sprouted flower nor herb,
Nor chirpt a grasshopper; above his head
Phlegethon form'd a fiery firmament;
Part were sulphurous clouds involving, part
Shining like solid ribs of molten brass;
For the fierce element, which else aspires 90
Higher and higher and lessens to the sky,
Below, Earth's adamantine arch rebuft.
Gebir, tho' now such languor held his limbs,
Scarce aught admir'd he, yet he this admir'd;
And thus addrest him then the conscious guide.
"Beyond that river lie the happy fields;
From them fly gentle breezes, which when drawn
Against yon crescent convex, but unite
Stronger with what they could not overcome.
Thus they that scatter freshness thro' the groves 100
And meadows of the fortunate, and fill
With liquid light the marble bowl of Earth,
And give her blooming health and sprightly force,
Their fire no more diluted, nor its darts
Blunted by passing thro' thick myrtle-bowers,
Neither from odours rising half dissolved,
Point forward Phlegethon's eternal flame;
And this horizon is the spacious bow
Whence each ray reaches to the world above."
The hero pausing, Gebir then besought 110
What region held his ancestors, what clouds,
What waters, or what Gods, from his embrace.
Aroar then sudden, as tho' rous'd, renew'd.
"Come thou, if ardour urges thee and force
Suffices .. mark me, Gebir, I unfold
No fable to allure thee .. on! behold
Thy ancestors!" and lo! with horrid gasp
The panting flame above his head recoil'd,
And thunder through his heart and life-blood throb'd.
Such sound could human organs once conceive, 120
Cold, speechless, palsied, not the soothing voice
Of friendship or almost of Deity
Could raise the wretched mortal from the dust;
Beyond man's home condition they! With eyes
Intent, and voice desponding, and unheard
By Aroar, tho' he tarried at his side,
"They know me not," cried Gebir, "O my sires,
Ye know me not! they answer not, nor hear.
How distant are they still! what sad extent
Of desolation must we overcome! 130
Aroar! what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there engine-hung;
He too among my ancestors?" "O King!
Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."
"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the Gods?"
"Gebir! he fear'd the Demons, not the Gods,
Tho' them indeed his daily face adored, 140
And was no warrior; yet the thousand lives
Squander'd as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice..
Oh madness of mankind! addrest, adored!
O Gebir! what are men? or where are Gods?
Behold the giant next him, how his feet
Plunge floundering mid the marshes yellow-flower'd,
His restless head just reaching to the rocks,
His bosom tossing with black weeds besmear'd,
How writhes he 'twixt the continent and isle! 150
What tyrant with more insolence e'er claim'd
Dominion? when from the heart of Usury
Rose more intense the pale-flamed thirst for gold?
And call'd forsooth *Deliverer!* False or fools
Who prais'd the dull-ear'd miscreant, or who hoped
To soothe your folly and disgrace with praise!
Hearest thou not the harp's gay simpering air
And merriment afar? then come, advance;
And now behold him! mark the wretch accurst
Who sold his people to a rival king: 160
Self-yoked they stood two ages unredeem'd."
"O horror! what pale visage rises there!
Speak, Aroar! me perhaps mine eyes deceive,
Inured not, yet methinks they there descry
Such crimson haze as sometimes drowns the moon.
What is yon awful sight? why thus appears
That space between the purple and the crown?"
"I will relate their stories when we reach
Our confines," said the guide; "for thou, O king,
Differing in both from all thy countrymen, 170
Scest not their stories and hast seen their fates.
But while we tarry, lo again the flame
Riseth, and murmuring hoarse, points straighter; haste,
'Tis urgent, we must hence." "Then O adieu!"
Cried Gebir and groan'd loud: at last a tear
Burst from his eyes turn'd back, and he exclaimed:
"Am I deluded? O ye powers of hell!
Suffer me .. O my fathers! am I torn .."
He spake, and would have spoken more, but flames
Enwrapt him round and round intense; he turn'd 180
And stood held breathless in a ghost's embrace.
"Gebir! my son! desert me not! I heard
Thy calling voice, nor fate withheld me more:
One moment yet remains; enough to know
Soon will my torments, soon will thine, expire.
O that I e'er exacted such a vow!
When dipping in the victim's blood thy hand,
First thou withdrew'st it, looking in my face
Wondering; but when the priest my will explain'd,
Then swarest thou, repeating what he said, 190
How against Egypt thou wouldst raise that hand
And bruise the seed first risen from our line.
Therefore in death what pangs have I endured!
Rackt on the fiery centre of the sun,
Twelve years I saw the ruin'd world roll round.
Shudder not; I have borne it; I deserved
My wretched fate; be better thine; farewell."
"O stay, my father! stay one moment more..
Let me return thee that embrace .. 'tis past ..
Aroar! how could I quit it unreturn'd! 200
And now the gulf divides us, and the waves
Of sulphur bellow thro' the blue abyss.
And is he gone for ever! and I come

In vain?" Then sternly said the guide: "In vain!
Sayst thou? what wouldst thou more? alas, O prince,
None come for pastime here! but is it nought
To turn thy feet from evil? is it nought
Of pleasure to that shade if they are turn'd?
For this thou camest hither: he who dares
To penetrate this darkness, nor regards 210
The dangers of the way, shall reascend
In glory, nor the gates of hell retard
His steps, nor demon's nor man's art prevail.
Once in each hundred years, and only once,
Whether by some rotation of the world,
Or whether will'd so by some pow'r above,
This flaming arch starts back, each realm descries
Its opposite, and Bliss from her repose
Freshens and feels her own security."
"Security!" cried out the Gadite king, 220
"And feel they not compassion?" "Child of Earth,"
Calmly said Aroar at his guest's surprise,
"Some so disfigur'd by habitual crimes,
Others are so exalted, so refined,
So permeated by heaven, no trace remains
Graven on earth: here Justice is supreme;
Compassion can be but where passions are.
Here are discover'd those who tortured Law
To silence or to speech, as pleas'd themselves;
Here also those who boasted of their zeal 230
And lov'd their country for the spoils it gave.
Hundreds, whose glitt'ring merchandise the lyre
Dazzled vain wretches drunk with flattery,
And wafted them in softest airs to Heaven,
Doom'd to be still deceiv'd, here still attune
The wonted strings and fondly woo applause:
Their wish half granted, they retain their own,
But madden at the mockery of the shades.
Upon the river's other side there grow
Deep olive groves; there other ghosts abide, 240
Blest indeed they, but not supremely blest.
We can not see beyond, we can not see
Aught but our opposite; and here are fates
How opposite to ours! here some observ'd
Religious rites, some hospitality:
Strangers, who from the good old men retired,
Closed the gate gently, lest from generous use
Shutting and opening of its own accord,
It shake unsettled slumbers off their couch:
Some stopt revenge athirst for slaughter, some 250
Sow'd the slow olive for a race unborn.
These had no wishes, therefore none are crown'd:
But theirs are tufted banks, theirs umbrage, theirs
Enough of sunshine to enjoy the shade,
And breeze enough to lull them to repose."
Then Gebir cried: "Illustrious host, proceed.
Bring me among the wonders of a realm
Admired by all, but like a tale admired.
We take our children from their cradled sleep,
And on their fancy from our own impress 260
Ethereal forms and adulating fates;
But, ere departing for such scenes ourselves,
We seize the hand, we hang upon the neck,
Our beds cling heavy round us with our tears,
Agony strives with agony. Just Gods!
Wherefore should wretched mortals thus believe,
Or wherefore should they hesitate to die?"
Thus while he question'd, all his strength dissolv'd
Within him, thunder shook his troubled brain, 270
He started, and the cavern's mouth survey'd
Near, and beyond his people; he arose,
And bent toward them his bewilder'd way.

FOURTH BOOK.

The king's lone road, his visit, his return,
Were not unknown to Dalica, nor long
The wondrous tale from royal ears delay'd.
When the young queen had heard who taught the rites,
Her mind was shaken, and what first she askt
Was, whether the sea-maids were very fair,
And was it true that even gods were moved
By female charms beneath the waves profound,
And join'd to them in marriage, and had sons
Who knows but Gebir sprang then from the Gods! 10
He that could pity, he that could obey,
Flatter'd both female youth and princely pride,
The same ascending from amid the shades
Show'd Power in frightful attitude: the queen
Marks the surpassing prodigy, and strives
To shake off terror in her crowded court,
And wonders why she trembles, nor suspects
How Fear and Love assume each other's form,
By birth and secret compact how allied.
Vainly (to conscious virgins I appeal) 20
Vainly with crouching tigers, prowling wolves,
Rocks, precipices, waves, storms, thunderbolts,
All his immense inheritance, would Fear
The simplest heart, should Love refuse, assail:
Consent, the maiden's pillowed ear imbibes
Constancy, honour, truth, fidelity,
Beauty and ardent lips and longing arms;
Then fades in glimmering distance half the scene,
Then her heart quails and flutters and would fly;
'Tis her beloved! not to her! ye Powers! 30
What doubting maid exacts the vow? behold
Above the myrtles his protesting hand!
Such ebbs of doubt and swells of jealousy
Toss the fond bosom in its hour of sleep
And float around the eyelids and sink thro'.
Lo! mirror of delight in cloudless days,
Lo! thy reflection: 'twas when I exclaim'd,
With kisses hurried as if each foresaw
Their end, and reckon'd on our broken bonds,
And could at such a price such loss endure, 40
"O what to faithful lovers met at morn,
What half so pleasant as imparted fears!"
Looking recumbent how Love's column rose
Marmoreal, trophied round with golden hair,
How in the valley of one lip unseen
He slumber'd, one his unstrung bow imprest.
Sweet wilderness of soul-entangling charms!
Led back by Memory, and each blissful maze
Retracing, me with magic power detain
Those dimpled cheeks, those temples violet-tinged, 50
Those lips of nectar and those eyes of heaven!

Charoba, tho' indeed she never drank*
The liquid pearl, or twined the nodding crown,
Or, when she wanted cool and calm repose,
Dreamt of the crawling asp and grated tomb,
Was wretched up to royalty: the jibe
Struck her, most piercing where love pierced before,
From those whose freedom centres in their tongue,
Handmaidens, pages, courtiers, priests, buffoons.
Congratulations here, there prophecies, 60
Here children, not repining at neglect
While tumult sweeps them ample room for play;
Every-where questions answer'd ere begun,
Every-where crowds, for every-where alarm.
Thus winter gone, nor spring (tho' near) arriv'd,
Urged slanting onward by the bickering breeze
That issues from beneath Aurora's car,
Shudder the sombrous waves; at every beam
More vivid, more by every breath impell'd,
Higher and higher up the fretted rocks 70
Their turbulent refulgence they display.
Madness, which like the spiral element
The more it seizes on the fiercer burns,
Hurried them blindly forward, and involved
In flame the senses and in gloom the soul.
Determin'd to protect the country's gods,
And asking their protection, they adjure
Each other to stand forward, and insist
With zeal, and trample under foot the slow;
And disregardful of the Sympathies 80
Divine, those Sympathies whose delicate hand
Touching the very eyeball of the heart,
Awakens it, not wounds it nor inflames,
Blind wretches! they with desperate embrace
Hang on the pillar till the temple fall.
Oft the grave judge alarms religious wealth
And rouses anger under gentle words.
Woe to the wiser few who dare to cry
"People! these men are not your enemies,
Inquire their errand, and resist when wrong'd." 90
Together childhood, priesthood, womanhood,
The scribes and elders of the land, exclaim
"Seek they not hidden treasure in the tombs?
Raising the ruins, levelling the dust,
Who can declare whose ashes they disturb!
Build they not fairer cities than our own,
Extravagant enormous apertures
For light, and portals larger, open courts
Where all ascending all are unconfin'd,
And wider streets in purer air than ours? 100
Temples quite plain with equal architraves
They build, nor bearing gods like ours imbost.
O profanation! O our ancestors!"
Tho' all the vulgar hate a foreign face,
It more offends weak eyes and homely age,
Dalica most, who thus her aim pursued.
"My promise, O Charoba, I perform.
Proclaim to gods and men a festival
Throughout the land, and bid the strangers eat;
Their anger thus we haply may disarm." 110
"O Dalica," the grateful queen replied,
"Nurse of my childhood, soother of my cares,
Preventer of my wishes, of my thoughts,
O pardon youth, O pardon royalty!
If hastily to Dalica I sued,
Fear might impell me, never could distrust.
Go then, for wisdom guides thee, take my name,
Issue what most imports and best beseems,
And sovranty shall sanction the decree."
And now Charoba was alone, her heart 120
Grew lighter; she sat down, and she arose,
She felt voluptuous tenderness, but felt
That tenderness for Dalica; she prais'd
Her kind attention, warm solicitude,
Her wisdom; for what wisdom pleas'd like her's!
She was delighted; should she not behold
Gebir? she blusht; but she had words to speak,
She form'd them and reform'd them, with regret
That there was somewhat lost with every change;
She could replace them; what would that avail? 130
Moved from their order they have lost their charm.
While thus she strew'd her way with softest words,
Others grew up before her, but appear'd
A plenteous rather than perplexing choice:
She rubb'd her palms with pleasure, heav'd a sigh,
Grew calm again, and thus her thoughts revolv'd.
"But he descended to the tombs! the thought
Thrills me, I must avow it, with affright.
And wherefore? shows he not the more belov'd
Of heav'n? or how ascends he back to day? 140
Then has he wrong'd me? could he want a cause
Who has an army and was bred to reign?
And yet no reasons against rights he urged,
He threaten'd not, proclaim'd not; I approacht,
He hasten'd on; I spake, he listen'd; wept,
He pity'd me; he lov'd me, he obey'd;
He was a conqueror, still am I a queen."
She thus indulged fond fancies, when the sound
Of timbrels and of cymbals struck her ear,
And horns and howlings of wild jubilee. 150
She fear'd, and listened to confirm her fears;
One breath sufficed, and shook her refluent soul.
Smiting, with simulated smile constrain'd,
Her beauteous bosom, "O perfidious man,
O cruel foe!" she twice and thrice exclaim'd,
"O my companions, equal-aged! my throne!
My people! O how wretched to presage
This day! how tenfold wretched to endure!"
She ceast, and instantly the palace rang
With gratulation roaring into rage; 160
'Twas her own people. "Health to Gebir! health
To our compatriot subjects! to our queen
Health and unfaded youth ten thousand years!"
Then went the victims forward crown'd with flowers,
Crown'd were tame crocodiles, and boys white-robed
Guided their creaking crests across the stream.
In gilded barges went the female train,
And, hearing others ripple near, undrew
The veil of sea-green awning: if they found

* Antonius was afraid of poison: Cleopatra, to prove the injustice of his suspicions, and the ease with which a poison might be administered, shook it from her crown of flowers into his goblet: before he had raised it to his lips, she told him, and established his confidence.

Whom they desired, how pleasant was the breeze! 170
If not, the frightful water forced a sigh.
Sweet airs of music ruled the rowing palms,
Now rose they glistening and aslant reclined,
Now they descended and with one consent
Plunging, seem'd swift each other to pursue,
And now to tremble wearied o'er the wave.
Beyond and in the suburbs might be seen
Crowds of all ages: here in triumph past
Not without pomp, tho' rais'd with rude device,
The monarch and Charoba; there a throng 180
Shone out in sunny whiteness o'er the reeds:
Nor could luxuriant youth, or lapsing age
Propt by the corner of the nearest street,
With aching eyes and tottering knees intent,
Loose leathery neck and wormlike lip outstretcht,
Fix long the ken upon one form, so swift
Thro' the gay vestures fluttering on the bank,
And thro' the bright-eyed waters dancing round,
Wove they their wanton wiles and disappear'd. 190
Meantime, with pomp august and solemn, borne
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind,
Each with the sign of office in his hand,
Each on his brow the sacred stamp of years,
The four ambassadors of peace proceed.
Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine,
The Syrian olive's cheerful gift they bear,
With stubborn goats that eye the mountain-top
Askance, and riot with reluctant horn, 200
And steeds and stately camels in their train.
The king, who sat before his tent, descried
The dust rise redden'd from the setting sun:
Thro' all the plains below the Gadite men
Were resting from their labour: some surveyed
The spacious site ere yet obstructed; walls
Already, soon will roofs have interposed;
Some ate their frugal viands on the steps
Contented; some, remembering home, prefer 210
The cot's bare rafters o'er the gilded dome,
And sing (for often sighs too end in song)
"In smiling meads how sweet the brook's repose
To the rough ocean and red restless sands!"
Where are the woodland voices that increast
Along the unseen path on festal days,
When lay the dry and outcast arbutus
On the fane-step, and the first privet-flowers
Threw their white light upon the vernal shrine?
Some heedless trip along with hasty step 220
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes;
Haply and one among them with his spear
Measures the lintel, if so great its highth
As will receive him with his helm unlower'd.
But silence went throughout, e'en thoughts were hush't,
When to full view of navy and of camp
Now first expanded the bare-headed train.
Majestic unpresuming, unappall'd,
Onward they marcht, and neither to the right
Nor to the left, tho' there the city stood, 230
Turn'd they their sober eyes; and now they reacht
Within a few steep paces of ascent
The lone pavilion of the Iberian king:
He saw them, he awaited them, he rose,
He hail'd them, "Peace be with you:" they replied
"King of the western world, be with you peace."

FIFTH BOOK.

Once a fair city, courted then by kings,
Mistress of nations, throng'd by palaces,
Raising her head o'er destiny, her face
Glowing with pleasure and with palms refresht,
Now pointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,
Bereft of beauty, bare of ornament,
Stood in the wilderness of woe, Masar.
Ere far advancing, all appear'd a plain,
Treacherous and fearful mountains, far advanced.
Her glory so gone down, at human step 10
The fierce hyena frighted from the walls
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,
Drew the long growl and with slow foot retired.
Yet were remaining some of ancient race,
And ancient arts were now their sole delight.
With Time's first sickle they had markt the hour
When at their incantation would the Moon
Start back, and shuddering shed blue blasted light.
The rifted rays they gather'd, and immerst
In potent portion of that wondrous wave, 20
Which, hearing rescued Israel, stood erect,
And led her armies thro' his crystal gates.
Hither (none shared her way, her counsel none)
Hied the Masarian Dalica: 'twas night,
And the still breeze fell languid on the waste.
She, tired with journey long and ardent thoughts,
Stopt; and before the city she descried
A female form emerge above the sands:
Intent she fixt her eyes, and on herself
Relying, with fresh vigour bent her way; 30
Nor disappear'd the woman; but exclaim'd,
(One hand retaining tight her folded vest)
"Stranger! who loathest life, there lies Masar.
Begone, nor tarry longer, or ere morn
The cormorant in his solitary haunt
Of insulated rock or sounding cove
Stands on thy bleached bones and screams for prey.
My lips can scatter them o'er every sea
Under the rising and the setting sun,
So shrivel'd in one breath as all the sands 40
We tread on, could not in a hundred years.
Wretched who die nor raise their sepulchre!
Therefore begone." But Dalica unaw'd,
(Tho' in her wither'd but still firm right-hand,
Held up with imprecations hoarse and deep,
Glimmer'd her brazen sickle, and enclosed
Within its figured curve the fading moon)
Spake thus aloud. "By yon bright orb of Heaven,
In that most sacred moment when her beam
(Guided first thither by the forked shaft,) 50
Strikes thro' the crevice of Arishtah's tower . ."
"Sayst thou?" astonisht cried the sorceress,
"Woman of outer darkness, fiend of death,
From what inhuman cave, what dire abyss,
Hast thou inviaible that spell o'erheard?

What potent hand hath toucht thy quicken'd corse,
What song dissolv'd thy cerements? who unclosed
Those faded eyes and fill'd them from the stars?
But if with inextinguish'd light of life
Thou breathest, soul and body unamerst, 60
Then whence that invocation? who hath dared
Those hallow'd words, divulging, to profane?"
Dalica cried, "To heaven not earth addrest
Prayers for protection can not be profane."
Here the pale sorceress turn'd her face aside
Wildly, and mutter'd to herself amazed,
"I dread her who, alone at such an hour,
Can speak so strangely, who can thus combine
The words of reason with our gifted rites,
Yet will I speak once more. If thou hast seen 70
The city of Charoba, hast thou markt
The steps of Dalica?"
"What then?"
"The tongue
Of Dalica has then our rites divulged."
"Whose rites?"
"Her mother's."
"Never."
"One would think,
Presumptuous, thou wert Dalica."
"I am;
Woman! and who art thou?"
With close embrace,
Clung the Masarian round her neck, and cried,
"Art thou then not my sister? ah! I fear
The golden lamps and jewels of a court
Deprive thine eyes of strength and purity: 80
O Dalica! mine watch the waning moon,
For ever patient in our mother's art,
And rest on Heaven suspended, where the founts
Of Wisdom rise, where sound the wings of Power;
Studies intense of strong and stern delight!
And thou too, Dalica, so many years
Wean'd from the bosom of thy native land,
Returnest back and seekest true repose.
O what more pleasant than the short-breath'd sigh
When, laying down your burthen at the gate
And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace 90
The cool and quiet of a homespun bed."
"Alas!" said Dalica "tho' all commend
This choice, and many meet with no controul,
Yet none pursue it! Age by care opprest
Feels for the couch and drops into the grave.
The tranquil scene lies further still from Youth:
Frenzied Ambition and desponding Love
Consume Youth's fairest flowers; compared with Youth
Age has a something like repose.
Myrthyr, I seek not here a boundary 100
Like the horizon, which, as you advance,
Keeping its form and colour, yet recedes:
But mind my errand, and my suit perform.
"Twelve years ago Charoba first could speak:
If her indulgent father askt her name,
She would indulge him too, and would reply
What? why, Charoba! rais'd with sweet surprise,
And proud to shine a teacher in her turn.
Show her the graven sceptre; what its use?
'Twas to beat dogs with, and to gather flies. 110
She thought the crown a plaything to amuse
Herself, and not the people, for she thought
Who mimick infant words might infant toys:
But while she watcht grave elders look with awe
On such a bauble, she withheld her breath;
She was afraid her parents should suspect
They had caught childhood from her in a kiss;
She blusht for shame, and fear'd; for she believ'd.
Yet was not courage wanting in the child.
No; I have often seen her with both hands 120
Shake a dry crocodile of equal highth,
And listen to the shells within the scales,
And fancy there was life, and yet apply
The jagged jaws wide-open to her ear.
Past are three summers since she first beheld
The ocean; all around the child await
Some exclamation of amazement here:
She coldly said, her long-lasht eyes abased,
Is this the mighty ocean? is this all!
That wondrous soul Charoba once possest, 130
Capacious then as earth or heaven could hold,
Soul discontented with capacity,
Is gone, (I fear) for ever. Need I say
She was enchanted by the wicked spells
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power inflamed
The western winds have landed on our coast.
I since have watcht her in each lone retreat,
Have heard her sigh and soften out the name,
Then would she change it for Egyptian sounds
More sweet, and seem to taste them on her lips, 140
Then loathe them; *Gebir, Gebir* still return'd.
Who would repine, of reason not bereft!
For soon the sunny stream of Youth runs down,
And not a gadfly streaks the lake beyond.
Lone in the gardens, on her gather'd vest
How gently would her languid arm recline!
How often have I seen her kiss a flower,
And on cool mosses press her glowing cheek!
Nor was the stranger free from pangs himself.
Whether by spell imperfect, or, while brew'd, 150
The swelling herbs infected him with foam,
Oft have the shepherds met him wandering
Thro' unfrequented paths, oft overheard
Deep groans, oft started from soliloquies,
Which they believe assuredly were meant
For spirits who attended him unseen.
But when from his illuded eyes retired
That figure Fancy fondly chose to raise,
He claspt the vacant air and stood and gazed;
Then owning it was folly, strange to tell, 160
Burst into peals of laughter at his woes;
Next, when his passion had subsided, went
Where from a cistern, green and ruin'd, ooz'd
A little rill, soon lost; there gather'd he
Violets, and harebells of a sister bloom,
Twining complacently their tender stems
With plants of kindest pliability.
These for a garland woven, for a crown
He platted pithy rushes, and ere dusk
The grass was whiten'd with their roots nipt off.
These threw he, finisht, in the little rill
And stood surveying them with steady smile:
But such a smile as that of Gebir bids

To Comfort a defiance, to Despair
A welcome, at whatever hour she please.
Had I observ'd him I had pitied him,
I have observed Charoba: I have askt
If she loved Gebir. *Love him!* she exclaim'd
With such a start of terror, such a flush
Of anger, *I love Gebir? I in love?* 180
And lookt so piteous, so impatient lookt..
And burst, before I answered, into tears.
Then saw I, plainly saw I, 'twas not love;
For such her natural temper, what she likes
She speaks it out, or rather she commands:
And could Charoba say with greater ease
Bring me a water-melon from the Nile,
Than, if she lov'd him, *Bring me him I love.*
Therefore the death of Gebir is resolv'd."
"Resolv'd indeed," cried Myrthyr, nought surprised, 190
"Precious my arts! I could without remorse
Kill, tho' I hold thee dearer than the day,
E'en thee thyself, to exercise my arts.
Look yonder! mark yon pomp of funeral!
Is this from fortune or from favouring stars?
Dalica, look thou yonder, what a train!
What weeping! O what luxury! come, haste,
Gather me quickly up these herbs I dropt,
And then away.. hush! I must unobserv'd
From those two maiden sisters pull the spleen: 200
Dissemblers! how invidious they surround
The virgin's tomb, where all but virgins weep."
"Nay, hear me first," cried Dalica, "'tis hard
To perish to attend a foreign king."
"Perish! and may not then mine eye alone
Draw out the venom drop, and yet remain
Enough? the portion can not be perceiv'd."
Away she hasten'd with it to her home,
And, sprinkling thrice fresh sulphur o'er the hearth,
Took up a spindle with malignant smile, 210
And pointed to a woof, nor spake a word;
'Twas a dark purple, and its dye was dread.
Plunged in a lonely house, to her unknown,
Now Dalica first trembled: o'er the roof
Wander'd her haggard eyes.. 'twas some relief..
The massy stones, tho' hewn most roughly, show'd
The hand of man had once at least been there:
But from this object sinking back amazed,
Her bosom lost all consciousness, and shook
As if suspended in unbounded space. 220
Her thus entranced the sister's voice recall'd,
"Behold it here! dyed once again, 'tis done."
Dalica stept, and felt beneath her feet
The slippery floor, with moulder'd dust bestrewn:
But Myrthyr seiz'd with bare bold-sinew'd arm
The grey cerastes, writhing from her grasp,
And twisted off his horn, nor fear'd to squeeze
The viscous poison from his glowing gums.
Nor wanted there the root of stunted shrub
Which he lays ragged, hanging o'er the sands, 230
And whence the weapons of his wrath are death;
Nor the blue urchin that with clammy fin
Holds down the tossing vessel for the tides.
Together these her scient hand combined,
And more she added, dared I mention more.
Which done, with words most potent, thrice she dipt
The reeking garb; thrice waved it through the air:
She ceast; and suddenly the creeping wool
Shrunk up with crisped dryness in her hands:
"Take this," she cried, "and Gebir is no more." 240

SIXTH BOOK.

Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds
The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
Heav'd softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth 10
Of coming kisses fann'd by playful Dreams.
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee,
For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.
The brave Iberians far the beach o'erspread
Ere dawn, with distant awe; none hear the mew,
None mark the curlew flapping o'er the field;
Silence held all, and fond expectancy.
Now suddenly the conch above the sea 20
Sounds, and goes sounding through the woods profound.
They, where they hear the echo, turn their eyes,
But nothing see they, save a purple mist
Roll from the distant mountain down the shore:
It rolls, it sails, it settles, it dissolves:
Now shines the Nymph to human eye reveal'd,
And leads her Tamar timorous o'er the waves.
Immortals crowding round congratulate
The shepherd; he shrinks back, of breath bereft:
His vesture clinging closely round his limbs 30
Unfelt, while they the whole fair form admire,
He fears that he has lost it, then he fears
The wave has mov'd it, most to look he fears.
Scarce the sweet-flowing music he imbibes,
Or sees the peopled ocean; scarce he sees
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beroe
Demure, and young Ione, less renown'd,
Not less divine; mild-natured, Beauty form'd
Her face, her heart Fidelity; for Gods
Design'd, a mortal too Ione lov'd.
These were the Nymphs elected for the hour 40
Of Hesperus and Hymen; these had strown
The bridal bed, these tuned afresh the shells,
Wiping the green that hoarsen'd them within;
These wove the chaplets, and at night resolv'd
To drive the dolphins from the wreathed door.
Gebir surveyed the concourse from the tents,
The Egyptian men around him; 'twas observ'd
By those below how wistfully he lookt,
From what attention with what earnestness
Now to his city, now to theirs, he waved 50
His hand, and held it, while they spake, outspread.
They tarried with him and they shared the feast;

They stoopt with trembling hand from heavy jars
The wines of Gades gurgling in the bowl;
Nor bent they homeward till the moon appear'd
To hang midway betwixt the earth and skies.
'Twas then that leaning o'er the boy belov'd,
In Ocean's grot where Ocean was unheard,
"Tamar!" the Nymph said gently, "come, awake!
Enough to love, enough to sleep, is given, 60
Haste we away." This Tamar deem'd deceit,
Spoken so fondly, and he kist her lips,
Nor blusht he then, for he was then unseen.
But she arising bade the youth arise.
"What cause to fly?" said Tamar; she replied
"Ask none for flight, and feign none for delay."
"O am I then deceived! or am I cast
From dreams of pleasure to eternal sleep,
And, when I cease to shudder, cease to be!"
She held the downcast bridegroom to her breast, 70
Lookt in his face and charm'd away his fears.
She said not "wherefore have I then embraced
You a poor shepherd, or at most a man,
Myself a Nymph, that now I should deceive?"
She said not.. Tamar did, and was ashamed.
Him overcome her serious voice bespake.
"Grief favours all who bring the gift of tears:
Mild at first sight he meets his votaries
And casts no shadow as he comes along;
But, after his embrace, the marble chills 80
The pausing foot, the closing door sounds loud,
The fiend in triumph strikes the roof, then falls
The eye uplifted from his lurid shade.
Tamar, depress thyself, and miseries
Darken and widen: yes, proud-hearted man!
The sea-bird rises as the billows rise;
Nor otherwise when mountain floods descend
Smiles the unsullied lotus glossy-hair'd;
Thou, claiming all things, leanest on thy claim
Till overwhelmed through incompliancy. 90
Tamar, some silent tempest gathers round!
"Round whom?" retorted Tamar, "thou describe
The danger, I will dare it."
"Who will dare
What is unseen?"
"The man that is unblest."
"But wherefore thou? It threatens not thyself,
Nor me, but Gebir and the Gadite host."
"The more I know, the more a wretch am I,"
Groan'd deep the troubled youth, "still thou proceed."
"Oh seek not destin'd evils to divine,
Found out at last too soon! cease here the search, 100
'Tis vain, 'tis impious, 'tis no gift of mine:
I will impart far better, will impart
What makes, when Winter comes, the Sun to rest
So soon on Ocean's bed his paler brow,
And Night to tarry so at Spring's return.
And I will tell sometimes the fate of men
Who loost from drooping neck the restless arm
Adventurous, ere long nights had satisfied
The sweet and honest avarice of love;
How whirlpools have absorb'd them, storms o'erwhelm'd, 110
And how amid their struggles and their prayers
The big wave blacken'd o'er the mouth supine:
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the tale,
Kissing his lips half-open with surprise,
Glance from the gloomy story, and with glee
Light on the fairer fables of the Gods.
"Thus we may sport at leisure when we go
Where, lov'd by Neptune and the Naiad, lov'd
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread,
The sprightly Nymph whom constant Zephyr woos, 120
Rhine rolls his beryl-colour'd wave; than Rhine
What river from the mountains ever came
More stately? most the simple crown adorns
Of rushes and of willows intertwined
With here and there a flower: his lofty brow
Shaded with vines and mistletoe and oak
He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.
Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf
Will harbour us from ill." While thus she spake
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip 130
And breath'd ambrosial odours, o'er his cheek
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief disperst,
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon his brow.
Then pointed she before him: first arose
To his astonisht and delighted view
The sacred isle that shrines the queen of love.
It stood so near him, so acute each sense,
That not the symphony of lutes alone
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs 140
Which he himself had utter'd once, he heard.
Next, but long after and far off, appear
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,
And further to the right the Cyclades;
Phœbus had rais'd and fixt them, to surround
His native Delos and aërial fane.
He saw the land of Pelops, host of Gods,
Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood
Beckoning the serious with the smiling Arts
Into her sunbright bay; unborn the maid 150
That to assure the bent-up hand unskill'd
Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might wake.
He heard the voice of rivers; he descried
Pindan Peneüs and the slender Nymphs
That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide;
These, and Amphrysos and Apidanos
And poplar-crown'd Sperchios, and, reclined
On restless rocks, Enipeus, where the winds
Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary hair.
Then, with Pirenè and with Panopè, 160
Evenos, troubled from paternal tears,
And last was Acheloös, king of isles.
Zacynthos here, above rose Ithaca,
Like a blue bubble floating in the bay.
Far onward to the left a glimmering light
Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he inquired
Whence that arose; his consort thus replied.
"Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long
We may again behold him and rejoice.
Of noble rivers none with mightier force 170
Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main."
And now Sicanian Ætna rose to view:
Darkness with light more horrid she confounds,

Baffles the breath and dims the sight of day.
Tamar grew giddy with astonishment
And, looking up, held fast the bridal vest;
He heard the roar above him, heard the roar
Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,
Hurl, from Earth's base, rocks, mountains, to the skies.
Meanwhile the Nymph had fixt her eyes beyond,
As seeing somewhat, not intent on aught.
He, more amazed than ever, then exclaim'd
"Is there another flaming isle? or this
Illusion, thus past over unobserved?"
"Look yonder" cried the Nymph, without reply,
"Look yonder!" Tamar lookt, and saw afar
Where the waves whitened on the desert shore.
When from amid grey ocean first he caught
The highths of Calpe, sadden'd he exclaim'd,
"Rock of Iberia! fixt by Jove, and hung
With all his thunder-bearing clouds, I hail
Thy ridges rough and cheerless! what tho' Spring
Nor kiss thy brow nor cool it with a flower,
Yet will I hail thee, hail thy flinty couch
Where Valour and where Virtue have reposed."
The Nymph said, sweetly smiling "Fickle Man
Would not be happy could he not regret;
And I confess how, looking back, a thought
Has toucht and tuned or rather thrill'd my heart,
Too soft for sorrow and too strong for joy;
Fond foolish maid! 'twas with mine own accord
It sooth'd me, shook me, melted, drown'd, in tears.
But weep not thou; what cause hast thou to weep?
Would'st thou thy country? would'st those caves abhorr'd,
Dungeons and portals that exclude the day?
Gebir, though generous, just, humane, inhaled
Rank venom from these mansions. Rest, O king,
In Egypt thou! nor, Tamar! pant for sway.
With horrid chorus, Pain, Diseases, Death,
Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,
And ring their sounding emptiness through earth.
Possess the ocean, me, thyself, and peace."
And now the chariot of the Sun descends,
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,
Which, when they enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpè close across the sea.

SEVENTH BOOK.

What mortal first by adverse fate assail'd,
Trampled by tyranny or scoff't by scorn,
Stung by remorse or wrung by poverty,
Bade with fond sigh his native land farewell?
Wretched! but tenfold wretched who resolv'd
Against the waves to plunge the expatriate keel
Deep with the richest harvest of his land!
Driven with that weak blast which Winter leaves
Closing his palace-gates on Caucasus,
Oft hath a berry risen forth a shade;
From the same parent plant another lies
Deaf to the daily call of weary hind;
Zephyrs pass by and laugh at his distress.
By every lake's and every river's side
The Nymphs and Naiads teach equality;
In voices gently querulous they ask,
"Who would with aching head and toiling arms
Bear the full pitcher to the stream far-off?
Who would, of power intent on high emprise,
Deem less the praise to fill the vacant gulf
Than raise Charybdis upon Ætna's brow?"
Amid her darkest caverns most retired,
Nature calls forth her filial elements
To close around and crush that monster *Void*:
Fire, springing fierce from his resplendent throne,
And Water, dashing the devoted wretch
Woundless and whole with iron-colour'd mace,
Or whirling headlong in his war-belt's fold.
Mark well the lesson, man! and spare thy kind.
Go, from their midnight darkness wake the woods,
Woo the lone forest in her last retreat;
Many still bend their beauteous heads unblest
And sigh aloud for elemental man.
Thro' palaces and porches evil eyes
Light upon e'en the wretched, who have fled
The house of bondage or the house of birth;
Suspicions, murmurs, treacheries, taunts, retor
Attend the brighter banners that invade,
And the first horn of hunter, pale with want,
Sounds to the chase, the second sounds to war.
The long awaited day at last arrived
When, linkt together by the seven-armed Nile,
Egypt with proud Iberia should unite.
Here the Tartessian, there the Gadite tents
Rang with impatient pleasure: here engaged
Woody Nebrissa's quiver-bearing crew,
Contending warm with amicable skill,
While they of Durius raced along the beach
And scatter'd mud and jeers on all behind.
The strength of Bætis too removed the helm
And stript the corslet off, and stauncht the foot
Against the mossy maple, while they tore
Their quivering lances from the hissing wound.
Others push forth the prows of their compeers,
And the wave, parted by the pouncing beak,
Swells up the sides and closes far astern:
The silent oars now dip their level wings,
And weary with strong stroke the whitening wave.
Others, afraid of tardiness, return:
Now, entering the still harbour, every surge
Runs with a louder murmur up their keel,
And the slack cordage rattles round the mast.
Sleepless with pleasure and expiring fears
Had Gebir risen ere the break of dawn,
And o'er the plains appointed for the feast
Hurried with ardent step: the swains admired
What so transversely could have swept the dew;
For never long one path had Gebir trod,
Nor long, unheeding man, one pace preserv'd.
Not thus Charoba: she despair'd the day;
The day was present; true; yet she despair'd.
In the too tender and once tortured heart
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease;
Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,

Tremble and tremble into certainty.
How often, when her maids with merry voice
Call'd her, and told the sleepless queen 'twas morn,
How often would she feign some fresh delay,
And tell 'em (though they saw) that she arose.
Next to her chamber, closed by cedar doors, 80
A bath of purest marble, purest wave,
On its fair surface bore its pavement high:
Arabian gold enchased the crystal roof,
With fluttering boys adorn'd and girls unrobed;
These, when you touch the quiet water, start
From their aërial sunny arch, and pant
Entangled mid each other's flowery wreaths,
And each pursuing is in turn pursued.
Here came at last, as ever wont at morn,
Charoba: long she lingered at the brink, 90
Often she sigh'd, and, naked as she was,
Sate down, and leaning on the couch's edge,
On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek: she moved her eyes;
She blusht; and blushing plunged into the wave
Now brazen chariots thunder through each street,
And neighing steeds paw proudly from delay.
While o'er the palace breathes the dulcimer,
Lute, and aspiring harp, and lisping reed,
Loud rush the trumpets bursting through the throng 100
And urge the high-shoulder'd vulgar; now are heard
Curses and quarrels and constricted blows,
Threats and defiance and suburban war.
Hark! the reiterated clangour sounds!
Now murmurs, like the sea or like the storm
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,
Till all the people is one vast applause.
Yes, 'tis herself, Charoba. Now the strife
To see again a form so often seen. 110
Feel they some partial pang, some secret void,
Some doubt of feasting those fond eyes again?
Panting imbibe they that refreshing sight
To reproduce in hour of bitterness?
She goes, the king awaits her from the camp:
Him she descried, and trembled ere he reacht
Her car, but shuddered paler at his voice.
So the pale silver at the festive board
Grows paler fill'd afresh and dew'd with wine;
So seems the tenderest herbage of the spring
To whiten, bending from a balmy gale. 120
The beauteous queen alighting he received,
And sigh'd to loose her from his arms; she hung
A little longer on them through her fears.
Her maidens follow'd her; and one that watcht,
One that had call'd her in the morn, observ'd
How virgin passion with unfuel'd flame
Burns into whiteness, while the blushing cheek
Imagination heats and shame imbues.
Between both nations drawn in ranks they pass: 130
The priests, with linen ephods, linen robes,
Attend their steps, some follow, some precede,
Where clothed with purple intertwined with gold
Two lofty thrones commanded land and main.
Behind and near them numerous were the tents
As freckled clouds o'erfloat our vernal skies,
Numerous as wander in warm moonlight nights
Along Meänder's or Caÿster's marsh
Swans pliant-neckt and village storks revered.
Throughout each nation moved the hum confused, 140
Like that from myriad wings o'er Scythian cups
Of frothy milk, concreted soon with blood.
Throughout the fields the savoury smoke ascends,
And boughs and branches shade the hides unbroacht.
Some roll the flowery turf into a seat,
And others press the helmet. Now resounds
The signal! queen and monarch mount the thrones.
The brazen clarion hoarsens: many leagues
Above them, many to the south, the heron
Rising with hurried croak and throat outstretcht, 150
Ploughs up the silvering surface of her plain.
Tottering with age's zeal and mischief's haste
Now was discover'd Dalica; she reacht
The throne, she leant against the pedestal,
And now ascending stood before the king.
Prayers for his health and safety she preferr'd,
And o'er his head and o'er his feet she threw
Myrrh, nard, and cassia, from three golden urns;
His robe of native woof she next removed,
And round his shoulders drew the garb accurst, 160
And bow'd her head, departing: soon the queen
Saw the blood mantle in his manly cheeks,
And fear'd, and faltering sought her lost replies,
And blest the silence that she wisht were broke.
Alas, unconscious maiden! night shall close,
And love and sovranty and life dissolve,
And Egypt be one desert drencht in blood.
When thunder overhangs the fountain-head,
Losing its wonted freshness every stream
Grows turbid, grows with sickly warmth suffused: 170
Thus were the brave Iberians when they saw
The king of nations from his throne descend.
Scarcely, with pace uneven, knees unnerv'd,
Reacht he the waters: in his troubled ear
They sounded murmuring drearily; they rose
Wild, in strange colours, to his parching eyes;
They seem'd to rush around him, seem'd to lift
From the receding earth his helpless feet.
He fell: Charoba shriekt aloud; she ran;
Frantic with fears and fondness, mazed with woe, 180
Nothing but Gebir dying she beheld.
The turban that betray'd its golden charge
Within, the veil that down her shoulder hung,
All fallen at her feet! the furthest wave
Creeping with silent progress up the sand,
Glided through all, and rais'd their hollow folds.
In vain they bore him to the sea, in vain
Rubb'd they his temples with the briny warmth;
He struggled from them, strong with agony,
He rose half up, he fell again, he cried 190
"*Charoba! O Charoba!*" She embraced
His neck, and raising on her knee one arm,
Sigh'd when it moved not, when it fell she shriekt,
And clasping loud both hands above her head,
She call'd on Gebir, call'd on earth, on heaven.

"Who will believe me? what shall I protest?
How innocent, thus wretched? God of Gods,
Strike me . . who most offend thee most defy . .
Charoba most offends thee: strike me, hurl
From this accursed land, this faithless throne. 200
O Dalica! see here the royal feast!
See here the gorgeous robe! you little thought
How have the demons dyed that robe with death.
Where are ye, dear fond parents! when ye heard
My feet in childhood pat the palace-floor,
Ye started forth and kist away surprise:
Will ye now meet me? how, and where, and when?
And must I fill your bosom with my tears,
And, what I never have done, with your own?
Why have the Gods thus punisht me? what harm 210
Have ever I done them? have I profaned
Their temples, askt too little, or too much?
Proud if they granted, griev'd if they withheld?
O mother! stand between your child and them!
Appease them, soothe them, soften their revenge,
Melt them to pity with maternal tears.
Alas, but if you can not! they themselves
Will then want pity rather than your child.
O Gebir! best of monarchs, best of men,
What realm hath ever thy firm even hand 220
Or lost by feebleness or held by force?
Behold thy cares and perils how repaid!
Behold the festive day, the nuptial hour!"
Thus raved Charoba: horror, grief, amaze,
Pervaded all the host; all eyes were fixt;
All stricken motionless and mute: the feast
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook restrain'd,
And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.
She heard not, saw not, every sense was gone; 230
One passion banisht all; dominion, praise,
The world itself, was nothing. Senseless man!
What would thy fancy figure now from worlds?
There is no world to those that grieve and love.
She hung upon his bosom, prest his lips,
Breath'd, and would feign it his that she resorb'd,
She chafed the feathery softness of his veins,
That swell'd out black, like tendrils round their vase
After libation: lo! he moves! he groans!
He seems to struggle from the grasp of death! 240
Charoba shriekt and fell away, her hand
Still clasping his, a sudden blush o'erspread
Her pallid humid cheek, and disappear'd.
'Twas not the blush of shame; what shame has woe?
'Twas not the genuine ray of hope; it flasht
With shuddering glimmer through unscatter'd clouds,
It flasht from passions rapidly opposed.
Never so eager, when the world was waves,
Stood the less daughter of the ark, and tried
(Innocent this temptation!) to recall 250
With folded vest and casting arm the dove;
Never so fearful, when amid the vines
Rattled the hail, and when the light of heaven
Closed, since the wreck of Nature, first eclipst,
As she was eager for his life's return,
As she was fearful how his groans might end.
They ended: cold and languid calm succeeds;
His eyes have lost their lustre, but his voice
Is not unheard, though short: he spake these words.
"And weepest thou, Charoba! shedding tears 260
More precious than the jewels that surround
The neck of kings entomb'd! then weep, fair queen,
At once thy pity and my pangs assuage.
Ah! what is grandeur? glory? they are past!
When nothing else, not life itself, remains,
Still the fond mourner may be call'd our own.
Should I complain of Fortune? how she errs,
Scattering her bounty upon barren ground,
Slow to allay the lingering thirst of toil?
Fortune, 'tis true, may err, may hesitate, 270
Death follows close nor hesitates nor errs.
I feel the stroke! I die!" He would extend
His dying arm: it fell upon his breast;
Cold sweat and shivering ran o'er every limb,
His eyes grew stiff, he struggled, and expired.

ACTS AND SCENES.

COUNT JULIAN.

None of these poems of a dramatic form were offered to the stage, being no better than *Imaginary Conversations* in metre.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT JULIAN. RODERIGO, *King of Spain.* OPAS, *Metropolitan of Seville.* SEBARERT, *betrothed to* COVILLA. MUZA, *Prince of Mauritania.* ABDALAZIS, *son of* MUZA. TARIK, *Moorish Chieftain.* COVILLA,* *daughter of* JULIAN. EGILONA, *wife of* RODERIGO. HERNANDO, OSMA, RAMIRO, &c., *Officers.*

FIRST ACT: FIRST SCENE.

Camp of Julian.

OPAS. JULIAN.

Opas. See her, Count Julian: if thou lovest God,
See thy lost child.
Julian. I have avenged me, Opas,
More than enough: I only sought to hurl
The brands of war on one detested head,
And die upon his ruin. O my country!
O lost to honour, to thyself, to me,
Why on barbarian hands devolves thy cause,
Spoilers, blasphemers!
Opas. Is it thus, Don Julian,
When thy own offspring, that beloved child
For whom alone these very acts were done
By them and thee, when thy Covilla stands
An outcast and a suppliant at thy gate,
Why that still stubborn agony of soul,
Those struggles with the bars thyself imposed?
Is she not thine? not dear to thee as ever?
Julian. Father of mercies! show me none, whene'er
The wrongs she suffers cease to wring my heart,
Or I seek solace ever, but in death.
Opas. What wilt thou do then, too unhappy man?
Julian. What have I done already? All my peace
Has vanisht; my fair fame in aftertime
Will wear an alien and uncomely form,
Seen o'er the cities I have laid in dust,
Countrymen slaughtered, friends abjured!
Opas. And faith?
Julian. Alone now left me, filling up in part
The narrow and waste intervals of grief:
It promises that I shall see again
My own lost child.
Opas. Yes, at this very hour.
Julian. Till I have met the tyrant face to face,
And gain'd a conquest greater than the last;
Till he no longer rules one rood of Spain,
And not one Spaniard, not one enemy,
The least relenting, flags upon his flight;
Till we are equal in the eyes of men,
The humblest and most wretched of our kind,
No peace for me, no comfort, no . . no child!
Opas. No pity for the thousands fatherless,
The thousands childless like thyself, nay more,
The thousands friendless, helpless, comfortless . .
Such thou wilt make them, little thinking so,
Who now perhaps, round their first winter fire,
Banish, to talk of thee, the tales of old,
Shedding true honest tears for thee unknown:
Precious be these and sacred in thy sight,
Mingle them not with blood from hearts thus kind.
If only warlike spirits were evoked
By the war-demon, I would not complain,
Or dissolute and discontented men;
But wherefore hurry down into the square
The neighbourly, saluting, warm-clad race,
Who would not injure us, and can not serve;
Who, from their short and measured slumber risen,
In the faint sunshine of their balconies,
With a half-legend of a martyrdom
And some weak wine and withered grapes before them,
Note by their foot the wheel of melody
That catches and rolls on the Sabbath dance.

* The daughter of Count Julian is usually called Florinda. The city of Covilla, it is reported, was named after her. Here is no improbability: there would be a gross one in deriving the word, as is also pretended, from La Cava. Cities, in adopting a name, bear it usually as a testimony of victories or as an augury of virtues. Small and obscure places occasionally receive what their neighbours throw against them; as *Puerto de la mala muger* in Murcia: but a generous people would affix no stigma to innocence and misfortune. It is remarkable that the most important era in Spanish history should be the most obscure. This is propitious to the poet, and above all to the tragedian. Few characters of such an era can be glaringly misrepresented, few facts offensively perverted.

To drag the steady prop from failing age,
Break the young stem that fondness twines around,
Widen the solitude of lonely sighs,
And scatter to the broad bleak wastes of day
The ruins and the phantoms that replied,
Ne'er be it thine.
Julian. Arise, and save me, Spain!

FIRST ACT: SECOND SCENE.

MUZA *enters.*

Muza. Infidel chief, thou tarriest here too long,
And art perhaps repining at the days
Of nine continued victories o'er men
Dear to thy soul, tho' reprobate and base.
Away! [*He retires.*
Julian. I follow. Could my bitterest foes
Hear this! ye Spaniards, this! which I foreknew
And yet encounter'd; could they see your Julian
Receiving orders from and answering
These desperate and heaven-abandoned slaves,
They might perceive some few external pangs,
Some glimpses of the hell wherein I move,
Who never have been fathers.
Opas. These are they
To whom brave Spaniards must refer their wrongs!
Julian. Muza, that cruel and suspicious chief,
Distrusts his friends more than his enemies,
Me more than either; fraud he loves and fears,
And watches her still footfall day and night.
Opas. O Julian! such a refuge! such a race!
Julian. . . Calamities like mine alone implore.
No virtues have redeem'd them from their bonds;
Wily ferocity, keen idleness,
And the close cringes of ill-whispering want,
Educate them to plunder and obey:
Active to serve him best whom most they fear,
They show no mercy to the merciful,
And racks alone remind them of the name.
Opas. O everlasting curse for Spain and thee!
Julian. Spain should have vindicated then her wrongs
In mine, a Spaniard's and a soldier's wrongs.
Opas. Julian, are thine the only wrongs on earth?
And shall each Spaniard rather vindicate
Thine than his own? is there no Judge of all?
Shall mortal hand seize with impunity
The sword of vengeance from the armoury
Of the Most High? easy to wield, and starred
With glory it appears; but all the host
Of the archangels, should they strive at once,
Would never close again its widening blade.
Julian. He who provokes it hath so much to rue.
Where'er he turn, whether to earth or heaven,
He finds an enemy, or raises one.
Opas. I never yet have seen where long success
Hath followed him who warred upon his king.
Julian. Because the virtue that inflicts the stroke
Dies with him, and the rank ignoble heads
Of plundering faction soon unite again,
And prince-protected share the spoil at rest.

FIRST ACT: THIRD SCENE.

Guard announces a Herald. OPAS *departs.*

Guard. A messager of peace is at the gate,
My lord, safe access, private audience,
And free return, he claims.
Julian. Conduct him in.

RODERIGO *enters as a herald.*

A messager of peace! audacious man!
In what attire appearest thou? a herald's?
Under no garb can such a wretch be safe.
Roderigo. Thy violence and fancied wrongs I know,
And what thy sacrilegious hands would do,
O traitor and apostate!
Julian. What they would
They can not: thee of kingdom and of life
'Tis easy to despoil, thyself the traitor,
Thyself the violator of allegiance.
O would all-righteous Heaven they could restore
The joy of innocence, the calm of age,
The probity of manhood, pride of arms,
And confidence of honour! the august
And holy laws trampled beneath thy feet,
And Spain! O parent, I have lost thee too!
Yes, thou wilt curse me in thy latter days,
Me, thine avenger. I have fought her foe,
Roderigo, I have gloried in her sons,
Sublime in hardihood and piety:
Her strength was mine: I, sailing by her cliffs,
By promontory after promontory,
Opening like flags along some castle-tower,
Have sworn before the cross upon our mast
Ne'er shall invader wave his standard there.
Roderigo. Yet there thou plantest it, false man, thyself.
Julian. Accursed he who makes me this reproach,
And made it just! Had I been happy still,
I had been blameless: I had died with glory
Upon the walls of Ceuta.
Roderigo. Which thy treason
Surrendered to the Infidel.
Julian. 'Tis hard
And base to live beneath a conqueror;
Yet, amid all this grief and infamy,
'Twere something to have rushed upon the ranks
In their advance; 'twere something to have stood
Defeat, discomfiture, and, when around
No beacon blazes, no far axle groans
Thro' the wide plain, no sound of sustenance
Or succour soothes the still-believing ear,
To fight upon the last dismantled tower,
And yield to valour, if we yield at all.
But rather should my neck lie trampled down
By every Saracen and Moor on earth,
Than my own country see her laws o'erturn'd
By those who should protect them. Sir, no prince
Shall ruin Spain, and, least of all, her own.
Is any just or glorious act in view,
Your oaths forbid it: is your avarice,
Or, if there be such, any viler passion
To have its giddy range and to be gorged,

It rises over all your sacraments,
A hooded mystery, holier than they all.
Roderigo. Hear me, Don Julian; I have heard thy wrath
Who am thy king, nor heard man's wrath before.
Julian. Thou shalt hear mine, for thou art not my king.
Roderigo. Knowest thou not the altered face of war?
Xeres is ours; from every region round
True loyal Spaniards throng into our camp:
Nay, thy own friends and thy own family,
From the remotest provinces, advance
To crush rebellion: Sisabert is come,
Disclaiming thee and thine; the Asturian hills
Oppose to him their icy chains in vain:
But never wilt thou see him, never more,
Unless in adverse war and deadly hate.
Julian. So lost to me! so generous, so deceived!
I grieve to hear it.
Roderigo. Come, I offer grace,
Honour, dominion: send away these slaves,
Or leave them to our sword, and all beyond
The distant Ebro to the towns of France
Shall bless thy name and bend before thy throne.
I will myself accompany thee, I,
The king, will hail thee brother.
Julian. Ne'er shalt thou
Henceforth be king: the nation in thy name
May issue edicts, champions may command
The vassal multitudes of marshal'd war,
And the fierce charger shrink before the shouts,
Lower'd as if earth had open'd at his feet,
While thy mail'd semblance rises tow'rd the ranks,
But God alone sees thee.
Roderigo. What hopest thou?
To conquer Spain, and rule a ravaged land?
To compass me around? to murder me?
Julian. No, Don Roderigo: swear thou, in the fight
That thou wilt meet me, hand to hand, alone,
That, if I ever save thee from a foe..
Roderigo. I swear what honour asks. First, to Covilla
Do thou present my crown and dignity.
Julian. Darest thou offer any price for shame?
Roderigo. Love and repentance.
Julian. Egilona lives;
And were she buried with her ancestors,
Covilla should not be the gaze of men,
Should not, despoil'd of honour, rule the free.
Roderigo. Stern man! her virtues well deserve the throne.
Julian. And Egilona, what hath she deserv'd,
The good, the lovely?
Roderigo. But the realm in vain
Hoped a succession.
Julian. Thou hast torn away
The roots of royalty.
Roderigo. For her, for thee.
Julian. Blind insolence! base insincerity!
Power and renown no mortal ever shared
Who could retain or grasp them to himself:
And, for Covilla? patience! peace! for her?
She call upon her God, and outrage him
At his own altar! *she* repeat the vows
She violates in repeating! who abhors
Thee and thy crimes, and wants no crown of thine.
Force may compell the abhorrent soul, or want
Lash and pursue it to the public ways;
Virtue looks back and weeps, and may return
To these, but never near the abandon'd one
Who drags religion to adultery's feet,
And rears the altar higher for her sake.
Roderigo. Have then the Saracens possest thee quite?
And wilt thou never yield me thy consent?
Julian. Never.
Roderigo. So deep in guilt, in treachery!
Forced to acknowledge it! forced to avow
The traitor!
Julian. Not to thee, who reignest not,
But to a country ever dear to me,
And dearer now than ever! What we love
Is loveliest in departure! One I thought,
As every father thinks, the best of all,
Graceful and mild and sensible and chaste:
Now all these qualities of form and soul
Fade from before me, nor on anyone
Can I repose, or be consoled by any.
And yet in this torn heart I love her more
Than I could love her when I dwelt on each,
Or claspt them all united, and thankt God,
Without a wish beyond. Away, thou fiend!
O ignominy, last and worst of all!
I weep before thee.. like a child.. like mine..
And tell my woes, fount of them all! to thee!

FIRST ACT: FOURTH SCENE.

ABDALAZIS *enters.*

Abdalazis. Julian, to thee, the terror of the faithless,
I bring my father's order to prepare
For the bright day that crowns thy brave exploits.
Our enemy is at the very gate,
And art thou here, with women in thy train,
Crouching to gain admittance to their lord,
And mourning the unkindness of delay!
Julian, (*agitated, goes toward the door, and returns.*) I am prepared: Prince, judge not hastily.
Abdalazis. Whether I should not promise all they ask,
I too could hesitate, though earlier taught
The duty to obey, and should rejoice
To shelter in the universal storm
A frame so delicate, so full of fears,
So little used to outrage and to arms,
As one of these, so humble, so uncheer'd
At the gay pomp that smooths the track of war.
When she beheld me from afar dismount,
And heard my trumpet, she alone drew back,
And, as though doubtful of the help she seeks,
Shudder'd to see the jewels on my brow,
And turn'd her eyes away, and wept aloud.
The other stood awhile, and then advanced:

I would have spoken; but she waved her hand
And said, "Proceed, protect us, and avenge,
And be thou worthier of the crown thou wearest."
Hopeful and happy is indeed our cause,
When the most timid of the lovely hail
Stranger and foe.

Roderigo (*unnoticed by Abdalazis*). And shrink but to advance.

Abdalazis. Thou tremblest? whence, O Julian! whence this change?
Thou lovest still thy country.

Julian. Abdalazis!
All men with human feelings love their country.
Not the highborn or wealthy man alone,
Who looks upon his children, each one led
By its gay handmaid from the high alcove,
And hears them once a-day; not only he
Who hath forgotten, when his guest inquires
The name of some far village all his own;
Whose rivers bound the province, and whose hills
Touch the last cloud upon the level sky:
No; better men still better love their country.
'Tis the old mansion of their earliest friends,
The chapel of their first and best devotions.
When violence or perfidy invades,
Or when unworthy lords hold wassail there,
And wiser heads are drooping round its moats,
At last they fix their steady and stiff eye
There, there alone, stand while the trumpet blows,
And view the hostile flames above its towers
Spire, with a bitter and severe delight.

Abdalazis (*taking his hand*). Thou feelest what thou speakest, and thy Spain
Will ne'er be shelter'd from her fate by thee.
We, whom the Prophet sends o'er many lands,
Love none above another; Heaven assigns
Their fields and harvests to our valiant swords,
And 'tis enough: we love while we enjoy.
Whence is the man in that fantastic guise?
Suppliant? or herald? he who stalks about,
And once was even seated while we spoke:
For never came he with us o'er the sea.

Julian. He comes as herald.

Roderigo. Thou shalt know full soon,
Insulting Moor!

Abdalazis. He ill endures the grief
His country suffers: I will pardon him.
He lost his courage first, and then his mind;
His courage rushes back, his mind yet wanders.
The guest of heaven was piteous to these men,
And princes stoop to feed them in their courts.

FIRST ACT: FIFTH SCENE.

RODERIGO *is going:* MUZA *enters with* EGILONA: RODERIGO *starts back.*

Muza (*sternly to* EGILONA). Enter, since 'tis the custom in this land.

Egilona (*passing* MUZA, *points to* ABDALAZIS.) Is this our future monarch, or art thou?

Julian. 'Tis Abdalazis, son of Muza, prince
Commanding Africa, from Abyla
To where Tunisian pilots bend the eye
O'er ruin'd temples in the glassy wave.
Till quiet times and ancient laws return
He comes to govern here.

Roderigo. To-morrow's dawn
Proves that.

Muza. What art thou?

Roderigo (*drawing his sword*). King.

Abdalazis. Amazement!

Muza. Treason!

Egilona. O horror!

Muza. Seize him.

Egilona. Spare him! fly to me!

Julian. Urge me not to protect a guest, a herald,
The blasts of war roar over him unfelt.

Egilona. Ah fly, unhappy!

Roderigo. Fly! no, Egilona!
Dost thou forgive me? dost thou love me? still?

Egilona. I hate, abominate, abhor thee.. go,
Or my own vengeance..

RODERIGO (*takes* JULIAN'S *hand; invites him to attack* MUZA *and* ABDALAZIS.) Julian!

Julian. Hence, or die.

SECOND ACT: FIRST SCENE.

Camp of JULIAN.

JULIAN *and* COVILLA.

Julian. Obdurate? I am not as I appear.
Weep, my beloved child! Covilla, weep
Into my bosom; every drop be mine
Of this most bitter soul-empoisoning cup:
Into no other bosom than thy father's
Canst thou or wouldst thou pour it.

Covilla. Cease, my lord,
My father, angel of my youth, when all
Was innocence and peace.

Julian. Arise, my love,
Look up to heaven . . where else are souls like thine!
Mingle in sweet communion with its children,
Trust in its providence, its retribution,
And I will cease to mourn; for, O my child,
These tears corrode, but thine assuage, the heart.

Covilla. And never shall I see my mother too,
My own, my blessed mother?

Julian. Thou shalt see
Her and thy brothers.

Covilla. No! I can not look
On them, I can not meet their lovely eyes,
I can not lift mine up from under theirs.
We all were children when they went away;
They now have fought hard battles, and are men,
And camps and kings they know, and woes and crimes.
Sir, will they never venture from the walls
Into the plain? Remember, they are young,
Hardy and emulous and hazardous,
And who is left to guard them in the town?

Julian. Peace is throughout the land: the various tribes
Of that vast region sink at once to rest,
Like one wide wood when every wind lies hushed.

Covilla. And war, in all its fury, roams o'er Spain!
Julian. Alas! and will for ages: crimes are loose
At which ensanguined War stands shuddering,
And calls for vengeance from the powers above,
Impatient of inflicting it himself.
Nature in these new horrors is aghast
At her own progeny, and knows them not.
I am the minister of wrath; the hands
That tremble at me, shall applaud me too,
And seal their condemnation.
Covilla. O kind father,
Pursue the guilty, but remember Spain.
Julian. Child, thou wert in thy nursery short time since,
And latterly hast past the vacant hour
Where the familiar voice of history
Is hardly known, however nigh, attuned
In softer accents to the sickened ear;
But thou hast heard, for nurses tell these tales,
Whether I drew my sword for Witiza
Abandoned by the people he betrayed,
Tho' brother to the woman who of all
Was ever dearest to this broken heart,
Till thou, my daughter, wert a prey to grief,
And a brave country brookt the wrongs I bore.
For I had seen Rusilla guide the steps
Of her Theodofred, when burning brass
Plunged its fierce fang into the fount of light,
And Witiza's the guilt! when, bent with age,
He knew the voice again, and told the name
Of those whose proffer'd fortunes had been laid
Before his throne, while happiness was there,
And strain'd the sightless nerve tow'rd where they stood,
At the forced memory of the very oaths
He heard renew'd from each, but heard afar,
For they were loud, and him the throng spurn'd off.
Covilla. Who were all these?
Julian. All who are seen to-day
On prancing steeds richly caparisoned
In loyal acclamation round Roderigo;
Their sons beside them, loving one another
Unfeignedly, thro' joy, while they themselves
In mutual homage mutual scorn suppress.
Their very walls and roofs are welcoming
The king's approach, their storied tapestry
Swells its rich arch for him triumphantly
At every clarion blowing from below.
Covilla. Such wicked men will never leave his side.
Julian. For they are insects which see nought beyond
Where they now crawl; whose changes are complete,
Unless of habitation.
Covilla. Whither go
Creatures unfit for better or for worse?
Julian. Some to the grave, where peace be with them! some
Across the Pyrenean mountains far,
Into the plains of France; suspicion there
Will hang on every step from rich and poor,
Grey quickly-glancing eyes will wrinkle round
And courtesy will watch them, day and night.
Shameless they are, yet will they blush amid
A nation that ne'er blushes: some will drag
The captive's chain, repair the shatter'd bark,
Or heave it from a quicksand to the shore
Among the marbles of the Lybian coast,
Teach patience to the lion in his cage,
And, by the order of a higher slave,
Hold to the elephant their scanty fare
To please the children while the parent sleeps.
Covilla. Spaniards? must they, dear father, lead such lives?
Julian. All are not Spaniards who draw breath in Spain,
Those are, who live for her, who die for her,
Who love her glory and lament her fall.
O may I too . .
Covilla. But peacefully, and late,
Live and die here!
Julian. I have, alas! myself
Laid waste the hopes where my fond fancy stray'd,
And view their ruins with unalter'd eyes.
Covilla. My mother will at last return to you.
Might I once more, but . . could I now? behold her.
Tell her . . ah me! what was my rash desire?
No, never tell her these inhuman things,
For they would waste her tender heart away
As they waste mine; or tell when I have died,
Only to show her that her every care
Could not have saved, could not have comforted;
That she herself, clasping me once again
To her sad breast, had said, Covilla! go,
Go, hide them in the bosom of thy God!
Sweet mother! that far-distant voice I hear,
And, passing out of youth and out of life,
I would not turn at last, and disobey.

SECOND ACT: SECOND SCENE.

SISABERT *enters.*

Sisabert. Uncle, and is it true, say, can it be,
That thou art leader of these faithless Moors?
That thou impeachest thy own daughter's fame
Thro' the whole land, to seize upon the throne
By the permission of these recreant slaves?
What shall I call thee? art thou, speak Count Julian,
A father, or a soldier, or a man?
Julian. All, or this day had never seen me here.
Sisabert. O falsehood! worse than woman's!
Covilla. Once, my cousin,
Far gentler words were utter'd from your lips.
If you loved me, you loved my father first,
More justly and more steadily, ere love
Was passion and illusion and deceit.
Sisabert. I boast not that I never was deceived,
Covilla, which beyond all boasts were base,
Nor that I never loved; let this be thine.
Illusions! just to stop us, not delay,
Amuse, not occupy! Too true! when love
Scatters its brilliant foam, and passes on

To some fresh object in its natural course,
Widely and openly and wanderingly,
'Tis better: narrow it, and it pours its gloom
In one fierce cataract that stuns the soul.
Ye hate the wretch ye make so, while ye choose
Whoever knows you best and shuns you most.

Covilla. Shun *me* then: be beloved more and more.
Honour the hand that show'd you honour first,
Love.. O my father! speak, proceed, persuade,
Your voice alone can utter it.. another.

Sisabert. Ah lost Covilla! can a thirst of power
Alter thy heart thus to abandon mine,
And change my very nature at one blow?

Covilla. I told you, dearest Sisabert, 'twas vain
To urge me more, to question or confute.

Sisabert. I know it, for another wears the crown
Of Witiza my father; who succeeds
To king Roderigo will succeed to me.
Yet thy cold perfidy still calls me dear,
And o'er my aching temples breathes one gale
Of days departed to return no more.

Julian. Young man, avenge our cause.

Sisabert. What cause avenge?

Covilla. If I was ever dear to you, hear me,
Not vengeance; heaven will give that signal soon.
O Sisabert, the pangs I have endured
On your long absence..

Sisabert. Will be now consoled.
Thy father comes to mount my father's throne;
But though I would not a usurper king,
I prize his valour and defend his crown:
No stranger and no traitor rules o'er me,
Or unchastised inveigles humble Spain.
Covilla, gavest thou no promises?
Nor thou, Don Julian? Seek not to reply,
Too well I know, too justly I despise,
Thy false excuse, thy coward effrontery;
Yes, when thou gavest them across the sea,
An enemy wert thou to Mahomet,
And no appellant to his faith or leagues.

Julian. 'Tis well: a soldier hears throughout in silence.
I urge no answer: to those words, I fear,
Thy heart with sharp compunction will reply.

Sisabert (*to* COVILLA.) Then I demand of thee, before thou reign,
Answer me.. while I fought against the Frank
Who dared to sue thee? blazon'd in the court,
Not trailed thro' darkness, were our nuptial bands;
No; Egilona join'd our hands herself,
The peers applauded and the king approved.

Julian. Hast thou yet seen that king since thy return?

Covilla. Father! O Father!

Sisabert. I will not implore
Of him or thee what I have lost for ever.
These were not, when we parted, thy alarms;
Far other, and far worthier of thy heart
Were they, which Sisabert could banish then.
Fear me not now, Covilla! thou hast changed,
I am changed too. I lived but where thou livedst,
My very life was portion'd off from thine:
Upon the surface of thy happiness
Day after day I gazed, I doted, there
Was all I had, was all I coveted;
So pure, serene, and boundless it appear'd:
Yet, for we told each other every thought,
Thou knowest well, if thou rememberest,
At times I fear'd; as tho' some demon sent
Suspicion without form into the world,
To whisper unimaginable things.
Then thy fond arguing banisht all but hope,
Each wish and every feeling was with thine,
Till I partook thy nature, and became
Credulous and incredulous like thee.
We, who have met so alter'd, meet no more.
Mountains and seas! ye are not separation:
Death! thou dividest, but unitest too
In everlasting peace and faith sincere.
Confiding love! where is thy resting-place?
Where is thy truth, Covilla? where?.. Go, go..
I should believe thee and adore thee still.

[*Goes.*

Covilla. O Heaven! support me, or desert me quite,
And leave me lifeless this too trying hour!
He thinks me faithless.

Julian. He must think thee so.

Covilla. O tell him, tell him all, when I am dead..
He will die too, and we shall meet again.
He will know all when these sad eyes are closed.
Ah can not he before? must I appear
The vilest.. O just Heaven! can it be thus?
I am.. all earth resounds it.. lost, despised,
Anguish and shame unutterable seize me.
'Tis palpable, no phantom, no delusion,
No dream that wakens with o'erwhelming horror;
Spaniard and Moor fight on this ground alone,
And tear the arrow from my bleeding breast
To pierce my father's, for alike they fear.

Julian. Invulnerable, unassailable
Are we, alone perhaps of human kind,
Nor life allures us more nor death alarms.

Covilla. Fallen, unpitied, unbelieved, unheard!
I should have died long earlier. Gracious God!
Desert me to my sufferings, but sustain
My faith in thee! O hide me from the world,
And from yourself, my father, from your fondness,
That opened in this wilderness of woe
A source of tears.. it else had burst my heart,
Setting me free for ever: then perhaps
A cruel war had not divided Spain,
Had not o'erturn'd her cities and her altars,
Had not endanger'd you! O haste afar
Ere the last dreadful conflict that decides
Whether we live beneath a foreign sway..

Julian. Or under him whose tyranny brought down
The curse upon his people. O child! child!
Urge me no further, talk not of the war,
Remember not our country.

Covilla. Not remember!
What have the wretched else for consolation?
What else have they who pining feed their woe?
Can I, or should I, drive from memory
All that was dear and sacred? all the joys

Of innocence and peace? when no debate
Was in the convent, but what hymn, whose voice,
To whom among the blessed it arose,
Swelling so sweet; when rang the vesper-bell
And every finger ceast from the guitar,
And every tongue was silent through our land;
When, from remotest earth, friends met again,
Hung on each other's neck, and but embraced,
So sacred, still, and peaceful was the hour.
Now, in what climate of the wasted world,
Not unmolested long by the profane,
Can I pour forth in secrecy to God
My prayers and my repentance? where beside
Is the last solace of the parting soul?
Friends, brethren, parents, dear indeed, too dear
Are they, but somewhat yet the heart requires,
That it may leave them lighter and more blest.

Julian. Wide are the regions of our far-famed land:
Thou shalt arrive at her remotest bounds,
See her best people, choose some holiest house;
Whether where Castro from surrounding vines
Hears the hoarse ocean roar among his caves,
And, thro' the fissure in the green churchyard,
The wind wail loud the calmest summer day;
Or where Santona leans against the hill,
Hidden from sea and land by groves and bowers.

Covilla. O! for one moment in those pleasant scenes
Thou placest me, and lighter air I breathe:
Why could I not have rested, and heard on!
My voice dissolves the vision quite away,
Outcast from virtue, and from nature too!

Julian. Nature and virtue! they shall perish first.
God destined them for thee, and thee for them,
Inseparably and eternally!
The wisest and the best will prize thee most,
And solitudes and cities will contend
Which shall receive thee kindliest. Sigh not so:
Violence and fraud will never penetrate
Where piety and poverty retire,
Intractable to them and valueless,
And lookt at idly like the face of heaven.
If strength be wanted for security,
Mountains the guard, forbidding all approach
With iron-pointed and uplifted gates,
Thou wilt be welcome too in Aguilar,
Impenetrable, marble-turreted,
Surveying from aloft the limpid ford,
The massive fane, the sylvan avenue;
Whose hospitality I proved myself,
A willing leader in no impious war
When fame and freedom urged me; or mayst dwell
In Reynosa's dry and thriftless dale,
Unharvested beneath October moons,
Among those frank and cordial villagers.
They never saw us, and, poor simple souls!
So little know they whom they call the great,
Would pity one another less than us,
In injury, disaster, or distress.

Covilla. But they would ask each other whence our grief,
That they might pity.

Julian. Rest then just beyond,
In the secluded scenes where Ebro springs
And drives not from his fount the fallen leaf,
So motionless and tranquil its repose.

Covilla. Thither let us depart, and speedily.

Julian. I can not go: I live not in the land
I have reduced beneath such wretchedness:
And who could leave the brave whose lives and fortunes
Hang on his sword?

Covilla. Me thou canst leave, my father;
Ah yes, for it is past; too well thou seest
My life and fortunes rest not upon thee.
Long, happily.. could it be gloriously!
Still mayst thou live, and save thy country still!

Julian. Unconquerable land! unrival'd race!
Whose bravery, too enduring, rues alike
The power and weakness of accursed kings,
How cruelly hast thou neglected me!
Forcing me from thee, never to return,
Nor in thy pangs and struggles to partake!
I hear a voice! 'tis Egilona: come,
Recall thy courage, dear unhappy girl,
Let us away.

SECOND ACT: THIRD SCENE.

EGILONA *enters.*

Egilona. Remain; I order thee.
Attend, and do thy duty: I am queen,
Unbent to degradation.

Covilla. I attend
Ever most humbly and most gratefully,
My too kind sovran, cousin now no more.
Could I perform but half the services
I owe her, I were happy for a time,
Or dared I show her half my love, 'twere bliss.

Egilona. Oh! I sink under gentleness like thine.
Thy sight is death to me; and yet 'tis dear.
The gaudy trappings of assumptive state
Drop at the voice of nature to the earth,
Before thy feet. I can not force myself
To hate thee, to renounce thee; yet.. Covilla!
Yet.. O distracting thought! 'tis hard to see,
Hard to converse with, to admire, to love,
As from my soul I do, and must do, thee,
One who hath robb'd me of all pride and joy,
All dignity, all fondness. I adored
Roderigo. He was brave, and in discourse
Most voluble; the masses of his mind
Were vast, but varied; now absorb'd in gloom,
Majestic, not austere; now their extent
Opening and waving in bright levity..

Julian. Depart, my daughter. 'Twere as well to bear
His presence as his praise. Go; she will dream
This phantasm out, nor notice thee depart.

[COVILLA *goes.*

Egilona. What pliancy! what tenderness! what life!
O for the smiles of those who smile so seldom,

The love of those who know no other love!
Such he was, Egilona, who was thine.
Julian. While he was worthy of the realm and thee.
Egilona. Can it be true then, Julian, that thy aim
Is sovranty? not virtue nor revenge?
Julian. I swear to heaven, nor I nor child of mine
Ever shall mount to this polluted throne.
Egilona. Then am I yet a queen. The savage Moor
Who could not conquer Ceuta from thy sword
In his own country, not with every wile
Of his whole race, not with his myriad crests
Of cavalry, seen from the Calpian highths
Like locusts on the parcht and gleamy coast,
Will never conquer Spain.
Julian. Spain then was conquer'd
When fell her laws before the traitor king.

SECOND ACT: FOURTH SCENE.

Officer announces OPAS.

O queen, the metropolitan attends
On matter of high import to the state,
And wishes to confer in privacy.
Egilona (to *Julian*). Adieu then; and whate'er betide the country,
Sustain at least the honours of our house.
[JULIAN *goes before* OPAS *enters.*
Opas. I can not but commend, O Egilona,
Such resignation and such dignity.
Indeed he is unworthy; yet a queen
Rather to look for peace, and live remote
From cities, and from courts, and from her lord,
I hardly could expect in one so young,
So early, widely, wondrously, admired.
Egilona. I am resolv'd: religious men, good Opas,
In this resemble the vain libertine;
They find in woman no consistency,
No virtue but devotion, such as comes
To infancy or age or fear or love,
Seeking a place of rest, and finding none
Until it soar to heaven.
Opas. A spring of mind
That rises when all pressure is removed,
Firmness in pious and in chaste resolves,
But weakness in much fondness; these, O queen,
I did expect, I own.
Egilona. The better part
Be mine; the worse hath been, and is no more.
Opas. But if Roderigo have at length prevail'd
That Egilona willingly resigns
All claim to royalty, and casts away,
Indifferent or estranged, the marriage-bond
His perjury tore asunder, still the church
Hardly can sanction his new nuptial rites.
Egilona. What art thou saying? what new nuptial rites?
Opas. Thou knowest not?
Egilona. Am I a wife? a queen?
Abandon it! my claim to royalty!
Whose hand was on my head when I arose
Queen of this land? whose benediction sealed
My marriage-vow? who broke it? was it I?
And wouldst thou, virtuous Opas, wouldst thou dim
The glorious light of thy declining days?
Wouldst thou administer the sacred vows
And sanction them, and bless them, for another,
And bid her live in peace while I am living?
Go then; I execrate and banish him
For ever from my sight: we were not born
For happiness together; none on earth
Were ever so dissimilar as we.
He is not worth a tear, a wish, a thought;
Never was I deceived in him; I found
No tenderness, no fondness, from the first.
A love of power, a love of perfidy,
Such is the love that is return'd for mine.
Ungrateful man! 'twas not the pageantry
Of regal state, the clarions, nor the guard,
Nor loyal valour, nor submissive beauty,
Silence at my approach, awe at my voice,
Happiness at my smile, that led my youth
Toward Roderigo. I had lived obscure,
In humbleness, in poverty, in want,
Blest, O supremely blest, with him alone;
And he abandons me, rejects me, scorns me,
Insensible! inhuman! for another!
Thou shalt repent thy wretched choice, false man!
Crimes such as thine call loudly for perdition;
Heaven will inflict it, and not I; but I
Neither will fall alone nor live despised.
[*A trumpet sounds.*
Opas. Peace, Egilona! he arrives: compose
Thy turbid thoughts, meet him with dignity.
Egilona. He! in the camp of Julian! trust me, sir,
He comes not hither, dares no longer use
The signs of state, and flies from every foe.
[*Retires some distance.*

SECOND ACT: FIFTH SCENE.

Enter MUZA *and* ABDALAZIS.

Muza to *Abdalazis.* I saw him but an instant, and disguised,
Yet this is not the traitor; on his brow
Observe the calm of wisdom and of years.
Opas. Whom seekest thou?
Muza. Him who was king I seek.
He came array'd as herald to this tent.
Abdalazis. Thy daughter! was she nigh? perhaps for her
Was this disguise.
Muza. Here, Abdalazis, kings
Disguise from other causes; they obtain
Beauty by violence, and power by fraud.
Treason was his intent: we must admit
Whoever come; our numbers are too small
For question or selection, and the blood
Of Spaniards shall win Spain for us to-day.

Abdalazis. The wicked can not move from underneath
Thy ruling eye.
Muza. Right! Julian and Roderigo
Are leagued against us, on these terms alone,
That Julian's daughter weds the christian king.
Egilona (*rushing forward*). 'Tis true . . and I proclaim it.
Abdalazis. Heaven and earth!
Was it not thou, most lovely, most high-souled,
Who wishedst us success, and me a crown?
[OPAS *goes abruptly.*
Egilona. I give it . . I am Egilona, queen
Of that detested man.
Abdalazis. I touch the hand
That chains down fortune to the throne of fate,
And will avenge thee; for 'twas thy command,
'Tis Heaven's. My father! what retards our bliss?
Why art thou silent?
Muza. Inexperienced years
Rather would rest on the soft lap, I see,
Of pleasure, after the fierce gusts of war.
O destiny! that callest me alone,
Hapless, to keep the toilsome watch of state,
Painful to age, unnatural to youth,
Adverse to all society of friends,
Equality, and liberty, and ease,
The welcome cheer of the unbidden feast,
The gay reply, light, sudden, like the leap
Of the young forester's unbended bow,
But, above all, to tenderness at home,
And sweet security of kind concern
Even from those who seem most truly ours.
Who would resign all this, to be approacht,
Like a sick infant by a canting nurse,
To spread his arms in darkness, and to find
One universal hollowness around?
Forego a little while that bane of peace:
Love may be cherisht.
Abdalazis. 'Tis enough; I ask
No other boon.
Muza. Not victory?
Abdalazis. Farewell,
O queen! I will deserve thee; why do tears
Silently drop, and slowly, down thy veil?
I shall return to worship thee, and soon;
Why this affliction? O, that I alone
Could raise or could repress it!
Egilona. We depart,
Nor interrupt your counsels, nor impede;
O may they prosper, whatsoe'er they be,
And perfidy soon meet its just reward!
The infirm and peaceful Opas . . whither gone?
Muza. Stay, daughter; not for counsel are we met,
But to secure our arms from treachery,
O'erthrow and stifle base conspiracies,
Involve in his own toils our false ally . .
Egilona. Author of every woe I have endured!
Ah sacrilegious man! he vowed to heaven
None of his blood should ever mount the throne.
Muza. Herein his vow indeed is ratified;
Yet faithful ears have heard this offer made,
And weighty was the conference that ensued,
And long, not dubious; for what mortal e'er
Refused alliance with illustrious power,
Though some have given its enjoyments up,
Tired and enfeebled by satiety?
His friends and partisans, 'twas his pretence,
Should pass uninterrupted; hence his camp
Is open every day to enemies.
You look around, O queen, as though you fear'd
Their entrance. Julian I pursue no more;
You conquer him. Return we. I bequeath
Ruin, extermination, not reproach.
How we may best attain your peace and will
We must consider in some other place,
Not, lady, in the midst of snares and wiles
How to supplant your charms and seize your crown.
I rescue it; fear not. Yes, we retire.
Whatever is your wish becomes my own,
Nor is there in this land but who obeys.
[*He leads her away.*

THIRD ACT: FIRST SCENE.

Paluce in Xeres.

RODERIGO *and* OPAS.

Roderigo. Impossible! she could not thus resign
Me, for a miscreant of Barbary,
A mere adventurer; but that citron face
Shall bleach and shrivel the whole winter long,
There on yon cork-tree by the sallyport.
She shall return.
Opas. To fondness and to faith?
Dost thou retain them, if she could return?
Roderigo. Retain them? she has forfeited by this
All right to fondness, all to royalty.
Opas. Consider and speak calmly: she deserves
Some pity, some reproof.
Roderigo. To speak then calmly,
Since thine eyes open and can see her guilt . .
Infamous and atrocious! let her go . .
Chains . .
Opas. What! in Muza's camp?
Roderigo. My scorn supreme!
Opas. Say pity.
Roderigo. Ay, ay, pity: that suits best.
I loved her, but *had* loved her; three whole years
Of pleasure, and of varied pleasure too,
Had worn the soft impression half away.
What I once felt, I would recall; the faint
Responsive voice grew fainter each reply:
Imagination sank amid the scenes
It labour'd to create: the vivid joy
Of fleeting youth I follow'd and possest.
'Tis the first moment of the tenderest hour,
'Tis the first mien on entering new delights,
We give our peace, our power, our souls, for these.
Opas. Thou hast; and what remains?
Roderigo. Roderigo: one
Whom hatred can not reach nor love cast down.
Opas. Nor gratitude nor pity nor remorse
Call back, nor vows nor earth nor heaven controul.

But art thou free and happy? art thou safe?
By shrewd contempt the humblest may chastise
Whom scarlet and its ermine can not scare,
And the sword skulks for everywhere in vain.
Thee the poor victim of thy outrages,
Woman, with all her weakness, may despise.
Roderigo. But first let quiet age have intervened.
Opas. Ne'er will the peace or apathy of age
Be thine, or twilight steal upon thy day.
The violent choose, but can not change, their end;
Violence, by man or nature, must be theirs;
Thine it must be; and who to pity thee?
Roderigo. Behold my solace! none. I want no pity.
Opas. Proclaim we those the happiest of mankind
Who never knew a want? O what a curse
To thee this utter ignorance of thine!
Julian, whom all the good commiserate,
Sees thee below him far in happiness.
A state indeed of no quick restlessness,
No glancing agitation, one vast swell
Of melancholy, deep, impassable,
Interminable, where his spirit alone
Broods and o'ershadows all, bears him from earth,
And purifies his chasten'd soul for heaven.
Both heaven and earth shall from thy grasp recede.
Whether on death or life thou arguest,
Untutor'd savage or corrupted heathen
Avows no sentiment so vile as thine.
Roderigo. Nor feels?
Opas. O human nature! I have heard
The secrets of the soul, and pitied thee.
Bad and accursed things have men confess'd
Before me, but have left them unarrayed,
Naked, and shivering with deformity.
The troubled dreams and deafening gush of youth
Fling o'er the fancy, struggling to be free,
Discordant and impracticable things:
If the good shudder at their past escapes,
Shall not the wicked shudder at their crimes?
They shall: and I denounce upon thy head
God's vengeance: thou shalt rule this land no more.
Roderigo. What! my own kindred leave me and renounce me!
Opas. Kindred? and is there any in our world
So near us as those sources of all joy,
Those on whose bosom every gale of life
Blows softly, who reflect our images
In loveliness through sorrows and through age,
And bear them onward far beyond the grave?
Roderigo. Methinks, most reverend Opas, not inapt
Are these fair views; arise they from Seville?
Opas. He who can scoff at them, may scoff at me.
Such are we, that the Giver of all Good
Shall, in the heart he purifies, possess
The latest love; the earliest, no, not there!
I've known the firm and faithful: even from them
Life's eddying spring shed the first bloom on earth.
I pity them, but ask their pity too:
I love the happiness of men, and praise
And sanctify the blessings I renounce.
Roderigo. Yet would thy baleful influence undermine
The heaven-appointed throne.
Opas. The throne of guilt
Obdurate, without plea, without remorse.
Roderigo. What power hast thou? perhaps thou soon wilt want
A place of refuge.
Opas. Rather say, perhaps
My place of refuge will receive me soon.
Could I extend it even to thy crimes,
It should be open; but the wrath of heaven
Turns them against thee and subverts thy sway:
It leaves thee not, what wickedness and woe
Oft in their drear communion taste together,
Hope and repentance.
Roderigo. But it leaves me arms,
Vigour of soul and body, and a race
Subject by law and dutiful by choice,
Whose hand is never to be holden fast
Within the closing cleft of gnarled creeds;
No easy prey for these vile mitred Moors.
I, who received thy homage, may retort
Thy threats, vain prelate, and abase thy pride.
Opas. Low must be those whom mortal can sink lower,
Nor high are they whom human power may raise.
Roderigo. Judge now: for hear the signal.
Opas. And derides
Thy buoyant heart the dubious gulphs of war?
Trumpets may sound, and not to victory.
Roderigo. The traitor and his daughter feel my power.
Opas. Just God! avert it!
Roderigo. Seize this rebel priest.
I will alone subdue my enemies. [*Goes out.*

THIRD ACT: SECOND SCENE.

RAMIRO *and* OSMA *enter from opposite sides.*

Ramiro. Where is the king? his car is at the gate,
His ministers attend him, but his foes
Are yet more prompt, nor will await delay.
Osma. Nor need they, for he meets them as I speak.
Ramiro. With all his forces? or our cause is lost.
Julian and Sisabert surround the walls.
Osma. Surround, sayst thou? enter they not the gates?
Ramiro. Perhaps ere now they enter.
Osma. Sisabert
Brings him our prisoner.
Ramiro. They are friends! they held
A parley; and the soldiers, when they saw
Count Julian, lower'd their arms and hail'd him king.
Osma. How? and he leads them in the name of king?
Ramiro. He leads them; but amid that acclamation
He turn'd away his head, and call'd for vengeance.

Osma. In Sisabert, and in the cavalry
He led, were all our hopes.
Opas. Woe, woe is theirs
Who have no other.
Osma. What are thine? obey
The just commands of our offended king:
Conduct him to the tower . . off . . instantly.
[Guard *hesitates:* Opas *goes.*
Ramiro, let us haste to reinforce . .
Ramiro. Hark! is the king defeated? hark!
Osma. I hear
Such acclamation as from victory
Arises not, but rather from revolt,
Reiterated, interrupted, lost.
Favour like this his genius will retrieve
By time or promises or chastisement,
Whiche'er he choose; the speediest is the best.
His danger and his glory let us share;
'Tis ours to serve him.
Ramiro. While he rules 'tis ours.
What chariot-wheels are thundering o'er the bridge?
Osma. Roderigo's; I well know them.
Ramiro. Now, the burst
Of acclamation! now! again, again.
Osma. I know the voices; they are for Roderigo.
Ramiro. Stay, I entreat thee. One hath now prevail'd.
So far is certain.
Osma. Ay, the right prevails.
Ramiro. Transient and vain their joyance who rejoice
Precipitately and intemperately,
And bitter thoughts grow up where'er it fell.
Osma. Nor vain and transient theirs who idly float
Down popularity's unfertile stream,
And fancy all their own that rises round.
Ramiro. If thou yet lovest, as I know thou dost,
Thy king . .
Osma. I love him; for he owes me much,
Brave soul! and can not, though he would, repay.
Service and faith, pure faith and service hard,
Throughout his reign, if these things be desert,
These have I borne toward him, and still bear.
Ramiro. Come, from thy solitary eyrie come,
And share the prey, so plenteous and profuse,
Which a less valorous brood will else consume.
Much fruit is shaken down in civil storms:
And shall not orderly and loyal hands
Gather it up? *(Loud shouts.)* Again! and yet refuse?
How different are those citizens without
From thee! from thy serenity! thy arch,
Thy firmament, of intrepidity!
For their new lord, whom they have never served,
Afraid were they to shout, and only struck
The pavement with their ferrels and their feet:
Now they are certain of the great event
Voices and hands they raise, and all contend
Who shall be bravest in applauding most.
Knowest thou these?
Osma. Their voices I know well . .
And can they shout for him they would have slain?
A prince untried they welcome; soon their doubts
Are blown afar.
Ramiro. Yes, brighter scenes arise.
The disunited he alone unites,
The weak with hope he strengthens, and the strong
With justice.
Osma. Wait: praise him when time hath given
A soundness and consistency to praise:
He shares it amply who bestows it right.
Ramiro. Doubtest thou?
Osma. Be it so: let us away;
New courtiers come.
Ramiro. And why not join the new?
Let us attend him and congratulate;
Come on; they enter.
Osma. This is now my post
No longer: I could face them in the field,
I can not here.
Ramiro. To-morrow all may change;
Be comforted.
Osma. I want nor change nor comfort.
Ramiro. The prisoner's voice!
Osma. The metropolitan's?
Triumph he may . . not over me forgiven.
This way, and thro' the chapel: none are there.
[*Goes out.*

THIRD ACT: THIRD SCENE.

Opas *and* Sisabert.

Opas. The royal threat still sounds along these halls:
Hardly his foot hath past them, and he flees
From his own treachery; all his pride, his hopes,
Are scatter'd at a breath; even courage fails
Now falsehood sinks from under him. Behold,
Again art thou where reign'd thy ancestors;
Behold the chapel of thy earliest prayers,
Where I, whose chains are sunder'd at thy sight
Ere they could close around these aged limbs,
Received and blest thee, when thy mother's arm
Was doubtful if it loost thee! with delight
Have I observed the promises we made
Deeply imprest and manfully perform'd.
Now, to thyself beneficent, O prince,
Never henceforth renew those weak complaints
Against Covilla's vows and Julian's faith,
His honour broken, and her heart estranged.
O, if thou holdest peace or glory dear,
Away with jealousy; brave Sisabert,
Smite from thy bosom, smite that scorpion down:
It swells and hardens amid mildew'd hopes,
O'erspreads and blackens whate'er most delights,
And renders us, haters of loveliness,
The lowest of the fiends: ambition led
The higher on, furious to dispossess,
From admiration sprung and frenzied love.
This disingenuous soul-debasing passion,
Rising from abject and most sordid fear,
Consumes the vitals, pines, and never dies.
For Julian's truth have I not pledged my own?
Have I not sworn Covilla weds no other?
Sisabert. Her persecutor have not I chastised?

Have not I fought for Julian, won the town,
And liberated thee?
Opas. But left for him
The dangers of pursuit, of ambuscade,
Of absence from thy high and splendid name.
Sisabert. Do probity and truth want such supports?
Opas. Gryphens and eagles, ivory and gold,
Can add no clearness to the lamp above,
But many look for them in palaces
Who have them not, and want them not, at home.
Virtue and valour and experience
Are never trusted by themselves alone
Further than infancy and idiocy:
The men around him, not the man himself,
Are lookt at, and by these is he preferr'd.
'Tis the green mantle of the warrener
And his loud whistle that alone attract
The lofty gazes of the noble herd:
And thus, without thy countenance and help
Feeble and faint is yet our confidence,
Brief perhaps our success.
Sisabert. Should I resign
To Abdalazis her I once adored?
He truly, he must wed a Spanish queen!
He rule in Spain! ah! whom could any land,
Obey so gladly as the meek, the humble,
The friend of all who have no friend beside,
Covilla! could he choose or could he find
Another who might so confirm his power?
And now indeed from long domestic wars
Who else survives of all our ancient house?
Opas. But Egilona.
Sisabert. Vainly she upbraids
Roderigo.
Opas. She divorces him, abjures,
And carries vengeance to that hideous highth
Which piety and chastity would shrink
To look from, on the world or on themselves.
Sisabert. She may forgive him yet.
Opas. Ah, Sisabert!
Wretched are those a woman has forgiven:
With her forgiveness ne'er hath love return'd.
Ye know not till too late the filmy tie
That holds heaven's precious boon eternally
To such as fondly cherish her; once go
Driven by mad passion, strike but at her peace,
And, though she step aside from broad reproach,
Yet every softer virtue dies away.
Beaming with virtue inaccessible
Stood Egilona; for her lord she lived,
And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high:
All thoughts were on her, all, beside her own.
Negligent as the blossoms of the field,
Array'd in candour and simplicity,
Before her path she heard the streams of joy
Murmur her name in all their cadences,
Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,
Reflect her image, but acknowledge them
Hers most complete when flowing from her most.
All things in want of her, herself of none,
Pomp and dominion lay beneath her feet
Unfelt and unregarded. Now behold
The earthly passions war against the heavenly!
Pride against love, ambition and revenge
Against devotion and compliancy:
Her glorious beams adversity hath blunted;
And coming nearer to our quiet view,
The original clay of coarse mortality
Hardens and flaws around her.
Sisabert. Every germ
Of virtue perishes when love recedes
From those hot shifting sands, the female heart.
Opas. His was the fault; be his the punishment.
'Tis not their own crimes only, men commit,
They harrow them into another's breast,
And they shall reap the bitter growth with pain.
Sisabert. Yes, blooming royalty will first attract
These creatures of the desert. Now I breathe
More freely. She is theirs if I pursue
The fugitive again. He well deserves
The death he flies from. Stay! Don Julian twice
Call'd him aloud, and he, methinks, replied.
Could not I have remain'd a moment more
And seen the end? although with hurried voice
He bade me intercept the scattered foes,
And hold the city barr'd to their return.
May Egilona be another's wife
Whether he die or live! but oh! Covilla!
She never can be mine! yet she may be
Still happy.. no, Covilla, no.. not happy,
But more deserving happiness without it.
Mine never! nor another's. 'Tis enough.
The tears I shed no rival can deride;
In the fond intercourse a name once cherisht
Will never be defended by faint smiles,
Nor given up with vows of alter'd love.
And is the passion of my soul at last
Reduced to this? is this my happiness?
This my sole comfort? this the close of all
Those promises, those tears, those last adieus,
And those long vigils for the morrow's dawn?
Opas. Arouse thee! be thyself. O Sisabert,
Awake to glory from these feverish dreams:
The enemy is in our land; two enemies;
We must quell both: shame on us if we fail.
Sisabert. Incredible! a nation be subdued
Peopled as ours.
Opas. Corruption may subvert
What force could never.
Sisabert. Traitors may.
Opas. Alas!
If traitors can, the basis is but frail.
I mean such traitors as the vacant world
Echoes most stunningly: not fur-robed knaves
Whose whispers raise the dreaming bloodhound's ear
Against benighted famisht wanderers,
While with remorseless guilt they undermine
Palace and shed, their very father's house.
O blind! their own, their children's heritage,
To leave more ample space for fearful wealth.
Plunder in some most harmless guise they swathe,
Call it some very meek and hallow'd name,
Some known and borne by their good forefathers,
And own and vaunt it thus redeem'd from sin.

These are the plagues heaven sends o'er every land
Before it sink . . the portents of the street,
Not of the air . . lest nations should complain
Of distance or of dimness in the signs,
Flaring from far to Wisdom's eye alone:
These are the last: these, when the sun rides high
In the forenoon of doomsday, revelling,
Make men abhor the earth, arraign the skies.
Ye who behold them spoil field after field,
Despising them in individual strength,
Not with one torrent sweeping them away
Into the ocean of eternity,
Arise! despatch! no renovating gale,
No second spring awaits you: up, begone,
If you have force and courage even for flight.
The blast of dissolution is behind.
Sisabert. How terrible! how true! what voice like thine
Can rouse and warn the nation! If she rise,
Say, whither go, where stop we?
Opas. God will guide.
Let us pursue the oppressor to destruction;
The rest is Heaven's: must we move no step
Because we can not see the boundaries
Of our long way, and every stone between?
Sisabert. Is not thy vengeance for the late affront,
For threats and outrage and imprisonment?
Opas. For outrage, yes; imprisonment and threats
I pardon him, and whatsoever ill
He could do *me.*
Sisabert. To hold Covilla from me!
To urge her into vows against her faith,
Against her beauty, youth, and inclination,
Without her mother's blessing, nay, without
Her father's knowledge and authority,
So that she never will behold me more,
Flying afar for refuge and for help
Where never friend but God will comfort her!
Opas. These and more barbarous deeds were perpetrated.
Sisabert. Yet her proud father deign'd not to inform
Me, whom he loved and taught, in peace and war,
Me, whom he called his son, before I hoped
To merit it by marriage or by arms.
He offer'd no excuse, no plea; exprest
No sorrow; but with firm unfaltering voice
Commanded me . . I trembled as he spoke . .
To follow where he led, redress his wrongs,
And vindicate the honour of his child.
He call'd on God, the witness of his cause,
On Spain, the partner of his victories;
And yet amid these animating words
Roll'd the huge tear down his unvisor'd face;
A general swell of indignation rose
Thro' the long line, sobs burst from every breast,
Hardly one voice succeeded; you might hear
The impatient hoof strike the soft sandy plain.
But when the gates flew open, and the king
In his high car come forth triumphantly,
Then was Count Julian's stature more elate;
Tremendous was the smile that smote the eyes
Of all he past. '*Fathers, and sons, and brothers,*'
He cried, '*I fight your battles, follow me!*
Soldiers, we know no danger but disgrace!'
'*Father, and general, and king,*' they shout,
And would proclaim him: back he cast his face,
Pallid with grief, and one loud groan burst forth;
It kindled vengeance thro' the Asturian ranks,
And they soon scatter'd, as the blasts of heaven
Scatter the leaves and dust, the astonisht foe.
Opas. And doubtest thou his truth?
Sisabert. I love . . and doubt . .
Fight . . and believe: Rodrigo spoke untruths;
In him I place no trust; but Julian holds
Truths in reserve: how should I quite confide!
Opas. By sorrows thou beholdest him opprest;
Doubt the more prosperous. March, Sisabert,
Once more against his enemy and ours:
Much hath been done, but much there yet remains.

FOURTH ACT: FIRST SCENE.

Tent of JULIAN.

RODERIGO *and* JULIAN.

Julian. The people had deserted thee, and throng'd
My standard, had I raised it, at the first;
But once subsiding, and no voice of mine
Calling by name each grievance to each man,
They, silent and submissive by degrees,
Bore thy hard yoke, and, hadst thou but oppprest,
Would still have borne it: thou hast now deceived;
Thou hast done all a foreign foe could do
And more against them; with ingratitude
Not hell itself could arm the foreign foe;
'Tis forged at home and kills not from afar.
Amid whate'er vain glories fell upon
Thy rainbow span of power, which I dissolve,
Boast not how thou conferredst wealth and rank,
How thou preservedst me, my family,
All my distinctions, all my offices,
When Witiza was murder'd; that I stand
Count Julian at this hour by special grace.
The sword of Julian saved the walls of Ceuta,
And not the shadow that attends his name:
It was no badge, no title, that o'erthrew
Soldier and steed and engine. Don Roderigo!
The truly and the falsely great here differ:
These by dull wealth or daring fraud advance;
Him the Almighty calls amid his people
To sway the wills and passions of mankind.
The weak of heart and intellect beheld
Thy splendour, and adored thee lord of Spain:
I rose . . Roderigo lords o'er Spain no more.
Roderigo. Now to a traitor's add a boaster's name.
Julian. Shameless and arrogant, dost thou believe
I boast for pride or pastime? forced to boast,

Truth costs me more than falsehood e'er cost thee.
Divested of that purple of the soul,
That potency, that palm of wise ambition,
Cast headlong by thy madness from that high,
That only eminence 'twixt earth and heaven,
Virtue, which some desert, but none despise,
Whether thou art beheld again on earth,
Whether a captive or a fugitive,
Miner or galley-slave, depends on me;
But he alone who made me what I am
Can make me greater or can make me less.
Roderigo. Chance, and chance only, threw me in thy power;
Give me my sword again and try my strength.
Julian. I tried it in the front of thousands.
Roderigo. Death
At least vouchsafe me from a soldier's hand.
Julian. I love to hear thee ask it: now my own
Would not be bitter; no, nor immature.
Roderigo. Defy it, say thou rather.
Julian. Death itself
Shall not be granted thee, unless from God;
A dole from his and from no other hand.
Thou shalt now hear and own thine infamy.
Roderigo. Chains, dungeons, tortures . . but I hear no more.
Julian. Silence, thou wretch! live on . . ay, live . . abhorr'd.
Thou shalt have tortures, dungeons, chains enough;
They naturally rise and grow around
Monsters like thee, everywhere, and for ever.
Roderigo. Insulter of the fallen! must I endure
Commands as well as threats? my vassal's too?
Nor breathe from underneath his trampling feet?
Julian. Could I speak patiently who speak to thee,
I would say more: part of thy punishment
It should be, to be taught.
Roderigo. Reserve thy wisdom
Until thy patience come, its best ally:
I learn no lore, of peace or war, from thee.
Julian. No, thou shalt study soon another tongue,
And suns more ardent shall mature thy mind.
Either the cross thou bearest, and thy knees
Among the silent caves of Palestine
Wear the sharp flints away with midnight prayer,
Or thou shalt keep the fasts of Barbary,
Shalt wait amid the crowds that throng the well
From sultry noon till the skies fade again,
To draw up water and to bring it home
In the crackt gourd of some vile testy knave,
Who spurns thee back with bastinaded foot
For ignorance or delay of his command.
Roderigo. Rather the poison or the bowstring.
Julian. Slaves
To other's passions die such deaths as those:
Slaves to their own should die . .
Roderigo. What worse?
Julian. Their own.
Roderigo. Is this thy counsel, renegade?
Julian. Not mine:
I point a better path, nay, force thee on.
I shelter thee from every brave man's sword
While I am near thee: I bestow on thee
Life: if thou die, 'tis when thou sojournest
Protected by this arm and voice no more:
'Tis slavishly, 'tis ignominiously,
'Tis by a villain's knife.
Roderigo. By whose?
Julian. Roderigo's.
Roderigo. O powers of vengeance! must I hear! . . endure! . .
Live?
Julian. Call thy vassals: no? then wipe the drops
Of froward childhood from thy shameless eyes.
So! thou canst weep for passion; not for pity.
Roderigo. One hour ago I ruled all Spain! a camp
Not larger than a sheepfold stood alone
Against me: now, no friend throughout the world
Follows my steps or hearkens to my call.
Behold the turns of fortune, and expect
No better: of all faithless men the Moors
Are the most faithless: from thy own experience
Thou canst not value nor rely on them.
Julian. I value not the mass that makes my sword,
Yet while I use it I rely on it.
Roderigo. Julian, thy gloomy soul still meditates . .
Plainly I see it . . death to me . . pursue
The dictates of thy leaders, let revenge
Have its full sway, let Barbary prevail,
And the pure creed her elders have embraced:
Those placid sages hold assassination
A most compendious supplement to law.
Julian. Thou knowest not the one, nor I the other.
Torn hast thou from me all my soul held dear,
Her form, her voice, all, hast thou banisht from me,
Nor dare I, wretched as I am! recall
Those solaces of every grief erewhile.
I stand abased before insulting crime,
I falter like a criminal myself;
The hand that hurl'd thy chariot o'er its wheels,
That held thy steeds erect and motionless
As molten statues on some palace-gate,
Shakes as with palsied age before thee now.
Gone is the treasure of my heart for ever,
Without a father, mother, friend, or name.
Daughter of Julian . . Such was her delight . .
Such was mine too! what pride more innocent,
What surely less deserving pangs like these,
Than springs from filial and parental love!
Debarr'd from every hope that issues forth
To meet the balmy breath of early life,
Her sadden'd days, all cold and colourless,
Will stretch before her their whole weary length
Amid the sameness of obscurity.
She wanted not seclusion to unveil
Her thoughts to heaven, cloister, nor midnight bell;
She found it in all places, at all hours:
While to assuage my labours she indulged
A playfulness that shunn'd a mother's eye,

Still to avert my perils there arose
A piety that even from *me* retired.
Roderigo. Such was she! what am I! those are the arms
That are triumphant when the battle fails.
O Julian! Julian! all thy former words
Struck but the imbecile plumes of vanity,
These thro' its steely coverings pierce the heart.
I ask not life nor death; but, if I live,
Send my most bitter enemy to watch
My secret paths, send poverty, send pain . .
I will add more . . wise as thou art, thou knowest
No foe more furious than forgiven kings.
I ask not then what thou wouldst never grant:
May heaven, O Julian, from thy hand receive
A pardon'd man, a chasten'd criminal.
Julian. This further curse hast thou inflicted; wretch!
I can not pardon thee.
Roderigo. Thy tone, thy mien,
Refute those words.
Julian. No . . I can *not* forgive.
Roderigo. Upon my knee, my conqueror, I implore!
Upon the earth, before thy feet . . hard heart!
Julian. Audacious! hast thou never heard that prayer
And scorn'd it? 'tis the last thou shouldst repeat.
Upon the earth! upon her knees! O God?
Roderigo. Resemble not a wretch so lost as I:
Be better; O! be happier; and pronounce it.
Julian. I swerve not from my purpose: thou art mine,
Conquer'd; and I have sworn to dedicate,
Like a torn banner on my chapel's roof,
Thee to that power from whom thou hast rebell'd.
Expiate thy crimes by prayer, by penances.
Roderigo. Hasten the hour of trial, speak of peace.
Pardon me not then, but with purer lips
Implore of God, who *would* hear *thee*, to pardon.
Julian. Hope it I may . . pronounce it . . O Roderigo!
Ask it of him who can; I too will ask,
And, in my own transgressions, pray for thine.
Roderigo. One name I dare not . .
Julian. Go; abstain from that;
I do conjure thee, raise not in my soul
Again the tempest that has wreckt my fame;
Thou shalt not breathe in the same clime with her.
Far o'er the unebbing sea thou shalt adore
The eastern star, and may thy end be peace.

FOURTH ACT: SECOND SCENE.

RODERIGO *goes:* HERNANDO *enters.*

Hernando. From the prince Tarik I am sent, my lord.
Julian. A welcome messager, my brave Hernando.
How fares it with the gallant soul of Tarik?
Hernando. Most joyfully; he scarcely had pronounced
Your glorious name, and bid me urge your speed,
Than, with a voice as though it answer'd heaven,
'*He shall confound them in their dark designs,*'
Cried he, and turn'd away, with that swift stride
Wherewith he meets and quells his enemies.
Julian. Alas! I can not bear felicitation,
Who shunn'd it even in felicity.
Hernando. Often we hardly think ourselves the happy
Unless we hear it said by those around.
O my lord Julian, how your praises cheer'd
Our poor endeavours! sure, all hearts are open
Lofty and low, wise and unwise, to praise.
Even the departed spirit hovers round
Our blessings and our prayers; the corse itself
Hath shined with other light than the still stars
Shed on its rest, or the dim taper nigh.
My father, old men say who saw him dead,
And heard your lips pronounce him good and happy,
Smiled faintly through the quiet gloom that eve,
And the shroud throbb'd upon his grateful breast.
Howe'er it be, many who tell the tale
Are good and happy from that voice of praise.
His guidance and example were denied
My youth and childhood: what I am I owe . .
Julian. Hernando, look not back: a narrow path
And arduous lies before thee; if thou stop
Thou fallest; go right onward, nor observe
Closely and rigidly another's way,
But, free and active, follow up thy own.
Hernando. The voice that urges now my manly step
Onward in life, recalls me to the past,
And from that fount I freshen for the goal.
Early in youth, among us villagers
Converse and ripen'd counsel you bestow'd.
O happy days of (far departed!) peace,
Days when the mighty Julian stoopt his brow
Entering our cottage-door; another air
Breath'd through the house; tired age and lightsome youth
Beheld him with intensest gaze; these felt
More chasten'd joy; they more profound repose.
Yes, my best lord, when labour sent them home
And midday suns, when from the social meal
The wicker window held the summer heat,
Prais'd have those been who, going unperceived,
Open'd it wide that all might see you well:
Nor were the children blamed, hurrying to watch
Upon the mat what rush would last arise
From your foot's pressure, ere the door was closed,
And not yet wondering how they dared to love.
Your counsels are more precious now than ever,
But are they . . pardon if I err . . the same?
Tarik is gallant, kind, the friend of Julian,
Can he be more? or ought he to be less?
Alas! his faith!
Julian. In peace or war? Hernando.
Hernando. O, neither; far above it; faith in God.
Julian. 'Tis God's, not thine: embrace it not, nor hate it.

Precious or vile, how dare we seize that offering,
Scatter it, spurn it, in its way to heaven,
Because we know it not? the sovran lord
Accepts his tribute, myrrh and frankincense
From some, from others penitence and prayer:
Why intercept them from his gracious hand?
Why dash them down? why smite the supplicant?
Hernando. 'Tis what they do.
Julian. Avoid it thou the more.
If time were left me, I could hear well-pleased
How Tarik fought up Calpe's fabled cliff,
While I pursued the friends of Don Roderigo
Across the plain, and drew fresh force from mine.
O! had some other land, some other cause,
Invited him and me, I then could dwell
On this hard battle with unmixt delight.
Hernando. Eternal is its glory, if the deed
Be not forgotten till it be surpast:
Much praise by land, by sea much more, he won,
For then a Julian was not at his side,
Nor led the van, nor awed the best before;
The whole, a mighty whole, was his alone.
There might be seen how far he shone above
All others of the day: old Muza watcht
From his own shore the richly laden fleet,
Ill-arm'd and scatter'd, and pursued the rear
Beyond those rocks that bear St. Vincent's name,
Cutting the treasure, not the strength, away;
Valiant, where any prey lies undevour'd
In hostile creek or too confiding isle.
Tarik, with his small barks, but with such love
As never chief from rugged sailor won,
Smote their high masts and swelling rampires down,
And Cadiz wept in fear o'er Trafalgar.
Who that beheld our sails from off the highths,
Like the white birds, nor larger, tempt the gale
In sunshine and in shade, now almost touch
The solitary shore, glance, turn, retire,
Would think these lovely playmates could portend
Such mischief to the world, such blood, such woe;
Could draw to them from far the peaceful hinds,
Cull the gay flower of cities, and divide
Friends, children, every bond of human life;
Could dissipate whole families, could sink
Whole states in ruin, at one hour, one blow.
Julian. Go, good Hernando! who *would* think these things?
Say to the valiant Tarik I depart
Forthwith: he knows not from what heaviness
Of soul I linger here; I could endure
No converse, no compassion, no approach,
Other than thine, whom the same cares improved
Beneath my father's roof, my foster-brother,
To brighter days and happier end, I hope;
In whose fidelity my own resides
With Tarik and with his compeers and chief.
I can not share the gladness I excite,
Yet shall our Tarik's generous heart rejoice.

FOURTH ACT: THIRD SCENE.

EGILONA *enters:* HERNANDO *goes.*

Egilona. O fly me not because I am unhappy,
Because I am deserted fly me not;
It was not so before, and can it be
Ever from Julian?
Julian. What would Egilona
That Julian's power with her new lords can do?
Surely her own must there preponderate.
Egilona. I hold no suit to them. Restore, restore
Roderigo.
Julian. He no longer is my prisoner.
Egilona. Escapes he then?
Julian. Escapes he, dost thou say?
O Egilona! what unworthy passion . .
Egilona. Unworthy, when I loved him, was my passion;
The passion that now swells my heart, is just.
Julian. What fresh reproaches hath he merited?
Egilona. Deep-rooted hatred shelters no reproach.
But whither is he gone?
Julian. Far from the walls.
Egilona. And I knew nothing?
Julian. His offence was known
To thee at least.
Egilona. Will it be expiated?
Julian. I trust it will.
Egilona. This withering calm consumes me.
He marries then Covilla! 'twas for this
His people were excited to rebell,
His sceptre was thrown by, his vows were scorn'd,
And I . . and I . .
Julian. Cease, Egilona!
Egilona. Cease!
Sooner shalt thou to live than I to reign.

FIFTH ACT: FIRST SCENE.

Tent of MUZA.

MUZA. TARIK. ABDALAZIS.

Muza. To have first landed on these shores appears
Transcendent glory to the applauded Tarik.
Tarik. Glory, but not transcendent, it appears,
What might in any other.
Muza. Of thyself
All this vain boast?
Tarik. Not of myself: 'twas Julian.
Against his shield the refluent surges roll'd,
While the sea-breezes threw the arrows wide,
And fainter cheers urged the reluctant steeds.
Muza. That Julian, of whose treason I have proofs,
That Julian, who rejected my commands
Twice, when our mortal foe besieged the camp,
And forced my princely presence to his tent.
Tarik. Say rather, who without one exhortation,
One precious drop from true believer's vein,
Marcht, and discomfited our enemies.

I found in him no treachery. Hernando,
Who, little versed in moody wiles, is gone
To lead him hither, was by him assign'd
My guide, and twice in doubtful fight his arm
Protected me: once on the highths of Calpe,
Once on the plain, when courtly jealousies
Tore from the bravest and the best his due,
And gave the dotard and the coward command:
Then came Roderigo forth: the front of war
Grew darker: him, equal in chivalry,
Julian alone could with success oppose.

Abdalazis. I doubt their worth who praise their enemies.

Tarik. And theirs doubt I who persecute their friends.

Muza. Thou art in league with him.

Tarik. Thou wert, by oaths;
I am without them; for his heart is brave.

Muza. Am I to bear all this?

Tarik. All this and more:
Soon wilt thou see the man whom thou hast wrong'd,
And the keen hatred in thy breast conceal'd
Find its right way, and sting thee to the core.

Muza. Hath he not foil'd us in the field? not held
Our wisdom to reproach?

Tarik. Shall we abandon
All he hath left us in the eyes of men?
Shall we again make him our adversary
Whom we have proved so, long and fatally?
If he subdue for us our enemies,
Shall we raise others, or, for want of them,
Convert him into one against his will?

FIFTH ACT: SECOND SCENE.

HERNANDO *enters.* TARIK *continues.*

Here comes Hernando from that prince himself.

Muza. Who scorns, himself, to come.

Hernando. The queen detains him.

Abdalazis. How! Egilona?

Muza. 'Twas my will.

Tarik. At last
He must be happy; for delicious calm
Follows the fierce enjoyment of revenge.

Hernando. That calm was never his, no other will be.
Thou knowest not, and mayst thou never know,
How bitter is the tear that fiery shame
Scourges and tortures from the soldier's eye.
Whichever of these bad reports be true,
He hides it from all hearts to wring his own,
And drags the heavy secret to the grave.
Not victory that o'ershadows him sees he;
No airy and light passion stirs abroad
To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd
Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light above the dews of morn.
He now assumes that quietness of soul
Which never but in danger have I seen
On his staid breast.

Tarik. Danger is past; he conquers;
No enemy is left him to subdue.

Hernando. He sank not, while there was, into himself.
Now plainly see I from his alter'd tone,
He can not live much longer. Thanks to God!

Tarik. What! wishest thou thy once kind master dead?
Was he not kind to thee, ungrateful slave!

Hernando. The gentlest, as the bravest, of mankind.
Therefore shall memory dwell more tranquilly
With Julian once at rest, than friendship could,
Knowing him yearn for death with speechless love.
For his own sake I could endure his loss,
Pray for it, and thank God; yet mourn I must
Him above all, so great, so bountiful,
So blessed once! bitterly must I mourn.
'Tis not my solace that 'tis his desire;
Of all who pass us in life's drear descent
We grieve the most for those that wisht to die.
A father to us all, he merited,
Unhappy man! all a good father's joy
In his own house, where seldom he hath been,
But, ever mindful of its dear delights,
He form'd one family around him ever.

Tarik. Yes, we have seen and known him. Let his fame
Refresh his friends, but let it stream afar,
Nor in the twilight of home-scenes be lost.
He chose the best, and cherisht them; he left
To self-reproof the mutinies of vice;
Avarice, that dwarfs Ambition's tone and mien;
Envy, sick nursling of the court; and Pride
That can not bear his semblance nor himself;
And Malice, with blear visage half-descried
Amid the shadows of her hiding-place.

Hernando. What could I not endure, O gallant man,
To hear him spoken of as thou hast spoken!
Oh! I would almost be a slave to him
Who calls me one.

Muza. What! art thou not? begone.

Tarik. Reply not, brave Hernando, but retire.
All can revile, few only can reward.
Behold the meed our mighty chief bestows!
Accept it, for thy services, and mine.
More, my bold Spaniard, hath obedience won
Than anger, even in the ranks of war.

Hernando. The soldier, not the Spaniard, shall obey. [*Goes.*

Muza to Tarik. Into our very council bringest thou
Children of reprobation and perdition?
Darkness thy deeds and emptiness thy speech,
Such images thou raisest as buffoons
Carry in merriment on festivals;

Nor worthiness nor wisdom would display
To public notice their deformities,
Nor cherish them nor fear them; why shouldst thou?

Tarik. I fear not them nor thee.

FIFTH ACT: THIRD SCENE.

EGILONA *enters.*

Abdalazis. Advance, O queen.
Now let the turbulence of faction cease.

Muza. Whate'er thy purpose, speak, and be composed.

Egilona. He goes; he is afar; he follows her;
He leads her to the altar, to the throne;
For, calm in vengeance, wise in wickedness,
The traitor hath prevail'd, o'er him, o'er me,
O'er you, the slaves, the dupes, the scorn, of Julian.
What have I heard! what have I seen!

Muza. Proceed.

Abdalazis. And I swear vengeance on his guilty head
Who intercepts from thee the golden rays
Of sovranty, who dares rescind thy rights,
Who steals upon thy rest, and breathes around
Empoison'd damps o'er that serenity
Which leaves the world, and faintly lingers here.

Muza. Who shuns thee . .

Abdalazis. Whose desertion interdicts
Homage, authority, precedency . .

Muza. Till war shall rescue them . .

Abdalazis. And love restore.

Egilona. O generous Abdalazis! never! never!
My enemies . . Julian alone remains . .
The worst in safety, far beyond my reach,
Breathe freely on the summit of their hopes,
Because they never stopt, because they sprang
From crime to crime, and trampled down remorse.
Oh! if her heart knew tenderness like mine!
Grant vengeance on the guilty; grant but that,
I ask no more; my hand, my crown is thine.
Fulfill the justice of offended heaven,
Assert the sacred rights of royalty,
Come not in vain, crush the rebellious crew,
Crush, I implore, the indifferent and supine.

Muza. Roderigo thus escaped from Julian's tent?

Egilona. No, not escaped, escorted, like a king.
The base Covilla first pursued her way
On foot; but after her the royal car,
Which bore me from San Pablo's to the throne,
Empty indeed, yet ready at her voice,
Roll'd o'er the plain amid the carcases
Of those who fell in battle or in flight:
She, a deceiver still, to whate'er speed
The moment might incite her, often stopt
To mingle prayers with the departing breath,
Improvident! and those with heavy wounds
Groan'd bitterly beneath her tottering knee.

Tarik. Now, by the clement and the merciful!
The girl did well. When I breathe out my soul,
Oh! if compassion give one pang the more,
That pang be mine; here be it, in this land:
Such women are they in this land alone.

Egilona. Insulting man!

Muza. We shall confound him yet.
Say, and speak quickly, whither went the king?
Thou knewest where was Julian.

Abdalazis. I will tell
Without his answer: yes, my friends! yes, Tarik,
Now will I speak, nor thou for once reply.
There is, I hear, a poor half-ruined cell
In Xeres, whither few indeed resort,
Green are the walls within, green is the floor
And slippery from disuse; for christian feet
Avoid it, as half-holy, half-accurst.
Still in its dark recess fanatic Sin
Abases to the ground his tangled hair,
And servile scourges and reluctant groans
Roll o'er the vault uninterruptedly,
Till (such the natural stillness of the place)
The very tear upon the damps below
Drops audible, and the heart's throb replies.
There is the idol maid of christian creed,
And taller images whose history
I know not nor inquired. A scene of blood,
Of resignation amid mortal pangs,
And other things exceeding all belief.
Hither the aged Opas of Seville
Walkt slowly, and behind him was a man
Barefooted, bruised, dejected, comfortless,
In sackcloth; the white ashes on his head
Dropt as he smote his breast; he gather'd up,
Replaced them all, groan'd deeply, lookt to heaven,
And held them like a treasure with claspt hands.

Egilona. O! was Roderigo so abased?

Muza. 'Twas he.
Now, Egilona, judge between your friends
And enemies: behold what wretches brought
The king, thy lord, Roderigo, to disgrace.

Egilona. He merited . . but not from them . . from me
This, and much worse: had I inflicted it,
I had rejoiced . . at what I ill endure.

Muza. For thee, for thee alone, we wisht him here,
But other hands releast him.

Abdalazis. With what aim
Will soon appear to those discerning eyes.

Egilona. I pray thee, tell what past until that hour.

Abdalazis. Few words, and indistinct: repentant sobs
Fill'd the whole space; the taper in his hand,
Lighting two small dim lamps before the altar,
He gave to Opas; at the idol's feet
He laid his crown, and wiped his tears away.
The crown reverts not, but the tears return.

Egilona. Yes, Abdalazis! soon, abundantly.
If he had only call'd upon my name,
Seeking my pardon ere he lookt to heaven's,
I could have . . no! he thought not once on me!
Never shall he find peace or confidence;
I will rely on fortune and on thee,
Nor fear my future lot: sure, Abdalazis,

A fall so great can never happen twice,
Nor man again be faithless, like Roderigo.
Abdalazis. Faithless he may be still, never so faithless.
Fainter must be the charms, remote the days,
When memory and dread example die,
When love and terror thrill the heart no more,
And Egilona is herself forgotten.

FIFTH ACT: FOURTH SCENE.

JULIAN *enters.*

Tarik. Turn, and behold him! who is now confounded?
Ye who awaited him, where are ye? speak.
Is some close comet blazing o'er your tents?
Muza! Abdalazis! princes! conquerors!
Summon, interrogate, command, condemn.
Muza. Justly, Don Julian.. but respect for rank
Allays resentment, nor interrogates
Without due form.. justly may we accuse
This absence from our councils, from our camp;
This loneliness in which we still remain
Who came invited to redress your wrongs.
Where is the king?
Julian. The people must decide.
Muza. Imperfectly, I hope, I understand
Those words, unworthy of thy birth and age.
Julian. O chieftain, such have been our Gothic laws.
Muza. Who then amid such turbulence is safe?
Julian. He who observes them: 'tis no turbulence,
It violates no peace: 'tis surely worth
A voice, a breath of air, thus to create
By their high will the man, form'd after them
In their own image, vested with their power,
To whom they trust their freedom and their lives.
Muza. They trust! the people! God assigns the charge,
Kings open but the book of destiny
And read their names; all that remains for them
The mystic hand from time to time reveals.
Worst of idolaters! idolater
Of that refractory and craving beast
Whose den is in the city, at thy hand
I claim our common enemy, the king.
Julian. Sacred from justice then! but not from malice!
Tarik. Surrender him, my friend: be sure his pains
Will not be soften'd.
Julian. 'Tis beyond my power.
Tarik. To-morrow.. if in any distant fort
He lies to-night: send after him.
Julian. My faith
Is plighted, and he lives.. no prisoner.
Egilona. I knew the truth.
Abdalazis (*To* JULIAN). Now, Tarik, hear and judge.
Was he not in thy camp? and in disguise?
Tarik. No: I will answer thee.
Muza. Audacious man!
Had not the Kalif Walid placed thee here,
Chains and a traitor's death should be thy doom.
Speak, Abdalazis! Egilona, speak.
Were ye not present? was not I myself?
And aided not this Julian his escape?
Julian. 'Tis true.
Tarik. Away then friendship! to thy fate
I leave thee: thou hast render'd Muza just,
Me hostile to thee. Who is safe? a man
Arm'd with such power and with such perfidy!
Julian. Stay, Tarik! hear me; for to thee alone
Would I reply.
Tarik. Thou hast replied already.
[*Goes.*
Muza. We, who were enemies, would not inquire
Too narrowly what reasons urged thy wrath
Against thy sovran lord: beneath his flag
The Christians first assail'd us from these shores,
And we seiz'd gladly the first aid we found
To quell a wealthy and a warlike king.
We never held to thee the vain pretence
That 'twas thy quarrel our brave youth espoused,
Thine, who hast wrought us much disgrace and woe.
From perils and from losses here we rest
And drink of the fresh fountain at our feet,
Not madly following such illusive streams
As overspread the dizzy wilderness,
And vanish from the thirst they have seduced.
Ours was the enterprise, the land is ours.
What gain we by our toils, if he escape
Whom we came hither solely to subdue?
Julian. Is there no gain to live in amity?
Muza. The gain of traffickers and idle men;
Courage and zeal expire upon such calms.
Further, what amity can Moors expect
When you have joined your forces?
Julian. From the hour
That he was vanquisht, I have laid aside
All power, all arms.
Muza. How can we trust thee, once
Deceived, and oftener than this once despised?
Thou camest hither with no other aim
Than to deprive Roderigo of his crown
For thy own brow.
Egilona. Julian, base man, 'tis true.
He comes a prince, no warrior, at this hour.
Muza. His sword, O queen, would not avail him now.
Abdalazis. Julian, I feel less anger than regret.
No violence of speech, no obloquy,
No accusation shall escape my lips:
Need there is none, nor reason, to avoid
My questions: if thou value truth, reply.
Hath not Roderigo left the town and camp?
Hath not thy daughter?
Egilona. Past the little brook
Toward the Betis. From a tower I saw
The fugitives, far on their way; they went
Over one bridge, each with arm'd men.. not half
A league of road between them.. and had join'd,
But that the olive-groves along the path
Conceal'd them from each other, not from me:
Beneath me the whole level I survey'd,
And, when my eyes no longer could discern

Which track they took, I knew it from the storks
Rising in clouds above the reedy plain.
Muza. Deny it, if thou canst.
Julian. I order'd it.
Abdalazis. None could beside. Lo! things in such a mass
Falling together on observant minds,
Create suspicion and establish proof:
Wanted there fresh .. why not employ our arms?
Why go alone?
Muza. To parley, to conspire,
To reunite the Spaniards, which we saw,
To give up treaties, close up enmities,
And ratify the deed with Moorish blood.
Julian. Gladly would Spain procure your safe return,
Gladly would pay large treasures for the aid
You brought against oppression.
Muza. Pay she shall
The treasures of her soil, her ports, her youth:
If she resist, if she tumultuously
Call forth her brigands and we lose a man,
Dreadful shall be our justice; war shall rage
Through every city, hamlet, house, and field,
And, universal o'er the gasping land,
Depopulation.
Julian. They shall rue the day
Who dare these things.
Muza. Let order then prevail.
In vain thou sendest far away thy child,
Thy counsellor the metropolitan,
And Sisabert: prudence is mine no less.
Divide with us our conquests, but the king
Must be deliver'd up.
Julian. Never by me.
Muza. False then were thy reproaches, false thy grief.
Julian. O Egilona! were thine also feign'd?
Abdalazis. Say, lovely queen, neglectful of thy charms
Turn'd he his eyes toward the young Covilla?
Did he pursue her to the mad excess
Of breaking off her vows to Sisabert,
And marrying her, against the Christian law?
Muza. Did he prefer her so?
Abdalazis. Could he prefer
To Egilona ..
Egilona. Her! the child Covilla?
Eternal hider of a foolish face,
Incapable of anything but shame,
To me? old man! to me? O Abdalazis!
No: he but follow'd with slow pace my hate.
And can not pride check these unseemly tears.
[*Goes.*
Muza. The most offended, an offended woman,
A wife, a queen, is silent on the deed.
Abdalazis. Thou disingenuous and ignoble man,
Spreading these rumours! sending into exile
All those their blighting influence injured most:
And whom? thy daughter and adopted son,
The chieftains of thy laws and of thy faith.
Call any witnesses, proclaim the truth,
And set at last thy heart, thy fame, at rest.
Julian. Not, if I purposed or desired to live,
My own dishonour would I e'er proclaim
Amid vindictive and reviling foes.
Muza. Calling us foes, avows he not his guilt?
Condemns he not the action we condemn,
Owning it his, and owning it dishonour?
'Tis well my cares prest forward, and struck home.
Julian. Why smilest thou? I never saw that smile
But it portended an atrocious deed.
Muza. After our manifold and stern assaults,
With every tower and battlement destroy'd,
The walls of Ceuta still were strong enough ..
Julian. For what? who boasted now her brave defence,
Or who forbad your entrance after peace?
Muza. None: for who could? their engines now arose
To throw thy sons into the arms of death.
For this erect they their proud crests again.
Mark him at last turn pale before a Moor.
Julian. Imprudent have they been, their youth shall plead.
Abdalazis. O father! could they not have been detain'd?
Muza. Son, thou art safe, and wert not while they lived.
Abdalazis. I fear'd them not.
Muza. And therefore wert not safe:
Under their star the blooming Egilona
Would watch for thee the nuptial lamp in vain.
Julian. Never, oh never, hast thou workt a wile
So barren of all good! Speak out at once,
What hopest thou by striking this alarm?
It shocks my reason, not my fears or fondness.
Muza. Be happy then as ignorance can be;
Soon wilt thou hear it shouted from our ranks.
Those who once hurl'd defiance o'er our heads,
Scorning our arms, and scoffing at our faith,
The nightly wolf hath visited, unscared,
And loathed them as her prey; for famine first,
Achieving in few days the boast of years,
Sank their young eyes and open'd us the gates:
Ceuta, her port, her citadel, is ours.
Julian. Blest boys! inhuman as thou art, what guilt
Was theirs?
Muza. Their father's.
Julian. O support me, Heaven!
Against this blow! all others I have borne.
Ermenegild! thou mightest, sure, have lived!
A father's name awoke no dread of thee!
Only thy mother's early bloom was thine!
There dwelt on Julian's brow .. thine was serene ..
The brighten'd clouds of elevated souls,
Fear'd by the most below: those who lookt up
Saw at their season in clear signs advance
Rapturous valour, calm solicitude,
All that impatient youth would press from age,
Or sparing age sigh and detract from youth:
Hence was his fall! my hope! myself! my Julian!
Alas! I boasted .. but I thought on him,
Inheritor of all .. all what? my wrongs ..
Follower of me .. and whither? to the grave ..
Ah no: it should have been so years far hence!
Him at this moment I could pity most,

But I most prided in him; now I know
I loved a name, I doated on a shade.
Sons! I approach the mansions of the just,
And my arms clasp you in the same embrace,
Where none shall sever you .. and do I weep!
And do they triumph o'er my tenderness!
I had forgotten my inveterate foes
Everywhere nigh me, I had half forgotten
Your very murderers, while I thought on you:
For, O my children, ye fill all the space
My soul would wander o'er .. O bounteous heaven!
There is a presence, if the well-beloved
Be torn from us by human violence,
More intimate, pervading, and complete,
Than when they lived and spoke like other men;
And their pale images are our support
When reason sinks, or threatens to desert us.
I weep no more .. pity and exultation
Sway and console me: are they .. no! .. both dead?

Muza. Ay, and unsepulchred.

Julian. Nor wept nor seen
By any kindred and far-following eye?

Muza. Their mother saw them, if not dead, expire.

Julian. O cruelty .. to them indeed the least!
My children, ye are happy .. ye have lived
Of heart unconquer'd, honour unimpair'd,
And died, true Spaniards, loyal to the last.

Muza. Away with him.

Julian. Slaves! not before I lift
My voice to heaven and man: though enemies
Surround me, and none else, yet other men
And other times shall hear: the agony
Of an opprest and of a bursting heart
No violence can silence; at its voice
The trumpet is o'erpower'd, and glory mute,
And peace and war hide all their charms alike.
Surely the guests and ministers of heaven
Scatter it forth through all the elements,
So suddenly, so widely, it extends,
So fearfully men breathe it, shuddering
To ask or fancy how it first arose.

Muza. Yes, they shall shudder: but will that, henceforth,
Molest my privacy, or shake my power?

Julian. Guilt hath pavilions, but no privacy.
The very engine of his hatred checks
The torturer in his transport of revenge,
Which, while it swells his bosom, shakes his power,
And raises friends to his worst enemy.

Muza. Where now are thine? will they not curse the day
That gave thee birth, and hiss thy funeral!
Thou hast left none who could have pitied thee.

Julian. Many, nor those alone of tenderer mould,
For me will weep; many, alas, through me!
Already I behold my funeral;
The turbid cities wave and swell with it,
And wrongs are lost in that day's pageantry:
Oppress and desolate, the countryman
Receives it like a gift; he hastens home,
Shows where the hoof of Moorish horse laid waste
His narrow croft and winter garden-plot,
Sweetens with fallen pride his children's lore,
And points their hatred, but applauds their tears.
Justice, who came not up to us through life,
Loves to survey our likeness on our tombs,
When rivalry, malevolence, and wrath,
And every passion that once storm'd around,
Is calm alike without them as within.
Our very chains make the whole world our own,
Bind those to us who else had past us by,
Those at whose call brought down to us, the light
Of future ages lives upon our name.

Muza. I may accelerate that meteor's fall,
And quench that idle ineffectual light
Without the knowledge of thy distant world.

Julian. My world and thine are not that distant one.
Is age less wise, less merciful, than grief,
To keep this secret from thee, poor old man?
Thou canst not lessen, canst not aggravate
My sufferings, canst not shorten or extend
Half a sword's length between my God and me.
I thank thee for that better thought than fame,
Which none however, who deserve, despise,
Nor lose from view till all things else are lost.

Abdalazis. Julian, respect his age, regard his power.
Many who fear'd not death, have dragg'd along
A piteous life in darkness and in chains.
Never was man so full of wretchedness
But something may be suffered after all,
Perhaps in what clings round his breast and helps
To keep the ruin up, which he amid
His agony and frenzy overlooks,
But droops upon at last, and clasps, and dies.

Julian. Although a Muza send far underground,
Into the quarry whence the palace rose,
His mangled prey, climes alien and remote
Mark and record the pang. While overhead
Perhaps he passes on his favourite steed,
Less heedful of the misery he inflicts
Than of the expiring sparkle from a stone,
Yet we, alive or dead, have fellow-men
If ever we have served them, who collect
From prisons and from dungeons our remains,
And bear them in their bosom to their sons.
Man's only relics are his benefits;
These, be there ages, be there worlds, between,
Retain him in communion with his kind:
Hence is our solace, our security,
Our sustenance, till heavenly truth descends,
Covering with brightness and beatitude
The frail foundations of these humbler hopes,
And, like an angel guiding us, at once
Leaves the loose chain and iron gate behind.

Muza. Take thou my justice first, then hope for theirs.
I, who can bend the living to my will,
Fear not the dead, and court not the unborn:
Their arm will never reach me, nor shall thine.

Abdalazis. Pity, release him, pardon him, my father!
Forget how much thou hatest perfidy,
Think of him, once so potent, still so brave,
So calm, so self-dependent in distress,
I marvel at him: hardly dare I blame
When I behold him fallen from so high,

And so exalted after such a fall.
Mighty must that man be, who can forgive
A man so mighty; seize the hour to rise,
Another never comes: O say, my father!
Say, "Julian, be my enemy no more."
He fills me with a greater awe than e'er
The field of battle, with himself the first,
When every flag that waved along our host
Droopt down the staff, as if the very winds
Hung in suspense before him. Bid him go
And peace be with him, or let me depart.
Lo! like a god, sole and inscrutable,
He stands above our pity.
Julian. For that wish..
Vain as it is, 'tis virtuous.. O, for that,
However wrong thy censure and thy praise,
Kind Abdalazis! mayst thou never feel
The rancour that consumes thy father's breast,
Nor want the pity thou hast sought for mine!
Muza. Now hast thou seal'd thy doom.
Julian. And thou thy crimes.
Abdalazis. O father! heed him not: those evil words.
Leave neither blight nor blemish: let him go.
Muza. A boy, a very boy art thou indeed!
One who in early day would sally out
To chase the lion, and would call it sport,
But, when more wary steps had closed him round,
Slink from the circle, drop the toils, and blanch
Like a lithe plant from under snow in spring.
Abdalazis. He who ne'er shrank from danger, might shrink now,
And ignominy would not follow here.
Muza. Peace, Abdalazis! How is this? he bears
Nothing that warrants him invulnerable:
Shall I then shrink to smite him? shall my fears
Be greatest at the blow that ends them all?
Fears? no! 'tis justice, fair, immutable,
Whose measured step at times advancing nigh
Appalls the majesty of kings themselves.
O were he dead! though then revenge were o'er!

FIFTH ACT. FIFTH SCENE.

Officer. Thy wife, Count Julian!
Julian. Speak!
Officer. Is dead.
Julian. Adieu
Earth! and the humblest of all earthly hopes,
To hear of comfort, though to find it vain.
Thou murderer of the helpless! shame of man!
Shame of thy own base nature! 'tis an act
He who could perpetrate could not avow,
Stain'd, as he boasts to be, with innocent blood,
Deaf to reproach and blind to retribution.
Officer. Julian! be just; 'twill make thee less unhappy.
Grief was her end: she held her younger boy
And wept upon his cheek; his naked breast
By recent death now hardening and inert,
Slipt from her knee; again with frantic grasp
She caught it, and it weigh'd her to the ground:
There lay the dead.
Julian. She?
Officer. And the youth her son.
Julian. Receive them to thy peace, eternal God!
O soother of my hours, while I beheld
The light of day, and thine! adieu, adieu!
And, my Covilla! dost thou yet survive?
Yes, my lost child, thou livest yet.. in shame!
O agony, past utterance! past thought!
That throwest death, as some light idle thing,
With all its terrors, into dust and air,
I will endure thee; I, whom heaven ordain'd
Thus to have serv'd beneath my enemies,
Their conqueror, thus to have revisited
My native land with vengeance and with woe.
Henceforward shall she recognise her sons,
Impatient of oppression or disgrace,
And rescue them, or perish; let her hold
This compact, written with her blood and mine.
Now follow me: but tremble: years shall roll
And wars rage on, and Spain at last be free.

ANDREA OF HUNGARY, GIOVANNA OF NAPLES, AND FRA RUPERT: A TRILOGY.

ANDREA OF HUNGARY.

CHARACTERS.

ANDREA. FRA RUPERT. CARACCIOLI. CARAFFA. BOCCACCIO. MAXIMIN, *a Soldier*. KLAPWRATH, ZINGA, PSEIN, *Hungarian Officers*. PAGE. GARISENDO, *a Peasant*. GIOVANNA, *Queen*. SANCIA, *Queen Dowager*. MARIA, *Sister of Giovanna*. MARIA OF SICILY, *Half-sister*. FILIPPA, *Foster-mother*. PETRONILLA, *a Peasant*.

PROLOGUE.

My verse was for thine eyes alone,
Alone by them was it repaid;
And still thine ear records the tone
Of thy grey minstrel, thoughtful maid!

Amid the pomps of regal state,
Where thou, O Rose! art call'd to move,
Thee only Virtue can elate,
She only guide thy steps to Love.

Sometimes, when dark is each saloon,
Dark every lamp that crown'd the Seine,
Memory hangs low Amalfi's moon
And lights thee o'er Salerno's plain,

And onward, where Giovanna bore
Keen anguish from envenom'd tongues:
Her fame my pages shall restore,
Thy pity shall requite her wrongs.

ACT I.

SCENE I. PALACE AT NAPLES.

ANDREA *and* GIOVANNA.

Andrea. What say you now, Giovanna! shall we go

And conquer France? Heigho? I am sadly idle;
My mighty mind wants full activity.
Giovanna. Andrea! be contented; stay at home;
Conquer? you 've conquer'd me
Andrea. Ah rebel queen!
I doubt it: we have had war first, however,
And parleys, and all that.
Giovanna. You might have more
Before you conquer the strong cities there.
Andrea. England, they tell me, hath as much of France
As France hath. Some imagine that Provenza
Is half-and-half French land. How this may be
I can not tell; I am no theologian.
Giovanna . . in your ear . . I have a mind
To ride to Paris, and salute the king,
And pull him by the beard, and make him fight.
Giovanna. Know that French beards have stiffer hairs than German,*
And crackle into flame at the first touch.
Andrea. 'Sblood! like black cats! But only in the dark?
Giovanna. By night or day, in city or in field.
Andrea. I never knew it: let the Devil lug them
For me then! they are fitter for his fist.
Sure, of all idle days the marriage-day
Is idlest: even the common people run
About the streets, not knowing what to do,
As if they came from wedding too, poor souls!
This fancy set me upon conquering France.
Giovanna. And one hour only after we are united?

SCENE II.

MARIA *enters.*

Andrea. Maria! where are you for? France or Naples?
She heard, she smiled. . Here 's whispering! This won't do . .
[*Going; but stops, pacified.*
She may have secrets . . they all have . . I'll leave 'em. [*Goes.*
Giovanna. Unsisterly! unfriendly!
Maria. Peace! Giovanna!
Giovanna. That word has sign'd it. I have sworn to love him.
Maria. Ah, what a vow!
Giovanna. The harder to perform
The greater were the glory: I will earn it.
Maria. How can we love . . .
Giovanna (*interrupting*). Mainly, by hearing none
Decry the object; then, by cherishing
The good we see in it, and overlooking
What is less pleasant in the paths of life.
All have some virtue if we leave it them
In peace and quiet; all may lose some part
By sifting too minutely bad and good.
The tenderer and the timider of creatures
Often desert the brood that has been handled
And turn'd about, or indiscreetly lookt at.
The slightest touches, touching constantly,
Irritate and inflame.
Maria. Giovanna mine!
These rhetoric-roses are supremely sweet,
But hold! the jar is full. I promise you
I will not steal up with a mind to snatch,
Or pry too closely where you bid me not . .
But for the nest you talk about . .
Giovanna. For shame!
What nest?
Maria. That nest your blushes gleam upon.
O! I will watch each twig, each feather there,
And, if my turning, tossing, hugging, does it,
Woe to Giovanna's little bird, say I.
Giovanna. Seriously, my sweet sister!
Maria (*interrupting*). Seriously
Indeed! What briars ere we come to that!
Giovanna. I am accustom'd to Andrea's ways,
And see much good in him.
Maria. I see it too.
Giovanna. Fix upon that your eyes; they will grow brighter,
Maria, for each beauty they discover.

SCENE III. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE.

ANDREA, FRA RUPERT.

Andrea. Well met again, Fra Rupert! Why not, though,
At church with us? By this humility
You lost the prettiest sight that ever was.
Fra Rupert. I know what such sights are.
Andrea. What?
Fra Rupert. Vanity.
Andrea. Exact the thing that everybody likes.
Fra Rupert. You young and heedless!
Andrea. We pass lightly over,
And run on merrily quite to the end;
The graver stumble, break their knees, and curse it:
Which are the wiser? Had you seen the church!
The finest lady ever drest for court
A week-day peasant to her! By to-morrow
There 's not a leg of all the crowd in Naples
But will stand stiff and ache with this day's tiptoe;
There 's not a throat will drop its paste-tape down
Without some soreness from such roaring cheers;
There 's not a husband but whose ears will tingle
Under his consort's claw this blessed night
For sighing "What an angel is Giovanna!"
Fra Rupert. Go, go! I can not hear such ribaldry.
Andrea. Rather should you have heard, as there you might,
Quarrelsome blunder-headed drums, o'erpower'd
By pelting cymbals; then complaining flutes,
And boy-voiced fifes, lively and smart and shrill;
Then timbrels, where tall fingers trip, but trip
In the right place, and run along again;
Then blustering trumpets, wonder-wafting horns,

* Hungary and Germany were hostile.

Evvivas from their folks, *hurrahs* from ours,
And songs that pour into both ears long life
And floods of glory and victory for ever.
Fra Rupert. What signify these fooleries? In one word,
Andrea, art thou king?
Andrea. I fancy so.
The people never give such hearty shouts
Saving for kings and blunders.
Fra Rupert. Son! beware,
Lest while they make the one they make the other.
Andrea. How must I guard against it?
Fra Rupert. Twelve whole years
Constantly here together, all the time
Since we left Hungary, and not one day
But I have labour'd to instill into thee,
Andrea! how wise kings must feel and act.
Andrea. But, father, who let *you* into the secret?
Fra Rupert. I learnt it in the cloister.
Andrea. Then no doubt
The secret is worth knowing; many are
(Or songs and fables equally are false)
Among those whisper'd there.
Fra Rupert. Methinks, my son,
Such words are lighter than beseems crown'd heads,
As thine should be, and shall be, if thou wilt.
Andrea. Ay, father, but it is not so as yet;
Else would it jingle to another crown,
With what a face beneath it! What a girl
Is our Giovanna!
Fra Rupert. By the saints above!
I thought it was a queen, and not a girl.
Andrea. There is enough in her for both at once.
A queen it shall be then the whole day long.
[FRA RUPERT, *impatient.*
Nay, not a word, good Frate! the whole day;
Ave-Maria ends it; does it not?
I am so glad, so gamesome, so light-hearted,
So fond, I (sure!) am long steps off the throne.
Fra Rupert. And ever may'st be, if thou art remiss
In claiming it.
Andrea. I can get anything
From my Giovanna. You would hardly guess
What she has given me. Look here!
Fra Rupert. A book?
Andrea. '*King Solomon.*'
Fra Rupert. His *Song?* To seculars?
I warrant she would teach it, and thou learn it.
Andrea. I'll learn it through, I'll learn it every verse.
Where does the *Song* begin? I see no rhymes.
Fra Rupert. '*The Proverbs!*' Not so bad!
Andrea. Are songs then proverbs?
And what is this hard word?
Fra Rupert. '*Ecclesiastes.*'
Andrea. But look! you have not seen the best of it.
What pretty pictures! what broad rubies! what
Prodigious pearls! seas seem to roll within,
And azure skies, as ever bent above,
Push their pink clouds, half-shy, to mingle with 'em.
Fra Rupert. I am not sure this book would do thee harm,
But better let me first examine it. [*He takes it.*
Andrea. You shall not have it; give it me again.
Fra Rupert. Loose it, I say, Andrea!
Andrea. I say *no!*
Fra Rupert. To me?
Andrea. Dost think I'd say it to Giovanna?
Beside, she gave it me: she has read in it
With her own eyes, has written latin in it
With her own fingers, . . for who else could write
Distinctly such small letters? . . You yourself,
Who rarely have occasion for much latin,
Might swear them to be latin in ten minutes.
Another thing . . the selfsame perfume clings
About those pages as about her bosom.
Fra Rupert (*starts.*) Abomination! Know all that!
Andrea. Like matins.
Thence, tho' she turn'd quite round, I saw her take it
To give it me. Another thing . . the people
Bragg'd of my mettle half an hour ago,
And I will show I have it, like the best.
Another thing . . forgettest thou, Fra Rupert,
I am a husband?
Fra Rupert. Seven years old thou wert one.*
Andrea. Ha, but! ha, but! seven years upon seven years
Could not make me the man I am to-day.
Fra Rupert. Nor seventy upon seven a tittle wiser.
Andrea. Why did not you then make me while you could?
You taught me nothing, and would let none teach me,
No, not our king himself, the wisest man
In his dominions, nor more wise than willing.
Forsooth! you made a promise to my father
That nobody should filch my faith and morals,
No taint of learning eat skin-deep into me!
And good king Robert said, "If thus my brother
Must have it . . if such promise was exacted . ."
Fra Rupert. All have more knowledge than they well employ.
Upbraidest thou thy teacher, guardian, father?
Andrea. Fathers may be, alas! too distant from us,
Guardians may be too close . . but, teacher? teacher?
Fra Rupert. Silence!
Andrea (*retreating.*) He daunts me: yet, some day, *cospetto!*
Fra Rupert. What mutterest thou?
Andrea (*to himself.*) I will be brave, please God!
Fra Rupert (*suppressing rage.*) Obstinate sinners are alone unpardon'd:
I may forgive thee after meet repentance,

* Andrea and Giovanna were contracted when he was seven, she five.

But must confer with thee another time
On that refractory untoward spirit.
Andrea (*to himself.*) He was then in the right (it seems) at last.
Fra Rupert. I hear some footsteps coming hitherward.

SCENE IV.

GIOVANNA *and* FILIPPA.

Fra Rupert, (*turns his back to them.*) O those pestiferous women!
Andrea. Ay, well spoken.
The most religious of religious men
Lifts up his arms and eyes, my sweet Giovanna,
Before your wond'rous charms.
[*The* Friar *looks at him with rage and scorn.*
Giovanna. Simple Andrea!
Are they more wond'rous than they were before?
Or are they more apparent now the robes
Are laid aside, and all those gems that made
My hair stand back, chiefly that mischievous
Malignant ruby (some fierce dragon's eye
Turn'd into stone) which hurt your finger so
With its vile crooked pin, for touching me,
When you should have but lookt, and not quite that.
Fra Rupert (*who had listened.*) Come hither; didst thou hear her?
Andrea. Every word;
And bear no rancour to her, though she scolds.
Fra Rupert. She might have waited twenty years beyond
This day, before she thought of matrimony;
She talks so like a simpleton.
Andrea. She does
Indeed: yet, father! it is very true:
The pin did prick me: she is no simpleton
As far as memory goes.
[*The* Friar *looks up, then walks about impatiently.*
Now, won't you mind me?
She is but very young, scarce seventeen;
When she is two years older, just my age,
Then shall you see her! more like me perhaps.
She might have waited . . you say well . . and would
Willingly, I do think; but I am wiser,
And warmer. Our Hungarian blood (ay, Frate!)
Is not squeez'd out of March anemones.
Filippa. Since, friar Rupert! here are met together
The lofty and the lowly, they and we,
If your austerity of life forbade
To mingle with the world's festivities,
Indulge, I pray you, in that luxury
Which suits all seasons, sets no day apart,
Excludes from its communion none, howe'er
Unworthy, but partakes of God indeed . .
Indulge in pardon.
Fra Rupert. Does a seneschal's
Wife bend before me? Do the proud ones beg?
Filippa. Too proud I may be: even the very humblest
May be too proud. I am, 'tis true, the widow
Of him you mention. Do I beg? I do.
Our queen commands me to remove ill-will.
Fra Rupert. There are commands above the queen's.
Filippa. There are,
O holy man! obey we both at once!
Giovanna (*calls* ANDREA.) Husband!
Fra Rupert. And not our king? most noble lady!
Giovanna. He, or I much mistake him, is my husband.
Andrea. Mistake me! not a whit: I am, I am.
Giovanna. If, O my husband! that dear name has power
On your heart as on mine, now when first spoken,
Let what is love between us shed its sweets
A little wider, tho' a little fainter;
Let all our friends this day, all yours, all mine,
Be one another's, and not this day only.
Persuade them.
Andrea. Can I?
Giovanna. You persuaded *me.*
Andrea. Ay, but you did not hate me; and your head
Is neither grey nor tonsured; these are odds.
I never could imagine well how folks
Who disagree in other things, agree
To make each other angry. What a game!
To toss back burs until the skin is full
On either side! Which wins the stake, I wonder?
Fra Rupert (*bursting away*). I have no patience.
Andrea. I have, now he's gone.
How long were you contriving this grand scheme
To drive away the friar? Do you think
[*Whispers to* GIOVANNA.
He won't come after supper? Does he know
Our chamber?
Giovanna. Hush! Andrea!
Andrea. In good earnest
I fear him, and the fleas about his frock.
Let me go after him: he went in wrath:
He may do mischief, if he thinks it right,
As these religious people often do. [ANDREA *goes.*
Filippa. Happy Andrea! only fleas and friars
Molest him: little he suspects the snares
About his paths; the bitter jealousies
Of Hungary; how pertinaciously
Mail'd hands grasp sceptres, how reluctantly
Loose them; how tempting are our milder clime
And gentler nation! He deserves our pity.
Giovanna. O! more than pity. If our clime, our nation,
Bland, constant, kind, congenial with each other,
Were granted him, how much more was withheld!
Sterile the soil is not, but sadly waste.
What buoyant spirits and what pliant temper!
How patient of reproof! how he wipes off
All injuries before they harden on him,
And wonders at affronts, and doubts they can be!
Then, his wild quickness! O the churl that bent it
Into the earth, colourless, shapeless, thriftless,
Fruitless, for ever! Had he been my brother,
I should have wept all my life over him;

But, being my husband, one hypocrisy
I must put on, one only ever will I.
Others must think, by my observance of him,
I hold him prudent, penetrating, firm,
No less than virtuous: I must place myself
In my own house (now indeed his) below him.
Filippa. I almost think you love him.
Giovanna. He has few
Even small faults, which small minds spy the soonest;
He has, what those will never see nor heed,
Wit of bright feather, but of broken wing;
No stain of malice, none of spleen, about it.
For this, and more things nearer.. for the worst
Of orphancy, the cruellest of frauds,
Stealth of his education while he played
Nor fancied he could want it; for our ties
Of kindred; for our childhood spent together;
For those dear faces that once smiled upon us
At the same hour, in the same balcony;
Even for the plants we rear'd in partnership,
Or spoil'd in quarrel, I do love Andrea.
But, from his counsellors!...
Filippa. We shall elude
Their clumsy wiles perhaps. The youth, methinks,
Is tractable.
Giovanna. May wise men guide him then!
It lies beyond my duty.
Filippa. But the wise
Are not the men who guide the tractable.
The first bold hand that seizes, holds them fast;
And the best natures melt into the bad
'Mid dances and carousals.
Giovanna. Let Andrea
Be sparing of them!
Filippa. Evil there may be
Where evil men preside, but greatly worse
Is proud austerity than princely glee.
Giovanna. Heaven guard us! I have entered on a course
Beleaguered with dense dangers: but that course
Was first ordained in earth, and now in heaven.
My father's spirit filled his father's breast,
And peace and union in our family
(They both foresaw) would be secured by ours.
Filippa. She who forgets her parent will forego
All later duties: yes, when love has lost
The sound of its spring-head, it grows impure,
Tortuous, and spent at last in barren sand.
I owe these generous kings the bread I broke,
The letters I pickt up: no vile sea-weed
Had perisht more neglected, but for them.
They would heap affluence on me; they did heap it;
Next, honours: for these only I am ungrateful.
Giovanna (smiling). Ungrateful? thou? Filippa!
Filippa. Most ungrateful.
With humble birth and humbler intellect
The puff-ball might have bounced along the plain
And blinded the beholder with its dust:
But intellect let down on humble birth
Writhes under titles, shrinks from every glance,
At every question turns one fibre fresh
For torture, and, unpullied and adrift,
Burns its dull heart away in smouldering scorn.
Giovanna. Where no ethereal spirit fills the breast..
Filippa. ..Honours are joys great as such breast can hold.
Giovanna. The happy then in courts are numberless;
We hear the contrary.
Filippa. Never believe
This, nor another ill report of them.
Giovanna. What?
Filippa. That the great are not great to their valets;
'Tis but their valets who can find their greatness.
Giovanna. I know that you have enemies.
Filippa. Thank God!
I might have else forgotten what I am,
And what he gave me ere he placed me here.
Giovanna. I never shall, Filippa!
Filippa. Think of those
Who rais'd our souls above us, not of me.
Giovanna. Oh! if my soul hath risen, if the throbs
Of gratitude now tell it me, if they
Who rais'd it must be thought of.. to my heart,
Filippa! for the heart alone can think.
Filippa. I first received thee in these arms; these arms
Shall loose thee last of living things, Giovanna.

ACT II.

SCENE I. IN THE PALACE.

GIOVANNA, FIAMMETTA, MARIA.

Maria. And now, Fiammetta, tell me whence that name
Which tickles thee so.
Fiammetta. Tell indeed! not I.
Maria (to GIOVANNA). Sister! you may command.
Giovanna. Command a sister?
Secrets are to be won, but not commanded.
I never heard the name before.. *Fiammetta*..
Is that it?
Maria. That is it.
Fiammetta. For shame, Maria!
Never will I entrust you with a secret.
Maria. I do believe you like this one too well
Ever to let another mingle with it.
Fiammetta (to herself). I do indeed, alas!
Giovanna. Some gallant knight.
Has carried off her scarf and bared her heart.
But to this change of name I must withhold
Assent, I like *Maria* so much better.
Fiammetta (points to MARIA). There is Maria yet.
Giovanna. But where twin-roses
Have grown so long together, to snap one
Might make the other droop.
Fiammetta. Ha! now, Maria!
Maria! you are springed, my little quail!
Giovanna. Fiammetta! if our father were here with us,
He would suspect some poet friend of his,

Dealer in flames and darts, their only trade,
Enchanted his Sicilian.
Maria. Ho! ho! ho!
Proserpine never blusht such damask blushes
When *she* was caught.
Fiammetta. I am quite cool.
Maria. The clouds
May be quite cool when they are quite as red;
Girl's faces, I suspect, are somewhat less so.
[FIAMMETTA *runs off.*
Giovanna. Maria! dear Maria! She is flown.
Is the poor girl in love then?
Maria. Till this hour
I thought it but a fancy, such as all
We children have: we all choose one; but, sure,
To run out of the room at the mere shadow!
Giovanna. What would *you* do?
Maria. Wait till he came himself.
Giovanna. And then?
Maria. Think seriously of running off,
Until I were persuaded it was civil.

SCENE II.

Andrea. What have ye done to little Sicily?
She ran so swiftly by me, and pusht back
My hand so smartly when I would have stopt her,
I think you must have vext her plaguily
Among you.
Maria. She was vext, but not by us.
Andrea. Yes, many girls are vext to day. One bride
Sheds fifty thorns from each white rose she wears.
I did not think of that. (*To* MARIA.) *You* did, no doubt?
Maria. I wear white roses too, as well as she:
Our queen's can have no thorns for us.
Andrea. Not one?
Maria. No, nor for any in this happy realm.
Andrea. Ah now! this happy realm! Some people think
That I could make it happier.
Giovanna. I rejoice
To hear it.
Andrea. Are you glad, my little bride?
Giovanna. Most glad. O never disappoint their hopes!
The people are so kind! they love us so!
Andrea. They are a merry race: ay, very crickets,
Chirruping, leaping. What they eat, God knows;
Sunshine and cinders, may be: he has sent
Plenty of these, and they are satisfied.
Giovanna. Should *we* be, if they are?
Andrea. O then! a boon!
To make them happy all their lives.
Giovanna. The boon
To make them happier Heaven alone can grant.
Hearken! If some oppressions were removed,
Beyond my strength to manage, it were done.
Andrea. Nothing so easy. Not your strength indeed,
But mine, could push a buffalo away.
I have a little favour to request.
Giovanna. Speak.
Andrea. Give me then this kingdom, only this.
I do not covet mountains to the north,
Nor cities over cities farther west,
Casal or Monferrato or Saluzzo,
Asti or Coni, Ceva or Torino,
Where that great river runs which spouts from heaven,
Nor Aix nor Toulon, nor Marseille nor Nice
Nor Avignon, where our good pope sits percht;
I only want this tidy little kingdom,
To make it happy with this sword upon it.
Giovanna. The people and their laws alone can give it.
Andrea. Well, we can make the laws.
Giovanna. And people too?
Andrea. Giovanna! I do think that smile could make
A thousand peoples from the dullest clay,
And mould them to thy will.
Giovanna. Pure poetry!
Andrea. Don't say it! or they knock me on the head!
I ought to be contented; but they would
Insist upon it. I have askt: here ends
My duty: I don't want it for myself . .
And yet those cities lookt like strings of bird-eggs,
And tempted me above my strength. I only
Repent of learning all their names for nothing.
Let them hang where they are.
Giovanna. Well said.
Andrea. Who wants 'em?
I like these pictures better. What a store!
Songs, proverbs, and a word as hard as flint,
Enough for fifty friars to ruminate
Amid their cheese and cobnuts after dinner,
Read it me.
Giovanna. Which? [ANDREA *points.*
Giovanna. '*Ecclesiastes.*'
Andrea. Right!
As you pronounce it, scarce a word of ours
In Hungary is softer. What a tongue!
Round, juicy, sweet, and soluble, as cherries.
When Frate Rupert utter'd the same word,
It sounded just as if his beard and breast,
And all which there inhabit, had turn'd round
Into his throat, to rasp and riddle it.
I never shall forget *Ecclesiastes!*
Only two words I know are pleasanter.
Giovanna. And which are they?
Andrea (*saluting her*). *Giovanna* and *Carina.*
Maria. Unmanner'd prince!
Andrea. Now the white rose sheds thorns.

SCENE III.

SANCIA *and* FILIPPA.

Sancia (*smiling*). Step-mothers are not always quite at home
With their queen-daughters.
Giovanna. Yet queen-mothers are.

Step-mother you have never been to me,
But kindest, fondest, tenderest, truest mother.
Maria. Are we not all your children?
Sancia. All. Where then
Is fled our lively Sicily?
Giovanna. She is gone
To her own chamber.
Maria. To read poetry.
Sancia. Where poetry is only light or flattering
She might read some things worse, and many better.
I never loved the heroes of Romance,
And hope they glide not in among the leaves.
Maria. And love you then their contraries?
Sancia. Those better.
What clever speech, Maria, dost thou ponder?
I see we differ.
Maria. Rather.
Sancia. Why so grave?
Surely no spur is tangled in *thy* hem!
Maria. No, my regrets were all for you. What pity
Andrea dropt upon our globe too late;
A puissant antipode to all such heroes!
Giovanna (*smiling*). Intolerable girl! sad jealous creature!
Sancia. Where is he? I was seeking him.
Maria. There now!
Sancia. Or else I should not have return'd so soon
After our parting at the Benediction. [*Goes.*
Maria. Sister! I fear my little flippancy
Hurried Queen Sancia: why just now want *sposo?*
Giovanna. She did not smile, as you do, when she went.
Fond as she is, her smiles are faint this morning.
A sorrowing thought, pure of all gloom, o'erspread
That saintly face.
Maria. It did indeed.
Giovanna. She loves
Us all, she loves our people too, most kindly.
Maria. Seeing none other than Hungarian troops
At church about us, deeply did she sigh
And say "Ah! where are ours?"
Giovanna. You pain me sadly.
Queens, O Maria! have two hearts for sorrow;
One sinks upon our Naples. Whensoever
I gaze ('tis often) on her bay, so bright
With sun-wove meshes, idle multitudes
Of little plashing waves; when air breathes o'er it
Mellow with sound and fragrance, of such purity
That the blue hills seem coming nearer, nearer,
As I look forth at them, and tossing down
Joyance for joyance to the plains below..
To think what mannerless, unshorn, harsh-tongued
Barbarians from the Danube and the Drave
Infest them, I cast up my eyes to Heaven
Impatiently, despondently, and ask
Are such the guests for such festivities?
But shall they dare enthral my poor Andrea?
Send, send for him: I would not he were harm'd,
Much less degraded. O for ministers
To guide my counsels and protect my people!
I would call round me all the good and wise.
Sancia (*returning*). Daughter! no palace is too small to hold them.
The good love other places, love the fields,
And ripen the pale harvest with their prayers.
Solitude, solitude, so dread a curse
To princes, such a blight to sycophants,
Is *their* own home, their healthy thoughts grow in it.
The wise avoid all our anxieties:
The cunning, with the tickets of the wise,
Push for the banquet, seize each vacant chair,
Gorge, pat their spaniel, and fall fast asleep.
Giovanna. Ah then what vigils are reserved for me!
Maria. Hark! spears are grounded.
Giovanna. Officer! who comes?
Officer. Lady! the friar mounts the stairs; behind him
Those potent lords, Caraffa and Caraccioli.
Giovanna. Your chair, Queen Sancia, stands unoccupied:
We must be seated to receive the lords.
Is it not so?
Sancia. The queen must.
Giovanna. One queen only?
The younger first? we can not thus reverse
The laws of nature for the whims of court.
[SANCIA *is seated.*
There's our kind mother! Just in time! They come.

SCENE IV.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA *and* CARACCIOLI.

Lady! these nobles bring me with them hither,
Fearing they might not win an audience
On what concerns the welfare of the state,
In such an hour of such a day as this.
Giovanna. Speak, gentlemen! You have much wronged yourselves,
And me a little, by such hesitation.
No day, methinks, no hour, is half so proper,
As when the crown is placed upon my brow,
To hear what are its duties.
Caraffa. Gracious queen!
We come to represent..
Fra Rupert (*behind*). Speak out . . wrongs . . rights..
Religion.
Caraffa (*to him*). You distract me.
Fra Rupert (*to* CARACCIOLI). Speak then thou.
See how attentively, how timidly,
She waits for you, and blushes up your void!
Caraccioli. 'Tis therefore I want words.
Fra Rupert. Hear mine then, boys!
[*Walks toward* GIOVANNA.
Imprest with awe before such majesty,
The hopes of Naples, whom their fathers deem
On this occasion, this gay hour, from high

Nobility, from splendour of equipments,
Beauty of person, gracefulness of mien,
And whatsoever courts are courtly by,
Most fitted, and most likely to prevail
Against those ancient frauds and artifices
Which certain dark offenders weave about them . .
These unsophisticated youths, foredoom'd
Longest and most impatiently to suffer,
Lay humbly at the footstool of your throne
A list of grievances yet unredrest.

Giovanna. Give it me, gentlemen, we will peruse it
Together.

Fra Rupert. They are more than scribe could pen.

Giovanna (*to* FRA RUPERT). Are they of native or imported growth?
Your Reverence hath some practice in the sorting.
Permit me to fill up your pause, Fra Rupert!
On this occasion, this gay hour, methinks
To urge impatience and foredoom of suffering
Is quite untimely. High nobility
And splendour of equipment are the last
Of merits in Caraffas and Caracciolis. [*To them.*
The delicacy that deferr'd the tender
Of your important service, I appreciate,
Venturing to augur but a brief delay.
Gentlemen! if your fathers bade you hither,
I grieve to owe them more than I owe you,
And trust, when next we see you, half the pleasure,
Half, if not all, may be your own free gift.
[*She rises, they go.*

SCENE V. PALACE GARDEN.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA, *and* CARACCIOLI.

Fra Rupert. The losel!

Caraccioli. Saints! what graciousness!

Caraffa. Was ever
So sweet a girl? He is uglier than old Satan,
Andrea . . I abhor him worse than ever. . .
Curse on that Tartar, Turk, Bohemian,
Hungarian! I could now half-strangle him.

Fra Rupert. We are dismist.

Caraffa. My speech might have done wonders.

Fra Rupert. Now, who (the mischief!) stops a dead man's blood?
Wonders! ay truly, wonders it had done!
Thou wert agape as money-box for mass,
And wantedst shaking more. What are our gains?

Caraffa. A vision the strain'd eyes can not inclose,
Or bring again before them from the senses,
Which clasp it, hang upon it, nor will ever
Release it, following thro' eternity.

Caraccioli. I can retain her image, hear her words,
Repeat, and tone them on each fibre here,
Distinctly still.

Caraffa. Then hast thou neither heart
Nor brain, Caraccioli! No strife so hard
As to catch one slight sound, one faintest trace,
Of the high beauty that rules over us.
Who ever seized the harmony of heaven,
Or saw the confine that is nearest earth?

Fra Rupert. I can bear youthful follies, but must check
The words that run thus wide and point at heaven.
We must warn laymen fairly off that ground.
Are ye both mad?

Caraffa. One is; I swear to one:
I would not be the man that is not so
For empires girt with gold, worlds starr'd with women:
A trance is that man's life, a dream be mine!
Caraccioli's an ice-pit, covered o'er
With straw and chaff and double-door'd and thatcht,
And wall'd, the whole dark space, with earthen wall.
Why! Frate! all those groans of thine for heaven?
Art toucht?

Fra Rupert. I have been praying fervently . .
Despairingly I fear to say . . 'twere rash,
Ungrateful, and ungodly.

Caraffa. He has brought
The whole Maremma on me at one breath.
My cold fit now comes over me. But, Frate!
If we do feel, may we not say we do?

Fra Rupert. To feel is harm; to say it, may be none,
Unless 'tis said with levity like thine.

Caraffa. Ah faith! I wish 'twere levity! The pagan
That heaves up Etna, calls it very differently.
I think the dog is better off than I am;
He groans upon the bed where lies his torment;
I very far away from where lies mine.

Fra Rupert. Art thou a Christian?

Caraffa. Father! don't be serious.

Fra Rupert. I must be.

Caraffa. Have not I most cause?

Fra Rupert. Yea truly.

Caraffa. I am not over-given to complain,
But nettles will sting all . .

Fra Rupert. . . who put their hands in.
Caraccioli! be warn'd by this our friend
What sufferings may arise from lawless love.
Thine passeth its due bounds; it doth, Caraccioli!
But thou canst conquer every wild desire;
A high emprize! what high emprize but suits
A true Caraccioli! We meet again . .
I have some warnings, some reproofs, for him.
[CARACCIOLI *goes.*

SCENE VI.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA.

Fra Rupert. Where walls are living things, have ears, eyes, mouths,
Deemest thou, son Francesco! I alone
Heard those most violent words about Andrea?

Caraffa. What words? I never thought about the man;
About his wife some little; true enough.
Some little? criminal it were to say it:

He who thinks little of such . . such perfection,
Has left his thoughts among the worms that creep
In charnel-houses, among brainless skulls,
Dry bones, without a speck of blood, a thread
Of fibre, ribs that never cased a heart.
The volumes of the doctors of the church
Could not contain a tithe of it: their clasps,
Strong enough to make chains for Saracens,
Their timbers to build argosies, would warp
And split, if my soul's fire were pent within.
Fra Rupert. Remember, son Francesco! prince Andrea,
King rather (such the husband of a queen
Is virtually, and should be) king Andrea
Lives under my protection.
Caraffa. Well, what then?
Fra Rupert. What? Into mine own ear didst thou not breathe
Traitorous threats?
Caraffa. I? Threats? About his queen?
Fra Rupert. Filthy! most filthy!
Caraffa. No, no: wandering thoughts
Fluttered in that direction; one thought, rather.
Doves have hot livers.
Fra Rupert. Be adultery
Bad as it will, yet treason, son Francesco!
Treason is far more difficult to deal with.
Caraffa. I do suspect it may be.
Fra Rupert. Saidst thou not
Thou couldst half-strangle that Hungarian?
Caraffa. Spake I so rashly?
Fra Rupert. I am a Hungarian.
Caraffa. Evident: but that noble mien would daunt
Moor, Usbeck, Abyssinian: and that strength!
A Switzer bear could not half-strangle it.
Fra Rupert. 'Twere martyrdom, 'twere martyrdom. The life
Of kings hath swords and scaffolds round about it;
A word might fling thee on them.
Caraffa. Such a word
Must fall from holy lips, thenceforth unholy.
Fra Rupert. Guided by me and courage, thou art safe.

ACT III.

SCENE I. IN THE PALACE.

ANDREA *and* FILIPPA.

Andrea. Many the stories you've repeated to me,
Lady Filippa! I have clean forgotten 'em;
But all the bloody giants every girl
Before our bed-time threw into my night-cap,
Lie safe and sound there still.
Filippa. I quite believe
You've not the heart to drive them out, my prince.
Andrea. Not I indeed. And then your sage advice!
Filippa. Is all that too forgotten?
Andrea. No, not all;
But, dear Filippa, now that I am married,
And sovran (one may say) or next door to it,
You must not give me any more advice . .
Not that I mind it; but to save appearances.
[*She bends: he goes, but returns suddenly.*
Lady Filippa! lady seneschal!
Filippa. My prince! command me.
Andrea. Solve me one more question.
How happens it (while old men are so wise)
That any foolish thing, advice or story,
We call it an old woman's?
Filippa. Prince Andrea!
I know not as for stories and advice;
I only know, when *we* are disappointed
In any thing, or teazed with it, we scoff
And call it an old man's.
Andrea. Ah spiteful sex!
Filippa. Here comes Maria: ask her no such questions.
Andrea. I wish Fra Rupert heard your words.
Filippa. To prove them?
Maria. Give him a nosegay at the door.
Andrea. He spurns
Such luxury.
Maria. Since his arrival here,
Perfumes, they tell me, are more general
And tenfold dearer: everybody wears them
In self-defence: men take them with their daggers;
Laundresses sprinkle them on vilest linen,
Lest they be called uncleanly; round the churches
What once were clouds of incense, now are canopies
Of the same benzoin; kites could not fly thro';
The fainting penitents are prone to catch
At the priest's surplice as he passes by,
And cry, above their prayers to Heaven for mercy,
Stop! stop! turn back! waft me a little yet.
Andrea. The father is indeed more fox than civet,
And stinks out sins like sulphur and stale eggs.
(*To* MARIA.) You will not run away with him?
Maria. Tarantola!
Worse than most venomous tarantola,
He bites, and will not let us dance for it.

SCENE II. IN THE GARDENS OF CAPO DI MONTE.

BOCCACCIO *and* FIAMMETTA.

Fiammetta. I do not know whether it be quite right
To listen, as I have, morn after morn
And evening after evening.
Boccaccio. Are my sighs
Less welcome in the garden and the bower,
Than where loud organ bellow'd them away,
And chorister and waxlight ran between?
Fiammetta. You sadly interrupted me at vespers:
Never do that again, sir! When I pray,
I like to pray with all my heart. Bold man!
Do you dare smile at me?
Boccaccio. The bold man first
Was smiled at; was he not?
Fiammetta. No, no such thing:

But if he was, it was because he sigh'd
At the hot weather he had brought with him.
Boccaccio. At the cold weather he fear'd coming on
He sighed.
Fiammetta. And did it come?
Boccaccio. Too gracious lady!
Fiammetta. Keep *gracious lady* for dull drawing-rooms;
Fiammetta is my name; I would know yours.
Boccaccio. Giovanni.
Fiammetta. That I know (*aside*). I ought alas!
Often with Acciaioli and Petrarca
I've seen you walking, but have never dared
To ask your name from them; your house's name
I mean of course; our own names stand for nothing.
You must be somebody of high estate.
Boccaccio. I am not noble.
Fiammetta, (*shrinking back.*) Oh! . . then! . .
Boccaccio. I must go!
That is the sentence, is it not?
Fiammetta, (*runs and takes his hand.*) Don't tell me
Thou art not noble: say thou art most noble:
Norman . . half-Norman . . quarter-Norman . . say it.
Boccaccio. Say an untruth?
Fiammetta. Only this one; my heart
Will faint without it. I will swear to think it
A truth, wilt thou but say it. 'Tis a truth:
Thy only falsehood thou hast told already,
Merely to try me. If thou art not noble . .
Noble thou art, and shalt be!
[*She sobs and pauses: he presses her hand to his bosom.*
Who gainsays it?
Boccaccio. A merchant's son, no better, is thy slave,
Fiammetta!
Fiammetta, (*smiling*). Now art thou disguised indeed.
Come, show me specimens of turquises,
Amethysts, emeralds, diamonds . . out with them.
Boccaccio. A merchant's, and poor merchant's son am I;
Gems I have none to offer, but pure love
Proof to the touchstone, to the crucible.
Fiammetta. What then or who is noble, and thou not?
I have heard whispers that myself am not so
Who am king Robert's daughter. We may laugh
At those who are, if thou and I are none.
Thou art my knight, Giovanni! There now; take
[*Giving him her scarf.*
Thy patent of nobility, and wear it.
Boccaccio (*kisses it*). What other but were cob-web after this?
Fiammetta. Ha! kiss it! but take care you don't kiss *me.* [*Runs away.*

SCENE III. IN THE PALACE.

SANCIA *and* FILIPPA.

Sancia. Even you, my dear Filippa, are alert
As any of the girls, and giddy too:
You have dropt something now you can not find.
Filippa. I have been busy, looking here and there
To find Andrea.
Sancia. Leave him with his bride,
Until they tire of saying tender things.
Filippa. Untender things, I fear, are going on.
He has been truant to the friar Rupert
Of late, who threatens him with penances
For leaving some injunction unperform'd.
And more perhaps than penances are near:
For sundry captains, sundry nobles, meet
At friar Anselm's cell; thither had sped
Fra Rupert. In the garden of Saint Clara
Voices were heard, and threats; then whispers ran
Along the walls. They walkt out, one by one,
Soldiers with shuffling pace unsoldierly,
Friars with folded hands, invoking heaven,
And hotly calm as night ere burst Vesuvius.
Sancia. Beyond the slight affronts all princes bear
From those who miss what others have obtain'd,
Andrea shall fear nothing: Heaven protects him.
Filippa. Heaven, in its equal dispensation, gives
The pious palms, the prudent length of days.
We seek him not then with the same intent
Of warning?
Sancia. With the same of warning; you,
Where the good angels guard; I, where the bad
Seduce him. Having reign'd, and having heard
That thither tend his wishes . .
Filippa. Momentary.
Sancia. But lawless wishes have returning wings
Of speed more than angelic. I would win
His private ear, lest courtiers take possession;
I would persuade him, with his lovely bride
To share all other troubles than the crown's.

SCENE IV. IN THE PALACE.

ANDREA *and* MARIA.

Andrea. Are we then going up to Capo-Monte?
How long shall we remain there? all the night?
Maria. Until the evening.
Andrea. And where then?
Maria. Aversa.
Andrea. Ay, because there I askt her if she loved me:
Beside . . the strangest thing on earth . . young brides
Fly from the altar and roost anywhere
Rather than near it. What should frighten them?
But, if we go, why not set off directly?
Maria. We stay because the people round the gates,
Who left too late their farms and villages
To see our queen and you, expect at noon
To follow the procession.

Andrea. What procession?
Is there another marriage? O rare sport!
Maria (*continuing*). From Castel-Nuovo far as Capo-Monte.
Andrea. O glorious! But we really shall be let
Into the gardens and the groves?
Maria. Why not?
Who should prevent us?
Andrea. Into all? Among
The marble men and women who stand there,
And only stir by moonlight? I don't think
They stir at all: I am half-sure they don't.
Maria. I have been always of the same opinion.
Andrea (*shakes his head*). Although he said it who says mass, I doubt it.
Maria. Ah! but to doubt is not to be half-sure:
The worse end may stick fast, like broken tooth.
Andrea. Now if you laugh, you make an unbeliever.
You girls are . .
Maria. Pray what are we?
Andrea. Cunninger.
Fra Rupert told me he would break their bones.
Maria. Did he?
Andrea. As bad. He'd tumble them down headlong,
If ever he once caught me looking up
Again at those who stood alert for swimming.
Maria. When?
Andrea. Four years back. To me they seem'd pure marble,
But Frate Rupert never could have spited
Mere marble so, although they lookt like women.
I scarcely would believe him when he said
They once were devils, but could do no harm
Now the salt water had been sprinkled on 'em,
Unless we look at them as worshippers.
Maria. I am sure you did not.
Andrea. No; upon my faith!
Maria. We never stand about them; we walk on.
Andrea (*in a low voice*). What! when you are but one or two together?
I like their looks: the women are quite lovely,
And the men too (for devils) not amiss.
I wonder where they laid their plaguy scourges;
They must have had them, or were never worshipt.
Maria. Did not the Frate tell you?
Andrea. Ask the Frate!
He would have found them in a trice, and held
The scourges good enough, though not the devils.
Maria. I think you mind him less than formerly.
Andrea. I am a married man.
Maria. But married men
Fear priests and friars more than single ones.
Andrea. He is the holiest monk upon God's earth,
And hates you women most.
Maria. Then the least holy.
Andrea. Dost think it? If I thought him so, I'd fear
The beast no longer, broad as are his shoulders,
His breath . . pho! . . like a water-snake's, his fist
Heavy as those big books in chapter-houses,
And hairy as the comet; for they say
'Twas hairy; though I saw no hairs upon it.
Maria. Whenever love comes upon *thee*, Andrea,
Art thou not kinder?
Andrea. Kinder, but not holier.
Maria. Is not thy heart more grateful?
Andrea. As may happen;
A little thing would make it so.
Maria, And, tell me,
Art thou not readier to give alms?
Andrea. Tell *me*
How long, Maria, those bright eyes have seen
Into my thoughts? Fra Rupert knows not half one
Unless he question for an hour or better
And stamp and threaten, nor then more than half one.
I'll never fear him now: I'll tell him so.
Maria. Be not too hasty: tell him no such thing.
But fear him not: fear rather those about him.
[FRA RUPERT *is prying.*
Andrea. Whom?
Maria. His Hungarians.
Andrea. They're my countrymen.
Maria. Should they make all us dread them?
Andrea. Me?
Maria. Even you,
Under Fra Rupert, like the best, or worst.
Should they possess our kingdom?
Andrea. My wife's kingdom?
No, by the Saints! they shall not touch her kingdom.
Fra Rupert (*crossing the farther part of the stage*). They shall not touch her kingdom . . and shalt thou?
Andrea. I heard a voice.
Maria (*laughing*). No doubt, no doubt, the Frate's.
Andrea. I hear and feel him farther off than thou dost.
Maria. Andrea! were thy ears as quick to hear
Thy friends as enemies!
Andrea. Still would that eye
Glare over me, like the great open one
Above the throne at church, of gold and azure,
With neither brows nor lashes, but black clouds
Round it, and nought beside.
Maria. The three eyes match,
May-be; but is there anything in church
So like his voice?
Andrea. The organ bellows are,
Without the keys. That was not much unlike it . .
A little softer . . and not too soft, neither.
Maria. I heard no voice whatever, not a sound.
Are you still half afraid?
Andrea. No, if thou art not.
Maria. Are you convinced?
Andrea. I was not very soon.
Men weigh things longer than you women do.
Maria! take my word, I am quite sated
Of fearing, tho' (thank God!) the worst is past.
Maria. I praise this manliness, this resolution.
Andrea. Dost thou? Already am I grown more manly,
More resolute. O! had your praise come earlier,
And heartily as now, another man

In thought and action might have been Andrea!
But will you tell Giovanna what you think?
Maria. I will indeed, and joyfully.
Andrea. Her praise
Is better still: yours screws the spur on heel,
Hers scarfs the neck and lifts the lance to hand.
What's all this tinkling?
[*Guitars in the next chamber; the door open.*
Maria (*smiling*). O! again Fra Rupert!
One of these voices surely must be his!
Which of them? can not you distinguish it?
Andrea (*calls out*). Who sings there?
Maria. Do not stop them: let us hear.

Petronilla.

Ah! do not go! ah do not go
Among the silly and the idle!
A lover surely should not so
From her who loves him slip and sidle.

Garisendo.

The *saltarella** waits for me,
And I must go and I must play . .
Come! do not dance, but hear and see,
To-morrow we will love all day.

Andrea. Now she is reasonable, he might spare her
A handful of his ribbons, or that net
Silver and blue there dangling down his nape.
Who is he? I don't know him.
Maria. Garisendo.
Andrea. And t'other?
Maria. Petronilla.
Andrea. Nor her neither.
Maria. I and Giovanna know here every face.
Andrea. And every name?
Maria. Every one.
Andrea. Clever creatures!
Maria. By all those twitchings at the two guitars,
And tappings of fore-finger on the wrist,
They seem to be at fault.
Andrea. No harm, no matter,
Zooks! they are up again; he first . . that's odd.
Maria. Nay, but he only tells her what to sing.

Petronilla.

There is a lad upon the sea,
There is, O Mary! such a lad!
And all he thinks of, it is me.

Garisendo.

Why then, my jewel! he is mad.

Petronilla.

Mad! he is no more mad than you.

Garisendo.

Unless he stamps, and stares, and cries,
As certain pretty creatures do,
And stain their cheeks and spoil their eyes.

Petronilla.

I love, I love him with my whole . . [*Sobbing.*

Garisendo.

Go on, go on: you mean to say
(I'd lay a wager) heart and soul,
And very well, no doubt, you may.

---

* The favourite Neapolitan dance.

Petronilla.

No, I may not, you cruel man!
He never did what you have done,
Yet, say and do the worst you can,
I love, I love, but you alone.

Maria. He has not much offended.
Andrea. Who can tell?
I am quite sorry they have fallen out.
What almanack can calculate fine weather
In those strange fickle regions where God plants
A man and woman, and sticks love between!
Maria. All the man's fault.
Andrea. All hers: she went and teazed him:
With my own eyes I saw it; so might you.
Maria. You do not always look so melancholy
At music; yet what music can be gayer
Than this is?
Andrea. Gayer, say you? Ay, the music.
But if folks quarrel so in joke, what will they
In earnest? If, before they're man and wife . .
Ah! Heaven be praised! there's time to break it off.
Look, look at them!
Maria. She seems more reconciled.
Andrea. Reconciled! I should say . .
Maria. Pray, don't say anything.
Andrea. Ready for . . By my troth! 'twas a salute.
Maria. Now what things run into your head, Andrea!
Andrea. It was as like as pea to pea, if not . .
However, let them know, another time
They must not sing about the house in that way.
Maria. Why not?
Andrea. Giovanna might not like it now.
Maria. So! you would do then all she likes?
Andrea. I would:
But if she ever hears that wicked song,
She might not do all *I* like. Sweet Maria!
Persuade them, when you see them, to forget it;
And, when you go to bed, turn on your pillow,
First drop it from one ear, then from the other,
And never pick it up again, God love you!
Maria. I'll run to them directly with your wishes.
Andrea. Stay: the last verse is clever: pick out that.
Maria. And nothing more?
Andrea (*anxiously*). Don't overload your memory.

SCENE V. FRA RUPERT'S CELL.

ANDREA *and* FRA RUPERT.

Fra Rupert. What! am I never to be left alone,
Andrea? Let me have my pleasures too,
Such as they are.
Andrea. They're very much like mine.
Have we not prayed and scourged and wept together?
Fra Rupert. Ah! were that now the case!
Andrea. Well, father, well!
I would not stand between you and your duty:
But I thought, being prince . .
Fra Rupert (*sneering*). Thou, being prince,

Thoughtest! Thou verily not only toppest
Thyself, but most among thy fellows, lad!
And so, Andrea! being prince, thou thoughtest?
Andrea. Good-bye, thou art as brave and blithe as ever. [*Goes, but turns back.*
I had one little thing upon my conscience.
Fra Rupert. I am quite ready: let me know the whole:
Since yesterday? Nod? wink? to me?
Andrea (*to himself*). He chafes me.
Fra Rupert. And throw thy head back thus?
Andrea. My head's my own.
Fra Rupert. Wonderful! Be not over-sure of that. [*Aside.*
If thou art contrite, go!
Andrea. I will not go;
I am not contrite.
Fra Rupert. I am in a maze!
Andrea. A scrape thou 'rt in.
Fra Rupert. A scrape! Who could betray me? [*To himself.*
Andrea. Thou 'st lost thy lamb, old shepherd! no great pet.
Fra Rup. No, nor great loss: when lambs, tho', lose their shepherd
They find the shambles nearer than the fold.
Andrea. Father! you said you must confer with me
Another time?
Fra Rupert. I did so.
Andrea. Why not now?
Fra Rupert. I see not why: but soon Caraccioli,
And first Caraffa, must unbosom here.
Thou hast much power, Andrea! thou canst do
Anything now to glorify thy country.
And. Suppose I wish to swim to Ischia; could I?
Fra Rup. My boy! thou hast not wind enough for that.
Am I to be evaded, taunted, posed?
Or thinkest thou, Andrea, that because
A silly girl espouses thee . .
Andrea. By Peter!
She who espouses me shall ne'er be call'd
A silly girl. I am a husband, Frate!
I am a boy no longer: I can cope
With women: and shall men then, even tho' friars,
Pretend to more? I will go back and call
The maidens: they shall pelt you from the palace
If ever you set foot within its walls.
Fra Rupert. Should every stone from maiden hit my nose,
A grain of dust would hurt it tenfold more.
Andrea. Know, they have tongues that yours could never meet.
Fra Rupert. Andrea! wouldst thou kill me with unkindness?
Andrea. Gad! he sheds tears! . . Now at him! . . Yes, I would.
Fra Rupert. And bring down these grey hairs . .
Andrea. Which hairs are they?
The skull's are shaven, and the beard's are dirty;
They may be grey though.
Fra Rupert. Shame upon thy mirth!
I am a poor old man.
Andrea. 'Tis your vocation.
Beside, I have heard say that poverty
Is the best bargain for the best place yonder
In Paradise. All prick their feet before
They clamber upward into that inclosure:
'Tis well worth while.
Fra Rupert. Age too (alas how heavy!)
To serve my loving ward, my prince's son,
I would support still longer, willingly.
Andrea. Frate! 'tis more than I can say for it. [RUPERT *creeps supplicatingly toward him.*
Out of my sight! crawl back again . . I loathe thee.

SCENE VI.

Fra Rupert (*alone.*) I have no malice in me: if I know
My secret heart, no heart so pure of malice:
But all my cares and vigils, hopes and dreams,
Blown by a boy, spurn'd by a brute, away!
So ends it? Blessed Stephen! not so ends it.
It ends with him, and with him only: me
No sword can touch. Why are not come those fools?
I thought the other would have kept them off.
I will have power without him, and not thro' him.
They must have clean forgotten. 'Tis the hour . .
'Tis past it . . no, not past it . . just the hour;
The bell now strikes for noon. [*A knocking.*
One comes at last.
[*Opens the door:* CARAFFA *enters.*
Fra Rupert. Exactly to the moment.
Caraffa. I was walking
About the cloister till I heard the bell,
For Father Rupert's hours are golden ones.
Fra Rupert. May my friends spend them profitably for me!
Caraffa! thine are number'd.
Caraffa. All men's are.
Fra Rupert. But some are not notcht off like schoolboy's days
Anxious to see his parent. Thou may'st see
Thy parent too.
Caraffa. I left him but just now.
Fra Rupert. We all have one, one whom we all have left
Too often. Hast thou not some sins for me?
Caraffa. As many as a man could wish to have.
Fra Rupert. Are there none dangerous? none involving life?
Hast thou forgotten our last conference?
Caraffa. No, nor shall ever. But what danger there?
Fra Rupert. Need I to say, Francesco, that no breath
Transpired from me? We both were overheard.
Caraffa. I think you hinted it.
Fra Rupert. I fear'd it only.
Thou knowest my fond love . . I will not say
For thee . . thou art but second in my breast . .
Poor, poor Andrea!
Caraffa. Never fear about him.
Giovanna, even tho' she did not love,
(O that she did not!) yet would never wrong him.

Fra Rupert. Nay, God forbid she should! 'Twas not for me
To mark her looks, her blushes, gestures, . . how
Faltered the word "Caraffa" as she spoke it.
Thy father then said nothing?
Caraffa. Not a word;
What should he?
Fra Rupert. Not a word. Old men are close:
And yet I doubted . . I am apt to doubt . .
Whether he might not . . for ambition stirs
Most fathers . . just let slip . . Why didst thou falter?
For never faltered child as thou didst falter.
Thou knowest then her mind better than we?
Caraffa. I know it? I divine it? Would I did!
Fra Rupert. Nay, rather let the bubble float along
Than break it: the rich colours are outside.
Everything in this world is but a bubble,
The world itself one mighty bubble, we
Mortals, small bubbles round it!
Caraffa. Frate! Frate!
Thou art a soapy one! No catching thee! [*Aside.*
[*Aloud.*] What hopes thou showest me! If these were solid
As thou, most glorious bubble who reflect'st them,
Then, then indeed, to me from this time forth
The world, and all within the world, were bubbles.
Fra Rupert. A knight art thou, Caraffa! and no title
(Secular title, mind! secular title)
Save only royalty, surpasses knighthood.
There is no condescension in a queen
Placing her foot within the palm of knight,
And springing from it on her jewel'd saddle:
No condescension is there if she lend
To theirs the sceptre who lent hers the sword.
Knights there have been, and are, where kings are not,
Kings without knights what are they?
Caraffa. Norman blood
Runs in my veins as in her own: no king
(Savage or tame) shall stand above those knights
Who raised his better to the throne he won:
Of such am I. But what am I before
Giovanna! to adore, to worship her,
Is glory far above the chiselling
Of uncouth kings, or dashing them to earth:
O be it mine!
Fra Rupert. Perhaps some other Norman
May bear less tamely the new yoke; perhaps
A Filangieri may, this very night . .
Caraffa. No Filangieri ever stoopt to treachery.
No sword of Norman ever struck by night.
Credulous monk! to me name Filangieri!
Quellers of France and England as we are,
And jealous of precedency, no name
(Offence to none) is higher than Filangieri.
Fra Rupert. Boaster!
Caraffa. I boast of others; few do that
Who merit such a title.
Fra Rupert. Lower thy crest;
Pause! thou art in my hands.
Caraffa. I am in God's.
Fra Rupert (*mildly, after hesitation*). Who knows but God hath chosen thee, amid
His ministers of wrath, to save thy country
And push oppression from her! Dreams and signs
Miraculous have haunted me.
Caraffa. Thee, Frate!
Fra Rupert. Me, even me. My ministry is over:
Marriage ends pupilage, and royalty
Ends friendship. Little is it short of treason
To say that kings have friends.
Caraffa. How short of treason
I know not, but I know how wide of truth.
Fra Rupert. Listen! There are designs against the life
Of young Andrea.
Caraffa. By the saints above!
I hope there are not.
Fra Rupert. If thy name be found
Among conspirators (and those are call'd
Conspirators who vindicate their country)
Where thy sword is, there must thy safety be.
The night for vengeance is the marriage-night.
Caraffa. *I* draw the sword without defiance first?
I draw the sword uninjured? Whom against?
Against a life so young! so innocent
Of any guile! a bridegroom! in his bed!
O! is this horror only at the crime?
Or is it . . No, by heaven! 'tis heaven's own horror
At such unmanly deed. *I*, Frate! *I*,
Caraffa, stain with tears Giovanna's cheek!
I sprinkle poison on the flowers she smells!
Fra Rupert (*resolutely*). Hark ye, Caraffa! If the public good . .
Caraffa. Away with public good! Was never book
Put in my hand? was never story told me?
Show me one villain vile beyond the rest,
Did not that villain talk of public good?
Fra Rupert. Only at friars are Caraffa's stabs.
Valiant and proud and wealthy as thou art,
Thou mayst have nothing left on earth to-morrow.
Caraffa. I shall have more to-morrow than to-day.
My honour may shoot up all in one night,
As did some tree we read of.
Fra Rupert. Thou art rash.
Caraffa. Rashness may mellow into courage; time
Is left me.
Fra Rupert. For thy prayers.
Caraffa. My prayer then is,
Peace, safety, glory, joy, to our Giovanna!
Fra Rupert. Thou may'st depart.
Caraffa (*indignantly*). For ever. [*Goes.*
Fra Rupert. He says well.

CARACCIOLI *enters.*

Fra Rupert (*smiling and embracing him.*) Caraccioli! without our friend Caraffa!
Caraccioli. He should have been here first.
Fra Rupert (*aside*). Perfectly safe!
I did not follow him into the cloister.

Caraccioli. Father! you seem as pondering to yourself
How that wild fellow kept his word so ill;
Caraffa-like!
Fra Rupert. I keep mine well with him.
Caraccioli. He should have thought of that.
Fra Rupert. He had no time.
Caraccioli. Always so kind! so ready with your plea
For little imperfections! Our Francesco,
Somewhat hot-headed, is warm-hearted too.
Fra Rupert. His petty jealousy about the queen
(Were there no sin behind it) we might smile at.
Caraffa stands not with Caraccioli.
Caraccioli. On the same level . . there particularly.
Fra Rupert. Ho! ho! you laugh and jeer about each other?
Caraccioli. We might. How she would laugh at two such ninnies!
Fra Rupert. At one, most certainly. But laughing girls
Often like grave men best. There's something grand
As well as grave even in the sound "Caraccioli."
Caraccioli. I have no hopes.
Fra Rupert. How I rejoice to hear it!
Hopes are but wishes, wishes are but sin,
And, fed with ranker exhalations, poison.
Caraccioli. The subtilest consumes me.
Fra Rupert. What?
Caraccioli. Despair.
Fra Rupert. Violets and primroses lie under thorns
Often as asps and adders; and we find
The unexpected often as the expected,
The pleasant as the hideous.
Caraccioli. That may be,
But what avails your lesson? whither tends it?
Fra Rupert. My son! I hear from those who know the world
And sweep its noisome litter to my cell,
There are mild days when love calls love abroad
As birds call birds, and even leaves call leaves:
Moments there are, my poor Caraccioli!
Moments in which the labyrinth of the ear
At every turn of its proclivity
Grows warmer, and holds out the clue, itself:
Severity should not beget despair.
I would not much encourage thee, nor yet
Dash all thy hopes, however inconsiderate,
For hopes there may be, though there should not be,
Flickering even upon despondency.
There may be sounds in certain names to smite
The stagnant heart, and swell its billows high
Over wide spaces, over distant years . .
There may; but who would utter them and know it?
Delicate is the female sense, yet strong
In cherishing and resenting; very prompt
At hiding both, and hating the discoverer.
Never, my Paolo! look too deeply in,
Or thou may'st find what thou art looking for.
Not that she ever said one word against thee;
She even lower'd her voice in naming thee,
Seeing her sister and the rest sit giggling,
"Anything else! anything else!" said she,
And snapt the thread she workt with, out of spite.
A friend, who hopes the best, may tell the worst.
Patience will weary; even Giovanna's patience.
I could go farther, and relate . . but why
Why ('tis too light to touch upon) relate
The little hurt she gave Filippa's ancle
With that lark heel of hers, by twitching it
Uneasily? O the impatient sex!
She did shed . . tears I will not say . . a tear . .
Shed it! no; I am wrong: it came, it stayed,
As hangs one star, the first and only one,
Twinkling, upon some vernal evening.
Caraccioli. I am but clay beneath her feet. Alas!
Clay there would quicken into primal man,
Glorified and immortal once again.
Fra Rupert. Thou art too hot, my Paolo! One pulse less
In the half-hour might have been rather better.
Lovest thou our Francesco?
Caraccioli. Like a brother.
Fra Rupert. He should not then have brought thy life in peril.
Andrea is quite furious: all at court
Are sworn upon thy ruin.
Caraccioli. Upon mine?
I will then calmly tell them they are wrong.
Fra Rupert. Will they as calmly hear? Francesco said,
Imprudent youth! you boasted of remembering
Every the lightest mole about Giovanna.
Caraccioli. *I* say it?
Fra Rupert. Those were not your words?
Caraccioli. My words!
Fra Rupert. Certainly not . . precisely.
Caraccioli. Holy Mary!
Is there in Naples, Hungary, or Hell,
The monster who dares utter them?
Fra Rupert. 'Tis hard
Our friend should be the very man.
Caraccioli. 'Tis false,
Frate! 'tis false: my friend is not the man.
[*Bursts away.*
Fra Rupert (*sneering*). I will not follow *him* into the cloister.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. IN THE GARDEN OF CAPO DI MONTE

BOCCACCIO *and* FIAMMETTA.

Boccaccio (*sings*).

If there be love on earth, 'tis here,
O maid of royal line!
Should they who spring from heroes, fear?
Be scornful the divine?

Shine not the stars upon the sea,
Upon the fountain too?
O! let your eyes then light on me,
And O! let mine see you.

[FIAMMETTA *comes forward.*

How kind, to come!
Fiammetta. To come into the air?
I like it. They are all at their *merenda**.
The smell of melon overpowers me quite;
I could not bear it; therefore I just come
Into the air to be revived a little.
And you too here? Sly as the satyr-head
[*Affecting surprise.*
Under yon seat!
Boccaccio. Did you not tell me?
Fiammetta. I?
You dreamt it.
Boccaccio. Let me dream then on? Without
Such dreams, Fiammetta, dull would be the sleep
Call'd life.
Fiammetta (*looking round timidly*). *I* must be broad awake.
Boccaccio. You must.
Fiammetta (*nodding*). And you. All are indulgent to me; most
Of all queen Sancia and Giovanna.
Boccaccio. One
A saint, the other better.
Fiammetta. Then the grave
Filippa..
Boccaccio. Grave and watchful.
Fiammetta. Not a word
Against her! I do hold her in my heart,
Although she gives me good advice sometimes.
Boccaccio. I'm glad to hear it; for the very worthy
Are very rarely general favourites.
Fiammetta. Some love our friend most cordially; those know her:
Others there are who hate her; those would know her
And can not; for she stands aloof and thanks them:
Remoter, idler, neither love nor hate,
Nor care about her; and the worst and truest
They say of her, is, that her speech is dark.
Boccaccio. Doubtless, the vulgar eye will take offence
If cedar chambers are unwasht with lime.
Fiammetta. But why are you come here?
Boccaccio. To gaze, to sigh,
And, O Fiammetta! tell me if.. to live.
Fiammetta (*laughing*). I never saw more signs of life in any.
Boccaccio. Cruel!
Fiammetta. To find the signs of life in you?
Boccaccio. To scoff them out.
Fiammetta. I am incapable.
[BOCCACCIO *rises, and steps back gazing fondly.*
O now, Giovanni! I am terrified!
Why! you sprang up.. as if you sprang to kiss me!
Did ever creature think of such a thing?

* *Merenda* (meridiana) the mid-day repast.

Boccaccio. The drooping blades of grass beneath your feet
Think of it; the cold runlet thinks of it;
The pure sky (how it smiles upon us!) thinks of it..
I will no more then think of it. [*Kisses her.*
Fiammetta. Giovanni!
Ah! I shall call you (wretch!) to task for this.
Boccaccio. Call; and, by heaven! I'll come, tho' from the grave.
Fiammetta. Any-one now would say you thought me handsome.
Boccaccio. Earth has two beauties; her Bellagio
And Anacapri; earth's inhabitants
Have only one among them.
Fiammetta. Whom?
Boccaccio. Fiammetta. [*Going.*
Fiammetta. Where are you running now? Stay! tho' quite angry,
I am not yet so angry as I should be:
But, if you ever take such liberties
Again!
Boccaccio. O never!.. till we reach Aversa.
Fiammetta. And will you there? and tell me to my face? [*Is departing.*
Wait, wait for pardon. Must we part? So soon?
So long a time?
Boccaccio. Till star-light.
Fiammetta. Stay a moment.
Boccaccio. Gladly a life: but my old mule loves walking
And meditation. Now the mask and dress,
And boy to carry them, must all be found.
Fiammetta. Boy, mask, dress, mule! speed, gallop, to Aversa!
Boccaccio. So many kisses lie upon this hand,
Mine hardly reach it.
Fiammetta. Lips there may have been;
Had there been kisses, I must sure have felt them,
As I did yours.. at least I thought I did..
But go, for I am half afraid of you..
That is, of your arriving yonder late.
Go, else the crowd may stop you; and perhaps
I might delay you for some sudden fancy,
Or.. go your ways.. not let you go at all.

SCENE II. FRA RUPERT'S CELL.

FRA RUPERT *alone.*

I wisht him power; for what was his was mine;
I wisht him jealousy, distrust, aversion
For his pert bride, that she might have no share.
I never fail'd before this wretched day.
Fail'd! I have not: I will possess my rights,
Spring over him, and never more be spurn'd.
They who had rais'd his seat shall stablish mine,
Without those two vain boys: O! had they done it!
And not been where they are! The fault was theirs.

MAXIMIN *enters.*

Fra Rupert. Maximin! since thy services may soon
Be call'd for, satchel on thee my experience,
Then set about thy work. My Maximin!
Mind how thou liest! Know, if lie thou must,

Lies, while they sap their way and hold their tongues,
Are safe enough: when breath gets into them,
They, and the work about them, may explode.
Maximin! there are more lies done than said.
Son! when we hesitate about the right,
We're sure to do the wrong.
Maximin. I don't much hesitate.
Fra Rupert. To chain a dog and to unchain a dog
Is hazardous alike, while the deaf beast
Stands barking: he must sleep; then for the cord.
Maximin. What! are my services in some farm-yard?
I am a soldier.
Fra Rupert. All great statesmen have been.
How large a portion of the world is each
In his own eyes!
Maximin. Am I so proud in saying
I am a soldier?
Fra Rupert. *I* am proud of thee;
Be that sufficient. Give thou every man
What he requires of thee.
Maximin. A world to each?
Fra Rupert. Not so: yet hold not up to him a glass
That shows him less, or but some digits greater.
Maximin. Honestly now, Fra Rupert, by my cross!
No gull art thou. I knew that trick myself,
And (short the digits) told it word for word.
Fra Rupert. I will be sworn for thee. Being minister.
(Not that I think it certain just at present,
For when the sage and honest are most wanted,
That is the chink of time they all drop through)
But when thou art so, mind this precept. One
Not wise enough to keep the wiser off
Should never be a minister of state.
Maximin. Fra Rupert! presto! make me one to-day.
Give fifty precepts, there they go [*Blowing*] but this,
I'll kiss the cross and the queen's hand, and keep.
Fra Rupert. *I* make thee minister!
Maximin. You can make kings.
Fra Rupert. Not even those! I might have made Andrea
What thou and every true Hungarian
Wisht him to be, ere he show'd hoof for claw,
And thought to trample down his countrymen.
Maximin. Andrea bloody-minded! turtle-doves
Are bloody-minded then, and leave their elm,
The first day's mating, for the scent of gore.
Fra Rupert. Maximin! here is no guitar for thee,
Else mightest thou sip that pure poetry
Preciously warm and frothy from the udder.
Maximin. Father! if any in our troop call'd me
A poet, he should sing for it.
Fra Rupert. Thou 'rt brave,
Maximin! and Andrea is not bloody.
But there are princes, or have been within
Our memory, who, when blood gusht forth like water
From their own people, stood upon some bridge
Or island, waving their plumed caps, and drank
The cries of dying men with drunken ears.
Maximin. Curses, eternal curses, man's and God's,
Upon such heathens!
Fra Rupert. Nay, they were not heathens;
Happily they were christians, Maximin!
Andrea, though myself instructed him,
Is treacherous. Better were this pasty people
Dissolved, washt down, than brave Hungarians perish.
Maximin. No truer word prophet or saint e'er spoke.
Fra Rupert (*sighing*). Saint hath not spoken it: O may not prophet!
Maximin. I, being neither, can not understand you.
Fra Rupert. The innocent, the helpless, are surrounded.
Maximin. Andrea?
Fra Rupert. My Andrea would betray us.
Maximin. To whom? Are we the helpless? we the innocent?
Fra Rupert. While he is yonder at Aversa, we
Are yelling thro' these very streets for mercy.
Maximin. I cry *you* mercy, father! When I yell,
I'll borrow whistles from some thirty good
Neapolitans, who'll never want them more.
Fra Rupert. Be ready then! be ready for Aversa!
Glory stands there before thee; seize the traitor,
Win wealth, win jewels, win . . What have not palaces
For brave young men upon such nights as these!
Maximin. Would'st bid me stick Andrea?
Fra Rupert. Hungary,
Not I; our country, not revenge.
Maximin. Bids murder?
I will proclaim thy treason thro' the camp.
Fra Rupert. Unhappy son, forbear! By thy sweet mother!
Upon my knees! Upon my knees before
A mortal man! Yea, Rupert! bend thy head;
Thy own son's hand should, and shall, spill thy blood. [MAXIMIN *starts, then hesitates, then rushes at him.*
Maximin. Impudent hound! I'll have thy throat for that.
Fra Rupert (*guards his throat*). Parricide! make me not cry murder . . love
Forbids it . . rather die! My son! my son!
Hide but thy mother's shame; my shame, not hers. [MAXIMIN *relaxes his grasp.*
Maximin! stand between the world and it?
Oh! what avails it! sinner as I am!
Other worlds witness it. [MAXIMIN *looses hold.*
My Maximin! [RUPERT *embraces him.*
Maximin. Why, how now, Frate! hath some wine-vault burst
And fuddled thee? we know thou never drinkest.
Fra Rupert. That lighter sin won't save me.
Maximin. If light sins
Could save us, I have many a bushelful,
And little need your sentry-boxes yonder.

Fra Rupert (*very mildly*). I must reprove (my own dear child !) (*Passionately*) . . I must
Reprove, however gently, such irreverence.
Confessionals *are* sentry-boxes ! true !
And woe betide the sentry that naps there !
Woe, if he spare his voice, his prayer, his curse !
Maximin. Curses we get dog-cheap; the others, reasonable.
Fra Rupert. Sweet Maximin ! whatever my delight
In gazing on those features (for sharp shame,
When love blows over it from lands afar,
Tingles with somewhat too, too like delight !)
We must now part. Thy fortune lies within
My hands. To-night, if thy own officers
Command thee to perform a painful office . .
Maximin. Good father ! what know we of offices ?
Let them command a duty, and 'tis done.
Fra Rupert. Discreet tho' ! Maximin ! discreet ! my marrow !
Let not a word escape thee, not a breath.
Blessings, my tender kid ! We must walk on
(I love thee so !) together thro' the cloister.
Maximin. No, father ! no ; too much !
Fra Rupert. Too much for thee ?
[RUPERT *precedes, speaks to three men, who bow and retire ; he disappears.*
Maximin (*loitering in the cloister*). Incredible ! yet friars and cockroaches
Creep thro' all rooms, and like the closet best.
Let me consider ! can it be ? how can it ?
He is bare fifty ; I am forty-one.

SCENE III. THE GARDEN OF FRIAR ANSELM'S CONVENT.

FRA RUPERT, KLAPWRATH, ZINGA, *and* PSEIN.

Fra Rupert. Ye brave supporters of Hungarian power
And dignity ! O Zinga ! Klapwrath ! Psein !
Becomes it me to praise (we may admire
Those whom to praise were a temerity)
Such men as you.
Psein. Us ? we are only captains.
Zinga. After hard service we are nothing more.
Klapwrath. Twenty-three years hath Klapwrath rid and thirsted.
Fra Rupert. Ingratitude ! the worst of human crimes,
Hardly we dare to say ; so flat and stale,
So heavy with sick sobs from mouth to mouth,
The ejaculation. To my mind scarce witchery
Comes up to it.
Psein. Hold ! father ! For that sin
Either we deal with devils or old women.
Fra Rupert. Man was created of the dust ; to make
The fragile mass cohesive, were employed
The bitter waters of ingratitude. [*Affects to weep.*
Klapwrath. Weeping will never rinse that beaker, Frate !
Fra Rupert. It is not for myself.
Zinga. We see it is not.
Fra Rupert. Ye can not see deep into me.
Psein. Few can.
Fra Rupert. Ye can not see the havoc made within
By ever-dear Andrea.
Zinga. Havoc ?
Fra Rupert. Havoc !
Klapwrath. I like the word : purses and rings hang round it,
Necklaces, brooches, and indented armlets.
Psein. But, ere we reach 'em, ugly things enough,
Beside the broken swords that lie below
And brave men brandisht in the morning light.
Klapwrath. Brave men then should not cross us ; wise men don't.
Fra Rupert. Your spirit all attest ; but those the least
Whose safety hangs upon your saddle-skirts.
Men are not valued for their worth in Italy :
Of the same price the apple and the peach,
The service and the fig.
Zinga. Well, there they beat us.
Psein. Whatever they may be, we can not help it.
Fra Rupert. Help it, I say, ye can ; and ye shall help it,
Altho' I perish for ye.
Klapwrath. Then indeed,
Frate ! some good might come of it ; but wilt thou ?
Fra Rupert. Abandon to his fate my poor Andrea !
Has he not slept upon this bosom ?
Klapwrath. Has he ?
He must have had some scratches on his face.
Fra Rupert. Has he not eaten from this hand ?
Klapwrath. Why then,
He 'll never die for want of appetite.
Fra Rupert. Have we not drunk our water from one bowl ?
Klapwrath. Father ! you were not very liberal;
He might have drunk the whole of mine, and welcome.
Fra Rupert. How light ye make of life !
Zinga. Faith ! not so light ;
I think it worth a tug, for my part of it ;
Nor would I leave our quarters willingly.
Psein. O the delight of floating in a bath,
One hand athwart an orange-bough, the other
Flat on the marble pavement, and our eyes
Wandering among those figures round the arch
That scatter flowers, and laugh at us, and vie
With one another which shall tempt us most !
Nor is it undelightful, in my mind,
To let the curly wave of the warm sea
Climb over me, and languishingly chide
My stopping it, and push me gently away.
Klapwrath. Water, cold, tepid, hot, is one to me.
The only enemy to honest wine
Is water ; plague upon it !
Zinga. So say I.

Fra Rupert. Three braver friends ne'er met.
Hei! hei! hei! hei!
The very name of friend! You can not know
What love I bear Andrea!
Psein. All the world
Knows it.
Frate. The mischief he designs, who guesses?
Psein. All boys are mischievous.
Fra Rupert. Alas! but mischief
There might be without treachery.
Psein. Poor Andrea!
So little fit for it!
Fra Rupert. Frank generous souls
Always are first to suffer from it, last
To know it when they meet it.
Klapwrath. Who shall harm
Our own king's colt? Who moves, speaks, looks, against him,
Why! that man's shroud is woven, and spread out.
Fra Rupert. Let mine then be! would it had been so ere
I saw this day!
Psein. What has he done?
Fra Rupert. To me
All kindness ever. Why such mad resolves
Against the lives of his most sure defenders?
Against his countrymen, his guards, his father's
Most chosen friends?
Zinga. Against your life?
Fra Rupert. No, no!
Heaven protects *me;* he sees it; nor indeed
(To do him justice) has he such a heart.
But why ask *me* to aid him? Why ask *me*
Whether he was as strong at heart as Zinga,
Dexterous at sword as Klapwrath, such a fool . .
Pardon! your pardon, gentlemen!
[*Looking at* PSEIN.
Psein. As Psein.
Fra Rupert. The very word! Who else dared utter it?
I give him up! I almost give him up!
Klapwrath. He shall not rule us. The best blood of Hungary
Shall not be pour'd this night upon the wine.
Fra Rupert. If you must leave the country . . and perhaps
No worse may reach the greater part of you . .
Psein. I have no mind to leave it.
Zinga. None shall drive us.
Klapwrath. The wines of Hungary strive hard with these,
Yet Klapwrath is contented; he hates change.
Zinga. Let us drink these out first, and then try those.
Fra Rupert. Never will come the day when pine-root fire
And heavy cones puff fragrance round the room,
And two bluff healthy children drag along
(One by the ear, the other by the scut)
A bulging hare for supper; where each greyhound
Knows his own master, leaps up, hangs a foot
Inward, and whimpers piteously to see
Flagons go round, then off for bread and lard.
Those were your happy times; unless when foray
Stirr'd ye to wrath, and beeves and swine and trulls
(Tempting ye from propriety) heapt up
A mount of sins to strive against; abduction
Of linen-chests, and those who wove the linen;
And shocking oaths obscene, and well-nigh acts;
Fracture of cellar-doors, and spinning-wheels;
And (who can answer for you) worse, worse, worse!
Klapwrath. 'Sblood! Frate! runs no vine-juice in our arteries?
Psein's forehead starts wry veins upon each side;
His nostrils blow so hot they'll crack my boots.
Zinga. Must we move hence?
Fra Rupert. To die like sheep? like conies?
Ye shall not die alone; I will die with you.
There have been kings who sacrificed their sons.
Abraham would have done it; Pagans have;
But guardians such as I am! . .
Klapwrath. Frate! Frate!
Don't tear those tindery rags, or they will quit thee
With only horse-hair under, and some stiffer.
Fra Rupert. You conquer me, you conquer me, I yield.
He was not bloody. Could it end with one!
And we knew which . . or two, or three.
Zinga. But us?
Fra Rupert. "If once the captains of the companies,"
Said he . . and then, I own, he said no more:
He saw me shudder, and he sped away.
Klapwrath. Are we to hold our throats out to the knife?
Fra Rupert. Patience! dear doubtful Klapwrath! mere suspicion!
He did not say the knife, or sword, or halter,
He might have meant the scaffold; nothing worse;
Deprive you he might not of all distinction,
Nay, might spare one or other of you yet:
Why then prevent what may need no prevention?
Slyer are few; many more sanguinary:
Must we (don't say it) give him up? I hope
He's mischievous through weakness, not malignity.
Zinga. What matters that? A feather-bed may stifle us
(If we will let it) with a babe to press it.
Is there no other prince in Hungary
Fit to maintain us here?
Fra Rupert. The very thought
That came into my head!
Psein. But when ours fall,
What matters it who leaps upon his horse
To overlook our maintenance? A fool
I may be; can his wisdom answer that?
Zinga. He doubts my courage, bringing thus his own
Against it. He's a boy: were he a man,
No injury, no insult, no affront . .
Every man is as brave as I . . Stop there!
By all my saints! (*He shows several about him*) by all my services!
This hilt shall smash his teeth who dares say, '*braver.*'
Klapwrath. What I am you know best, at battling it;

Nothing is easier: but I've swum two nights
And days together upon Baian wine,
And so have ye: 'twould swamp that leaky nump-skull.
Behead us; good! but underrate us; never!
Fra Rupert. Having thus clear'd our consciences, and shown
Our purity in face of day, we swear . .
[*Hesitates.*
Zinga. Frate, if *you* don't grudge an oath or two . .
Fra Rupert. Death to Andrea! loyalty to Lewis!
All. Hurrah!
Fra Rupert. Sweet friends! profane not thus the cloister!
Leave me to weep for him! the cruel boy!

SCENE IV. PALACE OF AVERSA; SALOON OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN.

SANCIA, FILIPPA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA.

Maria. Ha! here they come again. See! lady Sancia
Leaning upon Filippa. They are grown
Wiser, and will not barter songs for griefs.

Boccaccio sings.

A mellow light on Latmos fell;
It came not from the lowly cell,
It glided from the skies;
It lighted upon one who slept,
Some voice then askt him why he wept,
Some soft thing prest his eyes.

Another might have wondered much,
Or peer'd, or started at the touch,
But he was far too wise;
He knew the light was from above,
He play'd the shifting game of love,
And lost at last three sighs.

Fiammetta (*to* FILIPPA). I wish he would come nearer, just to see
How my hair shines, powder'd with dust of gold:
I think he then would call me . .
Maria. What?
Fiammetta. Fiammetta.
Filippa. He hardly . . poet as he seems to be . .
Such as he is . . could feign a better name.
He does not seem to be cut out for singing.
Fiammetta. I would not have his voice one tittle altered.
The poetry is pretty . . She says nothing.
The poetry is charming . . Now she hears me.
The most delightful poetry! . . O lady
Filippa! not one praise for it! not one!
I never dreamt you were yourself a poet.
Filippa. These summer apples may be palatable,
But will not last for winter; the austere
And wrinkle-rinded have a better chance.
Throw a whole honeycomb into a haystack,
It may draw flies, but never will feed horses.
From these same cogs (eternally one tune)
The mill has floured us with such dust all over
As we must shake off, or die apoplectic.
Your gentle silken-vested swains may wish
All poetry one sheepfold.
Maria. Sheep are well,
Like men and most things, in their proper places,
But when some prancing knight would entertain us,
Some gallant, brightening every gem about him,
I would not have upon the palace-steps
A hind cry out, "Make way there for my sheep."
They say (not speaking of this woolsy race)
They say that poets make us live for ever.
Filippa. Sometimes the life they lend is worse than none,
Shorn of its glory, shrivel'd up for want
Of the fresh air of virtue.
Fiammetta. Yet, to live!
O! and to live by those we love so well!
Filippa. If such irregularities continue
After to-night, when freedoms are allowed,
We must lock up the gardens, rigorously
Forbidding all the inmates of the palace
To use the keys they have.
Fiammetta. The good king Robert
Sooner had driven out the nightingales
Than the poor timid poets.
Filippa. Timid poets!
What breed are they of?
Fiammetta. Such as sing of love.
Filippa. The very worst of all; the boldest men!
Maria. Nay; not the boldest; very quarrelsome,
Tragic and comic, hot and cold, are so;
And so are nightingales; the gardener
Has told me; and the poets do no worse
Than they do. Here and there they pluck a feather
From one another, here and there a crumb;
But, for hard fighting, fair straight-forward fighting,
With this one nosegay I could beat them all.
In good king Robert's day were lute and lyre;
Now hardly dare we hang them on the nail,
But run away and throw them down before
The boisterous drum and trumpet hoarse with rage.
Let poetry and music, dear Filippa,
Gush forth unfrozen and uncheckt!
Filippa. Ah child!
Thy fancy too some poet hath inflamed:
Believe me, they are dangerous men.
Maria. No men
Are dangerous.
Filippa. O my child!
Maria. The very creatures
Whom God has given us for our protection.
Filippa. But against whom?
Maria. I never thought of that.
Fiammetta. Somebody told me once that good king Robert
Gave keys to three or four, who neither were
Nor would be constant inmates of the court.
Maria. Who might and would not! This is an enigma.
They must have felt then very low indeed.
Among our glass-house jewels newly-set,
I have seen vile ones, and have laught to think

How nicely would my slipper pat their faces;
They never felt thus low.
Sancia. We feel it for them.
Prescriptively, we leave to our assayers
To stamp the currency of gold and brass.
Fiammetta (*to* FILIPPA). Have you not prais'd the king your very self
For saying to Petrarca, as he did,
"Letters are dearer to me than my crown,
And, were I forced to throw up one or other,
Away should go the diadem, by Jove!"
Sancia. Thou art thy very father. Kiss me, child!
His father said it, and thy father would.
When shall such kings adorn the throne again!
Fiammetta. When the same love of what Heaven made most lovely
Enters their hearts; when genius shines above them,
And not beneath their feet.
[*Goes up to* GIOVANNI.
Sancia (*to* FILIPPA). Rapturous girl!
Warmth ripens years and wisdom. She discourses
Idly as other girls on other things.
Filippa. That ripening warmth fear I.
Sancia. Portending what?
Filippa. Ah, gracious lady! sweetest fruits fall soonest..
Sancia. (Who sweeter?)
Filippa. And are bruised the most by falling.
Maria (*joining them*). Sicily and myself are disagreed.
Surely the man who sang must have thick fingers.
He play'd so badly: but his voice is sweet,
For all its trembling.
Fiammetta. Now I think the trembling
Makes it no worse. I wish he would go on.
Maria. Evidently the song should finish there.
Fiammetta. Evidently it should go on.. (*aside.*) for ever.
Maria. Ho! ho! you are not cruel to the knight?
Fiammetta. It is no knight at all.
Sancia. How know you that?
Maria. You would be frightened..
Fiammetta. He could never frighten.
Maria. If tilting..
Fiammetta. Nobody would hurt Giovanni.

SCENE V.

ANDREA, MARIA, *and* FIAMMETTA.

Andrea. So! you too have been listening, every soul,
I warrant ye.
Maria. And have you too, Andrea?
Andrea. From that snug little watch-tower: 'twas too high;
I only lookt upon the tops of trees.
See! him there! maskt! under the mulberry!
Fiammetta. I do not see him.. Look for him elsewhere:
That is a shadow.
Andrea. Think you so? It may be.
And the guitar?
Fiammetta What! that great yellow toad-stool!
Andrea. How like is everything we see by starlight!
Fiammetta (*aside*). If there were not a star in all the sky,
Everyone upon earth would know Giovanni!
Andrea. I wish the mulberrries were not past, that dozens
Might drop upon him, and might speckle over
His doublet: we should see it like a trout
To-morrow, white and crimson, and discover
The singer of this nonsense about light.
Fiammetta. If you don't like it, pray don't listen to it.
Maria, (*maliciously*). Then let us come away.
Fiammetta. Pray do.
Maria, (*taking her arm*). Come.
Fiammetta, (*peevishly*). No.
Maria. Listen! another song!
Fiammetta. Hush! for Heaven's sake!
O! will you never listen? All this noise!
Maria. Laughter might make some; smiles are much too silent.
Fiammetta. Well; you have stopt him; are you now content?
Maria. Quite, quite; if you are.
Fiammetta. He begins again!
Hush! for the hope of Paradise! O hush!

Boccaccio sings.

List! list ye to another tale!

Fiammetta.

No; he who dares tell one
To other ears than one's shall fail.

Boccaccio.

I sing for her alone.

Andrea. I have a mind to be..
Maria. What? prince!
Andrea. What? angry.
Maria. Not you.
Andrea. Not I? Why, who should hinder me?
Maria, (*coaxing*). No, no; you won't be angry, prince!
Andrea. I said
Half-angry, and resolve to keep my word.
Maria. Anger is better, as pomegranates are,
Split into halves, and losing no small part.
Andrea. I never heard such truth about pomegranates!
What was the other thing we reason'd on?
Ho! now I recollect, as you shall see.
[*Goes: all follow.*

SCENE VI. GARDEN.

ANDREA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA, *and* BOCCACCIO.

Andrea. Keep back: where thieves may be, leave men alone.
Now for drawn swords! Where are they; slipt behind
The mulberry: wisely schemed! 'twon't do! come forth!

Yield! tremble like a poplar-leaf! Who art thou?
[*Seizing* BOCCACCIO.
Boccaccio. King Robert, sir, respected me.
Andrea. Did *he?*
Did *he?* Then far more highly should Andrea.
Sicily! treat him kindly. We may all,
Even you and I, commit an indiscretion.
How the stars twinkle! how the light leaves titter!
And there are secret quiverings in the herbs,
As if they all knew something of the matter,
And wisht it undisturb'd. To-night no harm
Shall happen to the worst man in Aversa.

ACT V.

SCENE I. PALACE OF AVERSA.

ANDREA *and* GIOVANNA.

Giovanna. How gracefully thou sattest on thy horse,
Andrea!
Andrea. Did I?
Giovanna. He curveted so,
Sidled and pranced and croucht and plunged again,
I almost was afraid, but dared not say it.
Andrea. Castagno is a sad curvetting rogue.
Giovanna. 'Twas not Castagno; 'twas Polluce.
Andrea. Was it?
How canst thou tell, Giovanna?
Giovanna. I can tell.
Andrea. All at hap-hazard: I am very sure
'Twas not the horse you lookt at; nor did I
Think about riding, or about the palfrey,
Crimson and gold, half palfrey and half ostrich.
But thou too ridest like a queen, my dove!
Giovanna. So very like one? Would you make me proud?
Andrea. God forbid that! I love thee more for beauty.
Ne'er put on pride, my heart! thou dost not want it;
Many there are who do; cast it to them
Who can not do without it, empty souls!
Ha! how you look! is it surprise or pleasure?
Giovanna. Pleasure, my love! I will obey with pleasure
This your first order. But indeed, my husband,
You must not look so fondly when the masks come,
For you and I, you know, shall not be masked.
Andrea. A pretty reason for not looking fond!
Must people then wear masks for that?
Giovanna. Most do.
I never saw such fondness as some masks
Presented.
Andrea. Thou hast never seen half mine;
Thou shalt; and then shalt thou sit judge between us.
We have not spoken more to-day, my chuck,
Than many other days, yet thou appearest
Wiser than ever. I have gain'd from thee
More than I gave.
Giovanna. And, without flattery,
I am more pleas'd with your discourse than ever.
Andrea (*fondly*). No, not than ever. In this very room
Didst thou not give to me this very hand
Because I talked so well?
Giovanna. We foolish girls
Are always caught so.
Andrea. Always kept so, too?
Well, we must see about it then, in earnest.
Giovanna. Andrea! one thing see to: pray inquire
If, in the crowd that rushed so thro' the gates,
No accident has happen'd. Some cried out,
Some quarrell'd; many horses started off,
And bore amid them.
Andrea. Never fear.
Giovanna. But ask. [*He goes.*

SCENE II.

FIAMMETTA, MARIA, FILIPPA, *and* SANCIA, *enter.*

Maria. The bridegroom is among the other grooms,
Asking odd questions: what man's horse broke loose,
Who was knockt down, what fruit-stall overturn'd,
Who quarrell'd, who cried out, struck, ran away.
Giovanna. Maria! this is pleasantry.
Andrea (*returning hastily*). They say,
Caraffa and Caraccioli are dead.
Giovanna. It can not be: they were both well this morning.
Filippa. The west-wind blew this morning . . no air now.
Giovanna. O but, Filippa! they both came together.
Did not queen Sancia tell you?
Filippa. I have seen
Two barks together enter the port yonder,
And part together.
Giovanna. But to die at once!
Filippa. Happy the friends whom that one fate befalls!
Giovanna. So soon!
Filippa. Perhaps so soon.
Giovanna. It may be happy,
It must be strange; awfully strange indeed!
[FIAMMETTA *goes out.*
Andrea. My darling! how you pity those two youths!
I like you for it.
Giovanna. Both have fathers living:
What must they suffer! Each . . I never heard,
But may well fancy . . loved some girl who loves him.
I could shed tears for her.
Maria. My dear Giovanna!
Do queens shed tears? and on the wedding-day?
Sancia. I see no reason why they should not.
Filippa (*aside*). I,
Alas! see far too many why they should.
Andrea. What did Filippa say? that brides should cry?

Filippa (*to* GIOVANNA *and* MARIA). Not idly has the genial breath of song
Turn'd into pearls the tears that women shed;
They are what they are call'd: some may be brighter
Among your gems, none purer, none become
The youthful and the beautiful so well.
Andrea (*as* FIAMMETTA *enters*). Here enters one you never will teach that,
She is too light for grief, too gay for love,
And neither salt nor mistleto can catch her,
Nor springe nor net: she laughs at all of them
Like any woodpecker, and wings away.
I know you women; I 'm a married man:
Fiammetta. They will not give the story up: they draw
All different ways, but death they all will have.
Andrea. Ay, and one only will not satisfy them.
[*An Officer enters, and confers apart with him.*
Certain?
Giovanna. Some other accident less heavy,
Heaven! let us hope!
Andrea. Strangled! O what a death!
One of them . . one (no matter now which of them)
Disliked me, shunn'd me; if we met, lookt at me
Straighter and taller and athwart the shoulder,
And dug his knuckles deep into his thigh.
I gave him no offence.. yet, he is gone..
Without a word of hearing, he is gone!
To think of this! to think how he has fallen
Amid his pranks and joyances, amid
His wild heath myrtle-blossoms, one might say,
It quite unmans me.
Sancia. Speak not so, my son!
Let others, when their nature has been changed
To such unwonted state, when they are call'd
To do what angels do and brutes do not,
Sob at their shame, and say they are unmann'd:
Unmann'd they can not be; they are not men.
At glorious deeds, at sufferings well endured,
Yea, at life's thread snapt with its gloss upon it,
Be it man's pride and privilege to weep.

SCENE III. GRAND SALOON.

Masks passing.

ANDREA, GIOVANNA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA, FILIPPA.

Filippa. It may be right, my lady, that you know
What masks are here.
Giovanna. I have found out already
A few of them. Several waived ceremony
(Desirably at masks) and past unnoticed.
The room fills rapidly.
Filippa. Not to detain
My queen (for hundreds anxiously approach),
Pardon! I recognised the Prince Luigi.
Giovanna. Taranto? Tell our cousin to keep on
His mask all evening. Hither! uninvited!
Maria (*out of breath*). Think you the dais will keep the masks from hearing?
Giovanna. Why should it?
Maria. Oh! why should it? He is here.
Even Filippa could distinguish him.
Everyone upon earth must know Taranto.
Giovanna. Descend we then: beside the statue there
We may converse some moments privately.
Maria. Radiant I saw him as the sun . . a name
We always gave him . . rapid as his beams.
I should have known him by his neck alone
Among ten thousand. While I gazed upon it,
He gazed at three mysterious masks: then rose
That graceful column, ampler, and more wreathed
With its marmoreal thews and dimmer veins.
The three masks hurried thro' the hall; Taranto
After them (fierce disdain upon his brow)
Darted as Mercury at Jove's command.
No doubt, three traitors who dared never face him
In his own country, are courageous here.
Giovanna. Taranto then, Taranto was unmaskt
Against my orders!
Maria. Rather say, *before*.
Luigi never disobeyed Giovanna.
Giovanna. Filippa carried them.
Maria. I know his answer.
Giovanna. Repeat it then, for she may not to-night.
Maria. "Tell her I come the cousin, not the prince,
Nor with pretension, nor design, nor hope;
I come the loyal, not the fond, Taranto."
Why look you round?
Giovanna. The voice is surely his.
Maria. The thoughts are . .
Giovanna, (*pressing her hand*). May, O Heaven! the speaker be! [*Both walk away.*
Fra Rupert (*masked and disguised, to one next*). I heard our gracious queen, espoused to-day,
Give orders that Taranto keep well maskt.
Next Mask (*to another*). Ho then! Taranto here!
Second Mask. What treachery!
Fra Rupert (*masked*). He could not keep away. Tempestuous love
Has tost him hither. Let him but abstain
From violence, nor play the jealous husband,
As some men do when husbands cross their road.
Second Mask. Taranto is a swordsman to the proof.
First Mask. Where is he?
Fra Rupert. He stood yonder, in sky-blue,
With pearls about the sleeves.
Second Mask. Well call him Phœbus!
I would give something for a glimpse at what
That mask conceals.
Fra Rupert. Oh! could we catch a glimpse
Of what all masks conceal, 'twould break our hearts.
Far better hidden from us! Woman! woman! [*Goes off.*
First Mask (*to second*). A friar Rupert! only that his voice

Breathes flute-like whisperings, rather than reproofs.
Second Mask. Beside, he stands three inches higher; his girth
Slenderer by much.
First Mask. Who thought 'twas really he?
I only meant he talkt as morally.
Third Mask (*coming up to Fourth*). I am quite certain there is Frate Rupert.
Fourth Mask. Where is he not? The Devil's ubiquity!
But, like the Devil, not well known when met.
How found you him so readily? What mark?
Third Mask. Stout is he, nor ill-built, tho' the left shoulder
Is half a finger's breadth above the right.
Fourth Mask. But that man's . . let me look . . That man's right shoulder
Stands two good inches highest.
Third Mask. Doubt is past . .
We catch him! over-sedulous disguise!

SCENE IV.

Andrea. We have a cousin in the house, my queen!
What dost thou blush at? why art troubled? sure
We are quite grand enough for him: our supper
(I trust) will answer all his expectations.
Maria. So, you have lookt then at the supper-table?
Andrea. 'Twould mortify me if Giovanna's guests
Were disappointed.
Giovanna. Mine! and not yours too?
Andrea. Ah sly one! you have sent then for Taranto
And would not tell me! Cousin to us both,
To both he should be welcome as to one.
Another little blush! Why, thou art mine,
And never shalt, if love's worth love, repent it.
Giovanna. Never, my own Andrea! for such trust
Is far more precious than the wealthiest realms,
Or all that ever did adorn or win them.
Andrea. I must not wait to hear its value told,
We shall have time to count it out together.
I now must go to greet our cousin yonder,
He waits me in the balcony; the guards
Have sent away the loiterers that stood round,
And only two or three of his own friends
Remain with him. To tarry were uncourteous.
Maria (*earnestly*). I do believe Luigi is below.
Andrea. Do not detain me: we have never met
Since your proud sister spoke unkindly to him,
And, vaulting on his horse, he hurried home.
[*Goes.*
Maria. The soldiers there do well to guard the balcony,
And close the folding-doors against intrusion.
[*Cry is heard.*
Fiammetta. Ha! some inquisitive young chamber-lady,
Who watcht Luigi enter, pays for it.
Those frolicsome young princes are demanding
A fine for trespass.
Giovanna. Nay, they are too rude,
Permitting any rudeness. Struggles! sobs!
Andrea never caused them.
Maria. Shame, Taranto!
Giovanna. Stifling of screams! Those nearer are alarmed;
Those farther off are running for the staircase;
And many come this way! What can they mean?
See, they look angry as they run, and dash
Their hands against their foreheads!
(*Very alarmed.*)
Where's a page?
[*A page stands masked in the doorway; crowds of unmasked behind him.*
Maria. A page! a page!
Page (*to himself*). I am one; and discovered!
[*Advances.*
Giovanna. Run; see what those young courtiers round the princes
Are doing in the balcony. Below;
Not there.
Page. I might mistake the Prince Andrea,
Not having ever seen him.
Maria. Who then are you?
Page. The Prince Luigi's page, whom I awaited,
To say his groom and horse are near at hand.
Maria. He goes then?
Page. Ere it dawn.
Giovanna. O! hasten! hasten
Below, and instantly run back again,
Reporting me what you can discover there.
Page (*returns*). Lady! the lamps about the balcony
Are all extinguisht.
Giovanna. Is the wind so high?
What didst thou hear, what didst thou note, beside?
Page (*hesitating*). Against the gentlest, the most virtuous queen,
Opprobrious speech, threats, imprecations . .
Giovanna. Pass it.
Page. Upon the stairs; none from the gardens.
Giovanna. There
What sawest thou?
Page. Over the balcony
Downward some burden swang.
Giovanna. Some festive wreath
Perhaps.
Page. Too heavy; almost motionless.
Maria. Several damask draperies thrown across
Page. May-be. The wind just stirr'd the bottom of them:
I had no time to look: I saw my prince
Fighting.
Maria. O heaven! was ever night like this . .
Page. For gallant sword! it left two proofs behind:
The third man, seeing me (poor help for arm
So valiant!) fled.
Maria. O! we are safe then, all. [*Very joyous.*
Page. No cap lost they, nor did the one who fled:

Whose in the world of Naples, can be this?

[*He takes from under his richly embroidered cloak the cap of* ANDREA. GIOVANNA *clasps it to her face, and falls with a stifled scream.*

[*Another Page brings in* ANDREA'S *ermine cloak.*

This cloak fell near me from the balusters.

Maria. His own! Ha! this dark speck is not the ermine's.

Filippa. See! she revives! Hide it away! O guests

Of our unhappy festival, retire.

GIOVANNA OF NAPLES.

CHARACTERS.

LEWIS, *King of Hungary.* LUIGI, *Prince of Taranto.* ACCIAJOLI, *Seneschal of Naples.* UGO DEL BALZO. SPINELLO, *General of Naples* RIENZI, *Tribune of Rome.* FRA RUPERT. BOCCACCIO. PETRARCA. PREIN, *a Hungarian Captain.* POPE'S NUNCIO. PRIOR OF THE CELESTINES. WIFE OF RIENZI. FILIPPA OF CATANIA. SANCIA, *her Granddaughter.* PRINCESS MARIA. FIAMMETTA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. GARDEN OF CAPO-DI-MONTE.

BOCCACCIO *and* FIAMMETTA.

Boccaccio. Adieu the starlit gardens of Aversa,
The groves of Capo-Monte!

Fiammetta. Why adieu?

Boccaccio. One night will throw its gloom upon them long.

Fiammetta. It will indeed, but love can dwell in gloom,
And not repine in it.

Boccaccio. The generous man,
Who might have much impeded ours, gave way
To bitter impulses. My face is flusht
To think of his hard doom, and find myself
Happy where he was happy, and so lately!

Fiammetta. I too have sighs, nor for thee only, now.
Giovanna, had an angel told it me
The other day, I should have disbelieved.
We all are now alike. Even queen Sancia,
Whose sadness is scarce sadness, so resign'd
Is she to Heaven, at this balustrade
Lean'd and lookt over, hearing some one sing.
"Impatient is the singer there," said she,
"To run thro' his delight, to fill the conch
Of song up to the brim, and wise were he
Thought he not, O my child, as think he might,
How every gust of music, every air,
Breathing its freshness over youthful breasts,
Is a faint prelude to the choirs above,
And how Death stands in the dark space between,
To some with invitations free and meek,
To some with flames athwart an angry brow;
To others holds green palm and aureole crown,
Dreadless as is the shadow of a leaf . ."
But, while she said it, prest my hand and wept,
Then prayed of Heaven its peace for poor Andrea.

Boccaccio. We may think too as wisely as the queen
When we attain her age; of other flames
And other palms and other crowns just now.
Like every growth, thoughts also have their seasons;
We will not pluck unripe ones; they might hurt us.
That lady then was with you?

Fiammetta. She herself
Led me up hither by the sleeve. Giovanna
Is there below, secure, in Castel-Nuovo.
Look you! what crowds are gathering round about it.

Boccaccio. I see them, and implore you, my Fiammetta,
To tarry here, protected by queen Sancia.

Fiammetta. And will you tarry near me?

Boccaccio. While the queen
Your sister is quite safe.

Fiammetta. What! thinkest thou
She ever can be otherwise than safe?
I will run down to her.

Boccaccio. There is no danger
At present; if there should be, my weak aid
Shall not be wanting. He whom she laments
I too lament: this bond unites me with her;
And I will keep her in my sight, and follow
(As lighter birds follow the powerfuller)
Where'er the tempest drives her . . not to save,
But break the fall, or warn her from below.

Fiammetta. Generously spoken, my own sweet Giovanna!
Do so, and I can spare you; but remember
Others may want a warning too, may want
Some one to break a fall, some one to save . . .
Giovanna! O Giovanna! to save what?
For what is left but love? . . save that, Giovanna!

Boccaccio. Were any infelicity near you,
Crowns and their realms might perish: but your sister
Is part of you: had she but lookt into
Your cradle, and no more; had one kind word,
And only one, fallen from her upon you;
My life should be the price for it.

Fiammetta. Your life!
We have but one, we two. But until she
Is safe again, and happier, you shall keep it.
Go, go then; follow her; but soon return.
While you are absent from me, shapeless fears
Must throng upon and keep awake my sorrow.

Boccaccio. To grieve for what is past, is idle grief,
Idler to grieve for what may never be.
Courage! when both most wish it, we shall meet.

SCENE II. CASTEL-NUOVO.

GIOVANNA *and* DEL BALZO.

Giovanna. Ugo del Balzo! thou art just and firm.

Seek we the murderers out, and bring them forth
Before their God and fellow-men, if God
Or fellow-men have they. Spare none who did
This cruel deed. The partner of my throne,
Companion of my days . . until that day . .
Avenge! In striking low the guilty head
Show mercy to my people. Take from me
And execute with promptness this commission.
O what a chasm in life hath one day made,
Thus giving way with such astounding crash
Under my feet, when all seem'd equable,
All hopeful, not a form of fear in sight.

Del Balzo. Lady! if all could see the pangs within
Which rend your bosom, every voice would pause
From railing and reproach.

Giovanna. Reproach who will,
Rail who delight in railing. Could my arm
Protect the innocent?

Del Balzo. But strange reports
(With this commission in my hand I speak it)
Murmur throughout the city. Kindred, ay,
Close kindred are accused.

Giovanna. Such accusations
Have burst upon my ear: they wrong my cousin.
A man more loyal than the brave Taranto
Nor court nor field e'er saw: but even he
Shall not escape if treachery be found
Within the shadow of that lofty mien.

Del Balzo. No, by the sword of the archangel! no . .
Altho' his sister smiles this hour upon
Her first-born of my dear and only brother
The Duke of Andria. Thou must weep, Francesco!
And she, and I; for such dishonour taints
The whole house through, obscuring past and future.
Was he not in Aversa?

Giovanna. He was there.

Del Balzo. And were no orders given that he keep on
His mask all evening?

Giovanna. Yes, I gave those orders.

Del Balzo. The Queen's commission reaches not the Queen.

Giovanna. Imperfect then is that commission, Ugo!

Del Balzo. Freedom of speech is limited.

Giovanna. By what?

Del Balzo. The throne.

Giovanna. For once then push the throne more back,
And let thy words and actions have their scope.

Del Balzo. Why was Aversa chosen for the revels?

[*The* QUEEN *hesitates and sighs deeply.*

One answer comes from all. Because the town
Is Norman, the inhabitants are Norman,
Sworn enemies to an Hungarian prince;
The very name sounds hostilely; the walls
Built in aversion to the pride of Capua.

Giovanna. I could give other answer, which such hearts
Would little understand. My happiest days
Were spent there . . O that there my last had closed!
Was it not in Aversa we first met?
There my Andrea, while our friends stood round
At our betrothment, fain would show me first
A horse they led for him from Hungary.
The hands we join'd were little hands indeed!
And the two rings we interchanged would ill
Let pass the bossy chain of his light hair
Entwisted with my darker, nor without
His teeth was then drawn through it. Those were days
When none saw quarrels on his side or mine,
Yet were there worse than there were latterly,
Or than since childhood ever. We have lived
From those days forth without distrust and strife.
All might have seen but now will not know that.

Del Balzo. Lady! the court and people do remember
That none more courteous, none more beautiful,
Lives than the Prince Luigi . . they acknowledge
That Prince Andrea's qualities fell short . .

Giovanna. Del Balzo! cease! he was your prince but now . .
His virtues were domestic . . few saw those.

Del Balzo. Few, I confess it; not so few the other's.
His assiduities, his love.

Giovanna. Do these
Remember too, whate'er advantages
The Prince Luigi of Taranto had,
I gave my hand where they who rear'd me will'd,
That no contention in our family
Might reach my people? Ugo! tell me now
To whom show'd I my love? To them or him?

Del Balzo. Lady! 'twas nobly done. Yet he was seen
To walk among the maskers on that night,
Was ordered to keep on his mask, was known
To watch Andrea in the balcony,
To rush away, to fight below the place
Where the inhuman deed was perpetrated,
And then to fly.

Giovanna. O! if Taranto could
Be guilty! . . but impossible! My sister
Saw him pursue three masks: and his own page
Found him in fight with one, where two were slain.

Del Balzo. Would any court receive such testimony?

Giovanna. Examine then more closely. I am lost,
Not in conjectures, for my mind flies off
From all conjecture, but in vague, in wild
Tumultuous thoughts, all broken, crost, and crazed.
Go, lose no moment. There are other things

[DEL BALZO *goes.*

I could have said . . what were they? . . there are things . .
Maria . . why not here! . . She knows there are . .
O! were the guilty so perplext as I am,
No guilt were undiscover'd in the world!

SCENE III.

FILIPPA, SANCIA, TERLIZZI, DEL BALZO.

Sancia Terlizzi. Gentle and gracious and compassionate,
Companion and not queen to those about her,
Giovanna delegates her fullest powers
To stern Del Balzo; and already force
Enters the palace gates.
Filippa. Let them be closed
Against all force. Send for the seneschal.
Sancia Terlizzi. Acciajoli has departed for Aversa,
There to make inquest.
Filippa. Who dares strike the door?
Del Balzo (entering). The laws.
Filippa. Count Ugo! is the queen extinct?
Del Balzo. The prince is. Therefore lead with due respect
These ladies, and the rest, away. [*To an Officer.*
Filippa. What means
This violence?
Del Balzo (to the Officer). Let none, I pray be used. [*To* FILIPPA.
Behold the queen's commission! In that chamber
Where close examinations must ensue,
In clear untroubled order let your words
Leave us no future violence to be fear'd.
Filippa (returning the paper). The queen hath acted as she alway acts,
Discreetly; bravely; it becomes her race
And station: what becomes a faithful subject
Let us do now. [*The* QUEEN *enters.*
Sancia Terlizzi. Turn: lo, the queen herself!
Del Balzo. Lady! there is one chamber in the realm,
And only one, and that but for one day,
You may not enter.
Giovanna. Which is that, Del Balzo?
Del Balzo. Where the judge sits against the criminal.
Giovanna. Criminal! none are here.
Del Balzo. If all my wishes
Avail'd me, there were none.
Giovanna. Sure, sure, the palace
Is sacred.
Del Balzo. Sacred deeds make every place
Sacred, unholy ones make all unholy.
Giovanna. But these are our best friends.
Filippa. My royal mistress!
The name of friendship and the name of justice
Should stand apart. Permit me to retire . .
[*To* DEL BALZO.
Whither, sir, you must dictate.
Del Balzo. Lead them on.
[*The* QUEEN *throws her arms round* FILIPPA, *who gently removes them and goes.*
Lady! would you protect the culpable?
Giovanna. Ugo del Balzo! would you wrong the queen?
Del Balzo. I recognise the lofty race of Robert,
And my arm strengthens and my heart dilates.
Giovanna. Perform your duty, sir, and all your duty;
Win praise, win glory . . mine can be but tears.
[*Goes.*

SCENE IV.

FRA RUPERT, DEL BALZO.

Fra Rupert. Confessionals are close; and closer still
The heart that holds one treasure.
Del Balzo. Father Rupert!
What brought thee hither at this busy hour?
Fra Rupert. My duty: I must not delay my duty.
Del Balzo. What is it?
Fra Rupert. I would fain absolve from sin
(Far as the Church allows) the worst of sinners.
Del Balzo. In few plain words, who sent for thee?
Fra Rupert. In fewer,
I scorn thy question.
Del Balzo. Father! thou must wait.
The prince's death involves some powerful ones,
Whose guilt or innocence shall presently
Be ascertained.
Fra Rupert. What! and shall man hear first
The guilty soul confess its secret sin?
Shall not the angels carry up the tale
Before the people catch it?
Del Balzo. They, no doubt,
Already have done this.
Fra Rupert. Not half, not half.
Del Balzo. Father! it seems thou knowest more about it
Than I or any else. Why reddenest thou?
Fra Rupert. Dost think, Del Balzo, any word escapes
The sanctuary of consciences? the throne
Of grace and mercy on our earth below?
The purifier, the confessional?
So then! some powerful ones are apprehended
For what they did! O merciful Del Balzo!
Be sparing of a woman's blood, Del Balzo!
And age hath claims upon our pity too;
And so hath youth, alas! and early ties
Suddenly broken shock far round about.
Beside; who knows . . thou canst not certainly . .
If any can . . they may be innocent,
Each of the three, one more, one less, perhaps:
Innocent should be all whose guilt lacks proof.
O my poor child Andrea, pardon me!
Thou wouldst not have sought blood for blood, Andrea!
Thou didst love all these women! most of all
Her . . but there 's justice, even on earth, Andrea!
[*Goes.*
Del Balzo. 'Tis so! that stern proud bosom bursts with grief.

SCENE V.

Maria. Ah why, Del Balzo, have you let come in
The filthy monk, Fra Rupert? He has frightened
Sancia Terlizzi almost into fainting.
And tell me by what right hath he or any

Ordered her up into her room, and taken
Her mother down below, into those chambers
Which we have always been forbid to enter!
Del Balzo. Perhaps to ask some questions; for the queen
Ought to be satisfied.
Maria. Then let me go
And ask her: she would tell me in a moment
What they will never get from her.
Del Balzo. Perhaps,
O princess! you may have mistaken.
Maria. No:
I never was mistaken in Filippa.
Rudeness can neither move nor discompose her:
A word, a look, of kindness, instantly
Opens her heart and brings her cheek upon you.
Del Balzo. The countess has more glorious qualities
Than noble birth has given any else.
Whether her heart has all that tenderness . .
Maria. Is my heart tender?
Del Balzo. Be it not too tender,
Or it may suffer much, and speedily,
And undeservedly. The queen your sister,
Gentle as you, hath fortitude.
Maria. Giovanna
Is tenderer than I am; she sheds tears
Oftener than I do, though she hides them better.
Del Balzo. I saw their traces: but more royally
Never shone courage upon grief suppressed.
Maria. The lovely platane in the garden-walk
Catches the sun upon her buds half-open,
And looks the brightest where unbarkt and scathed.
O find them out who have afflicted her
With that most cruel blow.
Del Balzo. 'Tis what she bade me,
And what I now am hastening to perform. [*Goes.*

GIOVANNA *enters.*

Maria. Courage, Giovanna! courage, my sweet sister!
Del Balzo will find out those wicked men.
O! I forgot to tell him what assistance
Fra Rupert might afford him. Every crime
Is known to him. But certainly Fra Rupert,
Who loved Andrea so, will never cease
Until he find the slayer of his friend.
Ah my poor sister! if you had but heard
The praises of Del Balzo, you would soon
Resume your courage and subdue your tears.
Giovanna. Before Del Balzo, sister, I disdain
To show them or to speak of them. Be mine
Hid from all eyes! God only knows their source,
Their truth or falsehood. In the light of day
Some lose their bitterness, run smoothly on,
And catch compassion, leisurely, serenely:
Never will mine run thus: my sorrows lie
In my own breast; my fame rests upon others,
Who throw it from them now the blast has nipt it.
'Tis ever so. Applauses win applauses,
Crowds gather about crowds, the solitary
Are shunned as lepers and in haste past by.
Maria. But we will not be solitary; we
Are not so easy to pass by in haste;
We are not very leper-looking.
Giovanna. Cease,
Maria! nothing on this earth so wounds
The stricken bosom as such sportiveness,
Or weighs worn spirits down like levity.
Give me your hand . . Reproof is not reproach.
I might have done the same . . how recently!
Maria. Hark! what is all that outcry?
Giovanna. 'Tis for him
Whom we have lost.
Maria. But angry voices mixt
With sorrowful?
Giovanna. To him both due alike.

SPINELLO *enters.*

Spinello. Hungarian troops throng every street and lane,
Driving before them the infirm, the aged,
The children, of both sexes.
Giovanna. Shelter them.
Spinello. Such is the hope of those base enemies,
That, unprovided for defence, the castle
May fall into their hands: and very quickly
(Unless we drive them back) our scanty stores
Leave us exhausted.
Giovanna. Dost thou fear, Spinello?
Spinello. I do: but if my sovran bids me bare
This breast of armour and assail her foes,
Soon shall she see what fears there lie within.
Giovanna. Let me too have my fears, nor worse than thine,
Loyal and brave Spinello! Dare I ask
Of God my daily bread nor give it those
Whose daily prayers have earned it for us all?
I dare not. Throw wide open every gate
And stand between the last of my poor people
And those who drive them in.
Spinello. We then are lost.
Giovanna. Not from God's sight, nor theirs who look to God.
Maria. O sister! may that smile of yours be parent
Of many. It sinks back, and dies upon
The lovely couch it rose from. [DEL BALZO *enters.*
I will go:
Del Balzo looks, I think, more stern than ever.
Giovanna. Del Balzo, I perceive thou knowest all,
And pitiest my condition. [DEL BALZO *amazed.*
Spinello. Standest thou,
Lookest thou, thus, before thy sovran, sir?
Giovanna. Be friends, be friends, and spare me one affront.
Wiser it were, and worthier, to devise
How tumults may be quell'd than how increast.
On your discretion lies your country's weal.
[*Goes.*
Spinello. Ugo del Balzo! thou art strong in war,
Strong in alliances, in virtue strong,
But darest thou, before the queen, before
The lowest of the loyal, thus impute

With brow of scorn and figure fixt aslant,
Atrocious crimes to purity angelic?
Del Balzo. Heard'st thou her words and askest thou this question?
Spinello! nor in virtue nor in courage
(Our best alliances) have I pretence
To stand before thee. Chancellor thou art,
And, by the nature of thy office, shouldst
Have undertaken my most awful duty:
Why didst thou not?
Spinello. Because the queen herself
Will'd otherwise; because her chancellor,
She thought, might vindicate some near unduly.
Del Balzo. She thought so? what! of thee?
Spinello. Thus it appears.
But on this subject never word escaped
Her lips to me: her own pure spirit frankly
Suggested it: her delicacy shunn'd
All explanation, lacking no excuse.
Thou askest if I heard her at thy entrance:
I heard her, like thyself. The words before
Thou didst not hear; I did. Her last appeal
Was for the wretched driven within the castle,
And doom'd to pine or force us to surrender.
For them she call'd upon thee, never else,
To pity her condition.
Del Balzo. Pardon me!
I have much wrong'd her. Yet, among the questioned
Were strange confessions. One alone spake scornfully
Amid her tortures.
Spinello. Is the torture, then,
The tongue of Truth?
Del Balzo. For once, I fear, 'tis not.
Spinello. It was Giovanna's resolute design
To issue her first edict through the land
Abolishing this horrid artifice,
Whereby the harden'd only can escape.
"The cruel best bear cruelty," said she,
"And those who often have committed it
May once go through it."
Del Balzo. And would'st thou, Spinello!
Thus lay aside the just restraints of law,
Abolishing what wise and holy men
Raised for the safeguard of society?
Spinello. The holy and the wise have done such things
As the unwise and the unholy shrink at.
Del Balzo. It might be thought a hardship in a country
Where laws want ingenuity; where scales,
Bandage, and sword, alone betoken Justice.
Ill-furbisht ineffective armoury,
With nothing but cross-shooting shafts of words!
Spinello. Since every deed like torture must afflict
A youthful breast, so mild, so sensitive,
Trust it to me, and we will then devise
How the event may best be laid before her.
Del Balzo. A clue was given by unwilling hands,
Wherewith we entered the dark narrow chambers
Of this strange mystery. Filippa first,
Interrogated if she knew the murderer,
Denied it: then, if she suspected any;
"I do," was her reply. Whom? She was silent.
Where should suspicion now (tell me, Spinello!)
Wander or fix? I askt her if the Queen
Was privy to the deed. Then swell'd her scorn.
Again I askt her, and I show'd the rack.
"Throw me upon it: I will answer thence."
Said with calm voice Filippa. She was rackt.
Screams from all round fill'd the whole vault.
"See, children!
How those who fear their God and love their Prince
Can bear this childish cruelty," said she.
Although no other voice escaped, the men
Trembled, the women wail'd aloud. "To-morrow,"
Said I, "Filippa! thou must answer Justice.
Release her." Still the smile was on her face:
She was releast: Death had come down and saved her.
Spinello. Faithfullest friend of the unhappy! plead
For us whose duty was to plead for thee!
Thou art among the Blessed! On, Del Balzo!
Del Balzo. Sancia, her daughter's child . .
Spinello. The playful Sancia?
Whose fifteenth birthday we both kept together . .
Was it the sixth or seventh of last March? . .
Terlizzi's bride two months ago? .
Del Balzo. The same.
Spinello. And the same fate?
Del Balzo. She never had seen Death:
She thought her cries could drive him off again,
Thought her soft lips might have relaxt the rigid,
And her warm tears . . .
Spinello. Del Balzo! wert thou there?
Or tearest thou such dreamery from some book,
If any book contain such?
Del Balzo. I was there;
And what I saw I ordered to be done.
Justice would have it; Justice smote my heart,
Justice sustained it too.
Spinello. Her husband would
Rather have died than hear one shriek from Sancia.
Del Balzo. So all men would: for never form so lovely
Lighted the air around it.
Spinello. Let us go
And bear her home.
Del Balzo. To me the way lies open;
But much I fear, Spinello, the Hungarians
Possess all avenue to thy escape.
Spinello. Escape is not the word for me, my friend.
I had forgotten the Hungarians
(It seems) the Queen, myself, captivity . .
I may not hence: relate then if more horrors
Succeeded.
Del Balzo. When Terlizzi saw Filippa
Lie stiff before him, and that gentle bride
Chafing her limbs, and shrinking with loud yells
Whenever her soft hand felt some swol'n sinew,
In hopes to finish here and save all else,
He cried aloud, "Filippa was the murderess."
At this she darted at him such a glance

As the mad only dart, and fell down dead.
"'Tis false! 'tis false!" cried he. "Speak, Sancia, speak!
Or hear me say 'tis false." They dragg'd away
The wavering youth, and fixt him. There he lies,
With what result of such inconstancy
I know not, but am going to inquire . .
If we detect the murderers, all these pains
Are well inflicted.
Spinello. But if not?
Del Balzo. The Laws
Have done their duty and struck fear through all.
Spinello. Alas! that duty seems their only one.
Del Balzo. Among the first 'tis surely. I must go
And gather up fresh evidence. Farewell,
Spinello!
Spinello. May good angels guide your steps!
Farewell! That Heaven should give the merciless
So much of power, the merciful so little!

ACT II.

SCENE I. CASTEL-NUOVO.

GIOVANNA *and* MARIA.

Maria. I do not like these windows. Who can see
What passes under? Never were contrived
Cleverer ones for looking at the sky,
Or hearing our Hungarians to advantage.
I can not think their songs are pastorals;
They may be; if they are, they are ill-set.
Will nothing do, Giovanna? Raise your eyes;
Embrace your sister.
Giovanna. So, you too, Maria!
Have turgid eyes, and feign the face of joy.
Never will joy be more with us . . with you
It may be . . O God grant it! but me! me,
Whom good men doubt, what pleasure can approach?
Maria. If good men all were young men, we might shudder
At silly doubts, like other silly things
Not quite so cold to shudder at.
Giovanna. Again,
Maria! I am now quite changed; I am
Your sister as I was, but O remember
I am (how lately!) my Andrea's widow.
Maria. I wish our little Sancia would come hither
With her Terlizzi . . those inseparables!
We scarcely could get twenty words from them
All the day long; we caught them after dinner,
And lost them suddenly as evening closed.
Giovanna. Send for her. But perhaps she is with Filippa. . .
Maria. Learning sedateness in the matron life.
Giovanna. Or may-be with the queen whose name she bears,
And who divides her love, not equally
With us, but almost equally.
Maria. If so,
No need to seek her; for the queen went forth
To San Lorenzo at the dawn of day,
And there upon the pavement she implores
Peace for the dead, protection for the living.
Giovanna. O may her prayers be heard!
Maria. If piety
Avails the living or the dead, they will.
Giovanna. How, how much calmer than thy sweetest smile
Has that thought made me! Evermore speak so,
And life will almost be as welcome to me
As death itself.
Maria. When sunshine glistens round,
And friends, as young as we are, sit beside us,
We smile at Death . . one rather grim indeed
And whimsical, but not disposed to hurt us . .
And give and take fresh courage. But, sweet sister!
The days are many when he is unwelcome,
And you will think so too another time.
'Tis chiefly in cold places, with old folks,
His features seem prodigiously amiss.
But Life looks always pleasant, sometimes more
And sometimes less so, but looks always pleasant,
And, when we cherish him, repays us well.
Sicily says it is the worst of sin
To cast aside what God hath given us,
And snatch at what he may hereafter give
In its due season . . scourges, and such comfits,
Cupboarded for Old-age. Youth has her games;
We are invited, and should ill refuse.
On all these subjects our sweet Sicily
Discourses with the wisdom of a man.
You are not listening: what avails our wisdom?
Giovanna. To keep afloat that buoyant little bark
Which swells endanger. O may never storm
O'ertake it! never worm unseen eat thro'!
Maria. I wish we were away from these thick walls,
And these high windows, and these church-like ceilings,
Without a cherub to look down on us,
Or play a prank up there, with psalter-book,
Or bishop's head, or fiddle, or festoon.
Giovanna. Be satisfied awhile: the nobler rooms
Are less secure against the violence
Of those Hungarians.
Maria. I saw one who bowed
Graceful as an Italian. "Send away
The men below," said I, "then bow again,
And we will try which bows most gracefully."
Giovanna. My giddy, giddy sister!
Maria. May my head
Be ever so, if crowns must steady it!
Giovanna. He might have thought . .
Maria. Not he; he never thinks.
He bowed and shook his head. His name is Psein.
Often hath he been here on guard before:
You must remember him.
Giovanna. No, not by name.
Maria. Effeminate and vain we fancied him,
Because he always had a flower in hand,
Or with his fingers combed his forehead hair.

Giovanna. No little merit in that sullen race.
Maria. If he has merit I will bring it out.
Giovanna. Resign that idle notion. Power is lost
By showing it too freely. When I want
His services, I order them. We part.
Too large a portion of the hour already
Has been among the living. Now I go
To other duties for the residue
Of this sad day.
Maria. Unwelcome is Maria
Where sorrow is?
Giovanna. Her sorrow is unwelcome;
Let me subdue my own; then come and join me.
Thou knowest where the desolate find one
Who never leaves them desolate. [*Goes.*
Maria. 'Tis hard
To linger here alone.
Officer. The Seneschal
Of Naples, Acciajoli.

SCENE II.

ACCIAJOLI *and* MARIA.

Acciajoli. By command
Of our most gracious queen, O royal lady!
I come for yours.
Maria. That is, to bear me company.
Acciajoli. Such only as the humblest bear the highest.
Maria. Seneschal! you excell the best in phrases.
You might let others be before you there,
Content to shine in policy and war.
Acciajoli. I have been placed where others would have shone.
Maria. Come, do not beat me now in modesty.
Had I done anything, I might not boast,
Nor should I think I was improving it
By telling an untruth and looking down.
I do not like our lodgement, nor much wish
To see an arrow quivering in that wainscote:
The floors are well enough; I would not see them
Paved with smooth pebbles from Hungarian slings.
Can not you send those soldiers to their quarters?
Acciajoli. In vain have I attempted it.
Maria. Send Psein
To me.
Acciajoli. He, like the rest, is an insurgent.
Civilest of barbarians, yet may Psein
(With horror I must utter it) refuse.
Maria. Fear of refusal has lost many a prize.
[ACCIAJOLI *goes.*
I hope the Seneschal will go himself,
Not send another. How I wisht to ask it!
But, at my years, to hint an act of delicacy
Is too indelicate. He has seen courts,
Turn'd over their loose leaves (each more than half
Illumination, dulness the remainder),
And knows them from the cover to the core.

SCENE III.

PSEIN *conducted by* ACCIAJOLI, *who retires.*

The queen commands my presence here.
Maria. The queen
Desired your presence; I alone command it.
Eyes have seen *you*, commander Psein!
Psein. Impossible!
Maria. Yes, eyes have seen you, general Psein! they have,
And seen that they can trust you.
Psein. By my troth
To all that's lovely!
Maria. Ah, sad man! swear not . .
Unless you swear my words.
Psein. To hear and swear
And treasure them within this breast, is one.
Maria (PSEIN *repeating*). "I swear to love and honour and obey" . .
Ha! not the hand . . it comes not quite so soon . .
Psein. I have but little practice in the form;
Pardon me, gracious lady!
Maria. Earn your pardon
By your obedience. Now repeat again.
"Whatever perils may obstruct her path,
I give safe-conduct to my royal mistress,
Giovanna, queen of Naples." (*He starts*). Have you taken
Me for my sister all this while? I told you
It was not she commanded you, 'twas I.
Psein. Oaths are sad things! I trot to church so seldom
They would not let me out of mine for little
(Not they!) like any good old customer.
Maria. And so! you would deceive me, general?
Psein (*aside*). I am appointed: that sounds well: but general!
She said the same before: it must be true.
Maria. Tell me at once, nor hesitate. Another
May reap the harvest while you whet the sickle.
Psein. But I have sworn to let none pass, before
The will of my superiors be announced.
Maria. Behold them here! their shadow fills this palace,
And in my voice, sir, is their will announced.
Psein. I swore.
Maria. I heard you.
Psein. But before.
Maria. Before
Disloyalty, now loyalty. Are brave
And gallant men to ponder in the choice?
Psein. Devoted as I am to you, O lady!
It can not be.
Maria. Is that the phrase of Psein?
We love the marvellous; we love the man
Who shows how things which can not be can be.
Give me this glove again upon the water,
And queen Giovanna shall reward you for it.
Psein. Upon the water or upon the fire,
The whirlpool or volcano . . By bad luck
(What fools men are! they always make their own!)
The troops are in revolt. Pride brightens zeal

But not invention. How shall we contrive
To manage them at present?
Maria. Tell the troops
We will have no revolts. Sure, with your powers
Of person and persuasion, not a man
Would hesitate to execute his duty.
Psein. We are but three..
Maria. We are but two: yet, Psein!
When two are resolute they are enough.
Now I am resolute, and so are you,
And if those soldiers dare to disobey
It is rank mutiny and halbert-matter.
Await the Seneschal: he now returns. [*Goes.*
Psein. She knows the laws of war as well as I,
And looks a young Minerva, tho' of Naples.

SCENE IV.

ACCIAJOLI *and* PSEIN.

Acciajoli. Sorrow and consternation are around.
Psein. Men could not have cried louder had they lost
Policinello, who begets them fun,
While princes but beget them blows and taxes.
When will they see things straightly, and give these
Their proper station?
Acciajoli. Have you not *your* king?
Psein. O! quite another matter! We have ours,
True; but his taxes are for us; and then
The blows..we give and take them, as may happen.
Acciajoli. We too may do the same, another day.
[PSEIN *expresses contempt.*
So! you imagine that your arms suffice
To keep this kingdom down! War is a game
Not of skill only, not of hazard only,
No, nor of both united.
Psein. What the ball
Is stuft with, I know not, nor ever lookt;
I only know it is the very game
I like to play at.
Acciajoli. Many are the chances.
Psein. Without the chances I would throw it up.
Play me at Naples only five to one,
I take the odds.
Acciajoli. All are not Neapolitans.
Psein. Then strike off three.
Acciajoli. Some Normans.
Psein. Then my sword
Must be well whetted and my horse well fed,
And my poor memory well poked for prayers.
And, hark ye! I should like one combatant
As well as twenty, of that ugly breed.
Lord Seneschal, be ready at your post.
Acciajoli. I trust I shall be.
Psein. At what hour?
Acciajoli. Not yet.
Psein. Ay, but the queen must fix it.
Acciajoli. She inclines
To peace.
Psein. I know it; but for flight ere peace.
Acciajoli. Flight is not in the movements of our queen.
Psein. Departure then.
Acciajoli. Sir! should she will departure,
Breasts are not wanting to repell the charge
Of traitor or intruder.
Psein. Here is one,
Lord Seneschal! as ready to defend her
As any mail'd with iron or claspt with gold.
Doubtest thou? Doubt no longer. [*Shows the glove.*
Acciajoli. Whose is that?
Psein. The names we venerate we rarely speak;
And love beats veneration out and out.
I will restore it at the vessel's side,
And ask it back again when she is safe
And the less happy lady whom you serve.
It then behoves me to retrace my steps
And rally my few countrymen for safety.

SCENE V.

A HERALD *enters.* PSEIN *goes.*

Acciajoli. Whence come you, sir?
Herald. From Gaeta.
Acciajoli. What duty?
Herald. To see the queen.
Acciajoli. The queen you can not see:
Her consort died too lately.
Herald. Therefor I
Must see the queen.
Acciajoli. If you bring aught that throws
Light upon that dark treason, speak at once.
Herald. The light must fall from Rome. Cola Rienzi,
Tribune of Rome, and arbiter of justice
To Europe, tarrying on the extremest verge
Of our dominions, to inspect the castles,
Heard the report, brought with velocity
Incredible, which man gave man along
The land, and ship gave ship along the coast.
Acciajoli. Then 'twas prepared: and those who spread the news
Perpetrated the deed.
Herald. Such promptitude
Could not escape the Tribune. He demands
The presence of Giovanna queen of Naples,
To plead her cause before him.
Acciajoli. Is Rienzi
A king? above a king?
Herald. Knowest thou not
Rienzi is the tribune of the people?
Acciajoli. Sir! we have yet to learn by what authority
He regulates the destiny of princes.
Herald. The wisest men have greatly more to learn
Than ever they have learnt: there will be children
Who in their childhood shall know more than we do.
Lord Seneschal! I am but citizen
In my own city, nor among the first,
But I am herald here, and, being herald,
Let no man dare to question me. The king

Of Hungary is cited to appear,
Since in his name are accusations made
By some at Naples, which your queen must answer.
Acciajoli. Her dignity and wisdom will decide,
I am well pleas'd that those around the castle
Threw no obstruction in your way.
Herald. The soldiers
Resisted my approach; but instantly
Two holy friars spread out their arms in front,
And they disparted like the Red-sea waves,
And grounded arms before me.
Acciajoli. Then no hinderance
To our most gracious queen, should she comply?
Herald. None; for Rienzi's name is spell against it.
Giovanna (*enters*). O! is there one to hear me patiently?
Let me fly to him!
Acciajoli. Hath our sovran heard
The order of Rienzi?
Giovanna. Call it not
An order, lest my people be incenst.
Herald. Lady! if plainly hath been understood
The subject of my mission, the few words
Containing it may be unread by me.
Therefor I place them duly in the hands
Of the lord seneschal. With brief delay
Your presence were desirable.
Giovanna. What time
Return you, sir?
Herald. This evening.
Giovanna. And by sea?
Herald. In the same bark which brought me.
Giovanna. If some ship
More spacious be now lying at the mole,
I will embark in that; if not, in yours,
And we will sail together. You have power
Which I have not in Naples; and the troops,
And those who seem to guide them, hear your words.
Herald. Lady! not mine; but there are some they hear.
Giovanna. Entreat them to let pass the wretched ones
Who fancied I could succour them within,
Whom famine must soon seize. Until they pass
I can not. Dear is fame to me; but far
Be Fame that stalks to us o'er hurried graves.
Lord Seneschal! see Rome's ambassador
Be duly honoured: then, whatever else
Is needful for departure, be prepared.

ACT III.

SCENE I. ROME. CAPITOL.

RIENZI *and the* POPE'S NUNCIO.

Nuncio. With infinite affliction, potent Tribune!
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontiff
Learns that Andrea, prince of Hungary,
Hath, in the palace of Aversa, been
Traitorously slain. Moreover, potent Tribune!
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontiff
Hears sundry accusations: and, until
The guilt or innocence of those accused
Be manifested, in such wise as He,
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontiff,
Shall deem sufficient, he requires that troops
March from his faithful city, and possess
Otranto and Taranto, Brindisi
And Benevento, Capua and Bari,
Most loving cities and most orthodox.
And some few towns and villages beside,
Yearning for peace in his paternal breast,
He would especially protect from tumult.
Laying his blessing on your head thro' me
The humblest of his servitors, thus speaks
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontiff.
Rienzi (*seated*). Lord Cardinal! no truer stay than me
Hath, on Italian or Provenzal ground,
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontiff.
The cares that I have taken off his hands
The wisdom of his holiness alone
Can measure and appreciate. As for troops,
That wisdom, seeing them so far remote,
Perhaps may judge somewhat less accurately.
The service of his Holiness requires
All these against his barons. Now, until
I hear the pleas of Hungary and Naples,
My balance is suspended. Those few cities,
Those towns and villages, awhile must yearn
For foren troops among them; but meantime
Having the blessing of his Holiness,
May wait contentedly for any greater
His Holiness shall opportunely grant.
Kissing the foot of his Beatitude,
Such, my lord Cardinal, is the reply
From his most faithful Cola di Rienzi,
Unworthy tribune of his loyal city.
Nuncio. We may discuss anew this weighty question
On which his Holiness's heart is moved.
Rienzi. If allocution be permitted me
To his most worthy Nuncio, let me say
The generous bosom would enfold about it
The friend, the neighbour, the whole human race,
And scarcely then rest satisfied. With all
These precious coverings round it, poisonous tongues
Can penetrate. We lowly men alone
Are safe, and hardly we. Who would believe it?
People have heretofore been mad enough
To feign ambition (of all deadly sins
Surely the deadliest) in our lord the pope's
Protecting predecessors! Their paternal
Solicitude these factious thus denounced.
Ineffable the pleasure I foretaste
In swearing to his Holiness what calm
Reluctance you exhibited; the same
His Holiness himself might have exprest,
In bending to the wishes of those cities
So orthodox and loving; and how fully
You manifested, by your faint appeal,
You sigh as deeply to decline, as they

Sigh in their fears and fondness to attain.
[NUNCIO *going.*
Help my lord cardinal. This weather brings
Stiffness of joints, rheums, shooting pains. Way
there!

SCENE II. CAPITOL.

RIENZI, ACCIAJOLI, PETRARCA, *and* BOCCACCIO.

Boccaccio. If there was ever upon throne one
mind
More pure than other, one more merciful,
One better stored with wisdom, of its own
And carried from without, 'tis hers, the queen's.
Exert, my dear Francesco, all that eloquence
Which kings and senates often have obeyed
And nations have applauded.
Petrarca. My Boccaccio!
Thou knowest Rome, thou knowest Avignon:
Altho' so brief a time the slave of power,
Rienzi is no longer what he was,
Popes are what they have ever been. They all
Have families for dukedoms to obey.
Boccaccio. O! had each holy father twenty wives
And each wife twenty children? then 'twere hard
To cut out dukedoms for so many mouths,
And the well-furred tiara could not hatch
So many golden goose-eggs under it.
Petrarca. We must unite our efforts.
Boccaccio. Mine could add
Little to yours: I am not eloquent.
Petrarca. Thou never hast received from any
court
Favour or place; I, presents and preferments.
Boccaccio. I am but little known: for dear to
me
As fame is, odious is celebrity.
Petrarca. I see not why it should be.
Boccaccio. If no eyes
In the same head are quite alike, ours may
Match pretty well, yet somewhat differ too.
Petrarca. Should days like yours waste far from
men and friends?
Boccaccio. Leave me one flame; then may my
breast dilate
To hold, at last, two (or almost two) friends:
One would content me: but we must, forsooth,
Speculate on more riches than we want.
Moreover, O Francesco! I should shrink
From scurril advocate, cross-questioning
Whom knew I in the palace? whence my know-
ledge?
How long? where first? whence introduced? for
what?
Since in all law-courts I have ever entered,
The least effrontery, the least dishonesty,
Has lain among the prosecuted thieves.
Petrarca. We can not now much longer hesitate;
He hath his eye upon us.
Boccaccio. Not on me;
He knows me not.
Petrarca. On me it may be then,
Altho' some years, no few have intervened
Since we last met.
Boccaccio. But frequent correspondence
Retains the features, nay, brings back the voice;
The very shoe creaks when the letter opens.
Petrarca. Rienzi was among those friends who
sooner
Forget than are forgotten.
Boccaccio. They who rise
Lose sight of things below, while they who fall
Grasp at and call for anything to help.
Petrarca. I own I cease to place reliance on him.
Virtue and Power take the same road at first,
But they soon separate, and they meet no more.
Usher. The Tribune, ser Francesco! claims
your presence.
Rienzi. Petrarca! pride of Italy! most welcome!
Petrarca. Tribune of Rome! I bend before the
fasces.
Rienzi. No graver business in this capitol,
Or in the forum underneath its walls,
Or in the temples that once rose between,
Engaged the thoughts of Rome. No captive queen
Comes hither, none comes tributary, none
Courting dominion or contesting crown.
Thou knowest who submits her cause before
The majesty that reigns within this court.
Petrarca. Her, and her father, and his father
knew I,
Nor three more worthy of my love and honor
(Tho' born to royalty) adorn our earth.
Del Balzo hath supplied the facts: all doubts
On every side of them hath Acciajoli
Clear'd up.
Rienzi. But some will spring where others fall,
When intellect is strongly exercised.
Petrarca. The sources of our intellect lie deep
Within the heart; what rises to the brain
Is spray and efflorescence; they dry up.
Rienzi. However, we must ponder. So then
truly,
Petrarca! thou dost think her innocent?
Petrarca. Thou knowest she is innocent, Rienzi!
Write then thy knowledge higher than my belief:
The proofs lie there before thee.
Rienzi. But these papers
Are ranged against them.
Petrarca. Weigh the characters
Of those who sign them.
Rienzi. Here the names are wanting.
Petrarca. Remove the balance then, for none
is needed.
Against Del Balzo, upright, stern, severe,
What evidence can struggle?
Rienzi. From Del Balzo
The queen herself demands investigation
Into the crime, and bids him spare not one
Partaker.
Pertraca. Worthy of her race! Now ask
If I believe her guiltless.
Rienzi. May we prove it!
Acciajoli. She shall herself, if needful. Should
more answers
Be wanted from me, I am here before
That high tribunal where the greatest power
And wisdom are united; where the judge

Gives judgment in the presence of such men
As Rome hath rarely seen in ancient days,
Never in later. What they hear, the world
Will hear thro' future ages, and rejoice
That he was born in this to raise an arm
Protecting such courageous innocence.

Rienzi. Lord Seneschal of Naples, Acciajoli!
We have examined, as thou knowest, all
The documents before us, and regret
That death withholds from like examination
(Whether as witnesses or criminals)
Some inmates of your court, the most familiar
With queen Giovanna.

Acciajoli. Did she then desire
Their death? as hidden enemies accuse her
Of one more awful. I presume the names
Of the young Sancia, count Terlizzi's bride,
And hers who educated that pure mind
By pointing out Giovanna, two years older,
Filippa of Catana.

Rienzi. They are gone
Beyond our reach.

Acciajoli. Sent off, no doubt, by one
Who loved them most, who most loved her! sent off
After their tortures, whether into Scotland
Or Norway or Laponia, the same hand
Who wrote those unsign'd papers may set forth.

Rienzi. I cannot know their characters.

Acciajoli. I know them
Loyal and wise and virtuous.

Rienzi. But Filippa
Guided, 'tis said, the counsels of king Robert.

Acciajoli. And were those counsels evil? If they were,
How happens it that both in life and death
The good king Robert was his appellation?

Rienzi. How many kings are thrust among the stars
Who had become the whipping-post much better?

Acciajoli. Was Robert one?

Rienzi. We must confess that Robert
Struck down men's envy under admiration.

Acciajoli. If then Filippa guided him, what harm?

Rienzi. She might have fear'd that youth would less obey
Her prudent counsels than experience did.

Acciajoli. Well might she: hence for many a year her cares
Have been devoted to our queen's instruction,
Together with queen Sancia, not without:
And neither of these ladies (I now speak
As president) have meddled with our councils.

Rienzi. When women of low origin are guides
To potentates of either sex, 'tis ill.

Acciajoli. I might have thought so; but Filippa showed
That female wisdom much resembles male;
Gentler, not weaker; leading, not controlling.
Again! O tribune! touching low estate.
More vigorously than off the downier cradle
From humble crib springs up the lofty mind.

Rienzi. Strong arguments, and cogent facts, are these! [*To an Usher.*
Conduct the queen of Naples into court.

Acciajoli. That, by your leave, must be my office, sir!

SCENE III.

RIENZI, ACCIAJOLI, GIOVANNA, *and* PRIOR *of the* CELESTINES.

Rienzi. Giovanna, queen of Naples! we have left you
A pause and space for sorrow to subside;
Since, innocent or guilty, them who lose
So suddenly the partner of their hours,
Grief seizes on, in that dark interval.
Pause too and space were needful, to explore
On every side such proofs as may acquit
Of all connivance at the dreadful crime
A queen so wise, and held so virtuous,
So just, so merciful. It can not be
(We hope) that she who would have swept away
Play-things of royal courts and monkish cells,
The instruments of torture, that a queen
Who in her childhood visited the sick,
Nor made a luxury or pomp of doing it,
Who placed her little hand, as we have heard,
In that where fever burnt, nor feared contagion,
Should slay her husband.

Acciajoli. Faintness overpowers her,
Not guilt. The racks you spoke of, O Rienzi!
You have applied, and worse than those you spoke of.

Rienzi. Gladly I see true friends about her.

Acciajoli. Say
About her not; say in her breast she finds
The only friend she wants . . her innocence.

Rienzi. People of Rome! your silence, your attention,
Become you. With like gravity our fathers
Beheld the mighty and adjudged their due.
Sovran of Naples, Piedemont, and Provence,
Among known potentates what other holds
Such wide dominions as this lady here,
Excepting that strong islander whose sword
Has cut France thro', and lies o'er Normandy,
Anjou, Maine, Poictou, Brittany, Touraine,
And farthest Gascony; whose hilt keeps down
The Grampians, and whose point the Pyrenees!
Listen! she throws aside her veil, that all
May hear her voice, and mark her fearless mien.

Giovanna. I say not, O Rienzi! I was born
A queen; nor say I none but God alone
Hath right to judge me. Every man whom God
Endows with judgment arbitrates my cause.
For of that crime am I accused which none
Shall hide from God or man. All are involved
In guilt who aid, or screen, or spare, the guilty.
Speak, voice of Rome! absolve me or condemn,
As proof, or, proof being absent, probability,
Points on the scroll of this dark tragedy.
Speak, and spare not: fear nought but mighty minds,
Nor those, unless where lies God's shadow, truth.

Rienzi. Well hast thou done, O queen, and wisely chosen
Judge and defenders. Thro' these states shall none
Invade thy realm. I find no crime in thee.
Hasten to Naples! for against its throne
Ring powerful arms and menace thy return.
[ACCIAJOLI *leads the Queen out.*
Prior of the Celestines. Thou findest in that wily queen no crime.
So be it! and 'tis well. But tribune, know,
Ill chosen are the praises thou bestowest
On her immunity from harm, in touching
The fever'd and infected. She was led
Into such places by unholy hands.
I come not an accuser: I would say
Merely, that Queen Giovanna was anointed
By the most potent sorceress, Filippa
The Catanese.
Rienzi. Anointed Queen?
Prior. Her palms
Anointed, so that evil could not touch them.
Filippa, with some blacker spirits, helpt
To cure the sick, or comfort them unduly.
Rienzi. Among the multitude of sorceresses
I find but very few such sorceries,
And, if the Church permitted, would forgive them.
Prior. In mercy we, in mercy, should demur.
Rienzi. How weak is human wisdom! what a stay
Is such stout wicker-work about the fold!
Prior. Whether in realms of ignorance, in realms
By our pure light and our sure faith unblest,
Or where the full effulgence bursts from Rome,
No soul, not one upon this varied earth,
Is unbeliever in the power of sorcery:
How certain then its truth, the universal
Tongue of mankind, from east to west, proclaims.
Rienzi. With reverential and submissive awe,
People of Rome! leave we to holy Church
What comes not now before us, nor shall come,
While matters which our judgments can decide
Are question'd, while crown'd heads are bowed before us.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. RIENZI'S OWN APARTMENT IN THE CAPITOL.

RIENZI, FRIAR ANSELMO, *and poor* NEAPOLITANS.

Rienzi. Who creeps there yonder with his fingers folded?
Hither; what wantest thou? who art thou, man?
Anselmo. The humblest of the humble, your Anselmo.
Rienzi. Mine?
Anselmo. In all duty.
Rienzi. Whence art thou?
Anselmo. From Naples.
Rienzi. What askest thou?
Anselmo. In the most holy names
Of Saint Euphemia and Saint Cunigund!
And in behalf of these poor creatures ask I
Justice and mercy.
Rienzi. On what count?
Anselmo. On life.
Rienzi. Who threatens it in Rome?
Anselmo. In Rome none dare
Under the guardianship of your tribunal.
But Naples is abandoned to her fate
By those who ruled her. Those, alas! who ruled her
Heaven has abandoned. Crimes, outrageous crimes,
Have swept them from their people. We alone
In poverty are left for the protection
Of the more starving populace. O hear,
Merciful Tribune! hear their cries for bread!
[*All cry out.*
Anselmo (*to them*). Ye should not have cried now, ye fools! and choak ye!
Rienzi. That worthy yonder looks well satisfied:
All of him, but his shoulder, seems at ease.
Anselmo. Tommaso! art thou satisfied?
Tommaso. Not I.
A fish upon my bread, at least on Friday,
Had done my body and my soul some good,
And quicken'd one and t'other at thanksgiving.
Anchovies are rare cooks for garlic, master!
[*To* RIENZI.
Anselmo. I sigh for such delusion.
Rienzi. So do I.
How came they hither?
Anselmo. By a miracle.
Rienzi. My honest friends! what can we do for you
At Rome?
Anselmo. Speak. Does the Devil gripe your tongues?
Mob. We crave our daily bread from holy hands,
And from none other.
Rienzi. Then your daily bread
Ye will eat hot, and delicately small.
Frate Anselmo, what means this?
Anselmo. It means,
O tribune! that the lady, late our queen,
Hath set aside broad lands and blooming gardens
For hospitals; which, with unrighteous zeal,
She builds with every church. There *Saint Antonio*
Beyond the gate of Capua! there *Saint Martin*
On *Mount Saint-Eremo!* there *Saint Maria Incoronata!* All their hospitals!
No one hath monastery! no one nuns!
Rienzi. Hard, hard upon you! But what means were yours
To bring so many supplicants so long
A journey with you?
Anselmo. 'Twas a miracle.
Rienzi. Miracles never are of great duration.
Hurry then back! Hurry ye while it lasts!
I would not spoil it with occult supplies,
I reverence holy men too much for that,
And leave them to the only power above them.
Possibly quails and manna may not cross you

If you procrastinate. But, setting out
To-morrow, by whichever gate seems luckiest,
And questioning your honest mules discreetly,
I boldly answer for it, ye shall find
By their mild winking (should they hold their tongues)
The coin of our lord Clement on the back
Of one or other, in some well-thonged scrip.
Anselmo (*aside*). Atheist!
Tommaso. Ah no, father! Atheists
Never lift up their eyes as you and he do.
[*Going together*.
I know one in a twinkling. For example,
Cosimo Cappa was one. He denied
A miracle his mother might have seen
Not twelve miles from his very door, when she
Was heavy with him; and the saint who work't it,
To make him one, cost thirteen thousand ducats.
There was an atheist for you! that same Cappa . .
I saw him burnt . . a fine fresh lusty man.
I warrant I remember it: I won
A heap of chesnuts on that day at morra.
A sad poor place this Rome! look where you will,
No drying paste here dangles from the windows
Across the sunny street, to make it cheerful;
And much I doubt if, after all its fame,
The nasty yellow river breeds anchovies.

SCENE II. RIENZI'S OWN APARTMENT IN THE CAPITOL.

RIENZI *and his* WIFE.

Rienzi. I have been sore perplext, and still am so.
Wife. Yet falsehood drops from truth, as quicksilver
From gold, and ministers to purify it.
Rienzi. The favour of the people is uncertain.
Wife. Gravely thou givest this intelligence.
Thus there are people in a northern ile
Who tell each other that the weather changes,
And, when the sun shines, say the day looks bright,
And, when it shines not, there are clouds above.
Rienzi. Some little fief, some dukedom, we'll suppose,
Might shelter us against a sudden storm.
Wife. Not so: we should be crusht between two rocks,
The people and the barons. Both would hate thee,
Both call thee traitor, and both call thee truly.
Rienzi. When we stand high, the shaft comes slowly up;
We see the feather, not the point; and that
Loses what venom it might have below.
Wife. I thought the queen of Naples occupied
Thy mind entirely.
Rienzi. From the queen of Naples
My hopes originate. The pope is willing
To grant me an investiture when I
Have given up to him, by my decree,
Some of her cities.
Wife. Then it is untrue
Thou hast acquitted her of crime.
Rienzi. I did;
But may condemn her yet: the king of Hungary
Is yet unheard: there are strong doubts: who knows
But stronger may arise! My mind misgives.
Tell me thou thinkest her in fault. One word
Would satisfy me.
Wife. *Not* in fault, thou meanest.
Rienzi. In fault, in fault, I say.
Wife. No, not in fault,
Much less so foully criminal.
Rienzi. O! could I
Absolve her!
Wife. If her guilt be manifest,
Absolve her not; deliver her to death.
Rienzi. From what the pope and king of Hungary
Adduce . . at present not quite openly . .
I must condemn her.
Wife. Dost thou deem her guilty?
Rienzi. O God! I wish she were! I must condemn her!
Wife. Husband! art thou gone mad?
Rienzi. None are much else
Who mount so high, none can stand firm, none look
Without a fear of falling: and, to fall! . .
No, no, 'tis not, 'tis not the worst disgrace.
Wife. What hast thou done? Have thine eyes seen corruption?
Rienzi. Thinkest thou gold could move Rienzi! gold
(Working incessantly demoniac miracles)
Could chain down Justice, or turn blood to water!
Wife. Who scorns the ingot may not scorn the mine.
Gold may not move thee, yet what brings gold may.
Ambition is but avarice in mail,
Blinder, and often weaker. Is there strength,
Cola! or speed, in the oblique and wry?
Of blood turn'd into water talkest thou?
Take heed thou turn not water into blood
And show the pure impure. If thou do this,
Eternal is the stain upon thy hand;
Freedom thro' thee will be the proud man's scoff,
The wise man's problem; even the slave himself
Will rather bear the scourge than trust the snare.
Thou hast brought large materials, large and solid,
To build thy glory on: if equity
Be not the base, lay not one stone above.
Thou hast won the influence over potent minds,
Relax it not. Truth is a tower of strength,
No Babel one: it may be rais'd to heaven
And will not anger God.
Rienzi. Who doubts my justice?
Wife. Thyself. Who prosecutes the criminal?
Thyself. Who racks the criminal? Thyself.
Unhappy man! how maim'd art thou! what limb
Proportionate! what feature undisfigured!
Go, bathe in porphyry . . thy leprosy
Will never quit thee: thou hast eaten fruit
That brings all sins, and leaves but death behind.

Rienzi. But hear me.
Wife. I have heard thee, and such words
As one who loves thee never should have heard.
Rienzi. I must provide against baronial power
By every aid, external and internal,
For, since my elevation, many friends
Have fallen from me.
Wife. Throw not off the rest.
What! is it then enough to stand before
The little crags and sweep the lizards down
From their warm basking-place with idle wand,
While under them the drowsy panther lies
Twitching his paw in his dark lair, and waits
Secure of springing when thy back is turned?
Popular power can stand but with the people:
Let them trust none a palm above themselves,
For sympathy in high degrees is frozen.
Rienzi. Such are my sentiments.
Wife. Thy sentiments!
They were thy passion. Are they sentiments?
Go! there's the distaff in the other room.
Rienzi. Thou blamed'st not what seemed ambition in me.
Wife. Because it gave thee power to bless thy country.
Stood tribunitial ever without right?
Sat ever papal without perfidy?
O tribune! tribune! whom weak woman teaches!
If thou deceivest men, go, next enslave them;
Else is no safety. Would'st thou that?
Rienzi. To make
Any new road, some plants there must be crusht,
And not the higher only, here and there.
Whoever purposes great good, must do
Some partial evil.
Wife. Thou hast done great good
Without that evil yet. Power in its prime
Is beautiful, but sickened by excess
Collapses into loathsomeness; and scorn
Shrivels to dust its fierce decrepitude.
Rienzi. Am I deficient then in manly deeds,
Or in persuasion?
Wife. Of all manly deeds
Oftentimes the most honest are the bravest,
And no persuasion so persuades as truth.
Rienzi. Peace! peace! confound me not.
Wife. The brave, the wise,
The just, are never, even by foes, confounded.
Promise me but one thing. If in thy soul
Thou thinkest this young woman free from blame,
Thou wilt absolve her, openly, with honour,
Whatever Hungary, whatever Avignon,
May whisper or may threaten.
Rienzi. If my power
Will bear it; if the sentence will not shake
This scarlet off my shoulder.
Wife. Cola! Cola!

SCENE III. TRIBUNAL IN THE CAPITOL.

RIENZI, CITIZENS, &c.

Citizen. There is a banner at the gates.
Rienzi. A banner!
Who dares hoist banner at the gates of Rome!
Citizen. A royal crown surmounts it.
Rienzi. Down with it!
Citizen. A king, 'tis said, bears it himself in hand.
Rienzi. Trample it in the dust, and drag him hither.
What are those shouts? Look forth.
Usher (*having looked out*). The people cry
Around four knights who bear a sable flag:
One's helm is fashion'd like a kingly crown.
Rienzi. Strike off his head who let the accursed symbol
Of royalty come within Roman gate:
See this be done: then bind the bold offenders.
[LEWIS *of* HUNGARY *enters.*
Who art thou?
Lewis. King of Hungary.
Rienzi. What brings thee?
Lewis. Tribune! thou knowest well what brings me hither.
Fraternal love, insulted honour, bring me.
Thinkest thou I complain of empty forms
Violated to chafe me? thinkest thou
Tis that I waited in the port of Trieste
For invitation to my brother's wedding,
Nor invitation came, nor embassy?
Now creaks the motive. Silly masquerade
Usurpt the place of tilt and tournament;
No knight attended from without, save one,
Our cousin of Taranto: why he came,
Before all earth the dire event discloses.
Rienzi. Lewis of Hungary! it suits not us
To regulate the laws of chivalry
Or forms of embassies. We know there may be
Less folly in the lightest festival
Than in the sternest and severest war.
Patiently have we heard; as patiently
Hear thou, in turn, the accused as the accuser;
Else neither aid nor counsel hope from me.
Lewis. I ask no aid of thee, I want no counsel,
I claim but justice: justice I will have,
I will have vengeance for my brother's death.
Rienzi. My brother too was murdered. Was my grief
Less deep than thine? If greater my endurance,
See what my patience brought me! all these friends
Around, and thee, a prince, a king, before me.
Hear reason, as becomes a Christian knight.
Lewis. Ye always say to those who suffer wrong,
Hear reason! Is not that another wrong?
He who throws fuel on a fiery furnace
Cries, *Wait my signal for it! blaze not yet!*
Issue one edict more; proclame, O tribune,
Heat never shall be fire, nor fire be flame.
Rienzi. King Lewis! I do issue such an edict
(Absurd as thou mayest deem it) in this place.
Hell hath its thunders, loud and fierce as Heaven's,
Heaven is more great and glorious in its calm:
In this clear region is the abode of Justice.
Lewis. Was it well, tribune, to have heard the cause,
Nay and to have decided it, before

Both sides were here? The murderess hath departed,
And may have won her city from the grasp
Of my brave people, who avenge their prince,
The mild Andrea. Justice I will have,
I will have vengeance.
Rienzi. Every man may ask
If what I do is well: and angry tones,
Tho' unbecoming, are not unforgiven
Where virtuous grief bursts forth. But, king of Hungary,
We now will change awhile interrogations.
I ask thee was it well to bring with thee
Into our states a banner that blows up
The people into fury? and a people
Not subject to thy sceptre or thy will?
We knew not of thy coming. When thy friends
In Naples urged us to decide the cause,
'Twas in thy name, as guardian to thy brother,
Bringing against the queen such accusations,
And so supported, that we ordered her
To come before us and defend herself.
She did it, nor delayed. The cardinal
Bishop of Orvieto and the Cardinal
Del Sangro on their part, on hers Del Balzo
And Acciajoli, have examined all
The papers, heard the witnesses, and signed
Their sentence under each. These we suggest
To the approval of thy chancery.
Lewis. Chanceries were not made for murderesses.
Rienzi. I am not learned like the race of kings,
Yet doth my memory hold the scanty lore
It caught betimes, and there I find it written,
Not in Hungarian nor in Roman speech,
Vengeance is mine. We execute the laws
Against the disobedient, not against
Those who submit to our award. The queen
Of Naples hath submitted. She is free,
Unless new proof and stronger be adduced
To warrant her recall into my presence.
Lewis. Recall'd she shall be then, and proof adduced.
Rienzi. We have detected falsehood in its stead.
Lewis. I will have justice, come it whence it may.
Rienzi. Cecco Mancino! read the law against
Those who accuse maliciously or lightly.
Mancino (*reads*). "Who shall accuse another, nor make good
His accusation, shall incur such fine,
Or such infliction of the scourge, as that
False accusation righteously deserves."
Rienzi. Fine cannot satisfy the wrongs that royalty
Receives from royalty.
Lewis. Wouldst thou inflict
The scourge on kings?
Rienzi. The lictor would, not I.
Lewis. What insult may we not expect ere long!
And yet we fare not worst from demagogues.
Those who have risen from the people's fist
Perch first upon their shoulders, then upon
Their heads, and then devour their addled brain.
Rienzi. We have seen such of old.
Lewis. Hast thou seen one
True to his feeder where power whistled shriller,
Shaking the tassels and the fur before him?
Rienzi. History now grows rather dim with me,
And memory less vivacious than it was:
No time for hawks, no tendency to hounds!
Lewis. Cold sneers are your calm judgments! Here at Rome
To raise false hopes under false promises
Is wisdom! and on such do we rely!
Rienzi. Wisdom with us is not hereditary,
Nor brought us from the woods in ermine-skins,
Nor pinned upon our tuckers ere we chew,
Nor offered with the whistle on bent knee,
But, King of Hungary! we can and do
In some reward it and in all revere;
We have no right to scoff at it, thou hast.
Cecco Mancino!
Mancino. Tribune most august!
Rienzi (*turning his back, and pointing to the eagles over his tribunal*). Furl me that flag.
Now place it underneath
The eagles there. When the king goes, restore it.
[*Walks down from the tribunal.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. PALACE ON THE SHORE NEAR NAPLES.

GIOVANNA, ACCIAJOLI, DEL BALZO, LUIGI OF TARANTO, KNIGHTS.

Acciajoli. My queen! behold us in your native land
And lawful realm again!
Giovanna. But other sounds
Than greeted me in earlier days I hear,
And other sights I see; no friends among them
Who guided me in childhood, warn'd in youth,
And were scathed off me when that thunderbolt
Fell down between us. Are they lost so soon!
So suddenly! Why could they not have come!
[*To* DEL BALZO.
Where is Filippa? where Terlizzi? where
Maternal Sancia?
Del Balzo. Such her piety,
Nor stranger nor insurgent hath presumed
To throw impediment before her steps.
For friends alike and enemies her prayers
Are daily heard among the helpless crowd,
But loudest for Giovanna; at which name,
Alone she bends upon the marble floor
That saintly brow, and stirs the dust with sighs.
Giovanna (*to Acciajoli*). Arms only keep her from me. Whose are yonder?
Acciajoli. I recognise Calabrian; Tarantine.
Giovanna. Ah me! suspicion then must never cease!
Never, without Luigi, Tarantine
Arms glitter in the field. Even without him
(Which can not be) his troops in my defence

Would move again those odious thoughts, among
My easy people, guileless and misled.
Del Balzo. His duty and his fealty enforce
What loyalty and honour would persuade.
Taranto is a fief: Taranto's prince
Must lead his army where his suzerein
Commands, or where, without commanding, needs.
Acciajoli. He can not see your city in your absence
A prey to lawless fury, worse than war.
Del Balzo. Ay, and war too: for those who came as pilgrims
And penitents, to kiss the holy frock
Of father Rupert, spring up into soldiers;
And thus are hundreds added to the guards
Which that most powerful friar placed around
Him whom we mourn for. Three strong companies
(Once only eight score each) are form'd within
The conquered city. Canopies of state
Covered with sable cloth parade the streets,
And crucifixes shed abundant blood
Daily from freshened wounds; and virgins' eyes
Pour torrents over faces drawn with grief.
What saint stands unforgotten? what uncall'd?
Unincenst? Many have come forth and walkt
Among the friars, many shouted loud
For vengeance. Even Luigi's camp stood wavering.
Only when first appeared your ship afar,
And over the white sail the sable flag,
Flapping the arms of Anjou, Naples, Hungary,
'Twas only then the rising mutiny
Paus'd, and subsided; only then Luigi,
Pointing at that trine pennant, turn'd their rage
Into its course.
Acciajoli. Perhaps the boat I see
Crossing the harbour, may bring some intelligence;
Perhaps he may, himself . .
Giovanna. No! not before . .
No! not at present . . . Must I be ungrateful?
Never! . . ah, must I seem so?

SCENE II.

An Old Knight. From the prince
Commanding us, O lady! I am here
To lay his homage at his liege's feet.
He bids me say, how, at the first approach
Of that auspicious vessel, which brought hither
Before her city's port its lawful queen,
His troops demanded battle. In one hour
He places in your royal hands the keys
Of your own capital, or falls before it.
Giovanna. God grant he fall not! O return! return!
Tell him there are enow . . without, within . .
And were there not enow . . persuade, implore . .
Show how Taranto wants him; his own country,
His happy people . . they must pine without him!
O miserable me! O most ungrateful!
Tell him I can not see him . . I am ill . .
The sea disturbs me . . my head turns, aches, splits . .
I can not see him . . say it, sir! repeat it.
Knight. May-be, to-morrow . . .
Giovanna. Worse, to-morrow! worse!
Sail back again . . say everything . . thanks, blessings.
Knight. Too late! Those thundering shouts are our assault . .
It was unfair without me; it was hard . .
Those are less loud.
Giovanna. Luigi is repulst!
Perhaps is slain! slain if repulst . . he said it.
Yes; those faint shouts . . .
Knight. Lady, they are less loud
Because the walls are between him and us.
Giovanna (*falls on her knees*). O! every saint in heaven be glorified!
Which, which hath saved him? [*Rises.*] Yet, O sir! if walls
Are between him and us, then he is where
His foes are! That is not what you intend!
What is it? Cries again!
Knight. Not one were heard
Had our prince dropt. The fiercest enemy
Had shrunk appall'd from such majestic beauty
Falling from heaven upon the earth beneath;
And his own people with closed teeth had fought.
Not for their lives, but for his death: no such
Loud acclamation, lady! had been heard,
But louder woe and wailing from the vanquisht.
Giovanna (*aside*). Praises to thee, O Virgin! who concealedst
So kindly all my fondness, half my fears!
Acciajoli. The dust is rising nearer. Who rides hither
In that black scarf? with something in his hand
Where the sword should be. 'Tis a sword, I see,
In form at least. The dust hangs dense thereon,
Adhesive, dark.
Del Balzo. Seneschal! it was brighter
This morning, I would swear for it.
Acciajoli. He throws
The bridle on the mane. He comes.
Del Balzo. He enters . .
We shall hear all.

SCENE III.

Luigi of Taranto (*throwing up his vizor*). Pardon this last disguise!
There was no time to take my vizor off,
Scarcely to throw my sword down in the hall.
My royal cousin! let a worthier hand
Conduct you to the city you have won,
The city of your fathers.
Giovanna. O Luigi!
None worthier, none more loyal, none more brave.
Cousin! by that dear name I do adjure you!
Let others . . these my friends and ministers . .
Conduct me to the city you have won,
The city of your fathers, as of mine.
Let none who carried arms against the worst
Of my own people (for the very worst
Have only been misguided) come into it
With me, or after. Well thou governest

Thy vassals, O Luigi! Be thy dukedom
Increast in all the wealth my gratitude
Can add thereto, in chases, castles, towns;
But hasten, hasten thither! There are duties
(Alas! thou knowest like ourselves what duties)
I must perform. Should ever happier days
Shine on this land, my people will remember,
With me, they shine upon it from Taranto.

FRA RUPERT.

MALE CHARACTERS.

URBAN, *Pope*. BUTELLO, *his nephew*. CHARLES II., OF DURAZZO. OTHO, *husband of Giovanna*. FRA RUPERT. MAXIMIN. STEPHEN, *a shepherd*. HERALD. PAGE. MONK. CHANCELLOR. HIGH STEWARD. LORD CHAMBERLAIN. COUNSELLORS, SECRETARIES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

GIOVANNA, *Queen*. MARGARITA, *her niece, wife of Charles*. AGNES OF DURAZZO. AGATHA, *sister of Maximin*.

ACT I.

SCENE I. VATICAN.

URBAN. DURAZZO.

Urban. Charles of Durazzo! I have found thee worthy
To wear not only ducal coronet,
But in that potent, in that faithful hand,
To wield the royal sceptre.
Durazzo. Holy father!
I am half-ready to accept the charge,
When it befalls me, studying your content.
Urban. So be it. The crown of Naples is now vacant.
Durazzo. Good heavens! is then my mother (let me call her
Even my mother, by whose bounteousness
My fortunes grew, my youth was educated)
Giovanna! is she dead?
Urban. To virtuous deeds,
Like those, she long hath been so.
Durazzo. His Beatitude,
The predecessor of your Holiness,
Who through her hands received his resting-place
At Avignon, when Italy rebell'd,
Absolved her from that heavy accusation
Her enemy the Hungarian brought against her.
Urban. I would not make Infallibility
Fallible, nor cross-question the absolved,
I merely would remove that stumbling-block
The kingdom from her.
Durazzo. Let another then
Aid such attempt.
Urban. Another shall.
Durazzo. Another
Nearer in blood is none.
Urban. Ere long, Durazzo,
I may look round and find one, if not nearer
In blood, yet fitter to perform the duties
Imposed on him by me.
Durazzo. None, holy father!
Is fitter.
Urban. Easy then are the conditions.
I would not place Butello, my own nephew,
Altho' deserving, and altho' besought
By many of the Neapolitans,
By many of the noble and the powerful
In every city of that realm, not him,
Durazzo! would I place, against thy interests,
So high. But haply from thy gratitude
Accept I might in his behalf a dukedom
Or petty principality, dependent
Upon our See, or (may-be) independent;
For there are some who fain would have things so.
We must content the nations of the earth,
Whom we watch over, and who look to us
For peace and quiet in the world we rule.
Why art thou beating time so with thy foot
At every word I speak? why look so stern
And jerk thy head and rest thy hand on hip?
Thou art determin'd on it, art not thou?
Durazzo. I can not, will not, move her from her seat,
So help me, God!
Urban. Impious young man! reflect!
I give thee time; I give thee all to-morrow.

SCENE II. A STREET IN NAPLES.

MAXIMIN. AGATHA.

Agatha (to herself.) 'Twas he! 'twas father Rupert.
Maximin (overhearing). Well! what then?
What wouldst thou with him? thou must wait his leisure:
I have some business first with father Rupert.
Agatha (gazing anxiously). Can it be? can it be?
Maximin. Have not men sins
As well as women? have not we our shrivers,
Our scourers, soderers, calkers, and equippers?
Agatha (embracing him). Forbear! O, for the love of God, forbear!
Heed him not, Maximin! or he will cast
Thy soul into perdition; he has mine.
Maximin. And who art thou, good woman?
Agatha. That fair name
Is mostly given with small courtesy,
As something tost at us indifferently
Or scornfully by higher ones. Thy sister
Was what thou callest her; and Rupert knows it.
Maximin. My sister? how! I had but Agatha.
Agatha!
Agatha. Maximin! we have not met
Since that foul day whose damps fell not on thee,
But fill'd our father's house while thou wert absent.
Thou, brother! brother! couldst not save my peace,

Let me save thine. He used to call me daughter,
And he may call thee son.
Maximin. The very word!
He began fathering early: seven years old
At most was father Rupert. Holy names
Are covered ways . .
Agatha. . . To most unholy deeds.
Maximin. I see it; say no more: my sword is reddening
With blood that runs not yet, but soon shall run.
Agatha. Talk not thus loud, nor thus, nor here.
Maximin. Cross then
Over the way to that old sycamore;
The lads have left off playing at pallone.
I found out long ago his frauds, his treasons,
His murders; and he meditates a worse.
Agatha! let me look into thine eyes,
Try to be glad to see me: lift them up,
Nay, do not drop them, they are gems to me,
And make me very rich with only looking.
Thou must have been most fair, my Agatha!
And yet I am thy brother! Who would think it?
Agatha. Nor time nor toil deforms man's countenance,
Crime only does it: 'tis not thus with ours.
Kissing the seven nails burnt in below
Thy little breast, before they well had healed,
I thought thee still more beautiful with them.
Maximin. Those precious signs might have done better for me.
Agatha. Only the honest are the prosperous.
Maximin. A little too on that side hath slipt off.
Agatha. Recover it.
Maximin. How can I?
Agatha. Save the innocent.
Maximin. But whom?
Agatha. Giovanna.
Maximin. Is the queen in danger?
Agatha. Knowest thou not?
Maximin. Hide we away our knowledge;
It may do harm by daylight. I stand sentry
In many places at one time, and wink,
But am not drowsy. Trust me, she is safe.
And thou art then our Agatha! 'Twould do
Our mother good, were she alive, to find thee;
For her last words were "Agatha, where art thou?"
Agatha. Oh! when our parents sorrow for our crimes,
Then is the sin complete.
Maximin. She sorrows not,
And 'tis high time that thou should'st give it over.
Agatha. Alas! our marrow, sinews, veins, dry up,
But not our tears; they start with infancy,
Run on through life, and swell against the grave.
Maximin. I must now see Fra Rupert. Come thou after.
He shall admit thee. Pelt him with reproaches,
Then will I . .
Agatha. Brother! not for these came I,
But to avert one crime from his o'erladen
Devoted head. He hath returned . .
Maximin. . . To join
Giovanna with Andrea? On with me:
We may forbid the bans the second time,
Urging perhaps a few impediments.
He hath been in some convent o'er the hill,
Doing sad penance on Calabrian rye,
How then couldst thou have heard about him? how
Find he was here in Naples?
Agatha. There he should
And may have been: of late he was in Buda.
Maximin. You met in Buda then?
Agatha. Not met.
Maximin. How know
His visit else, if he was there indeed?
Agatha. While thou and Stephen Stourdza tended sheep
Together, I was in our mother's sight,
And mostly in her chamber; for ill-health
Kept her from work. Often did Father Rupert
Pray by her, often hear her long confession,
Long, because little could be thought of for it.
"Now what a comfort would it be to you,
If this poor child read better," said the friar,
"To listen while she read how blessed saints
Have suffered, and how glorious their reward."
My mother clasp't her hands, and "What a comfort!"
Echoed from her sick bosom.
"Hath she been
Confirm'd?" he askt. "Yea, God be prais'd," sigh'd she.
"We may begin then to infuse some salt
Into this leaven," said the friar, well-pleas'd.
"The work is righteous: we will find spare hours."
She wept for joy.
Maximin. Weep then (if weep at all)
Like her.
Agatha. Religious tracts soon tost aside,
Florentine stories and Sicilian song
Were buzz'd into my ears. The songs much pleas'd me,
The stories (these he cull'd out from the book,
He told me, as the whole was not for maids)
Pleas'd me much less; for woman's faults were there.
Maximin. He might have left out half the pages, still
The book had been a bible in its bulk
If all were there.
Agatha. To me this well applies,
Not to my sex.
Maximin. Thou art the best in it.
Those who think ill of woman, hold the tongue
Thro' shame, or ignorance of what to say,
Or rifle the old ragbag for some shard
Spotted and stale. On, prythee, with thy story.
Agatha. He taught me that soft speech, the only one
For love; he taught me to repeat the words
Most tender in it; to observe his lips
Pronouncing them; and his eyes scorcht my cheek
Into deep scarlet. With his low rich voice
He sang the sadness of the laurel'd brow,

The tears that trickle on the rocks around
Valchiusa. "None but holy men can love
As thou, Petrarca!" sighed he at the close.
Graver the work he brought me next. We read
The story of Francesca.

Maximin. What is that?

Agatha. Piteous, most piteous, for most guilty, passion.

Two lovers are condemn'd to one unrest
For ages. I now first knew poetry,
I had known song and sonnet long before:
I sail'd no more amid the barren isles,
Each one small self; the mighty continent
Rose and expanded; I was on its shores.
Fast fell the drops upon the page: he chided:
"And is it punishment to be whirl'd on
With our beloved thro' eternity?"
"Oh! they were too unhappy, too unhappy!"
Sobb'd I aloud: "Who could have written this?"
"Tenderest of tender maids!" cried he, and clasp't me
To his hot breast. Fear seiz'd me, faintness, shame.
Be calm, my brother!

Maximin. Tell then other tale,
And skip far on.

Agatha. The queen Elizabeth
Heard of me at the nunnery where I served;
And the good abbess, not much loving one
Who spoke two languages and read at night,
Persuaded her that, being quick and needy,
'Twould be by far more charitable in her
To take me rather than some richer girl,
To read by her, and lace her sandals on.
I serv'd her several years, to her content.
One evening after dusk, her closet-door
Being to me at every hour unclosed,
I was just entering, when some voice like his,
Whispering, but deep, struck me: a glance sufficed:
'Twas he. They neither saw me. Now occurr'd
That lately had Elizabeth said more
And worse against Giovanna. "She might be
Guiltless, but should not hold the throne of Naples
From the sweet child her daughter: there were some
Who had strong arms, and might again do better
In cowl than fiercer spirits could in casque."
Sleepless was I that night, afraid to meet
The wretched man, afraid to join the queen.
Early she rose, as usual; earlier I.
My sunken eyes and paleness were remarkt,
And, whence? was askt me.
"Those who have their brothers
At Naples" I replied "most gracious lady,
May well be sleepless; for rebellion shakes
A throne unsteady ever."
First she paus'd,
Then said, with greater blandness than before,
"Indeed they may. But between two usurpers
What choice? Your brother may improve his fortune
By loyalty, and teaching it. You wish
To join him, I see clearly, for his good;
It may be yours: it may be ours: go then,
Aid him with prudent counsel: the supply
Shall not be wanting, secrecy must not."
She urged my parting: the same hour we parted.

SCENE III. RUPERT'S CELL.

RUPERT. MAXIMIN.

Rupert. Thou hast delaid some little, Maximin.

Maximin. Frate! I met a woman in the street,
And she might well delay me: guess now why.

Rupert. Who in the world can guess the why of women?

Maximin. She said she knew us both in Hungary.

Rupert. I now suspect the person: she is crazed.

Maximin. Well may she be, deprived of such a friend.

Rupert. No friend was ever mine in that false sex.
I am impatient, Maximin.

Maximin. Impatient!
And so am I.
(*Maximin throws open the door, and Agatha enters.*)
Knowest thou this woman, Frate?

Rupert. Art thou crazed too? I know her? Not at all.

Maximin. And hast thou never known her? never toucht her?
I only mean in giving her thy blessing.

Rupert. A drunken sailor in a desert isle
Would not approach her.

Maximin (*indignant*). Not my sister?

Agatha. Scorner!
Insulter!
(*Aside.*) He may have forgotten. Can he?
He did not see me, would not look at me.

Maximin. My sword shall write her name upon thy midrif.
Prepare!

Agatha. Hold! hold! Spare him yet, Maximin!
How could I . . and the man who . .

Maximin. Speak it out,
Worthless one!

Agatha. I am worthless. Let him live!
Oh let him live!

Maximin. Thou lovest thy betrayer.

Agatha. The once beloved are unestranged by falsehood;
They can not wholly leave us, tho' they leave us
And never look behind.

Maximin. Wild! wild as hawk!

Rupert (*on his knees*). Vision of light, of love, of purity!
Dost thou revisit on the verge of earth
A soul so lost, to rescue it? Enough,
Agatha! Do not ask him for my life;
No, bid him slay me; bid him quench the days
That have in equal darkness set and risen
Since proud superiors banisht faithful love.
I am grown old; few years are left me, few
And sorrowful: my reason comes and goes:

I am almost as capable of crimes
As virtues.
Maximin. By my troth, a hundred-fold
More capable.
Rupert. Both ('tis Heaven's will) are over.
Here let me end my hours: they should have all
Been thine; he knows it; let him take them for thee;
And close thou here mine eyes where none behold,
Forgiving me . . no, not forgiving me,
But praying, thou pure soul! for Heaven's forgiveness.
Maximin. I will not strike thee on the ground: rise up,
Then, when thou risest . .
Agatha. Come away, my brother!
Rupert. Never, so help me saints! will I rise up:
I will breathe out my latest breath before her.
Maximin. It sickens a stout man to tread on toads. [*Goes.*
RUPERT (*rising slowly, and passing a dagger through his fingers*).
And the stout man might slip too, peradventure.

SCENE IV. PALACE NEAR NAPLES.

DURAZZO. MARGARITA.

Durazzo. The Pope is not averse to make me king.
Margarita. Do we not rule already?
Durazzo. Rule indeed!
Yes, one small dukedom. Any shepherd-dog
Might make his voice heard farther off than mine.
Margarita. Yet, my sweet Carlo, oftentimes I 've heard you,
When people brought before you their complaints,
Swear at them for disturbing your repose,
Keeping you from your hounds, your bird, your ride
At evening, with my palfrey biting yours
Playfully (like two Christians) at the gate.
Durazzo. I love to see my bird soar in the air,
My hound burst from his puzzlement, and cite
His peers around him to arraign the boar.
Margarita. I think such semblances of high estate
Are better than the thing itself, more pleasant,
More wholesome.
Durazzo. And thinks too my Margarita
Of the gray palfrey? like a summer dawn
His dapper sides, his red and open nostrils,
And his fair rider like the sun just rising
Above it, making hill and vale look gay.
Margarita. She would be only what Durazzo thinks her.
Durazzo. Queenly he thinks her: queen he swears to make her.
Margarita. I am contented; and should be, without
Even our rule: it brings us but few cares,
Yet some it brings us: why add more to them?
Durazzo. I never heard you talk so seriously.
Not long ago I little heeded state,
Authority, low voice, bent knee, kist hand:
The Pope has proved to me that, sure as any
Of the seven sacraments, the only way
To rise above temptation, is to seize
All that can tempt.
Margarita. There must be truth then in it.
But what will some men think when you deprive
Our aunt of her inheritance?
Durazzo. Men think!
Do not men always think what they should not?
Margarita. We hear so from the pulpit: it must be.
But we should never take what is another's.
Durazzo. Then you would never take another's child
To feed or clothe it.
Margarita. That is not my meaning.
I am quite sure my aunt has loved me dearly
All her life long, and loves me still; she often
(Kissing me) said, *How like thou art Maria!*
You know, Durazzo, how she loved my mother.
Durazzo. And she loved me no less: and we love her
And honour her.
Margarita. May we not then obey her?
Durazzo. The Pope, who teaches best, says otherwise.
Rule has been tedious to her all her reign,
And dangerous too.
Margarita. Make it less dangerous, make it
Less tedious.
Durazzo. She has chosen the duke Otho
To sit above thy husband, and all else.
Margarita. I think my husband is as brave as he.
Durazzo. I think so too: yet people doubt.
Margarita. Indeed!
Durazzo. And doubt they will, unless the truest knight
Of Margarita takes to horse, and scours
Her grandsire's realm of foreigners like Otho.
Margarita. If you do that, you must displease our aunt.
Durazzo. Perhaps so: and hast never thou displeas'd her?
Margarita. Never; although I sometimes did what might.
Durazzo. I can not disappoint the Holy Father.
Margarita. Nay, God forbid! But let me no more see her,
To hear her tell me all she did for me!
I can bear anything but evil tongues.
Durazzo. Then let us slink away and live obscurely. [*Going.*
Margarita. Come back again . . Now! would you leave me so?
I have been thinking I must think no more
About the matter . . and am quite resolved.
Durazzo. My sweetest! you have several female cousins;
What are they?
Margarita. Duchesses.

Durazzo. But are they queens?
Margarita. No indeed; and why should they be? They queens?
Durazzo. I know but one well worthy of the title.
Margarita. Now, who can possibly that be, I wonder!
Durazzo. She on whose brow already Majesty
Hath placed a crown which no artificer
Can render brighter, or fit better, she
Upon whose lip Love pays the first obeisance.
[*Saluting her.*
Margarita. I know not how it is that you persuade
So easily . . not very easily
In this, however: yet, if but to teaze
And plague a little bit my sweet dear cousins,
Writing the kindest letters, telling them
That I am still, and shall be, just the same,
Their loving cousin; nor in form alone;
And if I write but seldom for the future,
'Tis only that we queens have many cares
Of which my charming cousins can know nothing.
Durazzo. What foresight, friendliness, and delicacy!
Margarita. Nothing on earth but these, in the idea
Of vexing . . no, not vexing . . only plaguing
(You know, love! what I mean) my sweet dear cousins,
Could make me waver . . and then you, sad Carlo!
Durazzo. To please me . .
Margarita. Now, what would you have me say?

SCENE V. NAPLES.

PAGE, GIOVANNA, AGNES, MAXIMIN.

Page. Fly, O my lady! Troops are near the city.
Giovanna. There always are.
Page. But strangers. People say
Durazzo . .
Giovanna. What of him?
Agnes. Now then confess
I knew him better. No reports have reacht us
These several days: the roads were intercepted.
Giovanna. I will fear nothing: Otho watches over us.
Insects, that build their tiny habitations
Against sea-cliffs, become sea-cliffs themselves.
I rest on Otho, and no storm can shake me.
Agnes. How different this Durazzo!
Giovanna. All men are:
But blame not without proof, or sign of proof,
Or accusation, any man so brave.
Page. Lady! his soldiers on Camaldoli
Wave the green banner and march hitherward.
Giovanna (*after a pause*). It can not be! my Carlo! my Carlino!
What! he who said his prayers with hands compprest
Between my knees, and would leap off to say them?
Impossible! He may have been deterred
From helping me: his people, his advisers,
May have been adverse . . but . . make war upon me!
O they have basely slandered thee, my Carlo!
Agnes. He has been with the Holy Father lately.
Giovanna. This would relieve me from all doubt, alone.
Agnes. So kind as you have been to him! a mother!
Giovanna. Remind me not of any benefit
I may have done him: tell me his good deeds,
Speak not (if some there may have been) of mine:
'Twould but disturb the image that has never
Yet fallen from my breast, and never shall.
He was my child when my own child indeed,
My only one, was torn away from me.
Agnes. And you have brooded o'er a marble egg,
Poor darkling bird!
Giovanna. O Agnes! Agnes! spare me.
Let me think on . . how pleasant 'twas to follow
In that Carlino, in that lovely boy,
The hidings of shy love, its shame, its glee,
Demurest looks at matters we deem light,
And, well worth every lesson ever taught,
Laughter that loosens graver, and that shakes
Our solemn gauds into their proper place.
Maximin (*out of breath*). The castle-gates are open for one moment . .
Seize them and enter . . Crowds alone impede
Durazzo, and not arms.
Agnes. Do you believe
His treason now?
Giovanna. Peace, peace! 'tis hard, 'tis hard!

ACT II.

SCENE I. RUPERT'S CELL.

RUPERT *and* MAXIMIN.

Rupert (*alone*). I've dogged him to the palace: there's some treachery.
Giovanna . . and that witch too, Agatha . .
Why not all three together? Sixty miles
From Naples there is Muro. Now, a word
Was dropt upon it. We must be humane.
But, one more trial first to make him serve
In 'stablishing the realm. I fain must laugh
To think what creatures 'stablish realms, and how.
(MAXIMIN *enters.*)
Well, Maximin! We live for better days
And happier purports. Couldst thou not devise
Something that might restore the sickened state,
And leave our gracious king the exercise
Of his good will, to give them companies
Who now are ensigns? Ah brave Maximin!
I do remember when thou wert but private.
Psein, Klapwrath, Zinga, marcht, and made thee way.
Nothing in this our world would fain stand still.
The earth we tread on labours to set free
Its fires within, and shakes the mountain-heads;
The animals, the elements, all move,
The sea before us, and the sky above,

And angels on their missions between both.
Fortune will on. There are whom happiness
Makes restless with close constancy; there are
Who tire of the pure air and sunny sky,
And droop for clouds as if each hair were grass.
No wonder then should more aspiring souls
Be weary of one posture, one dull gloom
All the day through, all the long day of life.
Maximin (gapes). Weary! ay am I. Can I soon be captain?
Rupert. Why not?
Maximin. And then what service?
Rupert. Queen Giovanna
Is blockt up in the castle, as thou knowest;
Was not my counsel wise, to keep thee out?
Famine had else consumed thee; she spares none.
Charles of Durazzo, our beloved king,
Presses the siege; and, when the queen gives up,
Thou art the man I prophecy to guard her.
There are some jewels: lightly carried in,
A thousand oxen cannot haul them forth;
But they may drop at Muro, one by one,
And who should husband them save Maximin?
Maximin (pretending alarm). I will not leave my sister out of sight:
She ne'er must fall again.
Rupert. Forefend it, heaven!
I might be weak! She would indeed be safe
Where the queen is! But who shall have the heart
To shut her up? What has she done? Her brother
Might be a comfort to her; and the queen
And some few ladies trust her and caress her.
But, though the parks and groves and tofts around,
And meadows, from their first anemones
To their last saffron-crocuses, though all
Open would be, to her, if not to them,
And villagers and dances, and carousals
At vintage-time, and panes that tremble, partly
By moon-ray, partly by guitar beneath,
Yet might the hours, without street-views, be dull.
Maximin. Don't tell her so. Get her once there. But how?
Beside, the queen will never trust Hungarians.
There would be mortal hatred. Is there fire
Upon the hearth?
Rupert. None.
Maximin. Why then rub your hands?

SCENE II. CASTEL-NUOVO.

GIOVANNA *and* AGNES.

Giovanna. 'Tis surely wrong that those who fight for us
So faithfully, so wretchedly should perish;
That thriftless jewels sparkle round your temples
While theirs grow dank with famine.
Agnes. Now I see,
O my poor queen! the folly of refusal,
When they had brought us safety.
Giovanna. Not quite that,
To me at least, but sustenance and comfort
To our defenders in the castle here.
Agnes. Will you now take them?
Giovanna. If some miracle
Might turn a jewel to a grain of corn,
I would: my own were kneaded into bread
In the first days of our captivity.
Agnes. And mine were still witholden! Pardon me,
Just Heaven!
Giovanna. In words like those invoke not Heaven.
If we say *just*, what can we hope? but what
May we not hope if we say *merciful?*
Agnes. And yet my fault is very pardonable.
We, at our time of life, want these adornments.
Giovanna. We never want them. Youth has all its own;
None can shed lustre upon closing days,
Mockers of eyes and lips and whatsoever
Was prized; nor can they turn one grey hair brown,
But, skilfully transmuted, might prolong
The life and health and happiness of hundreds.
Agnes. Queens may talk so.
Giovanna. Not safely, but to friends.
Agnes. With power and pomp . .
Giovanna. Behold my pomp, my power!
These naked walls, cold pavement, grated windows.
Agnes. Let me share these with you. Take all my jewels.
Giovanna. Forbear, forbear, dear Agnes!
Agnes. Earth then, take them!
[*Throwing them from her.*

SCENE III. CASTEL-NUOVO.

DURAZZO. RUPERT. GIOVANNA. AGNES.

Durazzo. Upon my knees I do intreat of you
To hear me. In sincerity, the crown
(Now mine) was forced upon me.
Giovanna. Carlo! Carlo!
Know you what crowns are made of?
Durazzo (rising). I must wear one,
However fitly or unfitly made.
Giovanna. The ermine is outside, the metal burns
Into the brain.
Durazzo. Its duties, its conditions,
Are not unknown to me, nor its sad cares.
Giovanna. 'Tis well Maria my sweet sister lives not
To see this day.
Durazza. But Margarita lives,
Her beauteous daughter, my beloved wife.
She thinks you very kind who let her go
And join me, when strange rumours flew abroad
And liars call'd me traitor.
Giovanni. With my blessing
She went, nor heard (I hope) that hateful name.
Durazzo (negligently). My cousin Agnes! not one word from you?
Agnes. Charles of Durazzo! God abandons thee
To thy own will: can any gulph lie lower!
Durazzo. 'Twas not my will.
Agnes. No!

Durazzo. What I did, I did
To satisfy the people.
Agnes. Satisfy
Ocean and Fire.
Durazzo. The Church too.
Agnes. Fire and Ocean
Shall lie together, and shall both pant gorged,
Before the Church be satisfied, if Church
Be that proud purple shapeless thing we see.
Durazzo (*to Rupert*). Show the pope's charter of investiture.
Rupert. 'Tis this. May it please our lady that I read it.
Giovanna (*to Durazzo*). Reasons where there are wrongs but make them heavier.
Durazzo (*to Agnes*). When the whole nation cries in agony
Against the sway of Germans, should I halt?
Agnes. No German rules this country; one defends
And comforts and adorns it: may he long!
The bravest of his race, the most humane.
Durazzo. Quell'd, fugitive, nor Germany nor France
Afford him aid against us.
Giovanna. Sir! he hoped
No aid from France.
Agnes. Does any? What is France?
One flaring lie, reddening the face of Europe.
Durazzo. French is Provenza.
Agnes. There our arts prevail,
Our race: no lair of tigers is Provenza.
I call that France where mind and soul are French.
Durazzo. Sooner would he have graspt at German arms.
Giovanna. God hold them both from Italy for ever!
Durazzo. She shall want neither. The religious call
Blessings upon us in long-drawn processions.
Agnes. Who are the men you please to call religious?
Sword-cutlers to all Majesties on earth,
Drums at the door of every theatre
Where tragedies are acted: that friar knows it.
Rupert. Such is the fruit of letters sown in courts!
Peaches with nettle leaves and thistle crowns!
Upon my faith! kings are unsafe near them.
Durazzo (*to Agnes*). May-be we scarcely have your sanction, lady?
Am I one?
Agnes. No.
Durazzo. What am I?
Agnes. What! an ingrate.
Durazzo (*scoffingly*). Is that to be no king? You may rave on,
Fair cousin Agnes: she who might complain
Absolves me:
Agnes. Does the child she fed? the orphan?
The outcast? does he, can he, to himself,
And before us?
Durazzo. I, the king, need it not.
Agnes. All other blind men know that they are blind,
All other helpless feel their helplessness.

SCENE IV. UNDER CASTEL-NUOVO.

DURAZZO *and* RUPERT.

Rupert. Remarkt you not how pale she turn'd?
Durazzo. At what?
Rupert. I said kings were unsafe. She knew my meaning.
Durazzo. No man alive believes it: none believed it,
Beside the vulgar, when Andrea died.
Rupert. Murdered he was.
Durazzo. Mysteriously. Some say . .
Rupert. What do some say?
Durazzo. I never heeded them.
I know thee faithful: in this whole affair
I've proved it. He who goes on looking back
Is apt to trip and tumble. [*Goes.*
Rupert (*alone*). Why this hatred?
Are there no memories of her far more pleasant?
I saw her in her childish days: I saw her
When she had cast away her toys, and sate
Sighing in idleness, and wishing more
To fall into her lap; but what? and how?
I saw her in the gardens, still a child,
So young, she mockt the ladies of the court,
And threw the gravel at them from her slipper,
And ran without if they pursued, but stopt
And leapt to kiss the face of an old statue
Because it smiled upon her: then would she
Shudder at two wrens fighting, shout, and part them.
Next came that age (the lovely seldom pass it)
When books lie open, or, in spite of pressing,
Will open of themselves at some one place.
Lastly, I saw her when the bridal crown
Entwined the regal. Oh! that ne'er these eyes
Had seen it! then, Andrea! thou had'st lived,
My comfort, my support. Divided power
Ill could I brook; how then, how tolerate
Its rude uprooting from the breast that rear'd it!
And must I now sweep from me the last blossoms
That lie and wither in the walk of life?
Fancies! . . mere fancies! . . let me cease to waver.
Who would not do as I did? I am more
A man than others, therefore I dare more,
And suffer more. Such is humanity:
I can not halve it. Superficial men
Have no absorbing passions: shallow seas
Are void of whirlpools. I must on, tho' loath.

SCENE V. PALACE-GARDEN.

MAXIMIN *and* AGATHA.

Maximin. Courage! or start and leave me. Sobs indeed!
Pack those up for young girls who want some comfits.
Nay, by my soul, to see grown women sob it,

As thou dost, even wert thou not my sister,
Smites on me here and whets my sword at once.
It maddens me with choler . . for what else
Can shake me so? I feel my eyes on fire.
He shall pay dear for it, the cursed Frate.
Agatha. Why, Maximin, O why didst thou consent
To meet the friar again?
Maximin. To make him serve thee.
Agatha. Poverty rather! want . . even infamy.
Maximin. Did'st thou not pity, would'st not serve, the queen?
Agatha. Oh might I! might I! she alone on earth
Is wretcheder: my soul shall ever bend
Before that sacredest supremacy.
Maximin. Come with me: we will talk about the means.
Agatha. But, be thou calm.
Maximin. A lamb.
He little thinks [*Aside.*
To see the lamb turn round and bite the butcher.

Agatha! Agatha! while I repeat
Thy name again, freshness breathes over me.
What is there like it? Why, 'tis like sweet hay
To rest upon after a twelve hours' march,
Clover, with all its flowers, an arm's length deep.

SCENE VI. NAPLES. PALACE OF BUTELLO.

BUTELLO *and* RUPERT.

Butello (*reads*). "We, Urban, by the grace of God . ."
Rupert. Well, well;
That is all phrase and froth; dip in the spoon
A little deeper; we shall come at last
To the sweet solids and the racy wine.
Butello. Patience, good Frate, patience!
Rupert. Now, Butello,
If I cried *patience*, wouldst not thou believe
I meant *delay*? So do not cry it then.
Read on . . about the middle. That will do . .
Pass over *love, solicitude, grief, foresight,*
Paternal or avuncular. Push on . .
There . . thereabout.
Butello. Lift off thy finger, man,
And let me, in God's name, read what wants reading.
Rupert. Prythee be speedy . . Where thou seest my name . .
Butello (*reads*). "If that our well-beloved Frate Rupert
Shall, by his influence thereunto directed
By the blest saints above, and the good will
Which the said Frate Rupert ever bore us,
Before the expiration of one month,
So move the heart of Carlo of Durazzo
That the said Carlo do invade and seize . .
Rupert. What would his Holiness have next?
Butello. Wait, wait.
"Naples, a kingdom held by our permission . .
Rupert. Ho! is that all? 'Tis done.
Butello. Hear me read on.
"From those who at this present rule the same . .
Rupert. This present is already past. I 've won.
Butello. "And shall consign a princely fief thereof,
Hereditary, to our foresaid nephew
Gieronimo Butello, We, by power
Wherewith we are invested, will exalt
Our trusty well-beloved Frate Rupert
Unto the highest charge our Holy Church
Bestows upon her faithful servitors."
Rupert. Would not one swear those words were all engrossed,
And each particular letter stood bolt-upright,
Captain'd with taller at the column-head?
What marshall'd files! what goodly companies!
And, to crown all, the grand heaven-sent commission
Seal'd half-way over with green wax, and stiff
With triple crown, and crucifix below it.
Give me the paper.
Butello. Why?
Rupert (*impatient*). Give me the paper.
Butello. His Holiness hath signed it.
Rupert. Let me see.
Butello. Look.
Rupert. Nay but give it me.
Butello. A piece of paper!
Rupert. . . Can not be worth a principality.
Butello (*giving it*). There then.
Rupert. What dukedom has the grandest sound?
Butello. Dukedom! the Pope says principality.
Rupert. Thou soon shalt blazon.
Butello. I rely on you:
Adieu, my lord!
Rupert. My prince, adieu!
[*Alone*]. Who knows
If this will better me! Away from court?
No; never. Leave the people? When he leaves it,
The giant is uplifted off the earth
And loses all his strength. My foot must press it.
Durazzo, in things near, is shrewd and sighted:
I may not lead him. If I rule no more
This kingdom, yet ere long my tread may sound
Loud in the conclave, and my hand at last
Turn in their golden wards the keys of heaven.

SCENE VII. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA *and* AGATHA.

Giovanna. Both mind and body in their soundest state
Are always on the verge of a disorder,
And fear increases it: take courage then.
Agatha. There is an error in the labyrinth
Of woman's life whence never foot returns.
Giovanna. Hath God said that?
Agatha. O lady! man hath said it.
Giovanna. He built that labyrinth, he led that foot

Into it, and there left it. Shame upon him!
I take thee to my service and my trust.
To love the hateful with prone prudent will
Is worse than with fond unsuspiciousness
To fall upon the bosom of the lovely,
The wise who value us, the good who teach us,
The generous who forgive us when we err.
Agatha. Oh! I have no excuse.
Giovanna. She stands absolved
Before her God who says it as thou sayst it.
I have few questions for thee: go, be happier.
I owe thy brother more than I can pay,
And would, when thou hast leisure, hear what chance
Rais'd up a friend where the ground seem'd so rough.
Agatha. Leave me no leisure, I beseech of you:
I would have cares and sorrows not my own
To cover mine from me: I would be questioned,
So please you, I may else be false in part,
Not being what eyes bedim'd with weeping see me.
Giovanna. You come, 'tis rumour'd here, from Hungary.
My infant was torn from me by his uncle
And carried into Hungary.
Agatha. I saw it.
Giovanna. Saw it! my infant! to have seen my infant,
How blessed! Was it beautiful? strong? smiling?
Agatha. It had mild features and soft sunbright hair,
And seem'd quite happy.
Giovanna. No, poor thing, it was not;
It often wanted me, I know it did,
And sprang up in the night and cried for me,
As I for it.. at the same hour, no doubt.
It soon soon wasted .. And you saw my child!
I wish you would remember more about him ..
The little he could say you must remember ..
Repeat it me.
Agatha. Ah lady! he was gone,
And angels were the first that taught him speech.
Giovanna. Happier than angels ever were before!
Agatha. He happier too!
Giovanna. Ah! not without his mother!
Go, go, go .. There are graves no time can close.

ACT III.

SCENE I. NAPLES. PALACE.

DURAZZO. RUPERT. HERALD. OFFICERS.

Durazzo. I thought I heard a trumpet. But we reel
After we step from shipboard, and hear trumpets
After we ride from battle. 'Twas one. Hark!
It sounds again. Who enters?
Officer. Please your Highness!
A herald claims admittance.
Durazzo. Let him in.
Rupert. Now for disguises; now for masks; steel, silk;
Nothing in these days does but maskery.
Pages talk, sing, ride with you, sleep beside you,
For years: behold-ye! some fine April-day
They spring forth into girls, with their own faces,
Tricks, tendernesses.. ne'er a mark of saddle!

(HERALD *enters*).

Bacco! this is not one of them, however!
Durazzo. Well, sir, your message.
Herald. Herald from duke Otho,
I bring defiance and demand reply.
Durazzo. I know duke Otho's courage, and applaud
His wisdom. Tell duke Otho from king Carlo,
I would in his place do the very same:
But, having all I want, assure your lord
I am contented.
Rupert. Blessed is content.
Durazzo. Now, should duke Otho ever catch the reins
(For all things upon earth are changeable)
He can not well refuse the turn he tries,
But will permit me to contend with him
For what at present I propose to keep.
Herald. If then your Highness should refuse the encounter,
Which never knight, and rarely king, refuses..
Durazzo. Hold, sir! All kings are knights. The alternative?
Herald. None can there be where combat is declined.
He would not urge in words the queen's release,
But burns to win it from a recreant knight.
Durazzo. Did Otho say it?
Herald. Standing here his herald,
I have no voice but his.
Durazzo. You may have ears:
Hear me then, sir! You know, all know at Naples,
The wife and husband are as near at present
As ever, though the knight and lady not.
She, when she married him, declined his love,
And never had he hers: Taranto won it,
And, when he squandered it, 'twas unretrieved.
Herald. Is this, sir, for my ears or for my voice!
My voice (it is a man's) will not convey it.
Durazzo [*to guards*]. Escort the herald back with honors due. [*To Rupert.*
What think you, my lord bishop of Nocera?
Rupert. Troublesome times! troublesome times indeed!
My flock, my brethren at Nocera, will,
Must, want me: but how leave my prince, a prey
To tearing factions, godless, kingless men!
Durazzo. Never mind me, good father!
Rupert. Mind not you!
I can not go; I would not for the world.
Durazzo. The world is of small worth to holy men.
Rupert. I will not hence until the storm be past.
Durazzo. After a storm the roads are heavier.
Courage! my good lord bishop! We must speed
And chaunt our *Veni Domine* at Nocera.

Rupert. Then would your Highness . .
Durazzo. Not corporeally,
But, where my bishop is, I am in spirit.
[*Goes.*
Rupert (*alone*). So! this is king . . and wit too! *that's* not kingly.
Can he be ignorant of who I am?
They will show fragments of this sturdy frock,
Whence every thread starts visible, when all
The softer nappery, in its due descent,
Drops from the women, Carlo, to the moths.

SCENE II. APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE OF MURO.

MAXIMIN *and* AGATHA.

Maximin. How fares thy lady?
Agatha. As one fares who never
Must see the peopled earth, nor hear its voice
Nor know its sympathy; so fares Giovanna;
But, pure in spirit, rises o'er the racks
Whereof our world is only one vast chamber.
Maximin. Dost thou enjoy the gardens, fields, and forests?
Agatha. Perfectly.
Maximin. Hast a palfrey?
Agatha. Had I ever?
Reading and needlework employ the day.
Maximin. Ah! our good mother little knew what pests
Those needles and those books are, to bright eyes;
Rivals should recommend them, mothers no.
We will ride out together.
Agatha. On what horses?
Maximin. One brought me. Are the queen's at grass?
Agatha. We have none.
Maximin. Thou art hale, Agatha, but how enjoy
Perfectly, as thou sayest, these domains?
Agatha. By looking out at window with the queen.
Maximin. All the day thro'?
Agatha. I read to her: and then,
If she suspects it tires me, she takes up
The volume, and pretends great interest
Just there, and reads it out.
Maximin. True history?
Agatha. History she throws by.
Maximin. Then sweet-heart songs,
Adventures?
Agatha. Some she reads, and over some
Tosses her work, rises, and shuts the cover.
Maximin. I would not shut the song-book. There are others
That show within them gold-and-purple saints,
Heads under arm, eyes upon platter, laughing
At her who carries them and lately wore them.
Agatha. Such are not wanting.
Maximin. Pleasant sights enough!
I would fain see them.
Agatha. Quite impossible.
Maximin. On feast-days?
Agatha. All are in her bedroom-closet.
Maximin. So! the best books then must be out of sight,
As all the best things are! What are her pictures?
Agatha. Chiefly her own lost family, and those
She loved the most in it.
Maximin. O for a glimpse!
Tell me at least who are they.
Agatha. Good king Robert,
Whose face she often kisses.
Maximin. None more worth it?
Agatha. There are the two Marias: one elate
With merriment, her eyes orbs wing'd with flame;
Long deep and dark the other's, and within
Whose cooler fountains blissfully might bathe
A silenter and (haply) purer love.
Maximin. I should be glad to look at them, but rather
At the kind queen herself.
Agatha. That thou mayest do.
Maximin. When?
Agatha. Now; I think; for having heard who 'twas
That warned her of her danger when the duke
Rode in, she wisht to thank thee. Come with me:
I must first enter and announce your name.
Maximin. I thought you said she knew it. Take your course.

SCENE III CHAMBER AT MURO.

GIOVANNA. MAXIMIN. AGATHA.

Giovanna. Accept my too few thanks, sir, for your zeal . .
Maximin. Fine air, my lady queen, in this high tower;
Healthy as Hungary; may you enjoy it
These many days!
Giovanna (*bending*). I fancied Hungary
Was moister, leveler, than hereabout.
Maximin. We have a plain in Hungary on which,
Just in the middle, all of Italy's
You shall pin down nor see them from the sides.
And then what cattle! horse, ox, sheep! God's blessing
Upon hard-working men, like furlough soldiers,
And rare sport at the foray, when the Turk
Might seize them if we sent them not to quarters.
Here too seems nothing wanting. [*Looking round.*
Giovanna. A few friends
Were welcome, could they but return, whose pen
And conversation lighten'd former hours.
Maximin. Learned ones; ay?
Giovanna. The learned came around me.
Maximin. Whistle, and they are at the barley-corns,
Wing over wing, beak against beak, I warrant.
I knew two holy friars, as holy men
As ever snored in sackcloth after sinning,

And they were learned. What now was the upshot?
I should have said one's crucifix was white,
The other's black. They plied mild arguments
In disputation. *Brother*, was the term
At first, then *sir*, then nothing worse than *devil*.
But those fair words, like all fair things, soon dropt.
Fists were held up, grins in the face grew rife,
Teeth (tho' in these one had the better of it
By half a score) were closed like money-boxes
Against the sinner damn'd for poverty.
At last the learned and religious men
Fell to it mainly, crucifix in hand,
Until no splinter, ebony or linden,
Was left, of bulk to make a toothpick of.
Agatha. Brother! such speech is here irreverent.
Giovanna. Let him speak on: we are not queens all day.
Soldiers are rivals of the hierarchs,
And prone to jealousy, as less at ease,
Less wealthy, and, altho' the props of power,
Less powerful and commanding.
Maximin. Never queen
Spoke truer. I bear lusty hate to them.
Agatha. Again? O Maximin! before our princes
We never hate nor love.
Maximin. Then, lady, I
Am your worst vassal.
Giovanna. How?
Maximin. Being taught to hate you..
God pardon me! None but the frockt could teach
So false a creed. But now the heart let loose
Swings quite the other way. Folks say they love
Their princes: sure they must have wrong'd them first.
I turned away mine eyes from your young beauty,
And muttered to my beard, and made it quiver
With my hard breathing of hard thoughts: but now
Conspirators shall come in vain against you:
Here is the sill they tread upon who enter.
[*Striking his breast.*

SCENE IV. RUPERT'S CLOISTER.

Rupert (*alone*). Fealty sworn, should I retract so soon?
I will live quiet.. no more crimes for me..
When this is fairly over.. for a crime
It surely is.. albeit much holier men
Have done much worse and died in odour after.
They were spare men, and had poor appetites,
And wanted little sleep. 'Twont do with me.
Beside, I must get over this bad habit
Of talking to myself. One day or other
Some fool may read me, mark me, and do hurt.
And furthermore.. when highest dignities
Invest us, what is there to think about?
What need for cleverness, wit, circumspection,
Or harm to any.. who keep still, submiss,
And brush not in attempting to pass by.

SCENE V.

STEPHEN *enters.*

So, Stephen! we Hungarians are sent off.
Stephen. Your Reverence is made bishop, we hear say:
As for all us..
Rupert. Lupins.. when times are good.
Ah! thou hast bowels; thou canst pity others.
Stephen. I can myself.
Rupert. I all my countrymen.
I have been lately in that happy realm
Our native land. [*Whispers.*
Her kings should govern here.
Stephen. And everywhere. What loyal subject doubts
His prince's right over all other princes?
Rupert. Here are sad discontents. The prince Butello,
Nephew of His Beatitude the Pope,
Can not yet touch this principality.
Durazzo, our sharp king, snatches it back,
Altho' the kingdom was bestowed on him
Under this compact.
Stephen. He will bring down bull
And thunder on his crown. The pope's own nephew!
Rupert. No less a man.
Stephen. If there's pope's blood in him
He wont stand robbery.
Rupert. We owe obedience
To kings.. unless a higher authority
Dissolves it.
Stephen. Doubtless: but what kings? our own
Say I.
Rupert. O Stephen! say it, say it softly.
Few ears can open and can close like mine.
Stephen (*aside*). Ah! how good men all over are maligned!
Rupert. I would not trust another soul on earth..
But others must be trusted. Lucky they
Who first bring over to right ways the brave,
First climb the pole and strip the garland off
With all its gold about it. Then what shouts!
What hugs! what offers! dowers, in chests, in farms..
Ah! these are worldly things too fondly prized!
But there are what lie deeper; the true praise
Of loyalty, of sanctity.
Stephen (*pondering*). 'Tis pleasant
To look into warm chest with well-wrought hinges
That turn half-yearly. Pleasant too are farms
When harvest-moons hang over them, and wanes
Jolt in the iron-tinged rut, and the white ox
Is call'd by name, and patted ere pull'd on.
Rupert. These are all thine. I have lived many days
And never known that man unprosperous
Who served our holy church in high emprize.

Stephen. If so, I wish I could.
Rupert. Wish we had kings
Who keep their words like ours of Hungary.
Stephen. Just.
Rupert. I have half a mind to let Elizabeth
Know what a zealous subject, what a brave,
Her daughter has at Naples.
Stephen. Would she give me
(For thanks in these hard times are windy) money?
Think you?
Rupert. Don't squander all away. Few know
Its power, its privilege. It dubs the noble,
It raises from the dust the man as light,
It turns frowns into smiles, it makes the breath
Of sore decrepitude breathe fresh as morn
Into maternal ear and virgin breast.
Stephen. Is that all it can do? I see much farther.
I see full twenty hens upon the perch,
I see fat cheese moist as a charnel-house,
I see hogs' snouts under the door, I see
Flitches of bacon in the rack above.
Rupert. Rational sights! fair hopes! unguilty wishes!
I am resolved: I can refrain no longer:
Thou art the man for prince to rest upon,
The plain, sound, sensible, straitforward man,
No courtier . . or not much of one . . but fit
To show courts what they should be. Hide this letter.
Mind! if thou losest it, or let'st an eye
Glance on it, I may want the power again
To serve thee: thou art ruin'd. The new king
Might chide and chafe should Rupert ask another
To forward any suit he would prefer
For friend or kindred. Since thou must return
To Hungary, thou shalt not go ill-fed.
'Tis to the queen's confessor; look at it;
Now put it up; now, godson of our Saint!
Take this poor purse, and, honest soul! this blessing.
Guides thou shalt have all the first day, and rules
How to go forward on the road: so speed thee!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA, AGATHA.

Giovanna. Long have we lived in one imprisonment;
Our tears have darkened many a thread about
Each distaff, at the whitening half-spent fire
On winter-night; many a one when deep purple
Cloath'd yonder mountain after summer-day,
And one sole bird was singing, sad though free.
Death, like all others, hath forgotten me,
And grief, methinks, now growing old, grows lighter.
Agatha. To see you smile amid your grief, consoles me.
Giovanna. I never wanted confidence in you,
Yet never have I opened my full mind,
Keeping some thoughts secreted, altho' bent
To draw them out before you. They have lain
Like letters which, however long desired,
We cover with the hand upon the table
And dare not open.
Agatha. If relief there be,
Why pause? if not, why blame your diffidence?
Giovanna. Fostered too fondly, I shot up too tall
In happiness: it wasted soon. Taranto
Had my first love; Andrea my first vow,
And warm affection, which shuts out sometimes
Love, rather than embraces it. To lose him
Pained me, God knows! and worse (so lost!) than all
The wild reports Hungarians spread about me.
My first admirer was my first avenger.
He, laying at my feet his conquering sword,
Withdrew. Two years elapst, he urged the dangers
That still encompast me; recall'd our walks,
Our studies, our reproofs for idling, smiled
By (O kind man!) the grandfather of both.
I bade him hope. Hope springs up at that word
And disappears; Love, radiant Love, alights.
Taranto was my joy; my heart was full:
Alas! how little can the full heart spare?
I paus'd . . because I ill might utter it . .
In time he turn'd his fancies to another.
Wretchedest of the wretched was I now;
But gentle tones much comforted my anguish,
Until they ended; then loud throbs confused
The treasured words; then heavy sleep opprest me.
I was ashamed . . I *am* ashamed . . yet (am I
Unwomanly to own it?) when he loved
One only, I was driven to despair;
When more . . *Adieu Taranto!* cried my heart
And almost sank thro' sorrow into peace.
O that fresh crimes in him should solace me!
My life of love was over, when his spirit
Flew from my lips, and carried my forgiveness
On high, for Heaven's.
Wars burst forth again;
He who defended me from their assaults
Saw in me what to love, but whom to love
He found not in me.
"If my confidence,
My gratitude," said I, "suffice thee, Otho,
Here is my hand."
He took it, and he wept.
Brave man! and let me also weep for thee!
Agatha. Not beauteous youth enrobed in royal purple
And bright with early hope, have moved you so.
Giovanna. Record not either; let me dwell on Otho;
The thoughts of him sink deeper in my pillow;
His valiant heart and true one bleeds for me.

SCENE II. COURT-YARD OF MURO.

MAXIMIN *and* STEPHEN.

Stephen. Maximin! art thou close?

Maximin. Yea, close enough,
Altho I have the whole court-yard to cool in.
Stephen. I meant not that.
Maximin. A baton to a pike
Thou didst not; else thou hadst not spoken it.
Stephen. Some folks think better of my understanding.
Maximin. None of thy heart: give me thy fist then, Stephen.
Stephen. That sets all right.
Maximin. What brought thee hither?
Stephen. What?
Maximin. Hast secrets?
Stephen. None worth knowing.
Maximin. No-man has:
They never did anyone good.
Stephen. They may.
Maximin! hast commands for Hungary?
Maximin. For Hungary?
Stephen. What! is there no such place?
Maximin. No, by my soul! nor ever will for me.
Were not my sister here about her duty,
I could knock out my brains against the wall
To think of Hungary.
Stephen. Yet thou hast there
No croft, no homestead, pullet, chick.
Maximin. Hast thou?
Stephen. I am a man at last. Wert thou but one!
Maximin. Stephen, we will not quarrel.
Stephen. I am rich
I meant to say.
Maximin. So far so well: however,
Not some bold thief who stands some ages back
(Tho' better there than nearer) nor some bolder
Who twists God's word and overturns his scales,
Nor steel, nor soil in any quantity,
Nor gold, whose chain encompasses the globe,
Nor even courage, Stephen, is sufficient
To make a man: one breath on Woman's wrongs,
Lifting the heart, does that.
Stephen. And other things.
Maximin. Chick, pullet, homestead, croft; are these our makers?
Stephen. I have them in this lining, one and all.
Maximin (*suspecting.*) Stephen! I could show thee the duplicate
In the same hand. He who fixt me at Muro
Will fix thee too in some such place as firmly.
What! hast no heart for castles? art low-minded?
How! with chick, pullet, homestead, croft? Sit down:
Thou didst not sweat so after all thy walk
As thou dost now. What ails thee, man?
Stephen. What ails me!
Nothing.
Maximin. But did Fra Rupert, did he truly
Clap thee up here? Cleverly done! Don't blame him.
Stephen. Blame him! if friar he were not, and moreover
The tadpole of a bishop, by the martyr!
I would run back and grapple with his weazon.
Maximin. He is too cunning for us simple men.
Stephen. For thee, it seems, he has been . . but for me,
I, man or child, was never yet out-witted.
Maximin. Ah! we all think so; yet all are, by weaker.
And now about the letter.
Stephen. Thee he trusted;
I know he did; show me the duplicate.
Maximin. Duplicates are not written first nor shown first.
How many men art good against?
Stephen. One only.
Maximin. Then five might overmaster thee and gag thee,
And five are ready in the Apennines;
If I knew where exactly, I would tell thee.
Stephen. A fiend of hell in frock!
Maximin. No, not so bad:
He, without blame or danger on thy part,
Shall build thy fortune.
Stephen. He? I scorn the thief . .
Beside . . he would not.
Maximin. Would or not, he shall.
[STEPHEN *hesitates.*
Am I an honest man?
Stephen Why! as men go.
Maximin. Give me the letter then, and, on my life,
It shall do more and better for thee much
Than placed in any other hands but mine.
[*An* Officer *passes.*
Ho! Captain! see an honest man at last,
[*Giving him the letter.*
And you the very one he came about.
Stephen (*threatening* MAXIMIN.) Traitor!
Maximin. A traitor, with a vengeance, is he.
Stephen. Hangman!
Maximin. Thou needst not call him; he will come
Presently. [*To the* Officer.
This poor hind hath saved the prince
From insurrection, from invasion. Read.
[Officer *reads.*
The royal favour will shine warm upon
One friend of mine.
Officer. Be sure: he will be made.
'Tis but our service . . We must not complain . .
Tho' there are things, of late, which soldiers' crops
Swell high against. We captains . .
Maximin. Ay, we captains! . .
Officer. I must be gone to Naples; so must thou
My gallant grey-coat. [*Goes out.*
Maximin. Tell me how thou camest
To Muro, of all places in the world,
It lies so wide of any road to Hungary.
Stephen. Fra Rupert bade me follow at mid-day
A band of holy mendicants, due-south,
To baffle all suspicion: the next morn
To cross the mountains on my left, and turn
Northward, and then take boat by Pesaro.
While they were stretcht along the levelest tiles
In the best chamber . . being mendicants . .
Each on his sheepskin . . for they love soft lying . .

Of grand farm-house; and while nighthawk and grillo
Fought for it which should sing them first to sleep;
And while aside them, in brass pot unfathom'd,
The rich goat-whey was ripening for next breakfast,
I thought of my far sheep and my near friend;
My near friend first; and so, by luck, here am I.
Maximin. But how didst dream that thou shouldst find me here?
Stephen. Who, in the Virgin's name, should first step up,
After I bade the mendicants good-bye,
Who but Augustin! Much about our country,
Mops, wakes, fairs, may-poles, gipsy-girls, and fortunes,
When suddenly, as one that knew them all,
He whisper'd thou wert at this Muro here,
Some twenty miles, or near upon it, off.
I must fain see thee. After three hours' walk
I ask the distance: twenty-five miles scant.
At night I supt and slept with an old shepherd:
His dog soon crope betwixt us, so genteely,
I should have never known it, but his nose
Was cold against my ear, and, when I turn'd,
A snag or two was at it.. without harm.
Morning blew sharp upon us from the hills.
"How far are we from Muro, my good man?"
Said I, and dipt my olive in the salt.
"Scant thirty miles." Let never man believe
In luck! I overturned the salt, alert
To hurry on; yet here thou seest me, rich..
Sleeping six hours in winter, five in summer.
Maximin, (pondering.) Augustin told thee I was here! Augustin!
How should he know? One only knew beside
The friar: he never would have told: she told him. [*Walks about impatiently.*
Augustin has smooth locks and fresh complexion,
And heels for dance and voice for dulcimer,
Rare articles at finding secrets out:
But, with thy slanting face, and arm curl'd round
The inside canework of a padded chair,
And leg oblique slid negligently under,
If thou wouldst keep them nicely in repair
Ferret no more my secrets out, Augustin!
Officer (returned). Ready? my dapple grey! ready for Naples?
Stephen. Not without Maximin. By his advice
I call'd you in to help us: he shall have
His share.
Maximin. When our blythe king sniffs up the wind,
And sees the clouds roll mainly from the north,
And finds Giovanna's enemies advance,
He may be kinder to her: so, commander,
If you believe I did my duty now,
Let me confirm the letter you convey.
Officer. Canst thou add aught?
Maximin. Much, were there much required.
Officer. Come then along: we will drink gold to-morrow.

SCENE III. MONASTERY GARDENS.

Rupert (alone). I must have peace: I can not live without it:
Only few years (who knows) may yet remain.
They shall not hurt the queen: in part the harm
Would be my doing. But then Maximin..
He too.. yet why not let him die in battle?
Battles there will be: kings are all tenacious
Of their king-life: Italians are astute,
Hungarians valiant: two stout swords must clash
Before one break.
That Agatha, that Agatha
Troubles me most of all! Suppose she comes
Into my very palace at Nocera,
And tells the people what the bishop did!
Never was blow cruel like this since Herod.
Giovanna must then live, if for her sake
Alone; for such her tenderness, her truth,
She 'll not abandon her while life remains.

SCENE IV. PALACE IN NAPLES.

DURAZZO. CHANCELLOR. PRIVY-COUNSELLORS.

Durazzo. Speak, my lord chancellor: you now have read
The letter through: can doubt remain upon it?
[CHANCELLOR *shakes his head.*
Gentleman! you have heard it: what think you?
First Counsellor. Traitorous, if there be treason.
Second Counsellor. Sentence then.
Chancellor. Powerful is Rupert: many think him saintly,
All know him wise and wary: he has friends
In every house, and most among the women.
Such men are dangerous to impeach: beside,
Being now bishop..
Durazzo. Not quite yet: appointed,
Not seated.
Chancellor. No? This changes the whole aspect.
Once bearing that high dignity, once throned..
Durazzo. I like no thrones that narrow mine too much, [them.
And wonder wherefore clergymen should mount
Chancellor. However, sir, since such hath been the custom
From barbarous times..
Durazzo. Till times herein as barbarous..
Chancellor. ..We must observe the usage of the realm,
And keep our hands from touching things held sacred.
Few days ago, for lighter crimes the friar
Might have been punisht with severity.
First Counsellor. Even now, although his legs begin to sprout
With scarlet plumage, we may crop his crest;
But better on the beam than in the yard.
Third Counsellor. It would put by much bickering.
Fourth Counsellor. There are many
Expectants, holy men, who would condemn
In any court ecclesiastical

Appeal so manifest to foreign force,
And strip him to the skin to wash him clean.
Fifth Counsellor. And there are civil laws which tread on velvet
And leave no scandal when they pass the door;
Modest and mild and beautifully drest,
And void of all loquacity, all pomp;
They, should you ask them what they are, reply
"We are not laws; we are prerogatives."
Carlo. Paoluccio! wit may give the best advice.
Far be from me all violence. If the criminal
Be strong and boisterous, the ecclesiastical
Craving and crafty, swift or slow at pleasure,
At least our civil laws are excellent,
And what you call prerogatives are civil.
Paoluccio. I class them so.
Many at once. They are the best of all.
Carlo. I will pursue this counsel.
You may rise.

ACT V.

SCENE I. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA. AGATHA. OTHO. Officers.

Giovanna. What shouts are those? whose voice, above them all,
Above the neighing horse and trumpet's clang,
Calls to the rescue? Can I doubt?..
My Otho!
My Otho! rush not rashly into fight:
Thou canst not free me.
Agatha. He has beat them off..
He enters.
Officer. Yes, he enters.
Otho (*wounded mortally*). Take the ransom..
'Tis small..'tis only one worn life..and loose her.
Giovanna. Not from thy neck, my Otho, while thou livest,
Or while I live.
Otho. Giovanna hath embraced me..
I now have lived..life should be over now.
Officer. His breath is gone: bear him away: the king [*Points to the* QUEEN, *who swoons.*
May have commands for her.
Agatha. My queen! my queen!
My friend! my comforter! Oh! *that* no more.
[*Falls.*

SCENE II. PALACE, NAPLES.

MARGARITA. DURAZZO.

Margarita. I can not see what mighty things indeed
My aunt Giovanna ever did for me:
Can you?
Durazzo. They long are over, if she did.
Margarita. Beside..
Durazzo. Now what beside?
Margarita. I had almost
Said such a foolish thing!
Durazzo. You! Margarita!
Margarita. I was about to say she did no more
For me than you. If she loved *me*, she loved me
Because she loved my mother, her own sister;
Where is the wonder? where the merit?
Durazzo. None.
Margarita. She even loved another sister, her
Whom people call'd *Fiammetta*; God knows why;
No Christian name, nought Christian-like about it.
She was the one of Sicily, who fancied
(O shame upon her!) somebody..a writer.
Durazzo. What writer?
Margarita. Is not that enough? a writer!
Durazzo. There is not much to thank her for, if all
Partake of her affection, even those
Who sink so low.
Margarita. She played with *you* the most;
Perhaps because she thought you like her child.
She did show pleasure when she fondled *me*;
But 'twas not to make *me* the happier,
Although it did so, but herself..herself.
Yet, Carlo, would you think it! there are times
When I am ready to desire of you
That you would let her out of such a den
At Muro.
Durazzo. Had you mentioned it before,
As wishing it..why, then indeed..
Margarita. So, then,
You would have let her out? How very kind!
Durazzo. If we could have persuaded her to go.
Margarita. Persuaded her? what! out of prison!
Durazzo. Do not
Term it so harshly: who can bear to hear
Of prisons?
Margarita. Is the tower indeed not lockt
Nor bolted?
Durazzo. People would run into it
And trouble her devotions. At this time
She needs them most particularly.
Margarito. Why?
Durazzo. Her health declines.
Margarita. Is she in danger?
Durazzo. Some.
Margarita. Imminent?
Durazzo. There are fears.
Margarita. About her life?
Durazzo. Men shake their heads.
Margarita. O Carlo! O my Carlo!
I have..(will God forgive me?) been ungrateful.
And all this time!..when, but one moment of it..
My hand in hers, or hers upon my head..
Durazzo. Hush! Margarita! thou'rt a queen: be calm,
And worthy of the station we enjoy.
[*He leads her out.*

SCENE III. PALACE, NAPLES.

HIGH STEWARD. CHAMBERLAIN. CHANCELLOR. DURAZZO.

Chamberlain. Wary and slow is this our chancellor,
Where title-deeds are fluttering in suspense;
The perill'd life and honour of his queen
He passes as he would a wretch in chains
On the road-side, saying, *So! there thou art!*

Lord High Steward. We want such men's religion, their sound sense,
Coolness, deliberation, ponderous front,
Broad and dark eyebrow. Much of dignity
Reverence and awe, build on these crags alone.
Lord Chamberlain. Ye have them all in one. I hear his foot:
The king steps lighter: both advance.
Lord High Steward. Who come
Behind? for there are many.

(DURAZZO, CHANCELLOR, COUNSELLORS, *enter.*)

Durazzo. Take your seats.
Gentlemen! ye have heard with indignation
The rash attempt against my peace and yours,
Made by the Suabian, husband of Giovanna.
Lord Chamberlain. We hear, by Heaven's protection of your Highness,
It fail'd.
Lord High Steward. And that he fell in the attempt.
Durazzo. Desperate, he cut his way, tho' wounded, thro'
My bravest troops, but could not force the gate;
Horsemen are weak at walls nine fathoms high;
He had scarce twenty with him.
Chancellor. There he paid
His forfeit life, declared already traitor.
Durazzo. On this we are not met, but to deliberate
On the state's safety. My lord-chancellor,
Is the queen guilty?
Chancellor (*starts*). We must try her first,
Privately; then decide.
Durazzo. Yea, privately;
So pleaseth me. Take then your secretaries
And question her; decorously, humanely.

SCENE IV. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA. CHANCELLOR. HIGH STEWARD. CHAMBERLAIN. SECRETARIES.

Chancellor. Lady! we have heard all, and only ask
(For the realm's weal) your Highness will vouchsafe
To sign this parchment.
Giovanna (*Taking it*). What contains it?
Chancellor. Peace.
Giovanna. I then would sign it with my blood; but blood
Running from royal veins never sign'd peace.
(*Reads.*)
It seems I am required to abdicate
In favor of Duke Carlo of Durazzo.
Chancellor. Even so.
Giovanna (*To the others*). To you I turn me, gentlemen!
If ever you are told that I admitted
His unjust claims, if ever you behold
Sign'd, as you fancy, by my hand the parchment
That waives our kingdom from its rightful heir,
Believe it not: only believe these tears,
Of which no false one ever fell from me
Among the many 'twas my fate to shed.
I want not yours; they come too late, my friends;
Farewell, then! You may live and serve your country;
These walls are mine, and nothing now beyond.

SCENE V. NAPLES.

MAXIMIN. STEPHEN.

Maximin. Among the idle and the fortunate
Never drops one but catafalc and canopy
Are ready for him: organ raves above,
And songsters wring their hands and push dull rhymes
Into dull ears that worse than wax hath stopt,
And cherubs puff their cheeks and cry half-split
With striding so across his monument.
Name me one honest man for whom such plays
Were ever acted.
They will ne'er lay Otho
With kindred clay! no helm, no boot beside
His hurried bier! no stamp of stately soldier
Angry with grief and swearing hot revenge,
Until even the paid priest turns round and winks.
I will away: sick, weary . .

(STEPHEN *enters.*)

Stephen. Hast thou heard
The saddest thing?
Maximin. Heard it? . . committed it,
Say rather. But for thee and thy curst gold,
Which, like magician's, turns to dust, I trow,
I had received him in the gate, and brought
The treasure of his soul before his eyes:
He had not closed them so.
Stephen. Worst of it all
Is the queen's death.
Maximin. The queen's?
Stephen. They stifled her
With her own pillow.
Maximin. Who says that?
Stephen. The man
Runs wild who did it, through the streets, and howls it,
Then imitates her voice, and softly sobs
"*Lay me in Santa Chiara.*"

SCENE VI. NAPLES. BEFORE THE PALACE. AMONG GUARDS.

MAXIMIN. DURAZZO.

Maximin. Gallant prince!
Conqueror of more than men, of more than heroes!
What may that soldier merit who deserts
His post, and lets the enemy to the tent?
Durazzo. Death is the sentence.
Maximin. Sign that sentence then.
I shall be found beside a new-made grave
In Santa Chiara.
Durazzo. Art thou mad?
Maximin. I shall be
If you delay.
Durazzo (*To* Guards). See this man into Hungary.

SCENE VII. NAPLES. MONASTERY GARDEN.

Rupert (*Alone.*) There are some pleasures serious men sigh over,
And there are others maniacs hug in chains:
I wonder what they are: I would exchange
All mine for either, all that e'er were mine.
I have been sadly treated my whole life,
Cruelly slighted, shamefully maligned:
And this too will be laid upon my shoulders.
If men are witty, all the wit of others
Bespangles them; if criminal, all crimes
Are shoveled to their doors.
God knows how truly
I wisht her life; not her imprisonment
More truly. Maximin and Agatha
In the queen's life would never have come forth.
Men of late years have handled me so roughly,
I am become less gentle than I was.
Derision, scoffs and scorns, must be rebuft,
Or we can do no good in act or counsel.
Respect is needful, is our air, our day,
'Tis in the sight of men we see ourselves,
Without it we are dark and halt and speechless.
Religion in respect and power hath being,
And perishes without them. Power I hold:
Why shun men's looks? why my own thoughts?
. . afraid?
No, I am not afraid: but phantasies
Long dwelt on let us thro'.
If I do quail,
'Tis not the mind, the spirit; 'tis the body.
A Monk (*Entering*). Father I come from Muro, where a woman
(Sickly before) for days refused all food,
And now is dead.
Rupert. What is her name?
Monk. One Agatha.
Rupert. Did she receive the holy Sacrament?
Monk. You must have known she did, else why such joy?
She would receive nought else.
Rupert. Then she is safe.
Monk. We trust in God she is: yet she herself
Had pious doubt.
Rupert. Of what was her discourse?
Monk. Her mind, ere she departed, wandered from her.
Rupert. What did she talk about? dost hear?
Monk. She said,
"Rupert, if he could see me, might be" . . .
Rupert. What?
Monk. Her mind, observe, was wandering.
Rupert. Thine is too.
Tell me the very word she uttered.
Monk. "Saved."
Blessings upon her! your uplifted hands
And radiant brow announce her present bliss.
Rupert. Said she no more?
Monk. "Since he's not here, take these,
And let the friar and his brotherhood
Say masses for my soul: it may do good
To theirs no less."
I stoopt the holy taper,
And through her fingers and her palm could see
That she held something: she had given it
But it dropt out of them: this crucifix,
From which the square-set jewels were removed,
And this broad golden piece, with its long chain
Of soft dark hair, like our late queen Giovanna's.
Rupert. Her medal . . *anno primo* . . All goes right.
Monk. Your blessing!
Rupert. Take it, pr'ythee, and begone. [Monk *goes.*
Nothing has hurt me: none have seen me. None?
Ye saints of heaven! hath ever prayer been miss'd?
Penance, tho' hard, been ever unperform'd?
Why do ye then abandon me? like one
Whom in your wrath ye hurl aside; like one
Scathed by those lightnings which God's sleepless eye
Smites earth with, and which devils underneath,
Feeling it in the abysses of the abyss,
Rejoice was not for them.
Repent I did . .
Even of Agatha I did repent.
I did repent the noble friends had fallen.
Could they not have been wiser, and escaped,
By curbing evil passions, pride, distrust,
Defiance? It was wrong in them: in me
'Twas not quite well: 'twas harsh, 'twas merciless:
Andrea had not done it: wrong'd, betray'd,
Andrea had not done it.
Have my words
Sorcery in them? do they wake the dead?
Hide thy pale face, dear boy! hide from my sight
Those two dark drops that stain thy scanty beard,
Hide those two eyes that start so! Curse me, kill me;
'Twere mercy, 'twere compassion, not revenge;
Justice, the echo of God's voice, cries *More!*
I can endure all else.
I will arise,
Push off this rack that rends me, rush before him
And ask him why he made me what I am.

(*Enter* Officers.)

First Officer. Traitor! the king hath traced all thy devices.
Rupert. Without them he had ne'er been what ye style him.
Second Officer. Avowest thou thy perfidy?
Rupert. And his.
Third Officer. Murderer! thou shalt confess.
Rupert. 'Twere royal bounty.
Third Officer. And die.
Rupert. 'Twere more than royal.
First Officer. Come thy way.
Rupert. My way? my way? . . I've travell'd it enough,
With or without thee I will take another.
Second Officer. Whither!
Rupert (*Points to the window.*) Look yonder!
There it lies. [*Stabs himself.*
Andrea!

First Officer (*After a pause*). Merciful God! end thus his many crimes?
Third Officer (*After a pause*). What moans and piteous wailings from the street!
Second Officer. Can they arise for him so suddenly?
First Officer. There are too many. None hath told the deed
Beyond this spot, none seen it.
Third Officer. Now you hear
Distinctly; if distinctly may be heard
The wail of thousands.
Second Officer. Their queen's name they cry ...
Third Officer. With blessings.
First Officer. Now, at last, ye know Giovanna;
And now will Rupert too be known, tho' late.

THE SIEGE OF ANCONA.

No event in the history of Italy, including the Roman, is at once so tragical and so glorious as the Siege of Ancona; nor shall we find at any period of it, two contemporary characters so admirable for disinterested valour and prompt humanity, as William degli Adelardi of Marchesella, and the Countess of Bertinoro. The names of those who sustained the siege are, for the most-part, forgotten: but Muratori has inserted in his imperishable work the narratives of contemporary and nearly contemporary authors; and Sismondi has rendered many of the facts more generally known.—*Hist. des Repub. Ital.*, tome xi. ch. i.

MALE CHARACTERS.

THE CONSUL OF ANCONA. THE ARCHBISHOP OF MENTE. THE BISHOP OF ANCONA. ANTONIO STAMURA. FATHER JOHN. MINUZZI. COSTANZIO. CORRADO, *brother of Costanzio*. PAOLUCCI, *formerly Consul*. MARCHESELLA. HERALD, SENATORS, OFFICERS, PRIESTS, PEOPLE.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

ERMINIA, *the Consul's daughter*. NINA, *her companion*. ANGELICA, *mother of Antonio Stamura*. MALASPINA. COUNTESS OF BERTINORO. MARCA, *attendant on Erminia*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On the steps of the cathedral, commanding a view of the country. Many of all ages are leaving the church and looking at the approach of the Archbishop, just beyond the walls, descending the hill.

Erminia. Nina! see what our matin prayers have brought us.
O what a sight! The youth and maidens fly,
Some to the city, others up the hills,
With the fresh tale each for the one loved best.
Nina. They are afraid to meet so many horses;
I would not scud away so, were I there,
Would you?
Erminia. My dress would show the dust; or else ..
I run to tell my father: go, tell yours.

SCENE II. CONSUL'S HOUSE.

CONSUL *and* ERMINIA.

Erminia. Father! why are not all the bells set ringing?
Consul. What should the bells be ringing for to-day?
Erminia. Such a procession comes along the road
As never was: some bishop at the head:
And what a horse is under him! and what
Beautiful boys .. they really are but boys,
Dear father .. hold the bridle on each side!
Scarlet and gold about their surplices,
And waving hair; not like church servitors,
But princes' sons. I would give all the world
To see their faces .. not quite all the world ..
For who would care about boys' faces, father?
Beside, they are too distant, very far.
Consul. Art thou gone wild, Erminia?
Erminia. Come and see.
Consul (*Listening, and rising*). What means this tumult?
Senators *enter*.
Consul! we are lost.
Consul. How so?
First Senator. The archbishop comes, from Barbarossa,
Against the city.
Consul. What archbishop comes?
Second Senator. Of Mentz.
Consul. Then close the gates, and man the walls,
And hurl defiance on him. Bring my robe,
Erminia! I will question this proud prelate.
Gasparo, lift my armour from the wall
In readiness.
Officer. A herald, sir, claims entrance.
Herald *enters*.
Consul. What would your master with his perfidy?
Herald. My master is the emperor and king.
Consul. The more perfidious. Binds him not his oath
To succour Italy? Is slavery succour?
Tell the false priest thou comest from, that priest
Who took the name of *Christian* at the font,
'Twere well he held not in such mockery
The blessed one he bears it from. But wealth
And power put Wisdom's eyes out, lest she rule.
Herald. Sir Consul! if the archbishop never preaches,
Pray why should you? It ill becomes my office
To bandy words: mine is but to repeat
The words of others: and their words are these:
"The people of Ancona must resign
Their lawless independence, and submit
To Frederic, our emperor and king."
Consul. Brief is the speech; and brief is the reply.
The people of Ancona will maintain

Their lawful independence, and submit
No tittle, sir, to emperor or king.
Herald. Is this the final answer?
Consul. Lead him forth.
Officer (*Enters*). Sir! ere you hasten to the walls, look once
Toward the harbour.
Consul. Gracious Heaven! What sails
Are those? Venetian?
Officer. Yes; and they take soundings.
Consul. Venice against us? Freedom's first-born child,
After the deluge that drown'd Italy.
Alas! the free are free but for themselves;
They hate all others for it. The first murderer
(Their patron) slew his brother. Thus would they. [*To the* Officer.
Merluccio! hasten, man! call back again
Our mariners to leave the battlements
And guard their sisters and their mothers here.
Officer. Mothers and sisters follow'd them, to bring
Munition up the towers.
Consul. Bid them return:
The beach is open: thither is my road
Until more hands arrive.
Messenger (*Enters*). Sir! they weigh down
Machines for storming.
Consul. Go thou, tell Campiglio
To intercept them, if he can, before
They join the Germans on the hills above.
Erminia. O father! here are none beside ourselves:
And those few people hauling in the boats
Can help us little; they are so afraid.
Consul. Think not they are afraid because they pull
The oars with desperate strength and dissonance:
Who knows if they have each his loaf at home,
Or smallest fish set by from yesterday?
The weather has been rough; there is a swell
From the Adriatic. Leave me now, Erminia!
Erminia. Alone, dear father?
Consul (*Placing his hand on the head of* ERMINIA).
He who watches over
The people, never is alone, my child!
Erminia (*Running back*). Here come the men who were debarking.

MINUZZI *and others.*

Minuzzi. Hail,
Sir Consul! All our fears then were but vain?
Consul. So! you *did* fear?
Minuzzi. Ay did we. The Venetians
Ride in huge galleys; we ply boats for trade.
But since, Sir Consul, you expected them,
We are all safe. I did not much misgive
When one in gallant trim, a comely youth,
Outside the mole, but ready to slip in,
Beckon'd me from his boat, and gave me, smiling,
This letter, bidding me deliver it
Into no other hand beside the consul's,
And adding, "All will soon be well again."
I hope it may. But there was cause for doubt!
The galleys have cast anchor.
Consul. Sure enough
They join our enemies.
Minuzzi. How! One free state
Against another! Slaves fight slaves, and kings
Fight kings: so let them, till the last has bled:
But shall wise men (and wise above the wise,
And free above the free are the Venetians)
Devastate our joint patrimony . . freedom!
I fear not him who falls from such a highth
Before he strikes me. At him! my brave boys!
At him! the recreant! We have borne too much
In seeing his attempt. Could not we cut
The cables?
Stamura. Rare, rare sport for us!
Consul. Stamura!
If wise Minuzzi deems it feasible,
Ye shall enjoy the pastime, while the wind
Sits in this quarter, blowing from due-east
Hard into port: else must ye to the walls,
To meet full twenty thousand, well approved
In arms the most-part, all athirst for plunder.
Minuzzi. Where are they posted?
Consul. At the battlements.
Minuzzi. Lads! we must lose no time.
Sailor. Now let us see
Whether we too may not be mischievous
As they could wish us, this fine April morn.
Minuzzi. Each bring his hatchet. Off! and quickly back. [*They go.*

FATHER JOHN (*Enters*).

One word, sir Consul, ere we part, this one:
My wife sits nigh the old church porch, infirm
With many watchings; thro' much love for me,
True-hearted! Should the waters wash me home,
Stiffen'd a little more than is convenient,
Let none displace her from that low stone seat.
Grant me my suit, unless I fail in duty.
Consul (*Presses his hand*). And these are breasts despotic power would crush!
[MINUZZI *going, meets* FATHER JOHN, *who had listened.*
Father John. Talk ye of hatchets?
Consul. Father John! good day!
F. John. Yea, with God's blessing, we will make it so.
Consul. I want your counsel on a perilous move.
Father! you were a diver in time past.
F. John. And in time present may be one again.
Minuzzi. Ah! could you join us in our enterprize!
F. John. What is it?
Minuzzi. Why, to drive and cut the cables
Of yon Venetians dancing there so gaily,
And bowing in bright pennons to each other.
F. John. Is this the Doge's wedding-day with Adria?
No dame in Venice ever played him falser
Than she will do, and haply before night.
Ye spoke of hatchet! 'Twould but do poor work
Against a cable.

Stamura. We can hold our breath
A good while on such business.
Consul. Father John,
Could you devise some fitter instrument?
Minuzzi. Ah! what inventions have not priests devised!
We all of us are what we are thro' them.
F. John. I love this reverence, my grey boy! and aptly
Hast thou believed that Father John could frame
What will perform the work, else difficult.
I thought of Turks and Saracens, and flags
Bearing the crescent, not the winged lion,
When I prepared my double-handed sickle
To reap the hemp-field that lies under water.
I will dive too, and teach you on the way
How ye shall manage it. So fare you well,
Sir Consul!
[*To the* Man.
We have all the day before us
And not long work (tho' rather hard) to do.

SCENE III.

CONSUL *and* ERMINIA.

Consul. Erminia! read this letter. Wait awhile . .
Repress thy curiosity . . First tell mé,
Erminia! would'st thou form some great alliance?
Erminia. Yes, father! who would not?
Consul. I know that none
Hath won that little heart of thine at present.
Erminia. Many, many have won it, my dear father!
I never see one run across the street
To help a lame man up or guide a blind man
But *that* one wins it: never hear one speak
As all should speak of you, but up my arms
Fly ready to embrace him!
Consul. And when any
Says thou art beautiful, and says he loves thee,
What are they ready then for?
Erminia. Not to beat him
Certainly: but none ever said such things.
They look at me because I am your daughter,
And I am glad they look at me for that,
And always smile, tho' some look very grave.
Consul. Well now, Erminia, should his Holiness
The Pope have sent his nephew with this letter,
Would you receive him willingly?
Erminia. Most willingly.
Consul. Nay, that is scarcely maidenly, so soon.
Erminia. I would not if you disapprove of it.
Consul. I do suspect he came aboard the gallies.
Erminia. O then, the gallies are not enemies.
Consul. Not if thou givest him thy hand. What say'st thou?
Erminia. I never saw him.
Consul. But suppose him handsome.
Indeed I hear much of his comeliness.
Erminia. Is that enough?
Consul. And virtues.
Erminia. That alone
Is not enough, tho' very, very much.
He must be handsome too, he must be brave,
He must have seen me often, and must love me,
Before I love or think of him as lover:
For, father, you are not a king, you know,
Nor I a princess: so that all these qualities
(Unless you will it otherwise) are necessary.
Consul. Thou art grown thoughtful suddenly, and prudent.
Erminia. Do not such things require both thought and prudence?
Consul. In most they come but slowly; and this ground
Is that where we most stumble on. The wise
Espouse the foolish; and the fool bears off
From the top branch the guerdon of the wise:
Ay, the clear-sighted (in all other things)
Cast down their eyes and follow their own will,
Taking the hand of idiots. They well know
They shall repent, but find the road so pleasant
That leads into repentance.
Erminia. Ah, poor souls!
They must have lost their fathers: then what wonder
That they have lost their way!
Consul. Now, in few words,
Erminia, for time presses, let me tell thee,
The Pope will succour us against our foe
If I accept his nephew for a son.
Erminia. O father! does that make our cause more righteous?
Or more unrighteous theirs who persecute us?
Consul. No, child: but wilt thou hear him? Rank and riches
Will then be thine. Altho' not born a princess,
Thou wilt become one.
Erminia. I am more already;
I am your daughter; yours, whom not one voice
Raised over all, but thousands.
Consul. I resign
My station in few days.
Erminia. O stay in it
Until the enemy is beaten back,
That I may talk of it when I am old,
And, when I weep to think of you, may dry
My tears, and say, *My father then was Consul.*
Consul. The power may be prolonged until my death.
Erminia. O no: the laws forbid it: do they not?
Consul. He who can make and unmake every law,
Divine and human, will uphold my state
So long, acknowledging his power supreme;
And laying the city's keys before his feet.
Erminia. Hath he not Peter's? What can he want more?
O father! think again! I am a child
Almost, and have not yet had time enough
Quite to unlearn the lessons you enforced
By precept and example. Bear with me!
I have made you unhappy many times,
You never made me so until this hour:
Bear with me, O my father!

Consul. To my arms,
Erminia! Thou hast read within my breast
Thy lesson backward, not suspecting guile.
Yes, I was guileful. I would try thy nature:
I find it what is rarely found in woman,
In man as rarely. The Venetian fleet
Would side with us; their towers, their catapults
Would all be ours, and the Pope's nephew thine,
Would but thy father place the power supreme
Within his hands, becoming his vicegerent.
I turn aside from fraud, and see how force
May best be met, in parley with the German.

SCENE IV. THE ENCAMPMENT AND TENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP UNDER THE WALLS.

CONSUL *and* ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop. I do presume from your habiliments
You are the consul of this petty state.
Consul. I am.
Archbishop. You may be seated. Once again . .
Will you surrender unconditionally?
Consul. Nor unconditionally nor conditionally.
Archbishop. I sent for you to point where lies your duty.
Consul. It lies where I have left it, in the town.
Archbishop. You doubt my clemency.
Consul. Say rather '*honour.*'
Archbishop. Doubt you a soldier's honour?
Consul. Not a soldier's
But when the soldier and the priest unite,
Well may I doubt it. Goats are harmless brutes;
Dragons may be avoided; but when goat
And dragon form one creature, we abhor
The flames and coilings of the fell chimæra.
Archbishop. And therefore you refused a conference
Unless I pitch my tent beneath your walls,
Within an arrow's shot, distributing
Ten archers on each side; ten mine, ten yours?
Consul. No doctor of divinity in Paris
In cleverer at divining. Thus it stands.
Archbishop. Ill brook I such affronts.
Consul. Ill brook, perhaps,
Florence and Pisa their ambassadors
Invited to a conference on peace,
And cast in prison.
Archbishop. Thus we teach the proud
Their duty.
Consul. Let the lame man teach the lame
To walk, the blind man teach the blind to see.
Archbishop. Insolent! Unbecoming of my station
Were it to argue with a churl so rude.
Rise: look before you thro' the tent: what see you?
Consul. I see huge masses of green corn upheaved
Within a belt of palisades.
Archbishop. What else?
Consul. Sheep, oxen, horses, trampling them.
Archbishop. No more?
Consul. Other huge masses farther off are smoking,
Because their juices quench the faggot-fire.
Archbishop. And whence come these?
Consul. From yonder houseless fields,
Of crops, and even of boundaries, bereft.
Archbishop. Whose were they?
Consul. Whose? The church's, past a doubt:
It never takes what is not freely given.
Archbishop. Proud rebels! ye have brought upon your heads
This signal vengeance from offended Cæsar.
Consul. And must ten thousand starve because one man
Is wounded in that part which better men
Cut from them, as ill-sorted with our nature?
If Satan could have dropt it, he were saved.
Archbishop. What meanest thou? What cast they from them?
Consul. Pride.
It clings round little breasts and masters them,
It drops from loftier, spurn'd and trodden down.
Is this, my lord archbishop, this your Eden?
Is this the sacrifice of grateful herbs
Ye offer to your Gods? And will the next
Be more acceptable? Burnt-offerings raised
In your high places, and fossed round with blood!
Archbishop. Blasphemer! I am here no priest; I come
Avenger of insulted majesty.
But, if thou mindest Holy Writ, mind this,
The plainest thing, and worthiest of remembrance: . .
Render to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, man!
Consul. God will do that for us. Nought owe we Cæsar
But what he sent us when he sent you hither,
To cut our rising wheat, our bleeding vines,
To burn our olives for your wild carousals . .
Archbishop. The only wood that will burn green: it blazes
Most beautifully, and no smell from it.
But you Anconites have poor olive grounds,
We shall want more by Sunday.
Consul. May the curse
Of God be on you!
Archbishop. We are not so impious:
It *is* on you: it were a sin to wish it.
Consul. Prince and archbishop! there are woes that fall
Far short of curses, though sore chastisements;
Prosperities there are that hit the mark,
And the clear-sighted see God's anger there.
Archbishop. Are *we* constrain'd to drag and vex the sea
And harrow up the barren rocks below
For noisome weeds? Are household animals
Struck off the knee to furnish our repast?
Consul. Better endure than cause men this endurance.
Archbishop. Clearly ye think so: we think otherwise.
'Tis better to chastise than be chastised,
To be the judge than be the criminal.

Consul. How oft, when crimes are high enough to strike
The front of Heaven, are those two characters
Blended in one!
Archbishop. I am not to be school'd
By insolence and audacity.
Consul. *We* are,
It seems: but fortitude and trust in God
Will triumph yet. Our conference is closed.

ACT II.

SCENE I. AT THE RAMPARTS.

ANGELICA, STAMURA, *and* Soldiers.

Angelica. See ye those towers that stride against the walls?
Soldier. See you this arrow? Few were not more fatal
That flew from them: but this arrests my arm
Perhaps beyond to-morrow.
Angelica (*to others*). Fight amain.
Soldier. The widow of Stamura is below,
And, slender tho' her figure, fair her face,
Brave as her husband. Few her words: beware
Of falling back, lest they increase and shame us.
Another Soldier. Long live Stamura! She hath crost already
The sallyport.
Another Soldier. What held she in her hand?
Another Soldier. A distaff.
Soldier. Hush! what cries are those?
Another Soldier. All German.
Soldier. What dust is over-head?
Another Soldier. Is not it smoke?
Hurrah! flames mount above the battlements.
Soldier. It was her deed.
Another Soldier. But whose those cries behind us,
Along the harbour?
Soldier. Those are all Italian.
Another Soldier. Look! How yon tower curls outward, red and reeling!
Soldier. Ay; it leans forward as in mortal pain.
Another Soldier. What are those things that drop?
Soldier. Men, while we speak,
Another moment, nothing.
Another Soldier. Some leap down;
Others would keep their desperate grasp: the fire
Loosens it; and they fall like shrivell'd grapes
Which none will gather. See it, while you can;
It totters, parts, sinks. What a crash! The sparks
Will blind our archers.
Another Soldier. What a storm of fire!

SCENE II. THE CONSUL'S HOUSE.

CONSUL, ERMINIA.

Erminia. The men you spoke with in the port have pass'd
The window, and seem entering.
Consul. Friends, come in.
Minuzzi (*Entering with* STAMURA *and others*).
Sir Consul! we are here inopportunely.
Our work is done: God prosper'd it. Young lady!
We come no feasters at a consul's board.
Consul. Erminia! coverest thou our scanty fare
Because 'tis scanty, and not over-nice?
Child! thou hast eaten nothing.
Erminia. Quite enough.
Consul. No wonder thou hast lost thy appetite,
And sighest.
Erminia. I am sure I did not sigh;
Nor have I lost my appetite.
Consul. Then eat:
Take off the napkin.
Erminia. Father! you well know
What is beneath it.
Consul. Half a cake.
Erminia. Of beans,
Of rye, of barley, swept from off the manger:
My little horse had eaten them ere now,
But . .
Consul. The child weeps. Even such flesh must serve.
Heaven grant us even this a few days hence.
Erminia (*To* STAMURA). Signor Antonio! do not look at me,
I pray you, thinking of my greediness;
Eat, eat! I kept it . . If the sea's fresh air
Makes hungry those who sail upon it, surely
It must . . after such toil . .
Stamura. Such toil 'twas not.
Erminia. Father! could you persuade him?
Stamura. Pray excuse me!
I want no food.
Consul. Take what there is, and wine.
Wine we have still in plenty, old and strong.
Stamura. Grant me this one half-beaker.
Erminia. Let me run
And rinse it well.
Stamura. Forbear! forbear!
Consul. We have
No man or maiden in the house; they all
Fight or assist the fighting.
Erminia. He has taken
And drank it every drop! Poor, poor Antonio!
O how he must have thirsted!
[*To* STAMURA.
'Twas half water.
Stamura. It was not very strong.
Minuzzi. And yet the colour
Mounts to his eyes as 'twere sheer wine of Crete.
Consul. I am impatient (you must pardon me)
To hear what you have done. Pour out the wine,
Erminia! that can cause but short delay.
[*They drink, all but* STAMURA. *Cries in the street,* "*Long live* STAMURA!"
Stamura. Call they me? why me?
[*Cries again.* "*Long live the brave* ANGELICA."
Stamura. My mother!

Minuzzi. Now for the wine! The boy will faint.
Angelica. Help! father!
Officer. Sir! saw you not the flames along the sky?
Has no one told you how that noble lady
Burnt down the tower with all its galleries,
Down to the very wheels?
Stamura. Who minds the tower?
Sirs! is she safe? unhurt?
Officer. Sir! the ram's head,
Blacken'd with smoke, lean'd prone against the wall,
Then seem'd to shudder as 'twere half-alive.
Then fell the iron mass. It made no sound
Among the ashes. Had it made a loud one
There were much louder from the wretches crusht
Beneath it and its tower; some tearing off
Their burning armour agonised with pain,
And others pierced with red-hot nails that held
The rafters; others holding up their arms
Against the pitch and sulphur that pour'd down.
It was a sight! Well might it have detain'd,
Those who beheld it, from their duty here.
Up flew, not sparks alone, but splinters huge,
Crackling against the battlements, and drove
More men away than all their arrows could.
Stamura. Sir Consul! I must warm myself with fighting
After this dip. [*Aside.*
Nor see my mother first?
She would be first to blame me if I did. [*Goes.*
Consul. God prosper thee, brave youth, God prosper thee!
Erminia (*Aside*). Discourteous man! he said no word to me!
He even forgot my father.

FATHER JOHN *enters.*

Minuzzi. Here comes one
Who can relate to you the whole exploit
Better than we.
Father John. Where is Antonio?
Minuzzi. Gone
This instant. How was it ye did not meet?
Father John. Ha! I am this time caught in my own net.
I knew the knave would run away at seeing me;
He told me if I came he would be gone,
Fearing to hear my story. So, sir Consul,
I stole in softly through the stable-door.
I can not keep my breath beneath the surface
So long as boys can. They are slenderer,
Less buoyant too, mayhap. Oft as I rose
My pilot-fish was with me; that Stamura
Would never leave me.
Erminia. Father John! your blessing!
You always used to give it me.
Father John. There, take it.
How the girl kisses my rough hand to-day! [*Aside.*
Forgetful, heedless, reckless of himself
He held a shapeless shield of cork before me,
Wherefrom a silent shower of arrows fell
From every galley, amid shouts like hunters'
As they caught sight of us. The bright steel points
Rebounding (for not one of them bit through)
Glistened a moment as they clove the water,
Then delved into the uneven furrow'd sands.
Surely the lustrous and unclosing eyes
Of well-poised fishes have enjoy'd to-day
A rarity; they never saw before
So many feathers sticking all upright
Under the brine so many fathoms deep.
Consul. Father! your gaiety will never fail you.
Father John. Not while it pleases God to use my arm
Or wits, such as they are, to serve my country.
But this I tell you: had the boy been less
Assiduous, or less brave, the fish had seen
Another sight they oftener see, and then
No Father John had blest that maiden more.
Minuzzi. Stamura saved our country, saving you.
Father John. And you too, both of you, did well your duty.
Minuzzi. Aground are five good galleys, and their crews
Await your mercy.
Father John. Did Stamura bring
His captive, that spruce Roman-spoken gallant?
Consul. He brought none hither.
Minuzzi. Now our tale is told,
A little fighting will assuage the toil
And cold of diving. Brave Stamura toss'd
The net above his forehead fifty times
And drew it off and shoved it back again,
Impatient for his mother. He will knead
(I trow) a pasty German ere he see her;
We too may lend a hand. Come, Father John!
Shrive as if we should need it.
Consul. Fare ye well.
Thank God! I am not rich; but this one day,
My friends, I would be richer, to reward you.
The ships are yours: let none else claim one plank.

SCENE III. THE QUAY.

PEOPLE. STAMURA.

Stamura. Stand off! The stores within the barks belong
Alike and equally to all. Much grain
Will there be spilt unless a steady hand
Conveys it, and divides it house by house.
Horses no fewer than three-score are dragged
Within the gates, from the last charge against us:
What would ye? Wait another charge, and take it.
People. Brave, brave Antonio!

SCENE IV. ARCHBISHOP'S TENT.

ARCHBISHOP. *The Brothers* COSTANZIO *and* CORRADO.

Archbishop. Could ye not wait for death within the walls,
But must rush out to meet it?

Costanzio. We could wait
As others do.
Corrado. And fight we could as others.
Archbishop. Costanzio and Corrado! I am grieved
That you should war against your lawful prince,
Your father being most loyal.
Costanzio. So are we.
Archbishop. What! when he serves the emperor and king,
And you the rabble?
Corrado. Who made men the rabble?
Archbishop. Will not your treason and your death afflict him?
Costanzio. Our treason would: God grant our death may not.
Corrado. We never took the oaths that he has taken,
And owe no duty but to our own land.
Archbishop. Are ye Anconites?
Corrado. No, sir, but Italians,
And in Ancona lies the cause of Italy.
Archbishop. Pernicious dreams! These drive young men astray;
But when they once take their own cause, instead
Of ours who could direct them, they are lost:
So will ye find it. As ye were not born
In this vile city, what, pray, could have urged you
To throw your fortunes into it when sinking?
Costanzio. Because we saw it sinking.
Corrado. While it prosper'd
It needed no such feeble aid as ours.
Marquises, princes, kings, popes, emperors,
Courted it then: and you, my lord archbishop,
Would have it even in its last decay.
Archbishop. There is a spirit in the land, a spirit
So pestilential that the fire of heaven
Alone can purify it.
Costanzio. Things being so,
Let us return and die with those we fought for.
Archbishop. Captious young man! Ye die the death of traitors.
Corrado. Alas! how many better men have died
That death! alas, how many must hereafter!
Archbishop. By following your example. Think of that;
Be that your torture.
Costanzio. As we never grieved
At following our betters, grant, just Heaven!
That neither may our betters ever grieve
At following us, be the time soon or late.
[*To the* Guards.
Archbishop. Lead off these youths. Separate them.
Corrado. My lord!
We are too weak (you see it) for resistance;
Let us then, we beseech you, be together
In what is left of life!
Archbishop. One hour is left:
Hope not beyond.
Corrado. We did hope more; we hoped
To be together, tho' but half the time.
Archbishop. It shall not be.
Costanzio. It shall be.
Archbishop. Art thou mad?
I would not smile, but such pride forces me.
Costanzio. God, in whose holiest cause we took up arms,
Will reconcile us. Doubt it not, Corrado,
Altho' such men as that man there have said it.

SCENE V. CONSUL'S HOUSE.

STAMURA. ERMINIA.

Stamura. Lady! you need not turn your face from me.
I leave the town for aid. But one perhaps
May bring it, if you listen to him.
Erminia. Who?
Stamura. I made a captive.
Erminia. So I hear.
Stamura. I come
Seeking the consul: he expected me.
Erminia. And *him?*
Stamura. Him also.
Erminia. Know you what he asks?
Stamura. I know it.
Erminia. And you wish it? *you,* Stamura?
Stamura. I have no voice in it.
Erminia. True. Go. I know it.
[STAMURA *goes.*
Shameless! to ask him! Never did we meet
But, if his eye caught mine, he walk'd aside:
Yet, by some strange occurrence, we meet daily.

The CONSUL *enters.*

Consul. Erminia! didst thou send away Stamura?
Erminia. He went away: no need for me to send him.
Consul. Knowest thou whom he made his captive?
Erminia. Yes:
That insolent young Roman.
Consul. Speak not thus
Before thou seest him.
Erminia. I will never see him.
Consul. Nay, I have promised scarce five minutes since
That thou shalt hear him.
Erminia. Has he then found favor
With you so suddenly?
Consul. Stamura speaks
Much in his favor.
Erminia. Are they friends already?
Consul. Hardly; we must suppose. But here they come.

STAMURA. CLOVIO. CONSUL. ERMINIA.

Clovio. Sir Consul! I am Clovio Fizzarelli.
Have you received the letter?
Consul. I received it.

Clovio. On bended knee permit me to salute
The lady who shall rule my destiny,
Your fair Erminia.
Erminia. You are the Pope's nephew,
Sir Clovio! I have heard; and you come hither
Most strongly recommended.
Clovio. True, sweet lady!
But I do trust, with all humility,
There may be a mere trifle in myself,
Not to engage you in the first half-hour,
But so to plead for me, that in a day
Or two, or three at farthest . .
Erminia. Sir, your pleader
Stands there; you are his captive, and not mine.
Clovio. He knows me well. He threw my whole boat's crew
(Four of them) overboard, but found his match
In me.
Erminia. It seems so: does it not, Antonio?
Stamura. More; how much more!
Clovio. There! He could not deny it.
Erminia. And now he has persuaded my kind father
To grant you audience.
Clovio (*to* STAMURA). She is proud: I'll tame her.
Stamura (*Angrily*). Sir! [*Aside.*
No: he is my prisoner and my guest.
Erminia. This gentleman, who is so confidential
With you, and whom you whisper to for counsel,
May give my hand away . . and will most gladly.
I doubt not . . for my father can refuse
Nothing to one who made so great a prize,
Beside the preservation of the city.
Clovio. Speak then, my worthy friend, if thus the consul
Honours your valour; speak for me; and let me
Who owe my life, owe more than life to you.
Stamura. The consul knows what suits his honour best,
And the young lady seems not ill disposed
To shower his favour on such high desert.
I have my duties; but this is not one.
Let the young lady give her hand herself.
If I had any wish . . but I have none . .
It should be, Sir, that you had won it first
By a brave action or a well-tried love.
But, what is love? My road lies toward the walls.
[*To the* CONSUL.
With your permission, Sir! I have yours, lady!

[STAMURA *goes.*

Erminia. Father! I am unwell. This gentleman
Comes unexpectedly, demands abruptly . .
Clovio. Impatiently, but not abruptly.
Erminia. Sir!
I will not marry: never, never, never.

[ERMINIA *goes.*

Clovio. Ha! ha! all women are alike, Sir Consul.
Leave her to me.
Consul. Sir Clovio Fizzarelli!
I will do more than what you ask of me.
I grant you freedom. Go aboard the pinnace
Which bore you into port; and say at Rome
That you have seen men starving in the streets,
Because his Holiness refused us help
Unless a father gave a daughter up;
And say the daughter would not sell her heart,
Much less her country; and then add, Sir Clovio,
(O were it true!) "All women are alike."

ACT III.

SCENE I. EPISCOPAL PALACE.

BISHOP *of* ANCONA *and* FATHER JOHN.

Bishop. I have been standing at my terrace-wall
And counting those who pass and cry with hunger.
Brother! the stoutest men are grown effeminate;
Nay, worse; they stamp and swear, even in my presence,
And looking up at me.
Father John. Sad times indeed!
Bishop. I calculate that giving each an ounce
Only one day, scarce would a sack remain
In my whole garner; I am so reduced.
Father John. I come to beg your lordship for one ounce
Of your fine flour, to save a child; to save
A mother, who loathes ordinary food . .
Not ordinary, but most bitter lupin:
She has no other in the house.
Bishop. No other!
Poor soul! This famine is a dreadful thing!
Pestilence always follows it! God help us!
I tremble; I start up in sleep.
Father John. My lord!
An ounce of meal, a single ounce, might calm
These tremblings, well applied. The nurse that should be
Can be no nurse: the mother very soon
Will be no mother, and the child no child.
Bishop. You know not how things stand, good brother John!
This very morning, as I hope for grace,
I paid three golden pieces for the head,
Think you, of what? an ass!
Father John (*Aside*). The cannibal!
[*To the* BISHOP.]
Ah, my good lord! they bear high prices now.
Bishop. Why, brother! you yourself are grown much thinner.
How can you do your duty?
Father John. Were I not
Much thinner, I should think I had not done it.
Bishop. My cook assures me that with wine and spice
Elicampane, cumin, angelica,
Garlic, and sundry savory herbs, stored by
Most providentially, the Lord be praised!
He can make that strange head quite tolerable . .
The creature was a young one . . what think you!
Father John. They are more tolerable than the old.
Bishop. The sellers take advantage of bad times,
Quite without conscience, shame, respect for persons,

Or fear of God. What can such men expect?
You must have seen sad sights about our city:
I wonder you are what you are.
Father John. Sad sights
Indeed!
Bishop. But all will give their confessor
Part of their pittance; and the nearer death
The readier; knowing what the church can do.
Tell me now, for my entrails yearn to hear it,
Do they not take due care of you?
Father John. No meals
Have now their stated hour. Unwillingly
I enter houses where the family
Sits round the table at the spare repast.
Sometimes they run and hide it.
Bishop. Most unmannerly!
Inhuman, I would add unchristianlike.
Father John. Sometimes they push toward me the untasted
And uninviting food, look wistfully,
Press me; yet dread acceptance. Yesterday
A little girl, the youngest of the five,
Was raising to her lips a mealy bean
(I saw no other on the unsoil'd plate)
And, looking at my eyes fixt hard on hers,
And thinking they were fixt upon the morsel,
Pusht it between my lips, and ran away.
Bishop. Brother! I should have call'd her a good child;
I should myself have given the benediction
With my own hand, and placed it on her head:
I wonder you don't praise her. Brother John!
I have my nones to run thro'; so, good-by.
Father John. Just God! does this house stand? Dark are thy ways,
Inscrutable! Be thy right hand our guide!

SCENE II. SENATE-HOUSE.

SENATORS. CONSUL.

Consul. Senators! ye have call'd me to debate
On our condition.
Senator. Consul! we are lost.
Consul. All are who think so.
Second Senator. Even the best want food.
Consul. The bravest do.
Third Senator. How shall men fight without it?
Fourth Senator. Concord and peace might have return'd.
Consul. By yielding,
Think ye? Not they: contempt and sorrow might.
Can there be ever concord (peace there may be)
Between the German and Italian? None.
Remember how that ancient city fell,
Milano. Seven whole years resisted she
The imperial sword: she listened to conditions
And fell. The soldiers of His Majesty . .
His soldiers, ay, his very court . . shed tears
At such affliction, at such utter ruin,
At such wide wails, such universal woe.
They all were equal then; for all were slaves,
Scatter'd, the poor, the rich, the brave, the coward,
Thro' Bergamo, Pavia, Lodi, Como,
The cities of the enemy. There stood
No vestige of the walls, no church to pray in . .
And what was left to pray for? What but Cæsar?
Throw rather all your wealth into the sea
Than let the robber priest lay hold upon it,
And, if ye die of famine, die at least
In your own houses while they *are* your own.
But there are many yet whose hearts and arms
Will save you all: to-day you all can fight,
The enemy shall feed you all to-morrow.
Were it no shame a priest should seize the prey
That kings and emperors dropt with broken talon?
The eagle flew before your shouts; and now
A vulture must swoop down! but vultures keep
From living men and from warm blood; they revel
(And most the Roman vulture) in corruption.
Have ye forgotten how your fathers fought,
When Totila with Goths invincible
Besieged you; not with priests and choristers;
When twenty-seven ships assail'd your port
And when eleven only ever left it?
Rome fell before him twice; not once Ancona.
Your fathers saved the city. . ye shall save her.
Senator. Weapons are insufficient; courage, vows,
Avail not. We are unprepared for war:
Scanty was our last harvest: and these winds
Are adverse. They know that who now defy us,
Blockading us alike by sea and land.
Consul. We some are poor, we some are prosperous,
We all alike owe all we have: the air
Is life alike to all, the sun is warmth,
The earth, its fruits and flocks, are nutriment,
Children and wives are comforts; all partake
(Or may partake) in these. Shall hoarded grain
Or gold be less in common, when the arms
That guard it are not those that piled it up,
But those that shrink without it? Come, ye rich,
Be richer still: strengthen your brave defenders,
And make all yours that was not yours before.
Dares one be affluent where ten thousand starve?
Open your treasuries, your granaries,
But throw mine open first. Another year
Will roughen this equality again,
The rich be what they were; the poor . . alas!
What they were too perhaps . . but every man
More happy, each one having done his duty.
Senator (*To another*). Hark! the young fools applaud! they rise around;
They hem him in; they seize and kiss his hand;
He shakes our best supporters.
Another. Give the sign
To those without.

[PEOPLE *enter.*]

Consul. Who called you hither?
[*Various voices.*
First. Want.
Second. Famine.
Third. Our families.
Fourth. I had three sons;
One hath been slain, one wounded.

Fifth. Only one
Had I: my loss is greatest.
Sixth. Grant us peace.
Sir Consul, peace we plead for, only peace.
Consul. Will peace bring back the dead? will peace restore
Lost honour? will peace heal the wounds your sons
And brothers writhe with? They who gave those wounds
Shall carry home severer, if they live,
And never in my consulate shall laugh
At those brave men whom men less brave desert.
True, some have fallen: but before they fell
They won the field; nor now can earthly power
Take from their cold clencht hands the spoil they grasp;
No mortal spoil, but glory. Life, my sons,
Life may lose all: the seal that none can break
Hath stampt their names, all registered above.
Senator (*To a* Man *near*). Speak; you poor fool! speak loudly, or expect
From me no favour . . and tell that man next.
Man. Oh! we are starving.
Consul. Better starve than serve.
Another. He has no pity.
Consul. What is that I hear?
I have no pity. Have I not a daughter?
Another. O what a daughter! How compassionate!
How charitable! Had she been born poor
She could not more have pitied poverty.
Consul. Two ounces of coarse bread, wine, which she loathes,
And nothing more, sustain her.
Another. God sustains her;
He will not leave his fairest work to perish.
Consul. Fight then, fight bravely, while ye can, my friends!
In God have confidence, if none in me.
[*Shouts of applause. Part of the* People *leave the* Senators.]
Senator (*To another*). Seducer of the people! shall it end
Thus vilely? [*To the* CONSUL.]
You have stores at home, Sir Consul!
You have wide lands.
Another Senator. You should support your order.
Consul. My order! God made one; of that am I.
Stores, it appears, I have at home; wide lands;
Are those at home too? or within my reach?
Paternal lands I do inherit; wide
They are enough, but stony, mountainous,
The greater part unprofitable.
Senator. Some
The richest in rich wine.
Consul. Few days ago
Nearly a hundred barrels were unbroached.
Another Senator. A hundred loaves, tho' small indeed and dry,
Would they be worth in such distress as ours.
We could raise half among us.
Consul. Shame upon you!
Had not your unwise laws and unfair thrift
Prohibited the entrance of supplies
While they *could* enter, never had this famine
Stalked through the people.
Senator. But the laws are laws.
Consul. Yours; never theirs.
Another Senator. Why thus inflame the people?
Consul. Who brought the people hither? for what end?
To serve you in your avarice; to cry *peace!*
Not knowing peace from servitude.
Senator. For quiet,
Spare them at least a portion of the wine.
Consul. Nor them nor you; nor price nor force shall gain it.
People. Are we to perish? Hunger if we must,
Let us be strengthen'd by a draught of wine
To bear it on.
Senator. Wine is the oil of life,
And the lamp burns with it which else were spent.
People. Sir Consul! we forbear; we honour you,
But tell us, ere we sink, where one flask lies.
Consul. Go ask the women labouring of child,
Ask those who nurse their infants, ask the old,
Who can not fight, ask those who fought the best,
The wounded, maim'd, disabled, the Anconitea.
Sirs! if ye find one flask within our cellar,
Crack it, and throw the fragments in my face.
People. Let us away. [*Shouts of applause.*
Consul. Follow me to the walls;
And you, too, senators, learn there your duty.
People. We swear to do our best.
Consul. Sworn wisely! Life
Is now more surely to be won by arms
Than death is, and the sword alone can win it.
I lead the way; let who will lag behind.

SCENE III. THE CITY.

PAOLUCCI, Officers, Citizens.

Officer. The consul has been wounded. Who is left
To lead us? and what leader would suffice?
The strongest sink with famine, lying down
Along the battlements, and only raised
When sounds the trumpet.
First Citizen. And most fall again.
Second Citizen. Our day is come, the day of our disgrace.
Paolucci. Ours never was that day, and never shall be.
Ye may have lost your consul (let us hope
He is not lost to us) but we are sure
His memory and example yet remain
With all their life in them.
[*To the* People.]
Young men! perhaps
Ye know me not: your fathers knew me well;
Their fathers better. Three-score years ago
I was your consul: none then preached surrender;
And let none now: yet there were those around
Who would have pinfolded the quiet flock
As gladly as yon shepherd at the gate.

People. We can resist no longer. Who can count
The slain?
Paolucci. Say, rather, who can praise the slain?
Glorified souls? happy your sleep! ye hear
No shameful speech from brethren!
People. Arms alone
Should not subdue us: famine has: we starve.
Paolucci. While life remains life's sufferings will arise,
Whether from famine or from sharper sting
Than famine: upon every hearth almost
There creeps some scorpion never seen till felt.
But until every arm that guards our walls
Drop helpless at the starting ribs, until
That hour, stand all united. Ye despair
Untimely. He who rules us rules us well,
Exciting no false hope, as bad men do
When they have led where none can extricate.
I was your consul while the king Lothaire
Besieged the city, proud as any prelate,
Swearing he would reduce it. Other kings
Have sworn the same . . and kept their word like kings . .
Cursing and flying. We have met brave foes;
But they met braver. Fly; and let the crook
Drag a vile flock back from its flight to slaughter.
All. We scorn the thought. But where lies human help?
Paolucci. I may be spared to seek it, spared to try
If one brave man breathes yet among the powerful.
Who knows not Marchesella?
Officer. Brave he is,
But mindful of the emperor. He saw
Milano, which had stood two thousand years,
Sink;* every tree, on hill or vale, cut down,
The vine, the olive, ripe and unripe corn
Burnt by this minister of God. Throughout
There was no shade for sick men to die under,
There was no branch to strow upon the bier.
Another Officer. His father was courageous, why not he?
A third Officer. Above all living men is Marchesella
Courageous: but pray what are our deserts
With him, that he should hazard for our sake
His lordly castles and his wide domains?
Perhaps his fame in arms! 'Twere mad to hope it.
Prudence, we know, for ever guides his courage.
Paolucci. If generous pity dwells not in his house,
As once it did, with every other virtue,
Seek it, where brave men never seek in vain,
In woman's breast: away to Bertinoro:
Take heart: the countess is a Frangipani:
There are a thousand trumpets in that name:
Methinks I hear them blowing toward Ancona.
Old men talk long: but be not ye so idle:
Hie to the walls: I will sue her. To arms!
To arms! the consul of past years commands you.

* Ancona was besieged 1162, 1174.

SCENE IV. CONSUL'S HOUSE.

PAOLUCCI. CONSUL. ERMINIA.

Paolucci. Consul! how fare you?
Consul. Not amiss.
Paolucci. But wounded?
Consul. There was more blood than wound, they say who saw it.
Erminia. My father, sir, slept well all night.
Paolucci. All night
An angel watched him; he must needs sleep well.
Consul. I drove away that little fly in vain,
It flutter'd round the fruit whose skin was broken.
Erminia. Sweet father! talk not so; nor much at all.
Paolucci. Consul! I have not many days of life,
As you may see; and old men are in want
Of many little things which those in power
Can give: and 'twere amiss to hold them back
Because unclaim'd before.
Consul. I well remember,
Though then a child, how all this city praised
Your wisdom, zeal, and probity, when consul.
Ancona then was flourishing; but never
Were those compensated who served their country,
Except by serving her; 'twas thought enough;
We think so still. Beside, the treasury
Is emptied, that it may procure us food
And troops. Be sure the very first that eats
The strangers' corn (if any reach our port)
Shall be no other than yourself: your age
And virtue merit from us this distinction.
Paolucci. Sir Consul! I want more than that.
Consul. Receive it
And welcome from the father and the man,
Not from the consul. Now would you yourself
Act differently (I ask) on this occasion?
Paolucci. More kindly, no; but differently, yes.
Consul. What would you from me?
Paolucci. High distinction, consul!
Consul. I will propose it, as I justly may,
And do regret it has been so deferred.
Paolucci. May I speak plainly what ambition prompts?
Consul. I hear all claims.
Paolucci. Those sacks hold heavy sums.
Consul. Avarice was never yet imputed to you.
Paolucci. 'Tis said you can not move them from the town.
Consul. Difficult, dangerous, doubtful, such attempt.
The young Stamura loves bold enterprizes,
And may succeed where others would despair:
But, such the lack of all that life requires
Even for a day, I dare not send one loaf
Aboard his bark. Hunger would urge the many
To rush and seize it.
Paolucci. They would not seize *me*.
One loaf there is at home: that boy shall share it.
Erminia. He would not, though he pined.
Consul. A youth so abstinent
I never knew.
Paolucci. But when we are afloat . .

Consul. We shall not be:
We think not of escape.
Paolucci. No: God forbid!
We will meet safety in the path of honor.
Consul. Why say *afloat* then?
Paolucci. Only he and I.
This is the guerdon I demand, the crown
Of my grey hairs.
Erminia. Alas! what aid could either
Afford the other? O sir! do not go!
You are too old; he much too rash.. Dear father!
If you have power, if you have love, forbid it!
Paolucci. It was advised that younger ones should go:
Some were too daring, some were too despondent:
I am between these two extremes.
Consul. But think
Again!
Paolucci. I have no time for many thoughts,
And I have chosen out of them the best.
Erminia. He never will return! he goes to die!
I knew he would!
Consul. His days have been prolonged
Beyond the days of man: and there goes with him
One who sees every danger but his own.

SCENE V. SEASIDE. NIGHT.

PAOLUCCI, STAMURA.

Paolucci. I feel the spray upon my face already.
Is the wind fair?
Stamura. 'Tis fiercely fair.
Paolucci. The weather
Can not be foul then.
Stamura (*Lifting him aboard*). Sit down here. Don't tremble.
Paolucci. Then tell the breeze to wax a trifle warmer,
And lay thy hand upon those hissing waves.
She grates the gravel.. We are off at last.

ACT III.

SCENE I. CASTLE OF BERTINORO.

COUNTESS OF BERTINORO, MARCHESELLA, PAOLUCCI, *and* STAMURA.

Page. My lady! here are two such men as never
Enter'd a palace-gate.
Countess. Who are they?
Page. One
Older than anything I ever saw,
Alive or dead; the other a stout youth,
Guiding him, and commanding all around
To stand aside, and give that elder way;
At first with gentle words, and then with stern.
Coarse their habiliments, their beards unshorn,
Yet they insist on entrance to my lady.
Countess. Admit the elder, but exclude the other.
Wait. [*To* MARCHESELLA.
If the younger be his son, what little
Of service I may render to the father
Will scarce atone for keeping him apart.
[*To the* Page.
Go; bid them enter; both.
[STAMURA, *having led* PAOLUCCI *in, retires.*
Paolucci. I come, O countess!
Imploring of your gentleness and pity,
To save from fire and sword, and, worse than either,
Worse, and more imminent, to save from famine
The few brave left, the many virtuous,
Virgins and mothers (save them!) in Ancona.
Countess. Nay, fall not at my knee. Age must not that..
Raise him, good Marchesella!
Paolucci. You too, here,
Illustrious lord?
Marchesella. What! and art thou still living,
Paolucci? faithful, hospitable soul!
We have not met since childhood.. mine, I mean.
Paolucci. Smile not, my gentle lord! too gracious then,
Be now more gracious; not in looks or speech,
But in such deeds as you can best perform.
Friendship another time might plead for us;
Now bear we what our enemy would else
Seize from us, all the treasures of our city,
To throw them at your feet for instant aid.
Help, or we perish. Famine has begun..
Begun? has almost ended.. with Ancona.
Countess. Already? We have been too dilatory.
Marchesella. I could not raise the money on my lands
Earlier; it now is come. I want not yours:
Place it for safety in this castle-keep,
If such our lady's pleasure.
Countess. Until peace.
Marchesella. My troops are on the march.
Countess. And mine not yet!
Repose you, sir! they shall arrive with you,
Or sooner. Is that modest youth your son?
Paolucci. Where is he? gone again?
Countess. When first you enter'd.
Paolucci. Some angel whisper'd your benign intent
Into his ear, else had he never left me.
My son? Who would not proudly call him so?
Soon shall ye hear what mother bore the boy,
And where he dash'd the gallies, while that mother
Fired their pine towers, already wheel'd against
Our walls, and gave us time.. for what? to perish.
Marchesella. No, by the saints above! not yet, not yet. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Countess. Merenda is announced. Sir, I entreat you
To lead me! Grant one favour more; and hint not

To our young friend that we have learnt his
prowess. [*To a* Page.
Conduct the noble youth who waits without.

SCENE II.

COUNTESS, MARCHESELLA, PAOLUCCI, STAMURA, *at Table.*

Countess (*to* STAMURA). Sir, there are seasons
when 'tis incivility
To ask a name; 'twould now be more uncivil
To hesitate.
Stamura. Antonio is my name.
Countess. Baptismal. Pray, the family?
Stamura. Stamura;
But *that* my honour'd father gave in marriage
To her who wears it brighter day by day:
She calls me rather by the name he bore.
Countess. It must be known and cherisht.
Stamura. By the bravest
And most enduring in my native place;
It goes no farther: we are but just noble.
Countess. He who could head the tempest, and
make serve
Unruly ocean, not for wealth, nor harm
To any but the spoiler, high above
That ocean, high above that tempest's wing,
He needs no turret to abut his name,
He needs no crescent to stream light on it,
Nor castellan, nor seneschal, nor herald.
Paolucci. Ha! boy, those words make thy
breast rise and fall,
Haply as much as did the waves. The town
Could ill repay thee; Beauty overpays.
Countess. Talk what the young should hear;
nor see the meed
Of glorious deeds in transitory tints,
Fainter or brighter.
Paolucci. I was wrong.
Countess. Not quite:
For beauty, in thy native town, young man,
May feel her worth in recompensing thine.
Stamura (*aside*). Alas! alas! she perishes!
while here
We tarry.
Paolucci (*overhearing*). She? Who perishes?
Stamura. The town.
Paolucci. How the boy blushes at that noble
praise!
Countess. They blush at glory who deserve it
most.
. . Blushes soon go: the dawn alone is red.
Stamura. We know what duty, not what glory
is.
The very best among us are not rich
Nor powerful.
Countess. Are they anywhere?
Paolucci. His deeds,
If glorious in themselves, require no glory.
Even this siege, those sufferings, who shall heed?
Countess. He gives most light by being not too
high.
Remember by what weapon fell the chief
Of Philistines. Did brazen chariots, driven
By giants, roll against him? From the brook,
Striking another such, another day,
A little pebble stretcht the enormous bulk
That would have fill'd it and have turn'd its
course.
And in the great deliverers of mankind
Whom find ye? Those whom varlet pipers praise.
The greatest of them all, by all adored,
Did Babylon from brazen-belted gate,
Not humble straw-rooft Bethlehem, send forth?
We must not be too serious. Let us hear
How were the cables cut.
Paolucci. I saw the shears
That clipt them. Father John, before he went,
Show'd me them, how they workt. He himself
held
The double crescent of sharp steel, in form
Like that swart insect's which you shake from fruit
About the kernel. This enclaspt the cable;
And two long handles (a stout youth, at each
Extremity, pushing with all his strength
Right forward) sunder'd it. Then swiftly flew
One vessel to the shore; and then another:
And hardly had the youths or Father John
Time to take breath upon the upper wave,
When down they sank again and there swang
round
Another prow, and dasht upon the mole.
Then many blithe Venetians fell transfixt
With arrows, many sprang into the sea
And cried for mercy. Upon deck appeared
The pope's own nephew, who ('tis said) had come
To arbitrate. He leapt into a boat
Which swam aside, most gorgeously array'd,
And this young man leapt after him and seized him.
He, when he saw a dagger at his throat,
Bade all his crew, four well-built men, surrender.
Stamura. They could not have feared *me:*
they saw our archers.
Countess. And where is now your prisoner?
Stamura. He desired
An audience of the consul.
Countess. To what end?
Stamura. I know not: I believe to court his
daughter.
Countess. Is the girl handsome? Is that question harder
Than what I askt before? will he succeed?
Stamura. Could he but save from famine our
poor city,
And . . could he make her happy . .
Countess. Pray go on.
It would delight you then to see him win her?
Stamura. O that I had not saved him! or myself!
Countess. She loves him then? And you hate
foreigners.
I do believe you like the fair Erminia
Yourself.
Stamura. She hates me. Who likes those that
hate him?
Countess. I never saw such hatred as you bear
her:
If she bears you the like . .

Stamura. She can do now
No worse than what she has done.
Countess. Who knows that?
I am resolved to see.
Stamura. O lady Countess!
How have I made an enemy of you?
Place me the lowest of your band, but never
Affront her with the mention of my name.
When the great work which you have undertaken
Is done, admit me in your castle-walls,
And never let me see our own again.
Countess. I think I may accomplish what you wish;
But, recollect, I make no promises.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. OPEN SPACE NEAR THE BALISTA GATE IN ANCONA.

The LADY MALASPINA, *her* Infant, *and a* Soldier.

Soldier. I am worn down with famine, and can live
But few hours more.
L. Malaspina. I have no food.
Soldier. Nor food
Could I now swallow. Bring me water, water!
L. Malaspina. Alas! I can not. Strive to gain the fountain.
Soldier. I have been nigh.
L. Malaspina. And could not reach it?
Soldier. Crowds
I might pierce through, but how thrust back their cries?
They madden'd me to flight ere half-way in.
Some upright.. no, none that.. but some unfallen,
Yet pressing down with their light weight the weaker.
The brows of some were bent down to their knees,
Others (the hair seized fast by those behind)
Lifted for the last time their eyes to heaven;
And there were waves of heads one moment's space
Seen, then unseen for ever. Wails rose up
Half stifled underfoot, from children some,
And some from those who bore them.
L. Malaspina. Mercy! merey!
O blessed Virgin! thou wert mother too!
How didst *thou* suffer! how did *He!* Save, save
At least the infants, if all else must perish.
Soldier! brave soldier! dost thou weep? then hope.
Soldier. I suffer'd for myself; deserve I mercy?
L. Malaspina. He who speaks thus shall find it. Try to rise.
Soldier. No: could I reach the fountain in my thirst,
I would not.
L. Malaspina. Life is sweet.
Soldier. To brides, to mothers.
L. Malaspina. Alas! how soon may those names pass away!
I would support thee partly, wert thou willing,
But my babe sleeps.
Soldier. Sleep, little one, sleep on!
I shall sleep too as soundly, by and by.
L. Malaspina. Courage, one effort more.
Soldier. And tread on children!
On children clinging to my knees for strength
To help them on, and with enough yet left
To pull me down, but others pull down them.
God! let me bear this thirst, but never more
Bear that sad sight! Tread on those tiny hands
Clasping the dust! See those dim eyes upturn'd,
Those rigid lips reproachless! Man may stir,
Woman may shake, my soul; but children, children!
O God! those are thine own! make haste to help them!
Happy that babe!
L. Malaspina. Thou art humane.
Soldier. 'Tis said
That hunger is almost as bad as wealth
To make men selfish; but such feebleness
Comes over me, all things look dim around,
And life most dim, and least worth looking after.
L. Malaspina. I pity thee. Day after day myself
Have lived on things unmeet for sustenance.
My milk is failing.. Rise..
(*To the* Child) My little one!
God will feed *thee!* Be sleep thy nourisher
Until his mercies strengthen me afresh!
Sink not: take heart: advance: Here, where from heaven
The Virgin-mother can alone behold us,
Draw some few drops. [*The tocsin sounds.*
Soldier. Ha! my ears boom thro' faintness.
What sounds?
L. Malaspina. The bell.
Soldier. Then they are at the gate..
I can but thank you.. Give me force, O Heaven!
For this last fight!.. and keep from harm these twain!

MALASPINA *and* Child *alone.*

L. Malaspina. And still thou sleepest, my sweet babe! Is death
Like sleep? Ah, who then, who would fear to die!
How beautiful is all serenity!
Sleep, a child's sleep, O how far more serene,
And O, how far more beautiful than any!
Whether we breathe so gently or breathe not,
Slight is the difference. But the pangs, the rage
Of famine who can bear?.. unless to raise
Her child above it!

(*Two* Priests *are passing.*)

First Priest. Who sits yonder? bent
O'er her dead babe? as many do within
Their houses!
Second Priest. Surely, surely, it must be
She who, not many days ago, was praised
For beauty, purity, humility,
Above the noblest of Anconite dames.
First Priest. The Lady Malaspina?
Second Priest. But methinks
The babe is not dead yet.
First Priest. Why think you so?
Second Priest. Because she weeps not over it.

First Priest. For *that*
I think it dead. It then could pierce no more
Her tender heart with its sad sobs and cries.
But let us hasten from the place to give
The dying their last bread, the only bread
Yet unconsumed, the blessed eucharist.
Even this little, now so many die,
May soon be wanting.
Second Priest. God will never let
That greater woe befall us. [*The* Priests *go.*
Malaspina. Who runs hither?
[*The* Soldier *falls before her.*
Art thou come back? So! thou couldst run, O vile!
Soldier. Lady! your gentleness kept life within me
Until four fell.
L. Malaspina. Thyself unwounded?
Soldier. No;
If arms alone can wound the soldier's breast,
They toucht me not this time; nor needed they;
Famine had done what your few words achieved.
L. Malaspina. They were too harsh. Forgive me!
Soldier. Not the last.
Those were not harsh! Enter my bosom, enter,
Kind pitying words! untie there life's hard knot,
And let it drop off easily! How blest!
I have not robb'd the child, nor shamed the mother! [*He dies.*
L. Malaspina. Poor soul! and the last voice he heard on earth
Was bitter blame, unmerited! And whose?
Mine, mine! Should they who suffer sting the sufferer?
O saints above! avenge not this misdeed!
What doth his hand hold out? A little crate,
With German letters round its inner rim . .
And . . full of wine! Yet did his lips burn white!
He tasted not what might have saved his life,
But brought it hither, to be scorn'd and die.
[*Singers are heard in the same open space before an image.*]
Singers! where are they? My sight swims; my strength
Fails me; I can not rise, nor turn to look;
But only I can pray, and never voice
Prays like the sad and silent heart its last.

OLD MEN.

The village of the laurel grove*
Hath seen thee hovering high above,
Whether pure innocence was there,
Or helpless grief, or ardent prayer.
O Virgin! hither turn thy view,
For these are in Ancona too.
Not for ourselves implore we aid,
But thou art mother, thou art maid;
Behold these suppliants, and secure
Their humbled heads from touch impure!

MAIDENS.

Hear, maid and mother! hear our prayer!
Be brave and aged men thy care!
And, if they bleed, O may it be
In honour of thy Son and thee!
When innocence is wrong'd, we know
Thy bosom ever felt the blow.

Yes, pure One! there are tears above,
But tears of pity, tears of love,
And only from thine eyes they fall,
Those eyes that watch and weep for all.
[*They prostrate themselves.*

L. Malaspina. How faintly sound those voices! altho' many:
At every stave they cease, and rest upon
That slender reed which only one can blow.
But *she* has heard them! Me too *she* has heard.
Heaviness, sleep comes over me, deep sleep:
Can it, so imperturbable, be death?
And do I for the last time place thy lip
Where it may yet draw life from me, my child!
Thou, who alone canst save him, thou wilt save.
[*She dies: the child on her bosom still sleeping.*

SCENE II. NIGHT: THE MOLE OF ANCONA.

CONSUL. SENATOR.

Senator. Sir consul, you have heard (no doubt) that fires
Have been seen northward all along the sky,
And angels with their flaming swords have sprung
From hill to hill. With your own eyes behold
No mortal power advancing. Host so numerous
No king or emperor or soldan led.
Consul. A host, a mighty host, is there indeed?
Senator. It covers the whole range of Falcognara.
Consul. Methinks some fainter lights flit scatter'dly
Along the coast, more southward.
Senator. The archbishop
Hath seen the sign, and leads away his troops.
Consul. We are too weak to follow. Can then aid
Have come so soon? 'Tis but the second night
Since we besought it.
Senator. In one hour, one moment,
Such aid can come, and *has* come. Think not, consul,
That force so mighty and so sudden springs
From earth. And what Italian dares confront
The German?
Consul. What Italian! All, sir; all.

ACT V.

SCENE I. TENT OF MARCHESELLA, NEAR ANCONA. EARLY MORNING.

MARCHESELLA. OFFICERS. PAOLUCCI.

Officer. My general! easily I executed
Your orders.
Marchesella. Have they fled, then?
Officer. Altogether.
Marchesella. And could you reach the gate?
Officer. And enter too.
Paolucci's seal unbarr'd it; not until
I held two loaves above my head, and threw
My sword before me.
Marchesella. And what saw you then?
Officer. There is a civil war within the city,

* The *House of Loreto* was not yet brought thither by the angels.

And insolence and drunkenness are rife.
Children, and old and middle-aged were reeling,
And some were slipping over, some devouring
Long-podded weeds with jagged edges, cast
Upon the shore.
Paolucci. Famine had gone thus far
(Altho' with fewer) ere we left the mole.
The ancient garden-wall was overthrown
To get the twisted roots of fennel out;
The fruit-tree that could give no fruit gave buds;
The almond's bloom was withering, but whoe'er
Possest that treasure pierced the bark for gum;
The mulberry sent her tardy shoot, the cane
Her tenderer one; the pouting vine untied
Her trellised gems; the apple-tree threw down
Her load of viscous mistletoe: they all
(Little it was!) did all they could for us.
Marchesella. The Germans (look!) have left their tents behind:
We will explore them; for your wary soldiers
Suspect, and well they may, some stratagem.

SCENE II. ERMINIA'S CHAMBER.

ERMINIA. MARIA.

[MARIA *is going.* ERMINIA *calls her back.*
Erminia. Maria, is the countess very fair?
Maria. Most beautiful. But you yourself must judge.
She sent me for you in the gentlest tone,
And far more anxious to see *you*, than you
(It seems) are to see *her*.
Erminia. I am afraid
To see her.
Maria. *You* afraid! Whom should *you* fear?
Beautiful as she is, are not you more so?
Erminia. So you may think; others think otherwise.
Maria. She is so affable! When many lords
Stood round about her, and the noblest of them
And bravest, Marchesella, who would give
His lands, his castles, even his knighthood for her . .
Whom do you think she call'd to her? . . the youth
Who cut the cables, and then hid himself
That none might praise him . . him who brought in safety
Your lover to the shore.
Erminia (*angrily*). Whom?
Maria. Whom? Stamura.
Erminia. What heart could he not win . . not scorn . . not break?
Maria. I do not hear those shy ones ever break
A woman's heart, or win one. They may scorn;
But who minds that?
Erminia. Leave me.
Maria. And tell the countess
You hasten to her presence?
Erminia. Is *he* there?
Maria. Who?
Erminia. Dull, dull creature!
Maria. The brave Marchesella?
Erminia. Are there none brave but he?
Maria. O! then, Stamura.
No: when he led her from the mole again,
And she had enter'd the hall-door, he left her.
Erminia. I fear'd he might be with her. Were he with her,
What matter! I could wait until . . Wait! why?
He would not look at me, nor I at him.
Maria. No; I can answer for him. Were he born
Under the waves, and never saw the sun,
He could not have been colder. But you might
Have lookt at him, perhaps.
Erminia. Not I indeed.
Maria. Few men are like him. How you hug me!
Erminia. Go . .
I will run first . . Go . . I am now quite ready.

SCENE III. CHAMBER IN THE CONSUL'S HOUSE.

COUNTESS *and* ERMINIA.

Countess. The depths of love are warmer than the shallows,
Purer, and much more silent.
Erminia (*aside*). Ah! how true!
Countess. He loves you, my sweet girl; I know he does.
Erminia. He says not so.
Countess. Child! all men are dissemblers:
The generous man dissembles his best thoughts,
His worst the ungenerous.
Erminia. If, indeed, he loves me . .
Countess. He told me so.
Erminia. Ah! then he loves me not.
Who, who that loves, can tell it?
Countess. Who can hide it?
His voice betray'd him; half his words were traitors . .
To him, my sweet Erminia! not to you.
What! still unhappy! [ERMINIA *weeps.*
Erminia. Let me weep away
A part of too much happiness.
Countess. I wish
One more could see it. From these early showers
What sweets, that never spring but once, arise!

SCENE IV.

CONSUL *enters.*

Consul. Before you leave us, since you part to-day,
From our full hearts take what lies deepest there,
And what God wills beyond all sacrifice . . .
Our praises, our thanksgivings. Thee we hail,
Protectress! But can words, can deeds, requite
The debt of our deliverance?
Countess. What I ask
Should not infringe your freedom. Power is sweet,
And victory claims something. I am fain
To exercise a brief authority
Within the walls, appointing you my colleague.
Consul. Lady! this very night my power expires.
Countess. And mine, with your connivance, shall begin.
Consul. Lady! all power within the walls is yours.

SCENE V. ARCH OF TRAJAN ON THE MOLE.

CONSUL, MARCHESELLA, COUNTESS, SENATORS, &c.

Consul. We have no flowers to decorate the arch
Whence the most glorious ruler of mankind
Smiles on you, lady! and on you, who rival
His valour, his humanity, his bounty.
Nor are there many voices that can sing
Your praises. For, alas! our poor frail nature
(May it be seldom!) hears one call above
The call of gratitude. The famishing
Devour your bread. But, though we hear no praises,
There are who sing them to their harps on high,
And He who can alone reward you both
Listens in all his brightness to the song.
I do entreat you, blemish not your glory.
No exercise of might or sovranty
Can ever bring you such content again
As this day's victory, these altar-prayers
From rescued men, men perishing; from child
And parent: every parent, every child,
Who hears your name, should bless you evermore.

Countess. I find, sir, I must win you through your daughter.

Consul. The girl is grateful: urge her not too far:
I could not, without much compunction, thwart her.
Erminia! go: we meet again to-morrow.

Countess. Come hither, my sweet girl! Coy as thou art,
I have seen one, once in my life, as coy.
Stand forth thou skulking youth! Here is no sea
To cover thee; no ships to scatter. Take
This maiden's hand . . unless her sire forbid . .
Holdest thou back? after confession too!
I will reveal it. [*To* ERMINIA.
And art thou ashamed?

Erminia. I am ashamed.

Countess. Of what? thou simpleton!

Erminia. I know not what . . of having *been* ashamed.

Consul. Antonio! if thou truly lovedst her,
What, after deeds so valiant, kept thee silent?

Stamura. Inferior rank, deep reverence, due fear.
I know who rules our country.

Consul. *I, who* saved her.
[FATHER JOHN *enters.*

F. John. What! and am I to be without reward?

Consul. Father! be sure it will be voted you.

Marchesella. And may not we too make our pious offerings,
For such they are, when such men will receive them.

F. John. I claim the hand of the affianced. Girl!
Shrink not from me! Give it to God!

Erminia. 'Tis given:
I can not, would not, will not, take it back.

F. John. Refractory! hast thou not dedicated
To God thy heart and soul?

Erminia. I might have done it
Had never this day shone.

F. John. And that youth's deeds
Outshone this day, or any day before.
When thou didst give thy hand to the deliverer
Whom God had chosen for us, then didst thou
Accomplish his great work, else incomplete.
I claim to pour his benediction on you
And yours for ever. Much, much misery,
Have I inflicted on the young and brave,
And can not so repent me as I should;
But 'twas in one day only my device
Ever wrought woe on any man alive.
[PAOLUCCI *enters.*

Consul. Who enters?

Paolucci. Who? The bridesman.

Marchesella (*embracing him*). My brave friend!
My father's!

Paolucci. Ay, thy grandfather's to boot.
And there was one, about my age, before him,
Sir Stefano, who wore a certain rose,
Radiant with pearls and rubies and pure gold,
Above the horse-tail grappled from the Turk.

Marchesella. We have not in the house that ornament.

Paolucci. I do believe he wears it in the grave.

Countess. There is a sword here bright enough to throw
A lustre on Stamura. Marchesella!

Marchesella. Kneel, sir!
[*He kneels to* ERMINIA.

Countess. Not there.

Marchesella. Yes, there; what fitter place?
We know but one high title in the world,
One only set apart for deeds of valour,
And palsied be the hand that ill confers it.
Here is the field of battle; here I knight thee.
[*Knights him.*
Rise, my compeer! Teach him his duties, lady,
Toward the poor, the proud, the faith, the sex.

Countess (*smiling*). Stamura! would you enter now my service?

Stamura. Yes, lady, were you wrong'd, this very hour;
Then might I better earn the bliss I seek.

INES DE CASTRO.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. AT CINTRA.

PEDRO. CONSTANTIA.

Constantia. Pleasant must be these groves of Cintra, Pedro!
To one who lately left the Moorish sands:
Everything has its joyance for the eyes
That look from hard-fought bloody fields upon it,
As yours do.
Pedro. Lady! I delight to hear
And see you; so ingenuous, so benign,
So playful!
Constantia. I am then no more *Constantia!*
But *Lady!*
Pedro. You are not the little girl
I left: you have exchanged your childish charms
For others, which require new words, new thoughts,
New gazers.
Constantia. Give me one of them awhile;
Can you not? are you proud? has my mama
Been tutoring you, as she has me?
Pedro. Constantia!
I ask from you what no man ever had,
Or askt, in my condition; pity me!
Constantia. O this is then the solemn way to woo!
I have read something like it, since you went,
But never thought it could be near the same.
Here is my hand. You take it not!
Pedro. I kiss it.
My life hangs from it, and more lives than one.
Constantia. O no, vain man! I love you very well,
Very sincerely, very tenderly,
For I have seen you often, long together,
Early, and when none knew it; but think not
My life hangs from your ring: you first askt pity,
And fear'd to ask even *that*; you now would grant it,
Perhaps *not* grant it, yet would make me sue.
And came you then before the hour for this?
Pedro. I came before the hour, I must confess,
To be with you some moments more, alone.
Constantia. 'Tis very wrong, I hear, at such a time
Of life: when we are children and are wild
'Tis well enough; but when we are grown sage
(As we are) the whole world cries out upon it.
What now have you been doing all these days?
Pedro. This is the first appointed me for seeing you.
Constantia. O! I know that: my question was amiss:
I always say the very thing one would not.
Alas! I find, and I am sorry for it,
Too young am I to think of serious things.
Surely we might defer them for a year,
By flattering the king and queen a little
And giving them a kiss or two, each of us.
If you should find me but a child in thought,
Or, what is hatefuller, all say, in manner,
And blush for me, my heart must shrivel under it;
For I would never pain the man I love,
And least of all (for that hurts most) would shame him.
Pedro. Sure some kind angel breath'd into your breast
The words on which I live.
Constantia. O! then they pleas'd you!
They were not those that I most hoped to please with.
Pedro. The queen perhaps has not discourst on all
Of my first passion.
Constantia. All? did *you* tell *her*?
There were some silly things: I never told her..
Why should I? we were very young indeed..
Do people call *that* passion?
Pedro. Have you heard
Perchance of Iñes?
Constantia. Whom? Iñes de Castro?
Not latterly: no one must speak of her.
Pedro. Yes; I must speak of her.
Constantia. They say you liked her;
And so should I have done (she was so good)
If they had let her stay with me: they would not.
Pedro. O sweetest best Constantia! she is still
As she was ever.. saving one sad name.
Constantia. What sad name?
Pedro. The betrothed of Don Pedro.
Constantia. How! faithless man! betrothed!
Pedro. So she was:
I have resigned her.
Constantia. I resign then you.
What blessing, what prosperity, what peace,
Can rest with perfidy? she is the same,
You tell me.. little matters what you tell me..
As when you knew her first.
Pedro. The very same.
Constantia. Mild, beautiful, affectionate, believing?
Pedro. All.
Constantia. Go then! ask forgiveness at her feet,
But never hope it here.
Pedro. Stay, princess!
Constantia. Go!
The lemon-tyme, geranium, and stiff pinks,
And every tuft in every vase about,
Have lost some leaves while you have been thus speaking;
So, evil spirits must have entered with you:
And tho' the curtains swell and fall, and tho'
There seems to be a breeze, 'tis not the air;
What air there was, grows hot and tainted round;
I scarce can breathe it.
Pedro. You will hear the whole..
Constantia. I never will.

* The events in these scenes are not strictly historical.

Pedro. The truth . .
Constantia. Where?
Pedro. From the queen.
Constantia. The truth, when it left Pedro, left the world.

SCENE II.

PEDRO (*alone in the garden*). Hated, fled, scorn'd, I am at least set free
From an affiance which the pure of soul
Abhor: such marriage-bed appears bestrewn
With the dank flowers and heavy pall that hung
Around the corse where bloom'd their one delight.
She comes: be strong my heart! thou'rt at thy proof
For the first time: bear up!
(*To* INES, *who enters.*) Sit here by me,
Under this cedar.
Iñes. Where sit under it?
Its branches push the grass away beneath,
Nor leave it room enough to rise amid them;
Easier it were, methinks, to walk along
And rest on them, they are so dense and broad,
And level as the oars are on Mondego
Until the music beckons them below.
Pedro. Come; I am holding them wide open for thee;
They will close round us.
Iñes. Have you waited long?
Tell me.
Pedro. I've other things to tell thee.
Iñes. What?
Oh! I am very chilly in this shade.
Pedro. Run into the pavilion then.

SCENE III.

PEDRO *and* INEZ *seated in a Pavilion.*

Iñes. Now tell me.
Pedro! your hand and brow are sadly parcht,
And you are out of breath, altho' you walkt
These twenty paces, more than I who ran . .
And yet you always caught me when we tried.
What would you tell me now, my faithful Pedro!
Pedro. In one word, Iñes! I have ceased to love thee.
Loose me and let me go.
Iñes. Is this your greeting?
This your first morning salutation? turn . .
Can it be? must I (look at me) believe it?
Pedro. Yes, my sweet . . yes, my Iñes . . yes, yes, Iñes!
Iñes. And are you still so generous, O my love,
As to be sorry you have ceast to love me?
To sigh, almost to weep, bending your face
Away from me lest I should grieve to see
A change in it, and in a change a loss!
Take off that hand from above mine then, take it,
I dare not move it from me . . 'tis the prince's,
And not my Pedro's.
Pedro. I must go.
Iñes. I once
Might ask you why. Let *me* go.
Pedro. Wouldst thou? whither?
Unfortunate! So, thou resignest me,
Light heartless girl!
Iñes. I would obey! I swore it.
Pedro. Not yet.
[*Aside.*] Ah! would to God! it were indeed so!
Iñes. Not at the altar yet; but did you not
Force me to say I loved you, ere you went
Against the Moors, telling me you could never
Be half so valiant, half so proud of victory,
Unless I own'd it? Too just punishment!
Why then so long delay'd? We oft have met,
Oft every day, and no day but in smiles,
(O those three happy ones since your return!)
And I had ceast to fancy it was wrong,
It seemed so little like it, and gave *you*
Such pleasure, and such confidence in arms.
Alas! it was unmaidenly! so was it
To leave my arm around your neck; so was it
(And worse) to linger, and not fly at once
For refuge in a cloister, when you prest
My very lips with kisses. You were going,
And my poor heart was faint: I thought no ill;
And you, who might have given me more spirit,
Said nothing: no one image was there near,
Or none I saw, of her, the pure, the blessed,
Who might have chastened me with tender look
Compassionate, and dried the tears of both.
Pedro. I can not bear these reminiscences,
Rather these presences: for they who love
As we have done, have but one day, one hour,
In their whole life, in their whole afterlife,
In earth, heaven, time, eternity.
Iñes. What said you?
I know not what you said, and yet your words
Seem'd my own to me.
Pedro. Live! live! thou art young,
Innocent: none shall hurt thee. Think no more
Of that obedience thou wouldst speak about;
'Twas never promist me.
Iñes. What else is love?
Pedro. O Iñes! Iñes! Iñes! must we two
Know nothing more of what love is, than this!
Iñes. Enough for such as I am . . ah! too much.
It must not be . . and yet it may be, sure!
Pedro hath shown me many of my faults,
And now may show me all, and bid me mend them.
Pedro. Forget me, hate me: I am grown ungrateful,
Wild, desperate, the very worst of men.
And (if thou wilt not pity me for saying it)
Most wretched and most wronged.
Hold back thy pity!
I will not have it.
Is this curse enough
For my consent to leave thee? or what heavier
Would any wish? even thou?
Iñes. Oh tender Pedro!
If you have ceast to love me (very strange
As are your words) I would not argue with you;
I have no power and you no need of it:
But if you ever fancy in yourself

Such blemishes, then be persuaded by me,
O generous Pedro, you have wronged your nature;
They are not to be fear'd or thought of in it.
Enough of breasts are open to them, room
Enough in all, and welcome in too many!
They can not enter Pedro's.

Pedro. Burst, my heart!

Iñes. One only, in your sorrows, we have still;
Speak and assuage it.

Pedro. Dost thou bid me? hear!
Hear me! reproach me! spurn me! but ask nought.

Iñes. Nought will I ask, nought dare I, nought desire I.
Let Watchfulness and Doubt walk slow before
Sad Certainty; let every fibre throb
Daily and nightly in the dim suspense;
Only bid Pity hold the light of Truth
Back, nor break suddenly my dream of bliss;
For fragile is the vase, containing one
Poor simple flower dipt in it by yourself,
And, if you saw it broken at your feet,
You might weep too, ere you could turn away:
Then never say that you have ceast to love me.

Pedro. I must not marry thee.
What answerest thou?

Iñes. Heaven has decreed it then, O my beloved!
Be calm! unless I have offended you.

Pedro. I may be calm, no doubt! a curse on those
Who teach me calmness! wouldst *thou* teach me it?

Iñes. Take off the curse: with any pain but that
I would; 'tho' others first much teach it *me*.

Pedro (*aside*). I thought so! *Others!* What a word is this!
She then has confidents! she asks their counsel!
She talks to them of me! tells of my loves,
My doubts, my fears. What fears have I? what doubts?
She throws my weaknesses before their feet
To look at, touch, discourse upon, discuss..
Now I can leave her.. now I can.. and will.
In three strides I am gone beyond a thought
Of such a woman.. dear as she was once!
Pooh! I misunderstood her, I perceive.
[*To Iñes.*
Monks then and priests invade the sanctuary
Of holiest love, strip down its freshest fruits,
And chew them dry and call them bad and bitter!
Could it be thus were dignity in man
Or chastity in woman, as before?
We turn tame foxes into our own vineyards
To yelp the wild ones out; but they, the wild,
Come only the more numerous at their noise;
And our sleek guardians make the best grapes theirs,
Biting the fist that drags them back too late.

Iñes. Revere our holy Church! tho' some within
Have erred, and some are slow to lead us right,
Stopping to pry when staff and lamp should be
In hand, and the way whiten underneath.

Pedro. Iñes, the Church is now a charnel-house,
Where all that is not rottenness is drowth.
Thou hast but seen its gate hung round with flowers,
And heard the music whose serenest waves
Cover its gulfs and dally with its shoals,
And hold the myriad insects in light play
Above it, loth to leave its sunny sides.
Look at this central edifice! come close!
Men's bones and marrow its materials are,
Men's groans inaugurated it, men's tears
Sprinkle its floor, fires lighted up with men
Are censers for it; Agony and Wrath
Surround it night and day with sleepless eyes;
Dissimulation, Terror, Treachery,
Denunciations of the child, the parent,
The sister, brother, lover (mark me, Iñes!)
Are the peace-offerings God receives from it.

Iñes. I tremble; but betrayers tremble more.
Now cease, cease, Pedro! Cling I must to somewhat;
Leave me one guide, one rest! Let me love God,
Alone.. if it must be so!

Pedro. Him alone..
Mind; in him only place thy trust henceforth.
Thy hands are marble, Iñes! and thy looks
Unchangeable, as are the wintry stars
In their clear brightness. And what pangs have I
Endured for thee! Gaze, smile at me, sit mute..
I merit it.. Woman of songs and satires
And sermons, thro' the world they point at thee!
[*To himself.*
I spoke of what I suffered: I spoke ill.
Light as a bubble was the heaviest of it
To what I now endure. Where was there ever
Affliction like love buried thus alive,
And turn'd to hatred by some hellish charm!
So! then thy lips can move! can open too!
When they have leisure, will they deign to speak!

Iñes. O Pedro! Pedro! my own agony
Had cast me down; yours will not let me sink.
Uncertain man! once tender, now severe,
Once prodigal of confidence, now prompt
To snatch it back, rending the heart that held it!
How much true love my grave will hide from you!
Let this dry up my tears!

Pedro. Live! and live happy!

ACT II.

AT CINTRA.

BLANCA. PEDRO. INES.

Blanca. I, who heard all, have brought her back again.
Perfidious! where are now the promises
You made your father, when at my request
He pardon'd that young sorceress? Are your words
All spent? Am I unworthy of reply?

Pedro. Madam, no accusation was preferr'd
Of sorcery; the threat was quite enough.
When you protested by the saints and martyrs,
Angels and confessors, Iñes de Castro
Should soon be charged of sorcery before
The competent tribunals of the realm,
Unless she would renounce my plighted vow,
So firm was my reliance on the word
Of royalty, so well I understood
What *competent tribunals* are, I swore

Upon my knees, never to marry her
Whom I had sworn to marry. In all this
Is there no merit to a royal mind?
Blanca. Much; if the vow be kept.
Pedro. Vows always should be.
Blanca. If made to fathers, made to kings, or saints.
Iñes. Your love, your kindest love then separates us?
Would you not tell me this . . to make me happy!
Blanca. I would prepare this damsel here to loose
(Allowing time . . a day, two days, or more,
If need there be . .) her idle unfit ties.
Pedro. I was more rough, and would have broken them
To save her. Hard as is the alternative,
Rather would I be wanting to my faith
Than see the woman I have loved, and love,
Resign or loosen it. To ask of her
To break my bonds for me, were more than baseness;
'Twere what the weakest of the base themselves
Disdain, and love and fear alike brush by.
Blanca. Against the course of nature, royal blood
Would mingle with plebeian.
Pedro. None is here.
Blanca. All blood not royal should to royal eyes
Appear so. Fie! the universe cries out
In condemnation of you.
Pedro. I would answer
With calmness your reproof, O queen, if calmness
In such contingencies were not the thing
The most offensive.
Blanca. Speak: reply you can not.
Pedro. Against the course of nature 'tis impossible
To run (a folly you object to me)
Unless we do a violence to others
Or to ourselves.
But then this universe!
This beadle's house, these rotten fangs from fiends,
These imprecation-wallets, opening
To blast me with fat air!
Blanca. Scoff at the world!
Pedro. Saints do it worse.
The universe of princes,
Lady! is but a narrow one indeed!
Court, church, and camp, are its three continents,
Nothing is there above, below, around,
But air and froth, now quieter, now stormier.
Blanca. Rare manhood! thus to argue with a woman!
Rare courtesy! thus to instruct a queen.
Pedro. Ah! the distracted will for ever reason;
Why will not those sometimes who are not so?
Blanca. What then, unsteady youth, were your resolves?
Pedro. If she who formerly believed so much,
Iñes, could think me now unworthy of her,
She soon might bear our severance: what care I
How many, great, unmerited, my sufferings,
Be hers but less!
Blanca. To whom now speaks the boy?
Iñes. Those thoughts, that can not rest, spring from his heart;
And, as they spring, fall into it again,
Like some pure fountain-water, where none heeds
The rift it rises from.
[*To* PEDRO, *laying her hand on his.*
Was it to me,
Or to yourself, or to the queen, you spoke?
Pedro. In Nature's voice I spoke alone with Nature.
[*To the* QUEEN.
Madam! protect this innocent sweet girl!
I, who would have abandoned her, implore it!
Iñes. Too generous soul! O Pedro! O my prince!
Let the unworthiest of your father's vassals
Clasp, on the ground, your knee!
Blanca. How! in my presence!
Leaning thy forehead on thy keeper's knee!
Pedro (*raising* INES). Rise!
[*To the* QUEEN.
Madam, I have not yet learnt Castilian.
My royal father has conferr'd on me,
For my poor humble service, no such title.
I am but Pedro, prince of Portugal.
Towns, provinces, have been entrusted to me,
And kept; but never have I undertaken
The weighty charge, to be a woman's keeper.
Iñes. Crave pardon of the queen!
Blanca. Of me? what need?
His father will forgive him at my suit;
He loves him, and hath shown it in the choice
He has approved and sanctioned, of his wife.
Iñes. O happy father! happy Portugal!
And, whatsoe'er befall thee, happy Iñes!
Blanca. Has the audacious chatterer ceast at last?
Constantia, sir, is royal, is your equal,
Is your superior.
Pedro. Who is not? that wears
The graces of her sex, the goodness of it,
The mildness, and sometimes the pitying tears.
Constantia knows my passion.
Blanca. Knows your passion?
What! before marriage? Yes, yes, you are right:
I told her of it when I gave it her,
How 'twas devoted to her. Prove my words,
If loyalty and knighthood are within you.
Pedro. Strong the appeal: and any other words
The queen might dictate.
Blanca. These will do quite well;
Confirm them to my daughter: that is all:
Say them in your own way . . with some few more,
As princes do, by precedent . . or not . .
I would drop any form to make you easy,
And put this boyish fancy out of mind.
Iñes. I must not throw myself again before you,
I must not hear those royal words again,
They hurt you so, they almost made you angry.
Ah! how you blush at being wroth so soon!
But let me pray, and let me once more move you,

Be duteous! be obedient! O how lovely
Is the young princess who expects your hand!
Blanca. Does it require an effort to espouse
The princess of Castille?
Pedro. Nor to espouse,
Nor to abandon whom we *should* espouse,
Is thought an effort in the court of kings.
Blanca. Plebeian soul! ill-sorted with its state!
Iñes. Into what errors have I led you, Pedro!
The princess may retrieve you, she alone.
Blanca (*seizing* INES). Come then . . resist not,
think not, hang not back . .
Along with me! There is no other way
To give him freedom. We may find for you
A match more equal and less perilous.
I will adorn your nuptials with my presence,
To satisfy your pride, and his, unworthy!
No earthly thing is wanting to the bridegroom.
He has estate, youth, person, rank, court-favour . .
What! thankless, graceless, uncompliant girl,
Will nothing serve you under royalty?
Iñes. O were there none on earth! I then were
happy.
Blanca. Abomination! treason! heresy!
My duty now compels me. Call the guard.
Pedro. Forbear, forbear, justly offended queen!
Iñes. Well may you blush who never blusht
for me
Before! I lost my senses when I said it.
I may love God; I may not love *you*, Pedro!
And hence the worst and wildest wish that ever
Distraction wrencht from passion . . for my warmth
To draw the sun ('twas nothing less) from heaven.
O what were Portugal, or earth without you!
Inanimate, or trampled, or distraught,
Or self-opprest, like one in wicked slumber.
Reign, bravest Pedro, teaching first obedience,
Be everything that kings have ever been,
Unless they should have loved!
O that, before
We part, I must not touch those cheeks with mine,
To catch their modesty and beauteousness!
Blanca. Mad impudence! am I then but a fly
Or bird, or vacant unobservant air,
That every wish should strip itself before me?
Thy wanton ardour, girl, shall have its range
Elsewhere.
Iñes. Most gracious lady! let me follow;
I am unworthy of the hand that leads me.
Blanca. That drags thee to thy doom, if thou
resist.
Choose; death or marriage!
Iñes. Marriage? never, never!
Help me, O help me, Pedro! not to fly,
Not to resist, but to obey in all
Save that one thing where life and death are one,
Of that speak not, tho' you should speak from
heaven.
Pedro. What can I? Wilt thou claim me? I
am thine:
One fire, before the populace, burns both.
Blanca. Atheist and heretic! shame, shame
o'erwhelm thee!
A prince of Portugal in robes of flame!
Before the populace! and own his fault!
[*To* INES.
Come, come along! these horrors must not be.
God, Sant Iago, and Castille, forbid!
Iñes. Grant me, O queen, a cloister.
Blanca. With the pure?
The consecrated? the resigned?
Iñes. A grave
Then grant me! there the fit and unfit meet.
Blanca. I will grant that which girls like thee
wish more,
And pray for less aloud: my word is given:
The bridegroom waits: thou'rt his ere the last
mass,
In time for dinner at his father's house.
Haste; do not keep the valets round the board
To drive away the flies which mar your feast,
Nor make the elder guests more grave than age
Has made them, that their wine grows warm apace.
Iñes (*to* PEDRO). O then you can not save me!
Pedro. Save I will,
If my own life can do it.
Blanca. How should that?
Iñes. No branch so leafless but it gives a shade
To some poor insect at some hour of day.
Many has that sword slain who wisht to live,
And there was glory from it; was it then
Because they wisht to live that there was glory
In stripping them of life? are friendly deeds
Less glorious than unfriendly? is less brave
The blow that liberates than the force that binds?
Pedro. What sayst thou?
Iñes. I dare neither say
nor do,
Yet wish, and more than wildest love e'er wisht.
Pedro (*to himself*). I will not ask again, lest
one desire,
As ever, come between us and seize both.
[*To* INES.
What thou hast spoken of inanimate things
Levels me with them, nay, casts me beneath.
Lo! here am I, and can not lend protection
To those whom God's right-hand placed at my
side
Rather to strengthen and admonish *me*,
And whom their virtue should have rais'd
above it.
Blanca. Virtue! ay, where obedience and reli-
gion
Are wanting, there comes virtue! by my faith,
Never a word on earth I like so ill:
Who taught you it?
Pedro. The word I have forgotten
Who taught me: if you ask or heed who taught
The thing, behold her here! and here the heart
Whereon, beneath her image, 'tis engraven:
Drown'd, drown'd are all my senses in deep love.
Blanca. Blessed are they who walk in innocence,
And fear the Lord, and only know his saints,
And only do his will! The arts of Hell,
The powers of darkness, be they far from me,
From you, my son, and all our royal house!
I would not even mention them, lest woe
Fall upon some one at the searching sound.

Treason, rebellion, wishes undisguised,
Bold boisterous exclamations, not against
One king, and him the very best on earth,
Our natural lord and master, but against
The form, the power, the name, of royalty,
Royalty! God's appointed, God's own work,
God's own resemblance. Need we charge of sorcery?
You are the witness, prince! I would hurt none.
You on your oath must answer to our liege
For the state's weal: and let us drop the rest.
Pedro. Spare her! or, by the Christ that died for me,
I die for her, and on this sword, before you.
Blanca. Abstain, rash youth!
Pedro. Merciless queen, abstain!
Iñes. O call none merciless! all *must* have mercy;
All need it.
Blanca. Hold thy peace! art thou in church,
Profane one! or are words like these for thee!
Pedro. Forgive her! swear upon the crucifix
That you will never urge against her aught
Endangering life, or liberty, or fame,
Then give me to the axe or to the stake
As best beseems you.
Blanca. You will then obey?
Pedro. Swear; due obedience follows.
Blanca. To my lips
I lift my blessed Lord, and call his name
In witness; not a thought of ill is left
Within my sinful breast against the life,
Or liberty, or fame, of that young maid,
Iñes de Castro.
Iñes. Gracious queen! kind Pedro!
To think of me!
I too have courage . . strength . .
Blanca. What confidence! what impropriety!
She falls upon my knees: she faints: 'tis nothing;
Call . .
Pedro. Let my arms, for the last time, sustain her!

ACT III.

AT CINTRA.

KING ALFONSO *and* QUEEN BLANCA.

Blanca. She hath been known to favor the suggestion
That he is wiser, handsomer, and younger
(We know what that word points to) than your majesty.
Alfonso. There is irreverence in it. Well; but sons
May be, nay, must be, younger than their fathers.
Blanca. O well-pois'd thought! how kindly! how considerate!
I am no enemy of hers; we both
Agree, the wily Iñes hath her charms;
God grant they all be innocent, they all
Be such as holy church may countenance,
Better than it can do her foul alliance.
Alfonso. The church can give us purity of life,
Devotion and obedience, and strong miracles
To make us stedfast in our true belief.
Blanca. The Devil may prevail.
Alfonso. No, no; not he;
I will not have it so.
Blanca. Against the church
I did not say, but against us frail creatures.
Alfonso. Ay, let him stick but there, and small harm done.
Blanca. Thus, thus it is; all pious men are wise:
None other.
Alfonso. Not a mother's son of them.
Blanca. How shall we bear to think then of those spells,
Those conjurations and those incantations?
Yes, cross yourself until your coat be tatters,
It will not countervail them.
Alfonso. Who 's at work?
Blanca. Iñes.
Alfonso. And did she write her name in blood?
Blanca. She would; and even in yours.
Alfonso. Bad! bad! but mine
Would not be half so wicked as her own:
The Devil would find savour in that sop,
And kiss a seal so precious ten times over.
Blanca. He has already.
Alfonso. How! you do not say so!
Blanca. I say it; I am sure of it; and they
Imitate that abomination.
Alfonso. Who?
Iñes and Pedro? Ten times over?
Blanca. Twenty.
Alfonso. God help him!
Blanca. O my liege! what word was that?
Alfonso. It must be lust.
Blanca. Worse.
Alfonso. Even than lust? I 've thought
Upon it much, and the more years I think
Upon it, worse and worse it seems to me.
Blanca. Odious! most odious! Princes thus descend!
Alfonso. Yet, Blanca, they are young! young too were we!
Blanca (*aside*). I have no patience.
Still the charms of youth
Surround your majesty.
Alfonso. I have been younger.
Blanca. Chroniclers may assert it.
Alfonso. I am hale.
Blanca. Ah! there are powers that sap all human strength!
Even words can do it, words, the froth of wishes
Boiling in venom.
Alfonso. Saints above! would Iñes
Compass my death? that beauteous one? she, Iñes?
Blanca. Look to her.
Alfonso. Do you think so?
Blanca. God avert it!
Alfonso. Nay, if it come to that, I must protect
With all my strength of courage and of wisdom
My royal house most royally against her,
And call upon the church to stand and guard us.

ACT IV.

AT COIMBRA.

PEDRO. INES.

Pedro. Iñes! we have not loved in vain: this day
Rewards thy many sufferings for my sake,
And places our sweet children where they ought
To stand, in their own brightness.
Once I said
The king will do it: 'twas some heavenly voice
Prompted my words; yet my heart own'd them not,
And I was slow to speak and thou to hear
The comfort this hour brings.
Iñes. The holy Father
Sanctioned our vows, the bishop joined our hands,
In vain, if the parental blessing on us
Be wanting.
Many are the tears we shed
For poor Constantia, when upon the brink
Of death she took our hands and clasp't them hard,
And sighed, *Be never sundered, faithful pair!*
Not even this avails us: when the king
Calls us his children, and the queen too hers,
Then, and then only, are the rites complete.
Pedro. Sweet was the friend thou gavest me; more sweet
The friend she gave; heroic was her gift,
More than heroic thine; she loved me well,
I loved her only that she loved me so:
Thou wert my soul's delight from the first day
My eyes had opened on thee, and thy life
Kept mine on earth but to watch over it.
Now it is safe.
Something yet troubles thee;
What can it be?
Iñes. I wonder why the children
Are not yet brought to us. The king and queen
Will soon be here; and we without the flowers
To offer them!
Pedro. The fault is mine. A child,
Now almost four years old, remarks, remembers.
Iñes. Surely he should.
Pedro. Humiliation? no.
He shall not scorn *his* father, nor curse *mine.*
What I must do, Iñes, I do for thee . .
Hard else the service; hard! ay, unperformed.
The king will see the children in the park,
(He must ride through it) and let that suffice.

ACT V.

AT COIMBRA.

BLANCA. PEDRO. INES.

Blanca. Don Pedro! I rejoice that our liege lord
Hath well considered what becomes his house,
And, in his tenderness of heart, embraced
This lady, to whom on my part I pray
Heaven grant its loving mercies.
Pedro. I await
The presence of my father, to pour forth
Whatever gratitude, whatever zeal,
Soldier or son may offer: late last night
His orders came that we await him here.
Blanca. The king my husband met before the castle
The children who (they told him) are his son's,
And he was taken with, I know not which,
The elder, or the younger, and would fain
Have them with him and talk with them and love them,
And may perhaps in time provide for them.
Pedro. Madam, when they are stronger, their own swords
Will do it.
Iñes (apart). O! hush! Pedro! is this right
After such kindness?
Blanca. But until they *are*
Stronger, and carry swords (which may do harm),
Shall we not look to them, and merit thanks?
Pedro. God grant it!
Blanca. All must give up some designs,
Some wishes too long nurst, some ill-grown thoughts.
After five years many would not repine
To yield a mistress, but would bless the eyes
That winkt upon the fault, like mine, like his,
The fond indulgent father's, the wise king's.
Pedro. I have no mistress, save whom holy church
And love as holy gave me. Gifts like her
Heaven seldom gave, and never man resigned.
Iñes. Surely no longer is there any cause
For separation.
Pedro. Cause be there or not,
No power on earth can separate us now.
Blanca. He who permitted can release your bonds;
To him belongs all power in earth and heaven.
Pedro. Hath God none left? Have vows and sacraments
No force in them?
Blanca. God leaves this nether world
To his vicegerent.
Pedro. So it seems!
Blanca. Then bow
Obedient to the rod.
Pedro. Is there no time
When rods shall shed their knots, and we arise
From under them, and when the bloody hand
Shall drop them, shall consent to clench our gold
In preference, and be kist on the outside
For form-sake, letting us stand up and walk?
Blanca. I understand not this opprobrious speech.
We are vile worms: how can we stand erect?
Pedro. God made us not vile worms.
Blanca. We make ourselves
None other, by our passions.
Pedro. Not by those
The Church hath sanctified.

Blanca. For its own ends.
Pedro. Ay, truly!
Blanca. For its peace . .
Pedro. And plenteousness.
Blanca. God's house should be well stored.
Pedro. God's law well kept.
His house be it his to keep, his law be it ours.
Blanca. Assertor of illegibilities
In law, the sense whereof but one can tell,
No longer do I wonder that my poor
Constantia died so soon: died ere the crown
Circled her fine black hair! . .
Pedro. . . And King Alfonso
Was gathered to his fathers!
Blanca. Miscreant!
Who thought of that?
Pedro. Worthy was your Constantia
Of any crown; but none (had life been spared)
Could have been hers before my father left it.
Blanca. And shall that creature there, that half-espous'd,
Wear it instead?
Pedro. That creature there descends
Of royal lineage; and from her hath sprung
A royal lineage not below the past.
Adversity hath nurst it, and just Heaven
Placed it, you say, beneath my father's smile.
Iñes. Nothing is wanting now, most gracious queen!
Beside your blessing.
Blanca. Curses on the brood . .
. . I had well-nigh been prompted to exclaim
Under my wrongs . . but wrongs we all must bear.
Iñes. If any of them seem to rise from me,
Punish me, O kind lady! and point out
How I may expiate my offence at last.
Blanca. De Castro! Set not thou thy heart upon
The crown! it may fall from thee; nay, it shall.
Iñes. For crowns I care not.
Blanca (*to Pedro*). Carest *thou* for crowns?
Pedro. I value that of Portugal above
All earthly things, saving my faith and sword.
Blanca. Above this woman?
Pedro. On this woman rests
My faith, and o'er her pillow hangs my sword.
The crown is, and God grant it long may be,
Another's; and no thought can dwell thereon
Of mine, but hopes of love from him who wears it,
A subject's, soldier's, son's obedience.
Blanca (*an* Officer *brings a letter*). Prove it: the speech was spoken opportunely.
[*Reading.*
"*She spoils me! what would one much better do?*
Give me my own mama! I'll run away . .
I'll never have another . . very good ones
Would only make me cry the more for mine."
Patience! I have no patience for his folly.
[*Reads on.*
"*Beauty.*"
Young things are always beautiful.
"*Such innocence.*"
Can they be otherwise?
"*Like me a little.*"
Ha! there lies the spell.
Doating old man! I'll break it, if I live.
Like *thee?*
Constantia's children may become so;
Legitimately born, them sponsor kings
Have held, and heard their titles at the font.
Pedro. Madam, the former words you spoke less loud:
They may not have concern'd me; but these last
Strike at my honour.
Since the nuptial rites
First held together those whom love had joined,
None have been ever holier than were ours.
The pontiff, to whose power you have appeal'd,
Ordered the best of bishops, him of Guarda,
To join our hands and bless us; which he did;
Shedding the tears that virtuous old men shed
On those whom they think virtuous, both when joy
Showers from above and when grief strikes them low.
Blanca. The pontiff did it lest a scandal lie
Against the Church: he was deceiv'd: some doubts
Have risen in his mind, which you shall hear,
Of this young person who was named your wife.
Pedro. Named! by the name of God! she is my wife,
And shall be so for ever! Earth, Hell, Rome,
Shall never separate us.
Courage! girl!
Thou hast heard worse from her.
Blanca. And worse shalt hear.
Some time ago, when we first met at Cintra,
I was too tender-hearted; so the king
Assured me: now he leaves me my own way
To follow.
Iñes. When he comes . .
Blanca. He comes not hither.
Pedro. Can kings deceive?
Blanca. No, they can not deceive,
But they can promise and observe the promise
Or drop it, as they will.
Who shall controul
Or question them?
Pedro. Their God.
Blanca. God hath approved
From Rome (if you will read it) our resolves.
[*Holding a paper.*
Pedro. Madam, I read not anything from Rome
That violates our sacraments.
Blanca. Rome made
And can unmake them, and does every day.
Pedro. Only where kings are rich and nations weak.
Blanca. Some deference must be paid in solid gold,
Some in obedience: the more weighty part
We undertake, the lighter is for you.
Pedro. Rare image, by my troth, is this of Heaven!
Odin and Thor shattered the bones, and drank
Of beer and mead what the crackt skull could hold;
Too generous were their mighty hands to filch
The purse, had any purse been in the way.

The bridge of Mahomet has no shops upon it:
The very Jew eats up his meal morose
Apart from God's, nor robs us in God's name.
Blanca. Who would have thought this cursed sect should count
Among its friends a prince of Portugal!
Pedro. There are no sects in subjects: all are one;
One protects all.
The world will never flourish
Under crown'd priests or water-sprinkling kings.
Blanca. O horrible! O blasphemy! O lust
Of change in princes. You would fain become
(Tho' prince) what people call, I think, a patriot:
Hard husky thing with little kernel in it,
And bitter as the water of hell-streams.
Pedro. No, madam! I abjure the uncleanliness
Of name so prostituted. Prince I am,
And claim my birthright, and wish others theirs.
I am less changeful.
Iñes! do not weep!
I want thy word.
Iñes. I have no word to speak,
Now every one I utter gives offence.
Pedro. I am then fond of change? Say this against me
And thou wilt not offend.
Iñes. O! may God love me
As does my Pedro! may at length the queen
Pardon me as God pardon'd me, who made him!
Blanca. . . Over the grave of my dear child!
Ay, sob!
Hide thy white face! pull thy loose curls around,
Exactly like . . I know not what they 're like,
They are so frightful, tossing here and there
By their own rustic untamed springiness,
Even when thou movest neither head nor body.
There 's nothing royal, nothing noble, in it.
Now am I forced to say what shocks my soul
In utterance . . first because it places thee
Too near our royal house, and then because
It covers it with incest. Can I speak
The words I would? Speak them I must; for these,
These only, can strike down thy lofty hopes,
And show thee what abyss, what hell, of guilt
Lies under to engulf thee. Didst thou not
Stand with Don Pedro here and hold the prince
Don Luis with him at the sacrament
Of baptism? By the saints in Paradise!
Thou art his sister in the Church's eye.
Pedro. The Church had wiped, I fancied, from her eye
This grain of dust; I gave the kerchief for it;
Many, and somewhat worse, she throws in ours.
Blanca. Arguing with him who argues against God,
As thou dost, were a folly: this at least,
Iñes! is not among thy many sins:
Yet little as thou hast deserved of me,
I make thee what amends thy broken marriage
(For such in courtesy I will express it)
Admits of.
Pedro. I am then, it seems, to die,
Since nothing but the stroke of death can break it.
Iñes. Sweet husband! shall false dangers overshadow
Whom true and great ones blazed upon and guided!
Pedro. And shall these false ones make thee weep? did those?
Bear up, my Iñes! bear up bravely, girl!
We have been happy: happy we shall be.
Thou seest me not withering with age, cast down
By weight of wrongs, consumed by grief, distraught
By envy and ambition, worse than one
Whom penal horses sever limb from limb,
Nor, what were worse than all, bereft of thee;
For Heaven will give me thoughts and views of Iñes,
As Iñes gave me, in this world, of Heaven.
Blanca. Heaven gives wide views, very wide views, to many.
I have my doubts. Rainy-eyed girls see double,
Toss on two pillows, and drop tears on each;
I would say nothing more: I may be wrong;
But other names than Pedro may have crept
Among the curtains in Don Pedro's house.
Iñes. O may they ever! glorious names! blest saints
Of Paradise! have ye not watcht my sleep?
Have ye not given me thoughts of him, and hopes,
And visions, when I prayed you to protect
Him and his children, and that gracious queen
Who sees me not aright thro' love of him,
Wishing him loftier aims and brighter joys.
Blanca. My doubts now darken; do not thine, at this
Evasion?
Pedro. O my Iñes! sure the Blest
Are the more blest to share thy love with me,
And I to share it, as I do, with them:
Alike to me art thou immaculate.
Blanca. How the man raves! no stain, no spot in her!
Immaculate! Beware! repeat the word
With those unholy lips, call her that name
Which only one of mortal race had ever.
Pedro. Lady! that one was meek no less than pure.
Blanca. So am I too, who suffer all this wrong,
This violence, this scoffing, this deceit,
From one like her, false, loathsome, dull, low-born.
Others know all; I know not half, nor would.
Pedro. Hot lolling tongues bespatter fairest names
With foulest slurs: black shows not upon black.
Blanca. Well! let us hope! all may be right at last.
There are bad minds, Don Pedro, in the world,
As you must have observed.
Pedro. A glimpse or two.
Blanca. I did then wisely when I warn'd you both,
Tho' tis a thankless office, as most are
Where we consume our days in doing good.
[PEDRO *goes to the window.*
Pedro. Ha! there they stand below, agape for me.
One walkt but half the length of the house-front
And turn'd again, and askt his fellow slave

(I do believe, for they have hungry scrips)
"When will the prey be ours? and the prey's price?"
Their plumes and brims ill hide them, tho' they keep
As near as may be under us: perhaps
'Twere well to call three more and better men.
Pacheco is too lank; the shrewd Coello
And spruce Gonzales would not like their doublets
To have another slash in them.
Blanca. What mean
These foul insinuations?
Pedro. What mean they
Under my window?
Blanca. Your own good; the king's
True service.
Pedro. Let them enter then.
Blanca. This room?
Pedro. Yea, and within one pace of their king's son;
Covered; with dirk and rapier; but in front.
Iñes. Escape, O dearest Pedro!
Pedro. He who dies
Escapes; and some shall beat the path before.
I would not willingly try any flight;
The only one I know, the only one
Where Honour can go with me, will be mine
Whatever hour I choose.
Blanca. Most heathenish!
To talk of Honour and of Death so lightly!
Pedro. Madam, we may lose one, but not the other;
Therefor we need not mind it.
Blanca. Not when Hell
Opens before us?
Pedro. Hell too we may close
And its enormous portals, with less effort
Than infants push aside ungrateful food.
We have but to maintain our sense of right,
Which of all senses is the pleasantest,
And which must bear most violence ere expell'd.
Blanca. I understand not a fantastic speech
Appliant to no person, to no purport.
I will speak plainer; and I speak to both;
Obey!
It seems not decent that men's hands
Should touch with little gentleness, should lead
Compulsively, young women who have stood
Behind and near the daughter of Castille.
Long-suffering is my merit, if the grace
Of God vouchsafes me one: but oaths of fealty
On all are binding, and on queens the most.
My conscience hath upbraided me severely
For not disclosing to our king the part
Whereto (in tears I own it) I was privy,
Against his crown and dignity.
Come now!
Hear reason, dona Iñes! I no more
Urge any choice which may displease you both.
Pedro. Displease us? urge a choice?
Blanca. We must avoid
Scandal at least.
There are formalities;
Mere abjuration now of marriage-rites,
And nothing more than living separate,
One in a cloister, t'other in a camp:
The very choice the brave and chaste all make.
Pedro. Ay, by the Saints! and some perhaps too soon
Shall find my choice made firmly.
Blanca. Now delay
Were madness, pardon perjury: such threats
Are traitorous and parricidal too.
[*She calls from the window.*
Coelho! Diego! with your band upstairs . .
With your whole band . . two timid women wait . .
Your queen commands . . your king . . your friend the bridegroom . .
Force! murder! [*To* PEDRO.
Stop me? hold me? grasp my wrist?
Audacious! and let that foul fiend escape?
Iñes (*just out of the door*). Good soldier! I am not escaping from you . .
Push me not back! *that* was not the command . .
Strike! you must act no otherwise . . let fall
This halbert, or I run from under it . .
The word is given . . 'twas the queen gave it . . strike,
Irresolute!
Pedro. What fell?
Blanca. Where is she?
Pedro. Fled.
Blanca. Hold me not; pray me not; I will pursue . .
Pedro. The guard hath stopt her.
Blanca. At the door?
Pedro. With force
More than is manly, thrusting her against it.
Ho! Iñes! art thou hurt? speak! art thou speaking?
What sobbest thou, my love! is then my name
Uncall'd upon in any grief of thine?
Where is she?
Ho! throw open, sentinel,
This door.
Blanca. Stand further off . . he does his duty . .
Further back yet . . have you no decency!
To tread upon her blood! it runs thro' fast,
And will ('tis to be fear'd) leave marks behind.
Who, hearing your insensibility,
Will pity you?
Pedro. None! none!
Iñes is dead!
My father! you are childless! fare you well!
Unbar the door! [*Aloud to the sentry.*
Command him, madam! [*To* BLANCA.
Who
Shall keep me here, while steel is in my grasp
And vengeance strengthens it and justice guides it?
Blanca. Sentry, unbar! [*Looking at the corpse.*
The scene quite saddens me.
'Twas her own fault, rash child! God's will be done!

IPPOLITO DI ESTE.*

Ippolito. Now all the people follow the procession
Here may I walk alone, and let my spirits
Enjoy the coolness of these quiet aisles.
Surely no air is stirring; every step
Tires me; the columns shake, the ceiling fleets,
The floor beneath me slopes, the altar rises.
Stay! here she stept: what grace! what harmony!
It seem'd that every accent, every note
Of all the choral music, breath'd from her:
From her celestial airiness of form
I could have fancied purer light descended.
Between the pillars, close and wearying,
I watcht her as she went: I had rusht on;
It was too late; yet, when I stopt, I thought
I stopt full soon: I cried, *Is she not there?*
She *had* been: I had seen her shadow burst
The sunbeam as she parted: a strange sound,
A sound that stupified and not aroused me,
Fill'd all my senses: such was never felt
Save when the sword-girt Angel struck the gate,
And Paradise wail'd loud and closed for ever.
She should return; the hour is past away.
How can I bear to see her (yet I will)
Springing, she fondly thinks, to meet the man
I most abhor, my father's base-born son,
Ferrante!
Rosalba (*entering*). What! I called him? in my haste
To languish at his beauty, to weigh down
His eyelids with my lips for gazing on me:
Surely I spoke the name, and knew it not
Until it bounded back and smote me so!
Ippolito. Curses upon them both!
[*Advancing toward her.*
Welcome, sweet lady!
Rosalba. Lord Cardinal! you here? and unattended?
Ippolito. We wait the happy lover, do we not?
Rosalba. Ferrante then betrayed the secret to you!
And are you come to honour with your presence..
Ippolito. Has the Duke sign'd the contract?
Rosalba. For what bride?
Ferrante writes *Ferrante* plain enough;
And I do think, altho' I once or twice
Have written it instead of mine, at last
I am grown steadier, and could write *Rosalba.*
Ippolito. Sport not with one your charms have cast too low.
Rosalba. Sport not with one your hand would raise too high.
Ippolito. Again that taunt! the time may come, Rosalba,
When I could sanctify the blissful state
I have aspired to.
Rosalba. Am not I mere ice?
Show not I girlish frowardness, the fears
Of infancy, the scruples of old age?
Have not you said so? and said more.. you hate them?
How could you bear me, or what wish from me?
Ippolito. That which another will not long retain.
Rosalba. You know him little, and me less.
Ippolito. I know
Inconstancy in him.
Rosalba. And what in me?
Ippolito. Intolerance for his betters.
Rosalba. Ignorance,
But not intolerance of them, is my fault.
Ippolito. No?
Rosalba. Call it thus, and cast it on the rest.
Ippolito. Some are there whose close vision sees but one
In the whole world, and would not see another
For the whole world, were that one out of it.
Rosalba. Are there some such? O may they be my friends!
O how, before I know them, I do love them!
Ippolito. After no strife, no censure, no complaint,
Have not your tears been seen, when you have left him,
Thro' tediousness, distaste, dislike, and grief
(Ingenuous minds must feel it, and may own it)
That love, so rashly promist, would retire,
Hating exaction, circumvention, bonds?
Rosalba. Such grief is yet unknown to me. I know
All tears are not for sorrow: many swell
In the warm depths of gratitude and bliss;
But precious over all are those that hang
And tremble at the tale of generous deeds.
These he relates when he might talk, as you do,
Of passion: but he sees my heart, he finds
What fragrance most refreshes it.
How high,
O Heaven! must that man be, who loves, and who
Would still raise others higher than himself
To interest his beloved!
All my soul
Is but one drop from his, and into his
Falls, as earth's dew falls into earth again.
Ippolito. Yet would it not be wise to trust a friend
Able to counsel in extremes and straits?
Rosalba. Is it not wise in darkness and in storm
To trust the wave that lashes us, and pray
Its guidance on the rocks whereto it tends?
I have my guide, Lord Cardinal! he alone

* Ferrante and Giulio were brothers, by the father's side, to the Duke Alfonso and the Cardinal Ippolito di Este. The cardinal deprived Ferrante of his eyes for loving the same object as his Eminence, and because she had praised the beauty of them.

Is ship and pilot to me, sea and star:
Counsel from others, knowing him, would be
Like worship of false gods; in me no less
Than profanation and apostasy.
Ippolito. We may retire; he comes not here to-day.
Rosalba. Then will I not retire, but lay my head
Upon the feet of any pitying saint
Until he comes, altho' it be to-morrow.
Ippolito. To-morrow he may fail: the sovran will
By rescript has detained and must delay him.
Rosalba. Lead, lead me to Ferrante.
Ippolito. Were I worthy.
Rosalba. Proud cruel man! that bitter sneer bodes ill.
May not I see him?
Ippolito. He may not see *you.*
Rosalba. O let him! well my memory can supply
His beauteous image; I can live on love
Saturate, like bees with honey, long drear days;
He must see *me,* or can not rest; I can.

SECOND PART.

IPPOLITO, FERRANTE, *and* GIULIO, *in prison.*

Ippolito. Reasons of state, I fear, have dictated
This something like severity; God grant
Here be no heresy: do both avow it,
Staring in silence at discovery?
Giulio. No order forced me hither; I am come
To share my brother's fate, whate'er it be,
And mitigate his sufferings.
Ippolito. May they cease!
Giulio. Those words would have dissolved them into air,
Spoken but twenty furlongs from these bars.
Ippolito. I would do much to serve you; but my faith
And my allegiance have two other lords,
The duke my brother, and the pope my God.
Ferrante then says nothing?
Ferrante. He well knows
Thy hatred and its cause.
Ippolito. Why should I hate you, . .
My father's son, they say?
Ferrante. *They say!* His blood
Runs in these veins, pure, for pure blood was hers
Who loved the youthful lover, and who died
When falser vows estranged the matchless prince.
Ippolito. He saw his error.
Ferrante. All men do when age
Bends down their heads, or gold shines in their way.
Ippolito. Altho' I would have helpt you in distress,
And just removed you from the court awhile,
You call'd me tyrant.
Ferrante. Called thee tyrant? I?
By Heaven! in tyrant there is something great
That never was in thee. I would be killed
Rather by any monster of the wild
Than choakt by weeds and quicksands, rather crusht
By maddest rage than clay-cold apathy.
Those who act well the tyrant, neither seek
Nor shun the name; and yet I wonder not
That thou repeatest it, and wishest me;
It sounds like power, like policy, like courage,
And none who calls thee tyrant can despise thee.
Go, issue orders for imprisonment,
Warrants for death: the gibbet and the wheel,
Lo! the grand boundaries of thy dominion!
O what a mighty office for a minister
(And such Alfonso's brother calls himself)
To be the scribe of hawkers! Man of genius!
The lanes and allies echo with thy works.
Giulio. Ah! do not urge him; he may ruin you;
He may pursue you to the grave.
Ferrante. He dares not:
Look at his collar! see the saint he wears!
The amber saint may ask too much for that.
Ippolito. Atheist! thy scoffs encourage every crime,
And strip thee, like a pestilence, of friends:
Theirs is the guilt to march against the law,
They mount the scaffold, and the blow is thine.
Ferrante. How venom burnishes his adder's crest!
How eloquent on scaffolds and on laws!
If such a noisome weed as falsehood is
Give frothy vigour to a worm like thee,
Crawl, eat, drink, sleep upon it, and farewell.
Ippolito (*to* GIULIO). Take you the sentence, and God be with both! [*Goes.*
Giulio. What sentence have we here?
Ferrante. Unseal and read it.
Giulio (*reading*). Of sight! of sight! of sight!
Ferrante. Would you escape,
My gentle Giulio? Run not thus around
The wide light chamber, press not thus your brow
Against the walls, with your two palms above.
Seek you the door then? you are uncondemned
To lose the sight of one who is the bloom
And breath of life to you: the bolts are drawn
On me alone. You carry in your breast
Most carefully our brother's precious gift:
Well, take it anywhere, but do not hope
Too much from anyone. Time softens rocks,
And hardens men.
Giulio. Pray then our God for help.
Ferrante. O my true brother, Giulio! why thus hang
Around my neck and pour forth prayers for me?
Where there are priests and kinsmen such as ours,
God hears not, nor is heard. I am prepared
For death.
Giulio. Ah! worse than death may come upon you,
Unless Heaven interpose.
Ferrante. I know the worst,
And bear one comfort in my breast that fire
And steel can ne'er force from it: she I love
Will not be his, but die as she hath lived.
Doubt you? that thus you shake the head and sigh.

Giulio. Far other doubt was mine: even this shall cease.
Ferrante. Speak it.
Giulio. I must: God pardon me!
Ferrante. Speak on.
Giulio. Have we not dwelt in friendship from our birth,
Told the same courtier the same tale of joy,
And pointed where life's earliest thorn had pierced
Amid the sports of boyhood, ere the heart
Hath aught of bitter or unsound within?
Ferrante. We have indeed.
Giulio. Has my advice been ill?
Ferrante. Too often ill-observed, but always good.
Giulio. Brother, my words are not what better men
Would speak to you; and yet my love, I think,
Must be more warm than theirs can ever be.
Ferrante. Brother's, friend's, father's, when was it like yours?
Giulio. Which of them ever said what I shall say?
Ferrante. Speak; my desires are kindled, my fears quencht.
Giulio. Do not delay to die, lest crueller
Than common death befal you.
Ferrante. Then the wheel
Is ordered in that schedule! Must she too
Have her chaste limbs laid bare? Here lies the rack;
Here she would suffer ere it touch the skin.
No, I will break it with the thread of life
Ere the sound reach her. Talk no more of Heaven,
Of Providence, of Justice. Look on her.
Why should she suffer? what hath she from Heaven
Of comfort or protection?
Giulio. Talk not so.
Pity comes down when Hope hath flown away.
Ferrante. Illusion!
Giulio. If it were, which it is not,
Why break with vehement words such sweet illusion?
For were there nought above but empty air,
Nought but the clear blue sky where birds delight,
Soaring o'er myriad worlds of living dust
That roll in columns round the noontide ray,
Your heart would faint amid such solitude,
Would shrink in such vacuity: that heart
(Ferrante! can you hide its wants from me?)
Rises and looks around and calls aloud
For some kind Being, some consoling bosom,
Whereon to place its sorrows, and to rest.
Ferrante. Oh! that was here.. I cannot look beyond.
Giulio. Hark! hear you not the people? to the window!
They shout and clap their hands when they first meet you
After short absence; what shall they now do?
Up! seize the moment; show yourself.
Ferrante. Stay, Giulio!
Draw me not thither; speak not of my wrongs;
I would await but not arouse their vengeance,
And would deserve but court not their applause.
Little of good shall good men hope from them,
Nothing shall wiser. [*Aside.*
O were he away!
But if I fail, he must die too, being here.
Giulio. Let me call out: they are below the grate:
They would deliver you: try this one chance.
Obdurate! would you hold me down? They're gone!
Ferrante. Giulio! for shame! weep not, or here I stay
And let vile hands deform me.
Giulio. They shall never.
Ferrante. What smoke arises? Are there torches under?
Surely the crowd has past: 'tis from the stairs.
Giulio. Anticipate the blow.
Ferrante. One more must grieve!
And will she grieve like you, too tender Giulio!
Turn not away the head, the hand. What hold you?
Give, give it me. 'Tis keen. They call you forth.
Tell her.. no, say not we shall meet again,
For tears flow always faster at those words..
May the thought come, but gently, like a dream.

GUZMAN AND HIS SON.

Son. O father! am I then within thy arms
Once more? O yes; what other heart beats so?
Guzman. Son! art thou free? How couldst thou have escaped?
Son. God, God alone hath moved our enemy.
Guzman. He will perfect his work; he needs not us.
Son. I shall then hold my sister's eyes again
Within my own, her palm around my head!
Hence let us, while we may.
Guzman. What speakest thou?
Son. If thou wilt only bid the war to pause,
I then am free.
Guzman. Free? then thou art not yet?
Son. Unless our soldiers are withdrawn, not death
Alone awaits me.
Guzman. Mercy! mercy! God!
Without thy voice, without thy helping hand,
We stagger, weak as infants, from our duty.
Child! child! what can I do?
Son. Hath not God spoken?
And hath he ceast to speak?
Guzman. The brave man's breast
Is God's pure tabernacle: thro' the world,
Its storms, its deserts, we must carry it.
For Him against the infidel I war;
No peace, no truce, unless at his command.
Son. God doth not always speak in thunder-clouds.

Even in the rain and dew, on the weak herb
That bends before them, there too is a voice
Breathing from Him. God is not always wroth;
He pities too, and most delights in pity.
Guzman. Art thou afraid?
Son. Father! O father! no.
Shame me not thus. But to have felt thy lips
Upon my brow, upon my eyes, my mouth,
And to have breathed his breath who gave me life
Now sixteen years ago . . O father! save me!
Guzman. Another would have said thou wert too rash;
How many fathers, of their sons, have said it,
Ay, and of brave ones, and for being brave;
I never said it, even when I lost thee,
Thee, my first-born, my only living son,
Precious as life . . almost, almost, as honour.
Son! thou art going into God's own glory,
And wouldst thou that thy father at one breath
Be spoil'd of his, and thine?
Son. No, father, no!
Fight on; and think of my worst fault no more.
They shout.
Guzman (*to his trumpeters*). Reply.
[*Flourish of trumpets.*
Thus my last groan is drown'd.

THE CORONATION.

FEBE. GRISELDA. ROMOALDA. ARMIDA. FRA PEPE.

Febe. Our good king Ferdinand, altho' I say it,
He is the bravest king that ever trod
Upon neat's leather, with a star to brisket.
Griselda. Death, a dog's death, to whosoe'er denies it!
Febe. He's just like one of us, as kings should be.
Griselda. Ay, he has bowels.
Febe. Faith! has he: I saw
His Majesty hold up a string of paste
Three palms in length, and down his throat it slid,
Just like the sword down that great conjuror's.
Griselda. And then he claspt his hand on t'other side,
So natural!
Febe. And laught as heartily
As any pickpocket when purseless wight
Cries *thief*, and points him out to some near sbirro,
Who looks all ways but that, and will hear first
What has been lost, and where are witnesses.
Griselda. Gnats, rats, and rogues, are bred in every city,
But only ours rears Ferdinands.
Febe. Here comes Fra Pepe.
Fra Pepe. What now want ye? What hath brought ye
Into this crowd, among these men and horses?
Griselda. Father! do shrive us ere we face such perils;
Trumpeters, poets, heroes, harlequins,
And overhead vast tottering catafalcs,
Choak-full, and mountain-high; ten thousand arms
Around ten thousand waists, and scarce can save them.
Fra Pepe. I have no time to shrive ye.
Febe. God forbid
That we should urge it! But yon tripe smells bravely,
And we keep many Fridays in the week;
Do not turn this fine Tuesday into one.
Fra Pepe. Knowest thou what tripe is?
Febe. From ancient records
And faint remembrances.
Fra Pepe. Hast tasted it?
Griselda. Why should we not, on some rare festival?
Fra Pepe. Luxury will creep downward, and seize souls.
Who pampered you at this enormous rate?
Griselda. We are not young ones now, but heretofore
We have had lovers, and have seen carlinos
Spin upon table; and the change was ours.
Fra Pepe. O shame upon ye!
Febe. Shame is called upon us
When we are old and needy; they who brought
Shame and old age upon us, call it loudest.
Fra Pepe. Thou talkest foolishly indeed, good woman!
Febe. We all talk our best things when teeth are flush.
Griselda. Wit is not wanting while the cheek wears roses
And coral lips are ready to impart it.
Romoalda. I doubt now whether all this tripe be real.
Ermida. They got it cheap, or would not give so largely;
An ounce, two ounces, to one family.
Febe. What! kings mere hucksters! better say they stole it.
Griselda. Such glorious ones would scarcely steal the cattle,
Much less what some call offal. Rob poor farmers!
Come, Febe, if we listen to her talk
We may do penance in a stiller place.
Febe. Never say "*come away*," my good Griselda!
While they are forking it from pans and kettles
Wide as the crater and as piping-hot.
O father Pepe! could you touch, see, smell it!
Bees may make honeycombs; what bee could ever
Make honeycomb like tripe? Ah fat! ah pith!
Soft, suctionable, savory.
Fra Pepe. Out upon thee!
Griselda. See there now! Off he goes!
Febe. No fault of mine.
Griselda. Yes; thy shrill squally shouts, and rubbing down

Of mouth, with one arm first, and then the other,
And then the apron. Who beside thyself
Would talk so touchingly, so near mid-day?
A qualm came over *me;* I felt half-famisht;
No monk on earth could stand it; not the best
That ever faced the devil in the desert.
Romoalda. Between you, pretty work! the frate gone!
Febe. Follow him: who detains you? We want nothing
With you, signora!
Armida. Let those vulgar women
Talk about tripe; we can buy liver, *buy* it,
Drink the half-flask, doze the half-hour, again
Be young, then shrive us. One night scores not deep.
There's, by my reckoning, mother Romoalda,
Only one night between us and to-morrow.
Romoalda (*striking her stomacher*). The best church-clock lies under this red canvas,
And points, within a trice, to dinner-time.
Griselda. You totter about sadly, neighbour Febe!
Febe. No wonder; they have thrown so many pulps
And peels of melon on the ground, I know
My feet are wet, and my whole stockings, with them
And plashy daffodils, like artichokes
In size, knee-deep, and palm-leaves long as boats:
So, were there room for falling, fall I must.
Griselda. May-hap you tasted a cup's rim at starting?
Febe. Before we met, one little broken one,
I sipt. They never told me 'twas so strong:
And then they took advantage of me.
Griselda. Men
Always do that with us poor lonely women.
Febe. 'Twas not the wine nor men: a fig for them!
This hubbub has confounded me, this crowd;
Soldiers and monks, and mummers fill the street,
And candles bigger than the priests that bear them,
And saucy boys running aside the candles
To catch the drops, leaving one hand for mischief;
And then the bells are making such a coil,
Saint against saint, from Mole to Capo-monte,
We can not hear the loudest voice cry *gara*
If horse or mule tramp muzzling into us.
In vain, Griselda, lift we up our shoulders
And whisper in God's ear we think it hard.
Griselda. Well, Febe, by stout shoving we are now
Beyond the mob. What ails thee?
Febe. Many things
Ail me; vexations and infirmities;
Beside a tiny matter of an infant
I dropt into the sea through awkwardness.
Griselda. Did not the child cry out, as children should?
Febe. It did. Well, well! I made an angel of it.
Griselda. Then say no more about it.
Febe. 'Tis in heaven,
Among the other angels: but I fear
That when they say, "Sing! sing, my little one!"
It may give answer, "Five hard fingers here
Have spoilt my singing."
Griselda. They who make an angel
Make more than they who make ten penitents,
And yet to make one penitent wins heaven.
Febe. I sometimes wish 'twere back again.
Griselda. To cry!
Febe. Ah! it *does* cry ere the first sea-mew cries;
It wakes me many mornings, many nights,
And fields of poppies could not quiet it.
Griselda. Febe! we must not think of it to-day.
Sorrow is most offensive to the great,
And nobody should grieve when kings are near.
This, above all days, is a day of joy;
Another king is given to the world,
And our first duty is to guard his throne.
Febe. And drink a little beaker to his health.
We, mother Romoalda! with Christ's help,
Will, against all his enemies, support him.
O! I am thirsty with the dust! beside,
I was so worried by that odious mob,
The people seem to push against me still.

ESSEX AND BACON.

Essex. I did believe, sir, I had helpt to raise
Many to wealth and station, some to fame, . .
And one to friendship.
Bacon. You, my noble earl,
Have done it; and much more. We must lament
A power thus past (or rather thrown) away.
Essex. Thou? thou lament it, Bacon?
Bacon. To my soul.
Essex. Why then, with energy beyond the pitch
Of brawling law, cry vengeance? when my fortune
Was pierced with every bolt from every hand,
Soon as the golden links were snapt asunder,
Which they who rule the earth held round that bird
Who bore their lightnings and struck down their foes.
Bacon. My gracious lord! were always their commands
Well waited for?
Essex. Nay, by my troth, my zeal
Outflew them.
Bacon. Your return was unadvised.
Essex. Unwelcome: that is worse.
Bacon. The worst of all
Was summoning to arms a loyal land,
Basking in peace and plenteousness.
Essex. How far
Extended this your basking? court indeed
And inns of law were warm enough; on those

The sun beats all the day, through all the year;
Everything there so still and orderly,
That he who sneezes in them is caught up
And cudgel'd for his pains.
Bacon. Should he awake
Trumpets by sneezing, should he blow up banners,
'Twere well if only cudgels fell on him:
Our laws have sharper instruments, my lord!
Essex. I know it; and I knew it ere I rose.
Bacon. O! had this never happened!
Essex. Then wouldst thou
Have lost some smiles, some parleyings, some tags
Of ermine, and, . . what more thou valuest
(As any wise man would) . . some little gold.
Bacon. Dross!
Essex (smiling). Very true! . . as men are dust and ashes.
Bacon. Such thoughts become all mortals; most of all
Those who have fallen under high displeasure,
Who have their God and Prince to reconcile,
And are about to change this brief vile life . . .
Nay, nay, my lord! your life may rest unchanged
For years to come, if you, upon your knees,
Humbly ask pardon . .
Essex (fiercely). Pardon! [*After hesitation.*
I will ask it . .
Bacon. . . Before the privy council, and the court
Especially assembled.
Essex (indignantly). Not before
The best among them, were he quite alone,
No, by the soul of Essex! were he Raleigh . .
The only great man there.
Bacon. Are we so scorned?
Essex. Bacon! I did not say the only wise one;
So, do not break thy ring, or loose the stone.
Bacon. My lord! my finger might have been uneasy
Without such notice from that once high peer
Erewhile the Earl of Essex . . until treason
Level'd him lower than burgess or than churl.
Essex. I will not say thou liest; for thy tongue
Lags far behind thy heart; thy strongest wit
May stretch and strain, but never make them yoke-mates.
Bacon. This cork appliance, this hard breathing, served
While there was water under for support,
But cut a dismal figure in the mud.
Essex. To servile souls how abject seem the fallen!
Benchers and message-bearers stride o'er Essex!
Bacon. Unmasted pinnace may row safely under
No high colossus, without pricking it.
But, sure, the valiant Earl is somewhat chafed . .
Who could have thought it! . . by a worm like me!
Essex. Begone! I have fairly weighed thee.
Bacon (alone). He weigh me!
No man is stout enough* to trim the balance,
Much less to throw the weight in . .
He weigh me!
Flaunting and brittle as a honeysuckle,
Sweet in the chamber, in the field blown down,
Ramping in vain to reach again its prop,
And crusht by the first footfal.
Arrogance
Stares, but sees badly: snatches with quick gripe
What seems within the reach, and, being infirm
Of stand, is overbalanced.
Shall I bear
Foul words upon me?
I have thrown them back
Manfully to the beard that wagged with them.
My courage is now safe beyond suspicion . .
Myself can hardly doubt it after this.
Yet that audacious criminal dared spit
Reproaches! seldom are they bearable,
But, springing up from reason, sting like asps . .
Not that the man has reason . . he has none . .
For, what had I to do with it? I spoke . .
And, when we are commanded, we must speak.
It was her Grace . . and surely she knows best.
I may now wash my hands of him at last,
I have but done my duty: fall who may.

WALTER TYRREL AND WILLIAM RUFUS.

Rufus. Tyrrel, spur onward! we must not await
The laggard lords: when they have heard the dogs
I warrant they will follow fast enough,
Each for his haunch. Thy roan is mettlesome;
How the rogue sidles up to me, and claims
Acquaintance with young Yorkshire! not afraid
Of wrinkling lip, nor ear laid down like grass
By summer thunder-shower on Windsor mead.
Tyrrel. Behold, my liege! hither they troop amain,
Over yon gap.
Rufus. Over my pales? the dolts
Have broken down my pales!
Tyrrel. Please you, my liege,
Unless they had, they must have ridden round
Eleven miles.
Rufus. Why not have ridden round

* Bacon little knew or suspected that there was then existing (the only one that ever did exist) his superior in intellectual power. Position gives magnitude. While the world was rolling above Shakspeare, he was seen imperfectly: when he rose above the world, it was discovered that he was greater than the world. The most honest of his contemporaries would scarcely have admitted this, even had they known it. But vast objects of remote altitude must be looked at a long while before they are ascertained. Ages are the telescope-tubes that must be lengthened out for Shakspeare; and generations of men serve but as single witnesses to his claims.

Eleven miles? or twenty, were there need.
By our Lady! they shall be our carpenters
And mend what they have marr'd. At any time
I can make fifty lords; but who can make
As many head of deer, if mine escape?
And sure they will, unless they too are mad.
Call me that bishop . . him with hunting-cap
Surcharged with cross, and scarlet above knee.

Tyrrel (*galloping forward*). Ho! my lord bishop!

Bishop. Who calls *me?*

Tyrrel. Your slave.

Bishop. Well said, if toned as well and timed as well.
Who art thou? citizen or hind? what wantest?

Tyrrel. My lord! your presence; but before the king;
Where it may grow more placid at its leisure.
The morn is only streakt with red, my lord!
You beat her out and out: how prettily
You wear your stocking over head and ears!
Keep off the gorse and broom! they soon catch fire!

Bishop. The king shall hear of this: I recognise
Sir Walter Tyrrel.

Tyrrel. And Sir Walter Tyrrel
By the same token duly recognises
The Church's well-begotten son, well-fed,
Well-mounted, and all well, except well-spoken,
The spiritual lord of Winchester.

Bishop. Ay, by God's grace! pert losel!

Tyrrel. Prick along
Lord bishop! quicker! catch fresh air! we want it;
We have had foul enough till dinner-time.

Bishop. Varlet! I may chastise this insolence.

Tyrrel. I like those feathers: but there crows no cock
Without an answer. Though the noisiest throat
Sings from the belfrey of snug Winchester,
Yet he from Westminster hath stouter spurs.

Bishop. God's blood! were I no bishop . .

Tyrrel. Then thy own
Were cooler.

Bishop. Whip that hound aside! O Christ!
The beast has paw'd my housings! What a day
For dirt!

Tyrrel. The scent lies well; pity no more
The housings; look, my lord! here trots the king!

Rufus. Which of you broke my palings down?

Bishop. God knows,
Most gracious sir.

Rufus. No doubt he does; but you,
Bishop! could surely teach us what God knows.
Ride back and order some score handicrafts
To fix them in their places.

Bishop. The command
Of our most gracious king shall be obeyed.
[*Riding off.*
Malisons on the atheist! Who can tell
Where are my squires and other men? confused
Among the servitors of temporal lords!
I must e'en turn again and hail that brute.
Sir Walter! good Sir Walter! one half-word!
[TYRREL *rides toward him.*
Sir Walter! may I task your courtesy
To find me any of my followers?

Tyrrel. Willingly.

Rufus. Stay with me; I want thee, Tyrrel!
What does the bishop boggle at?

Tyrrel. At nothing.
He seeks his people, to retrieve the damage.

Rufus. Where are the lords?

Tyrrel. Gone past your Grace, bare-headed,
And falling in the rear.

Rufus. Well, prick then on.
I care but little for the chase to-day,
Although the scent lies sweetly. To knock down
My paling is vexatious. We must see
Our great improvements in this forest; what
Of roads blockt up, of hamlets swept away,
Of lurking dens called cottages, and cells,
And hermitages. Tyrrel! thou didst right
And dutifully, to remove the house
Of thy forefathers. 'Twas an odd request
To leave the dovecote for the sake of those
Flea-bitten blind old pigeons. There it stands!
But, in God's name! what mean these hives? the bees
May sting my dogs.

Tyrrel. They hunt not in the summer.

Rufus. They may torment my fawns.

Tyrrel. Sir! not unless
Driven from their hives: they like the flowers much better.

Rufus. Flowers! and leave flowers too?

Tyrrel. Only some half-wild,
In tangled knots; balm, clary, marjoram.

Rufus. What lies beyond this close briar hedge, that smells
Through the thick dew upon it, pleasantly?

Tyrrel. A poor low cottage: the dry marl-pit shields it,
And, frail and unsupported like itself,
Peace-breathing honeysuckles comfort it
In its misfortunes.

Rufus. I am fain to laugh
At thy rank minstrelsy. A poor low cottage!
Only a poor low cottage! where, I ween,
A poor low maiden blesses Walter Tyrrel.

Tyrrel. It may be so.

Rufus. No; it may not be so.
My orders were that all should be removed;
And, out of special favour, special trust
In thee, Sir Walter, I consign'd the care
Into thy hands, of razing thy own house
And those about it; since thou hast another
Fairer and newer, and more lands around.

Tyrrel. Hall, chapel, chamber, cellar, turret, grange,
Are level with the grass.

Rufus. What negligence
To leave the work then incomplete, when little
Was there remaining! Strip that roof, and start
Thy petty game from cover.

Tyrrel. O my liege!
Command not this!

Rufus. Make me no confidant
Of thy base loves.
Tyrrel. Nor you, my liege! nor any:
None such hath Walter Tyrrel.
Rufus. Thou 'rt at bay;
Thou hast forgotten thy avowal, man!
Tyrrel. My father's house is (like my father) gone:
But in that house, and from that father's heart
Mine grew into his likeness, and held thence
Its rich possessions .. God forgive my boast!
He bade me help the needy, raise the low ..
Rufus. And stand against thy king!
Tyrrel. How many yokes
Of oxen, from how many villages
For miles around, brought I, at my own charge,
To bear away the rafters and the beams
That were above my cradle at my birth,
And rang when I was christened, to the carouse
Of that glad father and his loyal friends!
Rufus. He kept good cheer, they tell me.
Tyrrel. Yonder thatch
Covers the worn-out woman at whose breast
I hung, an infant.
Rufus. Ay! and none beside?
Tyrrel. Four sons have fallen in the wars.
Rufus. Brave dogs!
Tyrrel. She hath none left.
Rufus. No daughter?
Tyrrel. One.
Rufus. I thought it.
Unkennel her.
Tyrrel. Grace! pity! mercy on her!
Rufus. I will not have hot scents about my chase.
Tyrrel. A virtuous daughter of a virtuous mother
Deserves not this, my liege!
Rufus. Am I to learn
What any subject at my hand deserves?
Tyrrel. Happy, who dares to teach it, and who can!
Rufus. And thou, forsooth!
Tyrrel. I have done my duty, sire!
Rufus. Not half: perform the rest, or bide my wrath.
Tyrrel. What, break athwart my knee the staff of age?
Rufus. Question me, villain!
Tyrrel. Villain I am none.
Rufus. Retort my words! By all the saints! thou diest,
False traitor!
Tyrrel. Sire! no private wrong, no word
Spoken in angriness, no threat against
My life or honour, urge me ..
Rufus. Urge to what?
Dismountest?
Tyrrel. On my knees, as best beseems,
I ask .. not pardon, sire! but spare, oh spare
The child devoted, the deserted mother!
Rufus. Take her; take both.
Tyrrel. She loves her home; her limbs
Fail her; her husband sleeps in that churchyard;
Her youngest child, born many years the last,
Lies (not half-length) along the father's coffin.
Such separate love grows stronger in the stem
(I have heard say) than others close together,
And that, where pass these funerals, all life's spring
Vanishes from behind them, all the fruits
Of riper age are shrivel'd, every sheaf
Husky; no gleaning left. She would die here,
Where from her bed she looks on his; no more
Able to rise, poor little soul! than he.
Rufus. Who would disturb them, child or father? where
Is the churchyard thou speakest of?
Tyrrel. Among
Yon nettles: we have level'd all the graves.
Rufus. Right: or our horses might have stumbled on them.
Tyrrel. Your grace oft spares the guilty; spare the innocent!
Rufus. Up from the dew! thy voice is hoarse already.
Tyrrel. Yet God hath heard it. It entreats again,
Once more, once only; spare this wretched house.
Rufus. No, nor thee neither.
Tyrrel. Speed me, God! and judge
O thou! between the oppressor and opprest!
[*He pierces* Rufus *with an arrow.*

THE PARENTS OF LUTHER.

John Luther. I left thee, Margaretta, fast asleep,
Thou, who wert always earlier than myself,
Yet hast no mine to trudge to, hast no wedge
To sharpen at the forge, no pickaxe loose
In handle.
Come, blush not again: thy cheeks
May now shake off those blossoms which they bore
So thick this morning that last night's avowal
Nestles among them still.
So, in few months
A noisier bird partakes our whispering bower?
Say it again.
Margaretta. And, in my dream, I blush'd!
John. Idler! wert dreaming too? and after dawn?
Marg. In truth was I.
John. Of me?
Marg. No, not of you.
John. No matter; for methinks some Seraph's wing
Fann'd that bright countenance.
Marg. Methinks it did.

And stir'd my soul within.
How could you go
And never say good-by, and give no kiss?
John. It might have waken'd thee. I can give more
Kisses than sleep: so thinking, I heav'd up
Slowly my elbow from above the pillow,
And, when I saw it woke thee not, went forth.
Marg. I would have been awaken'd for a kiss,
And a good-by, or either, if not both.
John. Thy dreams were not worth much then.
Marg. Few dreams are;
But . . . .
John. By my troth! I will intrench upon
The woman's dowry, and will contradict,
Tho' I should never contradict again.
I have got more from dreams a hundred-fold
Than all the solid earth, than field, than town,
Than (the close niggard purse that cramps my fist)
The mine will ever bring me.
Marg. So have I,
And so shall each indeed, if this be true.
John. What was it then? for when good dreams befal
The true of heart, 'tis likely they come true.
A vein of gold? ay? silver? copper? iron?
Lead? sulphur? alum? alabaster? coal?
Shake not those ringlets nor let down those eyes,
Tho' they look prettier for it, but speak out.
True, these are not thy dainties.
Marg. Guess again.
John. Crystalline kitchens, amber-basted spits,
Whizzing with frothy savory salamanders,
And swans that might (so plump and pleasant-looking)
Swim in the water from the mouths of knights;
And ostrich-eggs off coral woods (the nests
Outside of cinnamon, inside of saffron,
And mortar'd well, for safety-sake, with myrrh),
Serv'd up in fern leaves green before the Flood?
Marg. Stuff! you will never guess it, I am sure.
John. No? and yet these are well worth dreaming of.
Marg. Try once again.
John. Faith! it is kind to let me.
Under-ground beer-cascades from Nuremberg?
Rhine vintage stealing from Electoral cellars,
And, broader than sea-baths for mermaid brides,
With fluits upon the surface strides across,
Pink conchs, to catch it and to light it down;
And music from basaltic organ-pipes
For dancing; and five fairies to one man.
Marg. Oh his wild fancies! . . Are they innocent?
John. I think I must be near it by that shrug.
Spicy sack-posset, roaring from hot springs
And running off like mad thro' candied cliffs,
But catching now and then some fruit that drops . .
Shake thy head yet? why then thou hast the palsy.
Zooks! I have thought of all things probable
And come to my wits' end. What canst thou mean?
Marg. Nay, I have half a mind now not to tell.
John. Then it is out. . Thy whole one ill could hold it.
A woman's mind hates pitch upon its seams.
Marg. Hush! one word more, and then my lips are closed.
John. Pish! one more word, and then my lips . .
Marg. O rare
Impudent man! . . and such discourse from you!
I dreamt we had a boy . .
John. A wench, a wench . .
A boy were not like thee.
Marg. I said a boy.
John. Well, let us have him, if we miss the girl.
Marg. My father told me he *must* have a boy,
And call him Martin (his own name) because
Saint Martin both was brave and cloth'd the poor.
John. Hurrah then for Saint Martin! he shall have
Enough to work on in this house of ours.
Marg. Now do not laugh, dear husband! but this dream
Seem'd somewhat more.
John. So do all dreams, ere past.
Marg. Well, but it seems so still.
John. Ay, twist my fingers,
Basketing them to hold it.
Marg. Never grave!
John. I shall be.
Marg. That one thought should make you now.
John. And that one tap upon the cheek to boot.
Marg. I do believe, if you were call'd to Heaven
You would stay toying here.
John. I doubt I should.
Methinks I set my back against the gate
Thrown open to me by this rosy hand,
And look both ways, but see more heaven than earth:
Give me thy dream: thou puttest it aside:
I must be feasted: fetch it forth at once.
Marg. Husband! I dreamt the child was in my arms,
And held a sword, which from its little grasp
I could not move, nor you: I dreamt that proud
But tottering shapes in purple filagree
Pull'd at it, and he laught.
John. They frighten'd thee?
Marg. Frighten'd me! no: the infant's strength prevail'd.
Devils, with angels' faces, throng'd about;
Some offer'd flowers, and some held cups behind,
And some held daggers under silken stoles.
John. These frighten'd thee, however.
Marg. He knew all;
I knew he did.
John. A dream! a dream indeed!
He knew and laught!
Marg. He sought his mother's breast,
And lookt at them no longer.
All the room
Was fill'd with light and gladness.

John. He shall be
Richer than we are; he shall mount his horse . .
A feat above his father; and be one
Of the duke's spearmen.
Marg. God forbid! they lead
Unrighteous lives, and often fall untimely.
John. A lion-hearted lad shall Martin be.
Marg. God willing; if *his* servant; but not else.
I have such hopes, full hopes, hopes overflowing.
John. A grave grand man, half collar and half cross,
With chain enough to hold our mastiff by,
Thou fain wouldst have him. Out of dirt so stiff
Old Satan fashioneth his idol, Pride.
Marg. If proud and cruel to the weak, and bent
To turn all blessings from their even course
To his own kind and company, may he
Never be great, with collar, cross, and chain;
No, nor be ever angel, if, O God!
He be a fallen angel at the last. [*After a pause.*
Uncle, you know, is sacristan; and uncle
Had once an uncle who was parish priest.
John. He was the man who sung so merrily
Those verses which few scholars understand,
Yet which they can not hide away, nor drive
The man from memory after forty years.
Marg. (*sings*). "Our brightest pleasures are reflected pleasures.
And they shine sweetest from the cottage-wall."
John. The very same.
Marg. *We* understand them, John!
John. An inkling. But your uncle sacristan
Hath neither sword nor spur.
Marg. It was a sword,
A flaming sword, but innocent, I saw;
And I have seen in pictures such as that,
And in the hands of angels borne on clouds.
He may defend our faith, drive out the Turk,
And quench the crescent in the Danaw stream.
John. Thou, who begannest softly, singest now
Shrill as a throstle.
Marg. Have we then no cause
To sing as throstles after sign thus strange?
John. Because it was so strange, must we believe
The rather?
Marg. Yes; no fire was in the house,
No splinter, not a spark. The Virgin's chin
Shone not with rushlight under it; 'twas out.
For night was almost over, if not past,
And the Count's chapel has not half that blaze
On the Count's birth-day, nor the hall at night.
Ah surely, surely fare like ours sends up
No idle fumes; nor wish nor hope of mine
Fashion'd so bright a substance to a form
So beautiful. There must be truth in it.
John. There shall be then. Your uncle's sacristy
Shall hold the armour quite invisible,
Until our little Martin some fine day
Bursts the door open, spurr'd, caparison'd,
Dukes lead his bridle, princes tramp behind.
He may be pope . . who knows?
Marg. Are you in earnest?
But if he should be pope, will he love *us?*
Or let us (O yes, sure he would!) love *him?*
Nor slink away, ashamed? Pope, no; not pope,
But bishop (ay?) he may be? There are few
Powerfuller folks than uncle Grimmermann.
Promise he scarce would give us, but a wink
Of hope he gave, to make a chorister.
John. "If thou wilt find materials," were his words.
Marg. I did not mark the words; they were too light:
And yet he never breaks his troth.
John. Not he:
No, he would rather break his fast ten times.
Do not look seriously . . when church allows,
I mean; no more; six days a week; not seven.
I *have* seen houses where the Friday cheese
Was not (in *my* mind) cut with Thursday knife.
Marg. O now for shame! such houses can not stand.
Pr'ythee talk reason. As the furnace-mouth
Shows only fire, so yours shows laughter only.
Choristers have been friars; ours may be;
And then a father abbot.
John. At one leap,
As salmon up Schaffhausen.
Marg. Just the same . .
Then . .
John. Ring the bells! Martin is Pope, by Jove!

HENRY THE EIGHTH AND ANNE BOLEYN.

SCENE IN THE TOWER.

ANNE BOLEYN *and a* CONSTABLE *of the* TOWER.

Anne Boleyn. Is your liege ill, sir, that you look so anxious?
Constable of the Tower. Madam!
Anne. I would not ask what you may wish
To keep a secret from me; but indeed
This right, I think, is left me; I would know
If my poor husband is quite well to-day.
Constable. Pardon me, gracious lady! what can prompt
To this inquiry?
Anne. I have now *my* secret.
Constable. I must report all questions, sayings, doings,
Movements, and looks of yours. His Highness may
Be ruffled at this eagerness to ask
About his health.
Anne. I am used to ask about it.
Beside, he may remember . . .
Constable. For your Highness
Gladly will I remind our sovran Lord
Of any promise.
Anne. Oh no! do not that!
It would incense him: he made only one,

And Heaven alone that heard him must remind him.
Last night I do suspect, but am not sure,
He scarcely was what kings and husbands should be.
A little wine has great effect upon
Warm hearts (and Henry's heart *was* very warm)
And upon strong resentments: I do fear
He has those too. But all his friends must love him.
He may have past (poor Henry!) a bad night,
Thinking upon his hasty resolution.

Constable. Lady! I grieve to tell you, worse than that;
Far worse!

Anne. Oh, mercy, then! the child! the child!
Why not have told me of all this before?
What boots it to have been a guiltless wife,
When I, who should have thought the first about it,
Am an ill mother? Not to think of thee,
My darling! my Elizabeth! whose cradle
Rocks in my ear and almost crazes me.
Is she safe? Tell me, tell me, is she living?

Constable. Safe, lady, and asleep in rosy health,
And radiant (if there yet be light enough
To show it on her face) with pleasant dreams,
Such as young angels come on earth to play with.

Anne. Were I but sure that I could dream of her
As I, until last autumn, oft have done,
Joyously, blithely, only waking up
Afraid of having hurt her by my arms
Too wildly in my rapture thrown around her,
I would lay down my weary head, and sleep,
Although the pillow be a little strange,
Nor like a bridal or a childbed pillow.

Constable. O lady! spare those words!

Anne. Why spare them? when
Departure from this world would never be
Departure from its joys: the joys of heaven
Would mingle with them scarcely with fresh sweetness.

Constable (*falling on his knees.*) My queen!

Anne. Arise, sir constable!

Constable. My queen!
Heaven's joys lie close before you.

Anne. And you weep!
Few days, I know, are left me; they will melt
All into one, all pure, all peaceable;
No starts from slumber into bitter tears,
No struggles with sick hopes and wild desires,
No cruel father cutting down the tree
To crush the child that sits upon its bough
And looks abroad, too tender for suspicion,
Too happy even for hope, maker of happiness.
I could weep too, nor sinfully, at this.
Thou knowest, O my God! thou surely knowest
'Tis no repining at thy call or will.

[Constable, *on his knees presents the Writ of Execution.*

I can do nothing now. Take back that writing,
And tell them so, poor souls! Say to the widow,
I grieve, and can *but* grieve for her; persuade her
That children, although fatherless, are blessings;
And teach those little ones, if e'er you see them,
They are not half so badly off as some.
Fold up the paper; put it quite aside;
I am no queen; I have no almoner.
Ah, now I weep indeed! Put, put it by.
Many . . I grieve (yet, *should* I grieve!) to think it,
Many will often say, when I am gone,
They once had a young queen to pity them.
Nay, though I mention'd I had nought to give,
Yet dash not on your head, nor grapple so
With those ungentle hands, while I am here,
A helpless widow's innocent petition.
Smoothe it; return it with all courtesy:
Smoothe it, I say again: frame some kind words
And see they find their place, then tender it.
What! in this manner gentlemen of birth
Present us papers? turn they thus away,
Putting their palms between their eyes and us?
Sir! I was queen . . and you were kind unto me
When I was queen no longer: why so changed?
Give it . . but what is now my signature?
Ignorant are you, or incredulous,
That not a clasp is left me? not a stone,
The vilest; not chalcedony, not agate.
Promise her all my dresses, when . . no, no . .
I am grown superstitious; they might bring
Misfortune on her, having been Anne Boleyn's.

Constable. Lady! I wish this scroll could suffocate
My voice. One order I must disobey,
To place it in your hand and mark you read it.
I lay it at your feet, craving your pardon
And God's, my lady!

Anne. Rise up; give it me;
I know it ere I read it, but I read it
Because it is the king's, whom I have sworn
To love and to obey.

Constable (aside). Her mind 's distraught!
Alas, she smiles!

Anne. The worst hath long been over;
Henry loves courage; he will love my child
For this; although I want more than I have;
And yet how merciful at last is Heaven
To give me but thus much for her sweet sake!

SCENE IN RICHMOND CHASE.

HENRY, COURTIERS, HOUNDS, &c.

Henry. Northumberland! pray tell me, if thou canst,
Who is that young one in the green and gold?
Dost thou not see her? hast thou left both eyes
Upon the bushes?

Northumberland. There are many, sir,
In the same livery.

Henry. I mean her yonder
On the iron-gray with yellow round his ears.
Impudent wench! she turns away her cheek!

Northumberland. [*After inquiring.*
The Lady Katharine Parr, an' please your Highness.

Henry. Faith! she *doth* please me. What a sap is rising
In that young bud! how supple! yet how solid!
What palpable perfection! ay, Lord Surrey?

Surrey. A bloom well worthy of a monarch's bower,
Where only one more lovely smiles beside him.
Henry. Though spring is stirring, yet give me the summer . .
I can wait yet. Some day, one not far off,
I would confer with her at Hampton-Court . .
Merely to ask her how she likes the chase:
We shall not have another all this season.
The stag alone can help us on in May:
To-morrow is the twentieth.
Hark! the knell
From Paul's! . . the Tower-gun, too! I am right enough! [*Claps his hands.*
I am a widower! [*Again claps his hands.*
By this hour to-morrow
Sunny Jane Seymour's long and laughing eyes
Shall light me to our chamber.
Lords! prick on!
The merry hounds are chiding! To the chase
To-day! our coronation for to-morrow.
How sweetly that bell warbled o'er the water.
Norfolk. I like it better than the virginals.
Suffolk. They are poor music.
Norfolk. Songs but make them worse.
Henry. Come; prick we onward. Shall we have a race?
Surrey. We are well mounted; but the youngest man
Will win, for majesty sits lightly on him.
Henry. It may well be. I have lost half my weight
This morning, lithesome as I was before.
Away!
Norfolk. His saddle swells its bolstered back
Already full two hundred yards before us.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O FRIENDS! who have accompanied thus far
My quickening steps, sometimes where sorrow sate
Dejected, and sometimes where valour stood
Resplendent, right before us; here perhaps
We best might part; but one to valour dear
Comes up in wrath and calls me worse than foe,
Reminding me of gifts too ill deserved.
I must not blow away the flowers he gave,
Altho' now faded; I must not efface
The letters his own hand has traced for me.
Here terminates my park of poetry.
Look out no longer for extensive woods,
For clusters of unlopt and lofty trees,
With stately animals coucht under them,
Or grottoes with deep wells of water pure,
And ancient figures in the solid rock:
Come, with our sunny pasture be content,
Our narrow garden and our homestead croft,
And tillage not neglected. Love breathes round;
Love, the bright atmosphere, the vital air,
Of youth; without it life and death are one.

I.

She leads in solitude her youthful hours,
Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain.
O when will Health and Pleasure come again,
Adorn her brow and strew her path with flowers,
And wandering wit relume the roseate bowers,
And turn and trifle with his festive train?
Grant me, O grant this wish, ye heavenly Powers!
All other hope, all other wish, restrain.

II.

Come back, ye Smiles, that late forsook
Each breezy path and ferny nook.
Come Laughter, though the Sage hath said
Thou favourest most the thoughtless head:
I blame thee not, howe'er inclin'd
To love the vacant easy mind,
But now am ready, may it please,
That mine be vacant and at ease.
Sweet children of celestial breed,
Be ruled by me; repress your speed.
Laughter! though Momus gave thee birth,
And said, *My darling, stay on earth!*
Smiles! though from Venus you arise,
And live for ever in the skies,
Softly! and let not one descend
But first alights upon my friend.
When one upon her cheek appears,
A thousand spring to life from hers;
Death smites his disappointed urn,
And spirit, pleasure, wit, return.

III.

WITH PETRARCA'S SONNETS.

Behold what homage to his idol paid
The tuneful suppliant of Valclusa's shade.
His verses still the tender heart engage,
They charm'd a rude, and please a polisht age:
Some are to nature and to passion true,
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

IV.

The touch of Love dispels the gloom
Of life, and animates the tomb;
But never let it idly flare
On gazers in the open air,
Nor turn it quite away from one
To whom it serves for moon and sun,
And who alike in night or day
Without it could not find his way.

V.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

I draw with trembling hand my doubtful lot;
Yet where are Fortune's frowns if she frown not
From whom I hope, from whom I fear, the kiss?
O gentle Love! if there be aught beyond
That makes the bosom calm, but leaves it fond,
O let her give me that, and take back this!

VI.

She I love (alas in vain!)
Floats before my slumbering eyes:
When she comes she lulls my pain,
When she goes what pangs arise!
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,
Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!
If even thus she soothe my sighs,
Never let me wake again!

VII.

Thou hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire
In any breast as thou hast rais'd in mine.
No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,
Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:
And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost
When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,
So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host
Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than day's.

VIII.

Darling shell, where hast thou been,
West or East? or heard or seen?
From what pastimes art thou come?
Can we make amends at home?

Whether thou hast tuned the dance
To the maids of ocean
Know I not; but Ignorance
Never hurts Devotion.

This I know, Ianthe's shell,
I must ever love thee well,
Tho' too little to resound
While the Nereids dance around;

For, of all the shells that are,
Thou art sure the brightest;
Thou, Ianthe's infant care,
Most these eyes delightest.

To thy early aid she owes
Teeth like budding snowdrop rows:
And what other shell can say
On her bosom once it lay?

That which into Cyprus bore
Venus from her native sea,
(Pride of shells!) was never more
Dear to her than thou to me.

IX.

Away my verse; and never fear,
As men before such beauty do;
On you she will not look severe,
She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
For it would please her to forgive.

X.

Pleasure! why thus desert the heart
In its spring-tide?
I could have seen her, I could part,
And but have sigh'd!

O'er every youthful charm to stray,
To gaze, to touch . .
Pleasure! why take so much away,
Or give so much!

XI.

My hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again.

XII.

Lie, my fond heart at rest,
She never can be ours.
Why strike upon my breast
The slowly passing hours?
Ah! breathe not out the name!
That fatal folly stay!
Conceal the eternal flame,
And tortured ne'er betray.

XIII.

The heart you cherish can not change;
The fancy, faint and fond,
Has never more the wish to range
Nor power to rise beyond.

XIV.

Clifton! in vain thy varied scenes invite,
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy hight;
The sheep that, starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant church's mellow chime,
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shakes above our heads the craggy steeps.
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moisten'd by the dews of eve.

XV.

Ask me not, a voice severe
Tells me, *for it gives me pain.*
Peace! the hour, too sure, is near
When I can not ask again.

XVI.

O thou whose happy pencil strays
Where I am call'd, nor dare to gaze,

But lower my eye and check my tongue;
O, if thou valuest peaceful days,
Pursue the ringlet's sunny maze,
And dwell not on those lips too long.

What mists athwart my temples fly,
Now, touch by touch, thy fingers tie
With torturing care her graceful zone!
For all that sparkles from her eye
I could not look while thou art by,
Nor could I cease were I alone.

XVII.

All tender thoughts that e'er possest
The human brain or human breast,
Center in mine for thee..
Excepting one.. and that must thou
Contribute: come, confer it now:
Grateful I fain would be.

XVIII.

Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
These many summers you and me.

XIX.

One year ago my path was green,
My footstep light, my brow serene;
Alas! and could it have been so
One year ago?
There is a love that is to last
When the hot days of youth are past:
Such love did a sweet maid bestow
One year ago.
I took a leaflet from her braid
And gave it to another maid.
Love! broken should have been thy bow
One year ago.

XX.

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
Grant only (and I ask no more),
Let love remain that little while.

XXI.

Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know
For me, not him, ye flow.
Stay, precious tears! ah stay! this jealous heart
Would bid you flow apart,
Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,
And hope you rise for him.
Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,
Nor, tho' I 'm absent, weep.

XXII.

It often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,
But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so! then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest;
I should for ever dream of you.

XXIII.

I can not tell, not I, why she
Awhile so gracious, now should be
So grave: I can not tell you why
The violet hangs its head awry.
It shall be cull'd, it shall be worn,
In spite of every sign of scorn,
Dark look, and overhanging thorn.

XXIV.

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

XXV.

While you, my love, are by,
How fast the moments fly!
Yet who could wish them slower?
Alas! to think ere long
Your converse and your song
Can reach my ear no more.
O let the thought too rest
Upon your gentle breast,
Where many kind ones dwell;
And then perhaps at least
I may partake a feast
None e'er enjoy'd so well.
Why runs in waste away
Such music, day by day,
When every little wave
Of its melodious rill
Would slake my thirst, until
I quench it in the grave.

XXVI.

Ianthe! you are call'd to cross the sea!
A path forbidden *me!*
Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watcht him laying down
His brow, and dropt our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
Ianthe! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with pain.
O bid me hope again!
O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
Not Heaven itself can do,
One of the golden days that we have past;
And let it be my last!
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
Fragile and incomplete.

XXVII.

These are the sights I love to see:
I love to see around
Youths breathing hard on bended knee,
Upon that holy ground

My flowers have covered: all the while
I stand above the rest;
I feel within the angelic smile,
I bless, and I am blest.

XXVIII.

Mine fall, and yet a tear of hers
Would swell, not soothe their pain.
Ah! if she look but at these tears,
They do not fall in vain.

XXIX.

Circe, who bore the diadem
O'er every head we see,
Pursued by thousands, turn'd from them
And fill'd her cup for me.

She seiz'd what little was design'd
To catch a transient view;
For thee alone she left behind
The tender and the true.

XXX.

If mutable is she I love,
If rising doubts demand their place,
I would adjure them not to move
Beyond her fascinating face.

Let it be question'd, while there flashes
A liquid light of fleeting blue,
Whether it leaves the eyes or lashes,
Plays on the surface or peeps through.

With every word let there appear
So modest yet so sweet a smile,
That he who hopes must gently fear,
Who fears may fondly hope the while.

XXXI.

Could but the dream of night return by day
And thus again the true Ianthe say,
"Altho' some other I should live to see
As fond, no other can have charms for me.
No, in this bosom none shall ever share,
Firm is, and tranquil be, your empire there!
If wing'd with amorous fear the unfetter'd slave
Stole back the struggling heart she rashly gave,
Weak they may call it, weak, but not untrue;
Its destination, though it fail'd, was you.
So to some distant isle the unconscious dove
Bears at her breast the billet dear to love,
But drops, while viewless lies the happier scene,
On some hard rock or desert beach between."

XXXII.

There are some tears we would not wish to dry,
And some that sting before they drop and die.
Ah! well may be imagined of the two
Which I would ask of Heaven may fall from you.
Such, ere the lover sinks into the friend,
On meeting cheeks in warm attraction blend.

XXXIII.

I hope indeed ere long
To hear again the song
Round which so many throng
Of great and gay:
Whether I shall or not
Draw from Fate's hand that lot
I 'd give a prophet all I 'm worth to say.
But in the Muse's bower
At least, O gentle power
Of harmony! one hour
Of many a day
Devote to her I will,
And cling to her until
They ring the bell for life to run away.

XXXIV.

I love to hear that men are bound
By your enchanting links of sound:
I love to hear that none rebell
Against your beauty's silent spell.
I know not whether I may bear
To see it all, as well as hear;
And never shall I clearly know
Unless you nod and tell me so.

XXXV.

Soon as Ianthe's lip I prest,
Thither my spirit wing'd its way:
Ah, there the wanton would not rest!
Ah, there the wanderer could not stay!

XXXVI.

Beloved the last! beloved the most!
With willing arms and brow benign
Receive a bosom tempest-tost,
And bid it ever beat to thine.

The Nereid maids, in days of yore,
Saw the lost pilot loose the helm,
Saw the wreck blacken all the shore,
And every wave some head o'erwhelm.

Afar the youngest of the train
Beheld (but fear'd and aided not)
A minstrel from the billowy main
Borne breathless near her coral grot.

Then terror fled, and pity rose . .
"Ah me!" she cried, "I come too late!
Rather than not have sooth'd his woes,
I would, but may not, share his fate."

She rais'd his hand. "What hand like this
Could reach the heart athwart the lyre!
What lips like these return my kiss,
Or breathe, incessant, soft desire!"

From eve to morn, from morn to eve,
She gazed his features o'er and o'er,
And those who love and who believe
May hear her sigh along the shore.

XXXVII.

Art thou afraid the adorer's prayer
Be overheard? that fear resign.
He waves the incense with such care
It leaves no stain upon the shrine.

XXXVIII.

You see the worst of love, but not the best,
Nor will you know him till he comes your guest.
Tho' yearly drops some feather from his sides,
In the heart's temple his pure torch abides.

XXXIX.

According to eternal laws
('Tis useless to inquire the cause)
The gates of fame and of the grave
Stand under the same architrave,
So I would rather some time yet
Play on with you, my little pet!

XL.

While the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
The ripening harvest and the hoary sands;
Alone, and destitute of every page
That fires the poet or informs the sage,
Where shall my wishes, where my fancy, rove,
Rest upon past or cherish promist love?
Alas! the past I never can regain,
Wishes may rise and tears may flow.. in vain.
Fancy, that brings her in her early bloom,
Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason, do?
Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
Here will I sit till heaven shall cease to lour
And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour,
Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

XLI.

One pansy, one, she bore beneath her breast,
  A broad white ribbon held that pansy tight.
She waved about nor lookt upon the rest,
  Costly and rare; on this she bent her sight.
I watcht her raise it gently when it droopt;
  I knew she wisht to show it me; I knew
She would I saw it rise, to lie unloopt
  Nearer its home, that tender heart! that true!

XLII.

You tell me I must come again
  Now buds and blooms appear:
Ah! never fell one word in vain
  Of yours on mortal ear.
You say the birds are busy now
  In hedgerow, brake, and grove,
And slant their eyes to find the bough
  That best conceals their love:
How many warble from the spray!
  How many on the wing!
"Yet, yet," say you, "one voice away
  I miss the sound of spring."
How little could that voice express,
  Beloved, when we met!
But other sounds hath tenderness,
  Which neither shall forget.

XLIII.

Retired this hour from wondering crowds
And flower-fed poets swathed in clouds,
Now the dull dust is blown away,
Ianthe, list to what I say.
Verse is not always sure to please
For lightness, readiness, and ease;
Romantic ladies like it not
Unless its streams are strong and hot
As Melton-Mowbray stables when
Ill-favored frost comes back again.
Tell me no more you feel a pride
To be for ever at my side,
To think your beauty will be read
When all who pine for it are dead.
I hate a pomp and a parade
Of what should ever rest in shade;
What not the slenderest ray should reach,
Nor whispered breath of guarded speech:
There even Memory should sit
Absorbed, and almost doubting it.

XLIV.

I often ask upon whose arm she leans,
  She whom I dearly love,
And if she visit much the crowded scenes
  Where mimic passions move.
There, mighty powers! assert your just control,
  Alarm her thoughtless breast,
Breathe soft suspicion o'er her yielding soul,
  But never break its rest.
O let some faithful lover, absent long,
  To sudden bliss return;
Then Landor's name shall tremble from her tongue,
  Her cheek thro' tears shall burn.

XLV.

I sadden while I view again
  Smiles that for me the Graces wreathed.
Sure my last kiss those lips retain
  And breathe the very vow they breathed;
At peace, in sorrow, far or near,
  Constant and fond she still would be,
And absence should the more endear
  The sigh it only woke for me.
Till the slow hours have past away,
  Sweet image, bid my bosom rest.
Vain hope! yet shalt thou night and day,
  Sweet image, to this heart be prest.

XLVI.

A time will come when absence, grief, and years,
  Shall change the form and voice that please you now,
When you perplext shall ask, "And fell my tears
  Into his bosom? breath'd I there my vow?"
It must be so, Ianthe! but to think
  Malignant Fate should also threaten *you*,
Would make my heart, now vainly buoyant, sink:
  Believe it not: 'tis what I'll never do.

XLVII.

Have I, this moment, led thee from the beach
Into the boat? now far beyond my reach!
Stand there a little while, and wave once more
That 'kerchief; but may none upon the shore
Dare think the fond salute was meant for him!
Dizzily on the plashing water swim
My heavy eyes, and sometimes can attain
Thy lovely form, which tears bear off again.
In vain have they now ceast; it now is gone
Too far for sight, and leaves me here alone.
O could I hear the creaking of the mast!
I curst it present, I regret it past.

XLVIII.

Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again,
And I am solaced now you tell me when.
Joy sprung o'er sorrow as the morning broke,
And, as I read the words, I thought you spoke.
Altho' you bade it, yet to find how fast
My spirits rose, how lightly grief flew past,
I blush at every tear I have represst,
And one is starting to reprove the rest.

XLIX.

Ye walls! sole witnesses of happy sighs,
  Say not, blest walls, one word.
Remember, but keep safe from ears and eyes
  All you have seen and heard.*

L.

The bough beneath me shakes and swings.
While tender love wants most your wings
    Why are you flying from our nest?
That love, first opened by your beak,
You taught to peck, and then to speak
    The few short words you liked the best,
    Come back again, soft cowering breast!

Do not you hear or mind my call?
Come back! come back! or I may fall
    From my high branch to one below;
For there are many in our trees,
And part your flight and part the breeze
    May shake me where I would not go.
    Ah! do not then desert me so!

LI.

IANTHE'S LETTER.

We will not argue, if you say
My sorrows when I went away
    Were not for you alone;
For there were many very dear,
Altho' at dawn they came not near,
As you did, yet who griev'd when I was gone.
We will not argue (but why tell
So false a tale?) that scarcely fell
    My tears where mostly due.
I can not think who told you so:
I shed (about the rest I know
Nothing at all) the first and last for you.

* First pencilled thus,
O murs! temoins des plus heureux soupirs,
N'en dites mot: gardes nos souvenirs.

LII.

"Remember you the guilty night,"
  A downcast myrtle said,
"You snatcht and held me pale with fright
  Till life almost had fled?
At every swell more close I prest
With jealous care that lovely breast;
Of every tender word afraid,
I cast a broader, deeper shade,
And trembled so, I fell between
Two angel-guards by you unseen:
There, pleasures, perils, all forgot,
I clung and fainted: who would not?
Yet certainly, this transport over,
I should, for who would not? recover.
Yes! I was destined to return
And sip anew the crystal urn,
Where with four other sister sprays
I bloom'd away my pleasant days.
But less and less and less again
Each day, hour, moment, is the pain
My little shrivel'd heart endures . .
Now can you say the same for yours?
I torn from her and she from you,
What wiser thing can either do
Than with our joys our fears renounce
And leave the vacant world at once?
When she you fondly love must go,
  Your pangs will rise, but mine will cease;
I never shall awake to woe,
  Nor you to happiness or peace."

LIII.

On the smooth brow and clustering hair
  Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine,
The duller olive I would wear,
  Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

LIV.

Along this coast I led the vacant Hours
  To the lone sunshine on the uneven strand,
And nipt the stubborn grass and juicier flowers
  With one unconscious inobservant hand,
While crept the other by degrees more near
  Until it rose the cherisht form around,
And prest it closer, only that the ear
  Might lean, and deeper drink some half-heard sound.

LV.

Pursuits! alas, I now have none,
  But idling where were once pursuits,
Often, all morning quite alone,
  I sit upon those twisted roots
Which rise above the grass, and shield
  Our harebell, when the churlish year
Catches her coming first afield,
  And she looks pale tho' spring is near;
I chase the violets, that would hide
  Their little prudish heads away,
And argue with the rills, that chide
  When we discover them at play.

LVI.

No, thou hast never griev'd but I griev'd too;
Smiled thou hast often when no smile of mine
Could answer it. The sun himself can give
But little colour to the desert sands.

LVII.

Where alders rise up dark and dense
But just behind the wayside fence,
A stone there is in yonder nook
Which once I borrow'd of the brook:
You sate beside me on that stone,
Rather (not much) too wide for one.
Untoward stone! and never quite
(Tho' often very near it) right,
And putting to sore shifts my wit
To roll it out, then steady it,
And then to prove that it must be
Too hard for anyone but me.
Ianthe, haste! ere June declines
We'll write upon it all these lines.

LVIII.

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Still yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.
Twenty years hence tho' it may hap
That I be call'd to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard.
There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sigh'd *Alas*,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That winged word.

LIX.

From heaven descend two gifts alone;
The graceful line's eternal zone
And beauty, that too soon must die.
Exposed and lonely Genius stands,
Like Memnon in the Egyptian sands,
At whom barbarian javelins fly.
For mutual succour Heaven design'd
The lovely form and vigorous mind
To seek each other and unite.
Genius! thy wing shall beat down Hate,
And Beauty tell her fears at Fate
Until her rescuer met her sight.

LX.

Remain, ah not in youth alone,
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay,
But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away.
"*Can I be always by your side?*"
No; but the hours you can, you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

LXI.

Is it no dream that I am he
Whom one awake all night
Rose ere the earliest birds to see,
And met by dawn's red light;
Who, when the wintry lamps were spent
And all was drear and dark,
Against the rugged pear-tree leant
While ice crackt off the bark;

Who little heeded sleet and blast,
But much the falling snow;
Those in few hours would sure be past,
His traces *that* might show;

Between whose knees, unseen, unheard,
The honest mastiff came,
Nor fear'd he; no, nor was he fear'd:
Tell me, am I the same?

O come! the same dull stars we'll see,
The same o'er-clouded moon.
O come! and tell me am I he?
O tell me, tell me soon.

LXII.

Many, well I know, there are
Ready in your joys to share,
And (I never blame it) you
Are almost as ready too.
But when comes the darker day
And those friends have dropt away,
Who is there among them all
You would, if you could, recal?
One, who wisely loves and well,
Hears and shares the griefs you tell:
Him you ever call apart
When the springs o'erflow the heart:
For you know that he alone
Wishes they were *but* his own.
Give, while these he may divide,
Smiles to all the world beside.

LXIII.

Here, ever since you went abroad,
If there be change, no change I see,
I only walk our wonted road,
The road is only walkt by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;
Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
I catch at times, at times I miss
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!
Two shortest months! then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry.

LXIV.

Silent, you say, I 'm grown of late,
Nor yield, as you do, to our fate?
Ah! that alone is truly pain
Of which we never can complain.

LXV.

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss..
My heart was sure that hers was true.

Now I have told her I must part,
  She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!
  Hers never was the heart for you.

LXVI.

Tell me not things past all belief;
  One truth in you I prove;
The flame of anger, bright and brief,
  Sharpens the barb of Love.

LXVII.

Little it interests me how
Some insolent usurper now
    Divides your narrow chair;
Little heed I whose hand is placed
(No, nor how far) around your waist,
    Or paddles in your hair.
A time, a time there may have been
(Ah! and there was) when every scene
    Was brightened by your eyes.
And dare you ask what you have done?
My answer, take it, is but one . .
    The weak have taught the wise.

LXVIII.

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

LXIX.

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
  Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
  Over my open volume you will say,
  "This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.

LXX.

Ah! could I think there's nought of ill
In what you do, and love you still!
I have the power for only half,
My wish: you know it, and you laugh.

LXXI.

Tears, and tears only, are these eyes that late
    In thine could contemplate
Charms which, like stars, in swift succession rise . .
    No longer to these eyes!
Love shows the place he flew from; there, bereft
    Of motion, Grief is left.

LXXII.

The Loves who many years held all my mind,
A charge so troublesome at last resign'd.
Among my books a feather here and there
Tells what the inmates of my study were.
Strong for no wrestle, ready for no race,
They only serve to mark the left-off place.
'Twas theirs to dip in the tempestuous waves,
'Twas theirs to loiter in cool summer caves;
But in the desert where no herb is green
Not one, the latest of the flight, is seen.

LXXIII.

As round the parting ray the busy motes
    In eddying circles play'd,
Some little bird threw dull and broken notes
    Amid an elder's shade.

My soul was tranquil as the scene around,
    Ianthe at my side;
Both leaning silent on the turfy mound,
    Lowly and soft and wide.

I had not lookt, that evening, for the part
    One hand could disengage,
To make her arms cling round me, with a start
    My bosom must assuage:

Silence and soft inaction please as much
    Sometimes the stiller breast,
Which passion now has thrill'd with milder touch
    And love in peace possest.

"Hark! hear you not the nightingale?" I said,
    To strike her with surprise.
"The nightingale?" she cried, and rais'd her head,
    And beam'd with brighter eyes.

"Before you said 'twas he that piped above,
    At every thrilling swell
He pleas'd me more and more; he sang of love
    So plaintively, so well."

Where are ye, happy days, when every bird
    Pour'd love in every strain?
Ye days, when true was every idle word,
    Return, return again!

LXXIV.

So late removed from him she swore,
  With clasping arms and vows and tears,
In life and death she would adore,
  While memory, fondness, bliss, endears.

Can she forswear? can she forget?
  Strike, mighty Love! strike, Vengeance! Soft!
Conscience must come and bring regret . .
  These let her feel! . . nor these too oft!

LXXV.

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
  The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
  And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
  But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
  The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

LXXVI.

Dull is my verse: not even thou
  Who movest many cares away
From this lone breast and weary brow,
  Canst make, as once, its fountain play;
No, nor those gentle words that now
  Support my heart to hear thee say:
"The bird upon its lonely bough
  Sings sweetest at the close of day."

LXXVII.

Thank Heaven, Ianthe, once again
Our hands and ardent lips shall meet,
And Pleasure, to assert his reign,
Scatter ten thousand kisses sweet:
Then cease repeating while you mourn,
" I wonder when he will return."

Ah wherefore should you so admire
The flowing words that fill my song,
Why call them artless, yet require
" Some promise from that tuneful tongue?"
I doubt if heaven itself could part
A tuneful tongue and tender heart.

LXXVIII.

When we have panted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy:
" Of all our fields how very few are green!
And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between
Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy."

LXXIX.

There are some wishes that may start
Nor cloud the brow nor sting the heart.
Gladly then would I see how smiled
One who now fondles with her child;
How smiled she but six years ago,
Herself a child, or nearly so.
Yes, let me bring before my sight
The silken tresses chain'd up tight,
The tiny fingers tipt with red
By tossing up the strawberry-bed;
Half-open lips, long violet eyes,
A little rounder with surprise,
And then (her chin against the knee)
" Mama! who can that stranger be?
How grave the smile he smiles on me!"

LXXX.

Youth is the virgin nurse of tender Hope,
And lifts her up and shows a far-off scene:
When Care with heavy tread would interlope,
They call the boys to shout her from the green.

Ere long another comes, before whose eyes
Nurseling and nurse alike stand mute and quail.
Wisdom: to her Hope not one word replies,
And Youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

LXXXI.

GUNLAUG.

SOPHIA, pity Gunlaug's fate.
Perfidious friendship, worse than hate,
And love, whose smiles are often vain,
Whose frowns are never, proved his bane.
For war his rising spirit sigh'd
In unknown realms o'er ocean wide.
" O father, father! let me go,
I burn to meet my country's foe."
" A blessing, Gunlaug, on thy head!"
Illugi, his fond father, said.
" Go when invader comes to spoil
Our verdant Iceland's native soil:
But wait with patient zeal till then
And learn the deeds of mightier men."
To Thorstein's house, whose daring prow
Thro' ocean pounced upon his foe,
Stung with denial, Gunlaug went,
But breathed no word of discontent.
" Thorstein," he cried, " I leave my home,
Yet not for shelter am I come;
Thorstein, I come to learn from thee
The dangers of the land and sea.
Speed thee! together let us go,
And Thorstein's shall be Gunlaug's foe."
" Brave youth," said Thorstein, " stay awhile.
I love too well my native isle,
Whether the sandy dog-rose blows
Or sparkle fierce the starry snows,
And never shall this hand again
Direct the rudder o'er the main."
Thus as he spake he would have prest
The hand of his aspiring guest;
But Gunlaug cried, " I will not here
Partake thy hospitable cheer:
For war's, for danger's, gifts I came,
Keep thou thy fears, leave me thy fame."
Aloud the manly veteran laught;
" Come! come!" said he, " one social draught!
My fears I 'll keep that none shall see,
And I will leave my fame to thee."
Out sprang the tears from Gunlaug's eyes:
" O noble Thorstein, bold and wise!
Shall Gunlaug dare to tarry here?
Shall Helga see this blush, this tear?"
At Helga's and her father's name,
The beauteous blue-eyed virgin came.
No word had then the youth to say,
But turn'd his downcast face away.
He heard her sandal sip the floor,
And, ere she reacht the palace-door,
His heaving bosom could not brook
Reproach or wonder from her look.
And couldst thou, Gunlaug, thus refrain?
And seek'st thou conquests o'er the main?
She saw, but knew not his distress,
And eyed him much, nor loved him less.
Long stood, and longer would have stay'd
The tender-hearted blue-eyed maid;
But fear her stifling throat opprest,
And something smote her bounding breast.
Far off, alone, she would remain,
But thought it time to turn again.
" Yet better not, perhaps," she thought,
" For fear the stranger hold me naught.
I dare not wish, they call it sin,
But.. would my father bring him in!"

He came; their friendship grew; he woo'd;
Nor Helga's gentle heart withstood.
Her milk-white rabbit oft he fed,
And crumbled fine his breakfast-bread;
And oft explored with anxious view
Spots where the crispest parsley grew.
Her restive horse he daily rid,
And quite subdued her stubborn kid,
Who lately dared to quit her side,
And once with painful rashness tried
Its ruddy horn against her knee,
Bold as its desperate sire could be.
Mosses he knew of every race,
And brought them from their hiding-place,
And mingled every sweet-soul'd plant
On mountain-top or meadow slant,
And checker'd (while they flower'd) her room
With purple thyme and yellow broom.
There is a creature dear to heaven,
Tiny and weak, to whom is given
To enjoy the world while suns are bright
And shut grim winter from its sight;
Tamest of hearts that beat on wilds,
Tamer and tenderer than a child's;
The dormouse: this he loved, and taught
(Docile it is the day it 's caught,
And fond of music, voice or string)
To stand before and hear her sing,
Or lie within her palm half-closed,
Until another 's interposed,
And claim'd the alcove wherein it lay,
Or held it with divided sway.
All living things are ministers
To him whose hand attunes the spheres
And guides a thousand worlds, and binds
(Work for ten godheads!) female minds.
I know not half the thoughts that rose,
Like tender plants 'neath vernal snows,
In Helga's breast, and, if I knew,
I would draw forth but very few.
Yet, when the prayers were duly said
And rightly blest the marriage-bed,
She doubted not that Heaven would give
To her as pretty things as live.
The cautious father long-delay'd
The wishes of the youth and maid.
His patient hand, like hers, unrolls
The net to catch the summer shoals;
And both their daily task compare,
And daily win each other's hair.
One morn, arising from her side,
He, as he paid the forfeit, cried,
"Behold my hair too trimly shine,
Behold my hands are white as thine.
O! could I loose our bliss's bar!
I burn for wedlock and for war."
"For war," said she, "when lovers burn,
To wedlock, Gunlaug, few return.
In Samsa brave Hialmar lies,
Nor Inga's daughter closed his eyes.
By sixteen wounds of raging fire
The enchanted sword of Angantyre,
Withering, laid waste his fruitless bloom,
And housed the hero in the tomb.
'Oh Oddur,' said the dying chief.
'Take off my ring, my time is brief;
My ring, if smaller, might adorn
The plighted hand of Ingebiorn.'
Swift to Sigtuna flew the friend,
And sorely wept Hialmar's end.
By Mæleren's blue lake he found
The virgin sitting on the ground.
A garment for her spouse she wove,
And sang, 'Ah speed thee, gift of love!'
In anguish Oddur heard her sing,
And turn'd his face and held the ring.
Back fell the maiden; well she knew
What fatal tidings must ensue;
When Oddur rais'd her, back she fell,
And died, the maiden loved so well.
'Now gladly,' swore the generous chief,
'I witness death beguiling grief;
I never thought to smile again
By thy blue waters, Mæleren!'
But grant that on the hostile strand
Thy bosom meet no biting brand,
Grant that no swift unguarded dart
Lay thee beneath the flooded thwart,
Yet how unlike a nuptial day,
To stand amid the hissing spray,
And wipe and wipe its tingling brine
And vainly blink thy pelted eyn,
And feel their stiffening lids weigh'd down
By toil no pleasure comes to crown!
Say, Gunlaug, wouldst thou give for this
The fire-side feast and bridal kiss?"
He told the father what he said,
And what replied the willing maid.
"My son," said Thorstein, "now I find
Wavering with love the sea-bound mind.
Away to war, if war delight,
Begone three years from Helga's sight,
And if perchance at thy return
That breast with equal transport burn,
Its wishes I no more confine,
Thine is my house, my Helga thine."
Away the towering warrior flew,
Nor bade his Helga once adieu.
He felt the manly sorrows rise,
And open'd wide his gushing eyes;
He stopt a moment in the hall,
Still the too powerful tears would fall.
He would have thought his fate accurst
To meet her as he met her first,
So, madly swang the sounding door,
And reacht, and reaching left, the shore.
Three years in various toils had past,
And Gunlaug hasten'd home at last.
Rafen at Upsal he had seen,
Of splendid wit and noble mien:
Rafen with pleasure he beheld,
For each in arms and verse excel'd.
Rafen he heard from sun to sun,
And why? their native land was one.
O friends! mark here how friendships end!
O lovers! never trust a friend!
In fulness of his heart he told
What treasures would his arms enfold;

How in the summer he should share
The blissful bed of maid so fair.
For, as suspicion ne'er supprest
One transport of his tuneful breast,
The low and envious he past by
With scornful or unseeing eye:
From tales alone their guile he knew,
Believing all around him true,
And fancying falsehood flourisht then
When earth produced two-headed men.
In Sweden dwell the manliest race
That brighten earth's maternal face:
Yet never would proud Gunlaug yield
To any man in any field.
The day was fixt for his return,
And crowding friends around him burn
Their pomp and prowess to display,
And celebrate the parting day.
Amid them up a wrestler stood
And call'd to wrestle him who would.
So still were all, you might have heard
The motion of the smallest bird:
Some lookt, some turn'd away the eye,
Not one among them dared reply.
"Come hither, friend!" said Gunlaug bold,
"O ne'er in Iceland be it told
I stood amid the feast defied,
Nor skill nor strength nor courage tried."
The wrestler then beheld and smiled,
And answer'd thus in accent mild:
"O stranger! tho' thy heart be stout,
And none like thee sit round about,
Thou bringest to unequall'd might
A form too beauteous and too slight."
"Well, friend, however that may be,
Let Gunlaug try his strength with thee."
They closed; they struggled; nought avail'd
The wrestler's skill, his prowess fail'd.
One leg he moved a little back
And sprang again to the attack.
Gunlaug, in trying to elude
A shock so sudden and so rude,
Avoided half the whelming weight,
But slipt aside alas too late.
His combatant flew headlong past,
Yet round his neck one arm he cast,
And threw him also on the ground,
Wounded, but with no warrior's wound.
The grass and springing flow'rs amid
A rotten pointed stake was hid.
Swung by the rapid jerk in air,
His sinewy leg descended there.
When Rafen saw the spouting blood
Bewilder'd in new joy he stood,
And scarce his features could control
The rapture of a selfish soul,
Yet tended every day his couch
And emptied there the hawking-pouch,
And brought him game from lake and land
And fed the falcon on his hand.
"Go, haste," said Gunlaug, "haste, my friend,
May peace and love thy steps attend!
Ah wretched thus to stay alone!
Ere the day fixt I too am gone.
How far more wretched should I be
If my sweet Helga mourn'd for me."
When twice the Sabbath-day had past,
Rafen, as one compell'd at last
By his impatient listeners, said,
(And lower'd his voice and shook his head)
"Gunlaug unwillingly I left
Of reason as of love bereft.
At Upsal, famed for damsels bright
And flatter'd wit's bewildering light,
Him courts and pleasures yet detain,
And Helga's charms have charm'd in vain."
"Accursed man!" the father cried,
"My Helga ne'er shall be his bride."
"O father!"
"Peace!" cried he, "I swear,
Deluded Helga! thou shalt ne'er."
A swoon her swelling bosom smote,
A serpent seem'd to clasp her throat,
And underneath the father's chair
Stream'd on his dog her auburn hair.
Then Rafen rais'd her in his arms,
And gazed and gloated on her charms.
"Gaze: she is thine," said Thorstein fierce,
"If she be Gunlaug's, 'tis in verse."
She wept all night; her woe increast
When in the morn she saw the priest.
"Pause, father! pause to break my vow,
I know his heart, ah could'st but thou!
By all divine, all human laws,
Kindest and best of fathers, pause.
If Rafen loves, he loves the dead,
I live not for his hated bed."
At early dawn the youth she lost
Had lept upon his native coast.
Blessing his fortune to survive,
And on the appointed day arrive,
He hung around his father's neck
And groan'd the thoughts he could not speak;
And as his neck he hung around
The father's tears dropt o'er the wound.
The servants came with anxious heed,
And brought their lord the luscious mead,
Pray'd not to issue forth so soon,
But eat and drink and sleep till noon;
And mention'd other valiant lords
Who dozed thus long upon their swords,
Yet ne'er had suffer'd gash nor prick,
Nor bruise, unless from hazel-stick.
He was persuaded; for his brain
Floated in fiery floods of pain,
From hopes, three long, long years afloat,
Now, by one evil turn remote.
He was persuaded; for he knew
Whose was of all true hearts most true.
Then strew'd he bear-skins on the stone,
And bade the tardy men begone.
The servants watch his eyelids close,
They watch the flush of bland repose,
They raise his shaggy pillow high'r,
With tender caution trim the fire,
And (for his breath might be oppresst)
Pick out the pine-tree from the rest,

And fan the flame, nor fear the smoke
From ash well dried and shipwreck oak.
A frolic maid was passing by,
And, as she saw the hero lie,
His arms and armour thrown around,
Upon the bench, the couch, the ground,
Removed the clinking hawberk mail,
And took a wolf-skin from a nail;
Across his throat she placed the teeth
And tuckt the clasping claws beneath,
And would have kist him, but she fear'd
To tickle with her breast his beard.
Sound was his sleep; at length he woke
And thus in hurried accent spoke.
"What means, my men, the noise I hear?
Nearer the window . . still more near.
Despatch . . I feel no pain . . despatch . .
Why look upon that idle scratch?
Ay, Rafen and his friends are come,
I know, to bid me welcome home.
Oft has he trod the sunless dew
And hail'd at last my bark in view.
O Rafen, my best friend, for this
Shall Helga give thy brow a kiss."
Then in rusht Thorkell: "Stay thee, lord!
Nor blast thee at the sight abhorr'd.
I thought that Heaven could send no curse
Like slighted love; it sends a worse.
Now is my joy what was my pain,
To find so soon I loved in vain.
Rafen leads homeward from the shrine
Thy Helga, for her heart is thine."
Gunlaug with pleasure heard him speak,
And smiles relumed his faded cheek.
Thorkell, who watcht him all the while,
With more than wonder saw him smile.
"Thorkell, I thank thee," he replied,
"What, have we both then lost the bride?
No, generous rival! neither quite
Hath understood the nuptial rite.
Rafen leads homeward from the shrine
My Helga, for her heart is mine."
Then Thorkell shook his head and sigh'd:
"Ill the suspicious soul betide!
But he whom no suspicions move,
Loves not, or with ill-omen'd love.
These eyes, that yet in wonder swim,
Saw the fair Helga sworn to him."
His horror Gunlaug could not check,
But threw his arm round Thorkell's neck.
"O loose me, let me fall, my friend,"
Cried he, "let life and sorrow end."
Now rage, now anguish, seiz'd his soul,
Now love again resumed the whole;
Now would he upon Helga's name
Pour vengeance; tears for vengeance came.
"Thorkell, two days alone I wait,
The third shall close with Rafen's fate.
I scorn to stay for strength restored . .
Go . . at the corner whet my sword."
On the third morn their friends decreed
That one or both of them should bleed.
On the third morn what pangs opprest
The tender lover's valiant breast!
His only hope on earth below
To die, and dying slay the foe.
He slept not, nor had ever slept
Since the first day, but said, and wept:
"Arouse thee, Gunlaug, why complain?
She never can be thine again!
The bark shall lean upon the shore,
Nor wave dash off the rested oar:
The flowers shall ope their sparkling eyes,
And dance in robes of richest dyes,
And, flying back, again shall meet
The south-wind's kisses soft and sweet:
Young eagles build their first fond nest,
And sink from rapine into rest:
Ah, see them soar above my head!
Their hopes are come, but mine are fled!
Arouse thee, Gunlaug, haste away,
And rush into the mortal fray."
From far the listening Rafen heard
His rival's armour ring, nor fear'd.
Fear may be stifled in the breast,
But shame burns fiercer when suppreat.
Onward he rusht, and dared defy
His arm, but dared not meet his eye.
Madly he struck and blind with guilt,
And his blade shiver'd from the hilt.
O'er Gunlaug's shield with action weak
It fell, and falling razed his cheek.
Away disdainful Gunlaug turn'd,
And cried, while rage within him burn'd,
"Rafen, take up thy broken sword;
Live; see thou Helga be restored.
Ah why?" then to himself he said;
"O Helga, beauteous blue-eyed maid!
Such were the tender words of yore,
But never can I speak them more!
By Rafen's side hath Helga slept,
Upon my fruit the snail hath crept,
The blindworm hath his poison shed . .
O Rafen! curses on thy head."
Afar was he as Gunlaug spoke,
And every tie of honour broke.
Before the court of chieftains old
He stood, and well his story told:
Much for religion and for laws
He pled, and bade them guard his cause:
"Tho' baffled and disarm'd," he cried,
"I gave the wound, and claim the bride."*
Some with disdain his reason heard,
While others wisht the cause defer'd.
Then Ormur spake in speech of scorn,
Ormur the friend of Asbiorn,
Who, daring singly to engage
A jotun, proved his fatal rage.
"Go, finish this unmanly strife,
And keep the vow, but quit the wife.
So neither party shall repine,
But love be his, and laws be thine.
Go home, and with the world's applause
There quaintly kiss the cold-lip laws."

* According to the laws of duel in Iceland, he who gave the first wound was gainer of the suit.

But Rafen, when he saw the sneer
Run dimpling on from each compeer,
" Has not the priest then join'd our hands
In holy everlasting bands?
One would have thought 'twas thee I wrong'd,
Right second to the viper-tongued."*
The assembly, wishing to compose
The strife of single combat, rose;
But order'd first that none decide
His right by arms o'er Iceland wide.
" In Auxar then once more we meet,
And thou shalt never thence retreat,"
Swore valiant Gunlaug, when he heard
The suit that Rafen had preferr'd.
" Thy courage shall not screen thy guile,
When once we meet in Auxar's isle."
Urged by his friends as by his foe,
Again to fight must Rafen go.
But furious winds each pinnace drove
Past little Auxar's lonely cove.
Beyond the strait their anchors bit
The yellow sand of Agnafit,
Where Inga reign'd, whose daughter's fate
Gunlaug heard Helga once relate.
Here too the wise and old impede
The brave in lawless fray to bleed.
By Sota's shore their course they take
And anchor near Dyngiunes' lake.
There spread the heath its evener ground,
And purer water there was found.
They meet; and all their friends unite
In the full fury of the fight,
'Till with the champions none remain
But the sore wounded on the plain.
The chiefs had closed, nor space was now
That either urge the deadly blow;
But oft they struggle breast to breast,
Oft give, unwilling, mutual rest.
Gunlaug with desperate strain recoil'd,
Yet his free force and aim were foil'd,
Else had his sword athwart the side
Of Rafen oped life's sluices wide.
The foot he struck, so far he sprung,
The foot upon its tendon hung:
He stagger'd: just within his reach
Stood, chosen for the shade, a beech:
He shrunk against it, and his foot
Was resting on the twisted root.
" Now yield thee," loud the hero cried,
" Yield; and resign the blooming bride."
" True, on these terms we fought before,"
Said he, " but now we fight for more.
This day life only shall suffice,
And Gunlaug, he who kills not, dies.
Life yet is left me, and the worst
I suffer now, is fainting thirst."
Eager the combat to renew,
Fast to the lake then Gunlaug flew,
There from his neck the helm unbraced,
Nor, though he thirsted, stayed to taste:
Prone, and on tottering knee, he stoopt,
With vigorous arm the surface scoopt,
And swiftly to his rival bore
The clear cold water, running o'er.
By treachery yet untaught to doubt,
With his right arm he held it out.
Valour and praise and pride forsook
The soul of Rafen; fierce he strook
His generous rival's naked head,
And laught in triumph while it bled.
Gunlaug was fell'd; the unsated foe
Strove hard to follow up the blow:
His foot denies his deadly hate,
And doubt and horror round him wait.
Gunlaug pusht faintly from his breast
The shield that struggling life oppreat.
The gales that o'er Dyngiunes play
Recall his roving soul to day.
Up would he start; his wound denies;
Fresh shadows float before his eyes:
On his right elbow now he leans;
Now brighten the surrounding scenes:
Trees, mountains, skies, no more are mixt;
The lake, and earth, and foe, stand fixt.
His silence then he sternly broke,
And thus, his eye on Rafen, spoke:
" Rafen, with powers renew'd I rise:
Yes, traitor! he who kills not, dies.
Yet would I leave a little space,
To hear thee own this deed was base."
Now first was Rafen slow of speech;
Lowering his brow against the beech,
He fixt his eyes upon the ground,
And thus confest, in faltering sound.
" 'Twas base: but how could Rafen bear
That Gunlaug be to Helga dear?"
Paus'd had the conqueror: he had stood
And slowly wiped the welling blood,
With patience, pity, grief, had heard,
And had but Rafen spared that word,
His youthful head had not lain low.
Gunlaug scarce felt the fatal blow,
But hearing " how could Rafen bear
That Gunlaug be to Helga dear?"
Rage swell'd his heart and fired his eye,
And thro' the forest rang the cry,
" What! tho' thy treachery caught her vow,
God's vengeance! Rafen! e'er wert thou?"
Then, hatred rising higher than pain,
He smote the traitor's helm in twain.

* Ormstunga: called so from the sharpness of his wit.

LXXXII.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE.

From immemorial time
The Rose and Nightingale
Attune the Persian rhyme
And point the Arab tale:
Nor will you ever meet
So barbarous a man,
In any outer street
Of Balkh or Astracan,
In any lonely creek
Along the Caspian shore,
Or where the tiger sleek
Pants hard in hot Mysore,

As never shall have heard
  In tower or tent or grove
Of the sweet flower's true bird,
  The true bird's only love.
They're known wherever shines
  The crescent on the sword
And guiltless are the vines
  And Bacchus is abhorr'd.
There was (we read) a maid,
  The pride of Astrabad,
Who heard what song-men said,
  And, all that day, was sad.
The moon hung large and round;
  She gazed ere forth she went;
A bright ford seem'd the ground,
  The sky a purple tent.
She hasten'd to the wood
  Where idle bushes grew,
The Rose above them stood,
  There stood her lover too.
Close were they, close as may
  True lovers ever be!
She was his only stay,
  Her only stay was he.
Her head appears to bend
  A little over his:
Petal and plumage blend,
  Soft sigh and softer kiss.
There was no other sound,
  And scarce a leaflet stirr'd,
And heavy dews hung round,
  The Rose and round the Bird.
Sure, some are tinged with red!
  Whence comes it? Can the Rose
Have wept upon his head?
  Her tears are not like those.
No; 'tis from his own breast,
  Pierced by her thorns, they come:
Against them it was prest,
  Of them it sought its doom.
Wanting was one delight,
  The one she could not give,
He thought perhaps she might,
  He thought so, nor would live.
Ever some cruel spell
  Hangs fasten'd, tho' unseen,
On those who love too well
  And sing too well between.
At the fond heart so riven
  Mute was awhile the maid,
Then pray'd she unto Heaven,
  And it was thus she pray'd:
"O Allah! if the fond
  Must alway suffer so,
If love finds naught beyond
  Its very birth but woe,
Protect at least the one
  From what the other bore,
Nor let her stay alone,
  Nor with faint breath droop o'er
The dead! Do thou confer
  His spirit on her bloom,
And may it soothe in her
  Lone shade its hour of gloom!"
Allah that gift bestows,
  But only in those plains,
And only in one Rose,
  The Bird's sweet voice remains.

Lady of all my lays!
  Accept the service due!
And, if a word of praise
  Or smile descend from you,
I will not look about
  To catch the crumbs that fall
Among the rabble rout
  That crowd the choral hall,
Nor chide the deaf man's choice
  When o'er the Rose's bird
The low unvarying voice
  Of Cuckoo is preferr'd.

LXXXIII.

Here, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires,
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
And softer sighs that know not what they want,
Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesolè right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
Such I believed it must be. How could I
Let beast o'erpower them? When hath wind or rain
Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
And I (however they might bluster round)
Walkt off? 'Twere most ungrateful: for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot that, altho' half-erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gather'd her some blossoms; since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies

Of harder wing were working their way thro'
And scattering them in fragments under-foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detacht,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen thro', by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said, "You find the largest."
"This indeed,"
Cried she, "is large and sweet." She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubt.
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tender'd, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

LXXXIV.

Hark! 'tis the laugh of Spring: she comes,
With airy sylphs and fiery gnomes;
On cruel mischief these intent,
And those as anxious to prevent.
So now for frolic and for fun
And swains forsworn and maids undone;
So now for bridegrooms and for brides
And rivals hang'd by river-sides.
Here the hoarse-wooing dove is heard,
And there the cuckoo, taunting bird!
But soon along the osier vale
Will warble the sweet nightingale,
Amid whose song chaste Eve must hear
The threats of love, the screams of fear,
The milk-maid's shriek of laughter shrill
From hovel close beneath the hill,
Before the door the whirring wheel,
Behind the hedge the ticklish squeal,
The shepherd rude, the hoydon wroth,
The boisterous rip of stubborn cloth,
The brisk repulse, the pressing pray'r.
"Ah do!" and "do it if you dare!"
But whence, at every field we pass,
Those hollows in the starting grass?
The little Loves have gambol'd there,
Or fought or wrestled pair by pair.
Moist are the marks of struggling feet,
And the bruis'd herbage still smells sweet.
Let Nancy now, if Nancy will,
Return the kiss she took so ill.
If gentler thoughts thy bosom move,
Come, Nancy, give the kiss of love.
Soft is the bank I rest on here,
And soft the river murmurs near:
Above, the wandering dimples play,
Run round, unwind, and melt away:
Beneath, more regular, more slow,
The grassy weeds wave to and fro,
While the sharp reed, it peers so high,
Shakes at each swell that passes by.
The poor tired bird who fain would drink,
But fears the abrupt and crumbling brink,
Sees that his weight 'twill not sustain,
And hovers, and flies back again.
My Nancy, thus I thirst for you,
And he flies off as I may do.

LXXXV.

I would invoke you once again,
Pale shades of gloomy Walcheren,
By every name most dear!
But every name what voice could call?
What tears could flow enough for all,
Within the circling year?
Yet comfort ye, illustrious band,
That might have saved your native land
Had life and health remain'd!
Who cast ye on those sands accurst?
Traitor! he sold his country first
And gave her up enchain'd.
No human power the wretch shall screen
That sent you to the misty scene,
Where glory never shone!
His vacant buoyant heart shall rue
The lingering death he brought on you
And wish that death his own.

LXXXVI.

I wander o'er the sandy heath
Where the white rush waves high,
Where adders close before me wreath
And tawny kites sail screaming by.
Alone I wander; I alone
Could love to wander there;
"But wherefore?" let my church-yard stone
Look toward Tawy and declare.

LXXXVII.

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:
First thro' the deep and warm and secret glens,
Thro' the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And thro' those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
(All one vast ocean), and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

LXXXVIII.

Sweet Clementina, turn those eyes
On lines that trembling love has traced;
O steal one moment from the skies,
With pity, as with beauty, graced.

So may the Virgin, ever blest,
  Whate'er you hope, whate'er you do,
Rule o'er your pure and gentle breast,
  And cast her tenderest smile on you.

LXXXIX.

In Clementina's artless mien
  Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
    Enough for me?
Lucilla asks, if that be all,
  Have I not cull'd as sweet before:
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
    I still deplore.
I now behold another scene,
  Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
    And not less bright:
Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
  Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty who, when she goes,
    Is gone for ever.

XC.

Against the rocking mast I stand,
  The Atlantic surges swell
To bear me from my native land
  And Psyche's wild farewell.
From billow upon billow hurl'd,
  Again I hear her say,
"Oh! is there nothing in the world
  Worth one short hour's delay?"
Alas, my Psyche! were it thus,
  I should not sail alone,
Nor seas nor fates had sever'd us . .
  But are you all my own?
Thus were it, never would burst forth
  These sighs so deep, so true!
But, what to me is little worth,
  The world, is much to you.
And you shall say, when once the dream
  (So hard to break!) is o'er,
My love was very dear to him,
  My fame and peace were more.

XCI.

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
  Thou whose passion swells so high;
See those ruins that resemble
  Flocks of camels as they lie.
'Twas a fair but froward city,
  Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
'Till he came who, deaf to pity,
  Tost the imploring arm away.
Spoil'd and prostrate, she lamented
  What her pride and folly wrought:
But was ever Pride contented,
  Or would Folly e'er be taught?
Strong are cities; Rage o'erthrows 'em;
  Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
  Flaws it not the ruby lip?
All that shields us, all that charms us,
  Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
Yield to Wrath; another's harms us,
  But we perish by our own.
Night may send to rave and ravage
  Panther and hyena fell;
But their manners, harsh and savage,
  Little suit the mild gazelle.
When the waves of life surround thee,
  Quenching oft the light of love,
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
  Drive not from thy breast the dove.

XCII.

To-morrow, brightest-eyed of Avon's train,
To-morrow thou art, slave-like, bound and sold,
Another's and another's! Haste away,
Wind thro' the willows, dart along the path;
It nought avails thee; nought our plaint avails.
O happy those before me who could say
"Short tho' thy period, sweet Tacæa*, short
Ere thou art destin'd to the depths below,
Even from thy valley-cradle, saffron-strown,
Thou passest half thy sunny hours with me."
  I mourn not, envy not, what others gain;
Thee and thy venerable elms I mourn,
Thy old protectors! ruthless was the pride
And gaunt the need that bade their heads lie low!
I see the meadow's tender grass start back,
See from their prostrate trunks the gory glare.
  Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy waves
Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;
Pleasant to watch them dip amid the stones,
Chirp, and spring over, glance and gleam along,
And tripping light their wanton way pursue.
Methinks they now with mellow mournfulness
Bid their faint breezes chide my fond delay,
Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee
My poor irregularly pencill'd page.
Alas, Tacæa, thou art sore deceived!
Here are no foreign words, no fatal seal,
But thou and all who hear me shall avow
The simple notes of sorrow's song are here.

XCIII.

Mother, I can not mind my wheel;
  My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
  But oh, who ever felt as I!
No longer could I doubt him true. .
  All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
  And often swore my lips were sweet.

XCIV.

Turn, pretty blue eyes! wheresoever ye shine
May pity persuade you to light upon mine!
Our yesterday's glances by silent consent,
Alternate from each, swiftly came, swiftly went.
My zeal, my intemperate zeal, I deplore;
I adored, and I burn'd to make others adore.

* Tachbrook, the name of a stream and village near Warwick.

O pardon, bright idol! Henceforth shall thy shrine
Remurmur my sighs, and remurmur but mine.
Thy suppliant shall grow more content and more wise,
And his first and last prayer be, Turn, pretty blue eyes!

XCV.

WRITTEN IN WALES.

Ipsley! when hurried by malignant fate
I past thy court and heard thy closing gate,
I sigh'd, but sighing to myself I said
"Now for the quiet cot and mountain shade."
Ah! what resistless madness made me roam
From cheerful friends and hospitable home!
Whether in Arrow's vale or Tachbrook's grove
My lyre resounded Liberty and Love.
Here never Love hath fann'd his purple flame,
And fear and anger start at Freedom's name.
Yet high exploits the churlish nation boasts
Against the Norman and the Roman hosts.
'Tis false; where conquest had but reapt disgrace
Contemptuous Valour spurn'd the reptile race.
Let me once more my native land regain,
Bounding with steady pride and high disdain;
Then will I pardon all the faults of fate,
And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, on thy gate.

XCVI.

Lover. You little pert and twittering pet,
Who triumph so! do you forget
That wooden bolt and wiry bar
So clearly show us what you are?
Canary. You ugly, envious, monstrous thing,
You who can neither fly nor sing,
I would not, if I could, forget
I am a little twittering pet.
Proud man may banish from his mind
A mistress, lovely, fond, and kind;
The wildest woods have never heard
Such wickedness of gentler bird.
I wish one instant you could see
The blessed fate allotted me;
I should exult that Heaven had sent
The vision for your punishment.
No language but a bird's can speak
The transports of my quivering beak;
My quivering beak alone can sing
The glories of my golden wing.
What tho' I tremble as I stand,
Percht high on her protecting hand,
As my reflected form I view
In two clear founts of heavenly blue,
My ruffled wings her fingers close,
Her bosom bids my fears repose.
So froward is my fondled will,
I struggle to be nearer still.
The beating of her heart I hear,
And yet would I be still more near.
I chirp: but oh, my voice! how dull!
Where flies it when the heart is full?
Tell me, vain mortal, when will you
Sip the live rose's fragrant dew,
Riot and revel in her hair,
And dream of nests and nestlings there?
Then may you triumph, and forget
The little pert and twittering pet.

XCVII.

Maria! I have said *adieu*
To one alone so fair as you;
And she, beyond my hopes, at last
Returns and tells me of the past;
While happier for remembering well
Am I to hear and she to tell.
Whether gay Paris may again
Admire you gayest of her train,
Or, Love for pilot, you shall go
Where Orellana's waters flow,
And cull, amid Brazilian bowers,
Of richer fruits and gaudier flowers;
Or on the Seine or on the Line
Remember one command of mine:
Love with as steady love as e'er
Illumed the only breast so fair;
That, in another year at most,
Whether the Alps or seas are crost,
Something may scatter from the flame
Fresh lustre o'er Pereira's name.

XCVIII.

Wert thou but blind, O Fortune, then perhaps
Thou mightest always have avoided me;
For never voice of mine (young, middle-aged,
Or going down on tottering knee the shelf
That crumbles with us to the vale of years)
Call'd thee aside, whether thou rannest on
To others who expected, or didst throw
Into the sleeper's lap the unsought prize.
But blind thou art not; the refreshing cup
For which my hot heart thirsted, thou hast ever
(When it was full and at the lip) struck down.

XCIX.

Let me sit here and muse by thee
Awhile, aërial Fiesolé!
Thy shelter'd walks and cooler grots,
Villas and vines and olive-plots,
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,
And laugh to hear that aught can pain me.
'Twere just, if ever rose one sigh
To find the lighter mount more high,
Or any other natural thing
So trite that Fate would blush to sing,
Of Honour's sport or Fortune's frown,
Clung to my heart and kept it down.
But shunn'd have I on every side
The splash of newly-mounted Pride,
And never riskt my taking cold
In the damp chambers of the old.
What has the zephyr brought so sweet?
'Tis the vine-blossom round my seat.

Ah! how much better here at ease
And quite alone to catch the breeze,
Than roughly wear life's waning day
On rotten forms with Castlereagh,
'Mid public men for private ends,
A friend to foes, a foe to friends!
Long since with youthful chases warm,
And when ambition well might charm,
And when the choice before me lay,
I heard the din and turn'd away.
Hence oftentimes imperial Seine
Hath listen'd to my early strain,
And past the Rhine and past the Rhone
My Latian muse is heard and known:
Nor is the life of one recluse
An alien quite from public use.
Where alders mourn'd their fruitless beds
A thousand cedars raise their heads,
And from Segovia's hills remote,
My sheep enrich my neighbour's cote.
The wide and easy road I lead
Where never paced the harnest steed,
Where hardly dared the goat look down
Beneath her parent mountain's frown,
Suspended while the torrent-spray
Springs o'er the crags that roll away.
Cares if I had, I turn'd those cares
Toward my partridges and hares,
At every dog and gun I heard
Ill-auguring for some truant bird,
Or whisker'd friend of jet-tipt ear,
Until the frighten'd eld limpt near.
These knew me, and 'twas quite enough,
I paid no *Morning Post* to puff,
Saw others fame and wealth increase,
Ate my own mutton-chop in peace,
Open'd my window, snatcht my glass,
And, from the rills that chirp and pass,
A pure libation pour'd to thee,
Unsoil'd uncitied Liberty!
  Lanthony! an ungenial clime,
And the broad wing of restless Time,
Have rudely swept thy massy walls
And rockt thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by thy streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more;
For never is the heart so true
As bidding what we love adieu.
Yet neither where we first drew breath,
Nor where our fathers sleep in death.
Nor where the mystic ring was given,
The link from earth that reaches heaven,
Nor London, Paris, Florence, Rome,
In his own heart 's the wise man's home.
Stored with each keener, kinder, sense,
Too firm, too lofty, for offence,
Unlittered by the tools of state,
And greater than the great world's great.
If mine no glorious work may be,
Grant, Heaven! and 'tis enough for me,
(While many squally sails flit past,
And many break the ambitious mast)
From all that they pursue, exempt,
The stormless bay of deep contempt!

C.

FOR AN URN IN THORESBY PARK.

With frigid art our numbers flow
For joy unfelt and fabled woe;
And listless are the poet's dreams
Of pastoral pipe and haunted streams.
All Nature's boundless reign is theirs,
But most her triumphs and her tears.
They try, nor vainly try, their power
To cheer misfortune's lonely hour;
Whether they raise the laurell'd head,
Or stoop beneath the peasant's shed,
They pass the glory they bestow,
And shine above the light they throw.
To Valour, in his car of fire,
Shall Genius strike the solemn lyre:
A Riou's fall shall Manvers mourn,
And Virtue raise the vacant urn.

CI.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN.

Again, my soul, sustain the mournful page!
Is there no difference? none of place? of age?
How the words tremble, how the lines unite!
What dim confusion floats before my sight!
Thrice happy strangers, to whose roving eyes
Unwet with tears these public columns rise!
Whate'er the changeful world contains of new,
These are events the least observed by you.
  O Lambe, my early guide, my guardian friend,
Must thus our pleasures, thus our prospects end!
When the fond mother claspt her fever'd child,
Death hail'd the omen, waved his dart, and smiled,
Nor unobserv'd his lengthen'd wings o'erspread
With deeper darkness each devoted head.
She knows his silent footsteps; they have past
Two other babes; two more have breath'd their last.
What now avails thee, what avail'd thee then,
To shine in science o'er the sons of men!
Each varying plant, each tortuous root, to know,
How latent pests from lucid waters flow,
All the deep bosom of the air contains,
Fire's parent strength and earth's prolific veins.
The last and hardest lesson teaches this,
Frail is our knowledge, frailer is our bliss.

CII.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
  Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

CIII.

Gone! thou too, Nancy! why should Heaven remove
Each tender object of my early love?
Why was I happy? O ye conscious rocks!
Was I not happy? When Ione's locks

Clasp't round her neck and mine their golden chain,
Ambition, fame, and fortune, smiled in vain.
While warring winds with deafening fury blew,
Near, and more near, our cheeks, our bosoms, grew.
Wave after wave the lashing ocean chased,
She smiled, and prest me closer to her waist.
"Suppose this cave should crush us," once I cried;
"It can not fall," the loving maid replied.
"You, who are shorter, may be safe," I said;
"O let us fly!" exclaim'd the simple maid.
Springing, she drew me forward by the hand
Upon the sunny and the solid sand,
And then lookt round, with fearful doubt, to see
If what I spoke so seriously, could be.
Ah memory, memory! thou alone canst save
Angelic beauty from the grasping grave.
Tho' Nancy's name for ever dwell unknown
Beyond her briar-bound sod and upright stone;
Yet, in the lover's, in the poet's eye,
The young Ione hath not bloom'd to die.

CIV.

I come to visit thee again,
My little flowerless cyclamen!
To touch the hands, almost to press,
That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.
What could those lovely sisters find,
Of thee in form, of me in mind,
What is there in us rich or rare,
To make us worth a moment's care?
Unworthy to be so carest,
We are but wither'd leaves at best.

CV.

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!
And why the wish! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

CVI.

ON A POET IN A WELSH CHURCH-YARD.

Kind souls! who strive what pious hand shall bring
The first-found crocus from reluctant Spring,
Or blow your wintry fingers while they strew
This sunless turf with rosemary and rue,
Bend o'er your lovers first, but mind to save
One sprig of each to trim a poet's grave.

CVII.

ANOTHER URN AT THORESBY PARK.

If in the summer-time, O guest,
Thou comest where these waters rest,
And where these gentle swells of land
Their ever-verdant turf expand,
Not opener these, nor those more clear,
Than was the soul that late dwelt here.
If in the winter thou hast crost
The scene benumb'd with snow and frost,
Ask those thou meetest at the gate
If they are not as desolate.

CVIII.

Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,
Freshness like Morning's dwelt upon thy cheek,
While here and there above the level pews,
Above the housings of the village dames,
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.
I know not why (since we had each our book
And lookt upon it stedfastly) first one
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,
Then tript the other and limpt far behind,
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles.
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend!
Two seasons like that season thou hast lain
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,
While my heart beats as then, but not with joy.
O my lost friends! why were ye once so dear?
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few?
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,
Commemorating some one torn away,
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves!

CIX.

Thou in this wide cold church art laid,
Close to the wall, my little maid!
My little Fanny Verchild! thou
Sole idol of an infant vow!
My playmate in life's break of day,
When all we had to do was play!
Even then, if any other girl
To kiss my forehead seiz'd a curl,
Thou wouldst with sad dismay run in,
And stamp, and call it shame and sin.
And should some rash intrusive boy
Bring thee an orange, flower, or toy,
That instant I laid fist on frill,
I bore my jealousy so ill,*
And felt my bosom beat so bold,
Altho' he might be six years old.
Against the marble slab mine eyes
Dwell fixt; and from below arise
Thoughts, not yet cold nor mute, of thee
It was their earliest joy to see.
One who had marcht o'er Minden's plain
In thy young smile grew young again.
That stern one melted into love,
That father traced the line above.*
His Roman soul used Roman speech,
And taught (ah thou too, thou didst teach!)
How, soon as in our course we start,
Death follows with uplifted dart.

* 'S. Franciscæ Verchild, Nat xv. Julii, 1774. In cursu vitæ mors nobis instat.'

CX.

Tears driven back upon the fountain-head,
  And Sorrow's voice suppressed,
Heave, while in quiet sleep repose the dead;
  Oh! when will they too rest!

CXI.

  Not the last struggles of the Sun,
Precipitated from his golden throne,
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense;
    But the calm exod of a man
    Nearer, tho' far above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recals him hence.
    Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!
Thus, O my Southey! poet, sage, and saint!
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
    What voice in anguish can we raise,
    Or would we? Need we, dare we, praise?
God now does that, the God thy whole heart loved.

CXII.

The day returns, my natal day,
  Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay,
  Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came
  To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now; but not the same;
  They are whence friend can never come;

Nor are they you my love watcht o'er
  Cradled in innocence and sleep;
You smile into my eyes no more,
  Nor see the bitter tears they weep.

CXIII.

When Helen first saw wrinkles in her face
('Twas when some fifty long had settled there
And intermarried and brancht off awide)
She threw herself upon her couch and wept:
On this side hung her head, and over that
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.
  But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles;
Or the impression of some amorous hair
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,
Which had been lying there all night perhaps
Upon a skin so soft, "No, no," you said,
"Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here:
Well, and what matters it, while thou art too!"

CXIV.

A provident and wakeful fear
  Impels me, while I read, to say,
When Poesy invites, forbear
  Sometimes to walk her tempting way:
Readier is she to swell the tear
  Than its sharp tinglings to allay.

"But there are stories fit for song,
  And fit for maiden lips to sing."
Yes; and to you they all belong,
  About your knee they fondly cling;
They love the accents of your tongue,
  They seek the shadow of your wing.

Ah! let the Hours be light and gay,
  With Hope for ever at their side,
And let the Muses chaunt a lay
  Of Pleasures that await the bride,
Of sunny Life's untroubled sea,
  Smooth sands, and gently swelling tide.

A time will come when steps are slow,
  And prone on ancient scenes to rest,
When life shall lose its former glow,
  And, leaf by leaf, the shrinking breast
Shall drop the blossom yet to blow
  For the most blessed of the blest.

Then, nor till then, in spring go forth
  "The graves of waiting friends to see."
It would be pleasant to my earth
  To know your step, if that might be.
A verse is more than I am worth,
  A thought is not undue to me.

CXV.

The vessel that rests here at last
Had once stout ribs and topping mast,
And, whate'er wind there might prevail,
Was ready for a row or sail.
It now lies idle on its side,
Forgetful o'er the stream to glide.
And yet there have been days of yore,
When pretty maids their posies bore
To crown its prow, its deck to trim,
And freighted a whole world of whim.
A thousand stories it could tell,
But it loves secrecy too well.
Come closer, my sweet girl, pray do!
There may be still one left for you.

CXVI.

Satire! I never call'd thee very fair,
But if thou art inclined to hear my pray'r,
Grant the bright surface that our form reflects,
The healthy font that braces our defects:
But O! to fulminate with forked line
Another's fame or fortune, ne'er be mine!
Against the wretch who dares it, high or low,
Against him only, I direct my blow.

* * * * *

  Well; you have seen our Prosperos, at whose beck
Our ship, with all her royalty, is wreck.
From sire to son descends the wizard book
That works such marvels.
  Look behind you! look!
There issue from the Treasury, dull and dry as
The leaves in winter, Gifford and Matthias.
Brighter and braver Peter Pindar started,
And ranged around him all the lighter-hearted.

When Peter Pindar sank into decline,
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine.
* * * * *

Honester men and wiser, you will say,
Were satirists.
Unhurt? for spite? for pay?
Their courteous soldiership, outshining ours,
Mounted the engine and took aim from tow'rs.
From putrid ditches we more safely fight,
And push our ziz-zag parallels by night.
Dryden's rich numbers rattle terse and round,
Profuse, and nothing *plattery* in the sound.
And, here almost his equal, if but here,
Pope pleas'd alike the playful and severe.
The slimmer cur at growler Johnson snarls,
But cowers beneath his bugle-blast for Charles.
From *Vanity* and *London* far removed,
With that pure Spirit his pure spirit loved,
In thorny paths the pensive Cowper trod,
But angels prompted, and the word was God.

Churchmen have chaunted satire, and the pews
Heard good sound doctrine from the sable Muse.
Frost-bitten and lumbaginous, when Donne,
With verses gnarl'd and knotted, hobbled on,
Thro' listening palaces did rhymeless South
Pour sparkling waters from his golden mouth.
Prim, in spruce parti-colours, Mason shone,
His Muse lookt well in gall-dyed crape alone.
Beneath the starry sky, 'mid garden glooms,
In meditation deep, and dense perfumes,
Young's cassock was flounced round with plaintive pun . .
And pithier Churchill swore he would have none.
He bared his own broad vices, but the knots
Of the loud scourge fell sorest upon Scots.
* * * * *

Byron was not *all* Byron; one small part
Bore the impression of a human heart.
Guided by no clear love-star's panting light
Thro' the sharp surges of a northern night,
In Satire's narrow strait he swam the best,
Scattering the foam that hist about his breast.
He, who might else have been more tender, first
From Scottish saltness caught his rabid thirst.
Praise Keats . .
"I think I've heard of him."
"With you
Shelly stands foremost."
. . And his lip was blue.
"I hear with pleasure any one commend
So good a soul; for Shelly is my friend."
One leaf from Southey's laurel made explode
All his combustibles . .
"An ass! by God!"
Who yet surmounted in romantic Spain
Highths our brisk courser never could attain.
I lagg'd; he call'd me; urgent to prolong
My matin chirpings into mellower song.
Mournfuller tones came then . . O ne'er be they
Drown'd in night howlings from the Forth and Spey!
Twice is almighty Homer far above
Troy and her towers, Olympus and his Jove.
First, when the God-led Priam bends before
Him sprung from Thetis, dark with Hector's gore:
A second time, when both alike have bled,
And Agamemnon speaks among the dead.
Call'd up by Genius in an after-age,
That awful spectre shook the Athenian stage.
From eve to morn, from morn to parting night,
Father and daughter stood before my sight.
I felt the looks they gave, the words they said,
And reconducted each serener shade.
Ever shall these to me be well-spent days,
Sweet fell the tears upon them, sweet the praise.

CXVII.

Boastfully call we all the world our own:
What are we who should call it so? The form
Erect, the eye that pierces stars and suns,
Droop and decay; no beast so piteously.
More mutable than wind-worn leaves are we;
Yea, lower are we than the dust's estate;
The very dust is as it was before;
Dissever'd from ourselves, aliens and outcasts
From what our pride dared call inheritance,
We only live to feel our fall and die.

CXVIII.

When the mimosas shall have made
(O'erarching) an unbroken shade;
And the rose-laurels let to breathe
Scarcely a favorite flower beneath;
When the young cypresses which now
Look at the olives, brow to brow,
Cheer'd by the breezes of the south
Shall shoot above the acacia's growth,
One peradventure of my four
Turning some former fondness o'er,
At last impatient of the blame
Cast madly on a father's name,
May say, and check the chided tear,
"I wish he still were with us here."

CXIX.

Everything tells me you are near;
The hail-stones bound along and melt,
In white array the clouds appear,
The spring and you our fields have felt.
Paris, I know, is hard to quit;
But you have left it; and 'twere silly
To throw away more smiles and wit
Among the forests of Chantilly.
Her moss-paved cell your rose adorns
To tempt you; and your cyclamen
Turns back his tiny twisted horns
As if he heard your voice again.

CXX.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

O gentlest of thy race!
How early do we trace
The wrath of Fate on thee!

Not only that thy head
Was hurl'd among the dead,
  The virtuous, wise, and free,
O Marie-Antoinette!
Do generous souls regret
  Thy sceptred destiny,
But, winning all the heart
Of mortal like Mozart,
  His bride thou couldst not be.
Thou liftedst the sweet child
From slippery floor: he smiled,
  Kist thee, and call'd thee *wife*.
Ah! could it have been so,
How free wert thou from woe,
  How pure, how great, for life!
One truth is little known:
'Tis this; the highest throne
  Is not the highest place
Even on the earth we tread:
Some can raise up the dead,
  And some the royal race.

CXXI.

November! thou art come again
With all thy gloom of fogs and rain,
Yet woe betide the wretch who sings
Of sadness borne upon thy wings.
The gloom that overcast my brow,
The whole year's gloom, departs but now;
And all of joy I hear or see,
November! I ascribe to thee!

CXXII.

Retire, and timely, from the world, if ever
  Thou hopest tranquil days;
Its gaudy jewels from thy bosom sever,
  Despise its pomp and praise.
The purest star that looks into the stream
  Its slightest ripple shakes,
And Peace, where'er its fiercer splendours gleam,
  Her brooding nest forsakes.
The quiet planets roll with even motion
  In the still skies alone;
O'er ocean they dance joyously, but ocean
  They find no rest upon.

CXXIII.

TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away; the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises. But, O Queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were utter'd, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes. "Stay! spare him! save the last!
Medea! Is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet!
I will invoke the Eumenides no more,
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee
In all thy wishes, do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives." "And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies; warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him: such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were, doomed to show
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr'd
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.
  To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the Gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains: thy citadel
Invites all Greece: o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappall'd
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing where their herdsmen goad them on.
Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

CXXIV.

GUIDONE AND LUCÌA.

I love to wander, both in deed and thought,
Where little rills their earliest tunes are taught:
I love to trace them into secret nooks,
And watch their winning ways and serious looks,
Where, as they rise up leisurely and slow,
The long-hair'd moss for ever waves below.
No few have splasht my face for venturing thus
Among their games, games never meant for us:
We are weak creatures, brief and dark our day,
But children of immortal breed are they.
Yet side by side with Reno, many a mile,
Thro' narrow dell and intricate defile,
I have run too; and both were well content;
He chafed sometimes, but never harm was meant.
The waters here start sundered, rocks between,
Some beetle-brow'd, and others brightly green:
Loudly they call each other, nor in vain,
Laugh at the rocks, spring, and embrace again.
My little Reno winds his stream along
Thro' pastoral scenes by pastoral pipe unsung,
And leaps and hazards many sportive falls,
But grows sedater near Bologna's walls.

Among the mountains which from high o'erlook
That solemn city and that wayward brook,
Pure as the snow that on the summit lies,
Fresh as the stream and radiant as the skies,
Wert thou, Lucia! Could thy girlish breast
Enjoy more sacred, more seraphic rest?
The boy Guidone innocently play'd,
Past her ninth summer, with his wedded maid.
A ring of rush was quite enough for both,
And two sweet kisses all the marriage troth.
Amid life's early leaves how blest the fond!
Until they climb the tree and look beyond.
"I wonder," said Lucia, "what can mean
Those odious names of Guelph and Ghibelline.
If, as my Babbo tells me, you're a Guelph,
I must be (is it *not* so?) one myself.
And yet, though Babbo always should be right,
Against the Guelphs he calls his serfs to fight.
'Meanwhile,' says he in joke, 'my little queen
Thou shalt be safely lodged with Saint Cristine.'"
Sudden the colour left Guidone's cheek,
His lips were open but he could not speak,
He prest the cool plump hand; it broke in twain
The ring of rush: and that was all her pain.
But when she rais'd her eyes, she thought no more
Of that, or any pledge he gave before.
She hugg'd him to her heart, and bade him say
If he was sorry that she went away.
He wept upon her head; but not one word
(Had there been utterance) would the child have heard.
The veins about her temples buzz'd like bees
Fretting and swarming in the linden-trees.
His tears ran down her curls; her curls she drew
Against the cheek, and suckt off one or two,
But, panting, sobbing, sinking, thought it best
To clasp his neck and intercept the rest.
"From three years old," said she, "when love begins,
I have loved *you*, Guidone! all my sins,
My wicked fibs, you know it, were for you . . .
Now tell me what to say and what to do.
Speak; you can tell me but one thing in vain,
Which is, that we must never love again.
We are no children now; for I am nine
And you are twelve. Before Cristina's shrine
I will say all that ever saint has heard,
And pray you grow not ugly with a beard."
Little replied Guidone; but he threw
His mantle on the ground, and gently drew
Lucia to the tufted seat, and there
Hid his sad face amid her sunny hair;
Hand clasp't in hand, now on *her* knee, now *his*,
Until their sorrow melted into bliss;
Such bliss as innocence alone can know,
And innocence but seldom here below.
The morning now grew sultry; they must part;
The boy with heavier, she with lighter heart:
Not that she loved him less than he loved *her*,
But she had suits, and sure ones, to prefer;
Babbo had always minded what she said,
And if she threaten'd he was half-afraid.
Wanted she figs? the hinds were near, but them
She call'd not; *he* must mount the brittle stem.
"Come, idle Babbo! you alone can reach
To the top-branch; pull down that yellow peach:
You may shake down some mulberries, if you will,
But mind! you shook the last upon my frill."
And now she said, "Dear Babbo! I would go,
But poor Guidone's heart kept beating so
Against my bosom, I am sure 't will break
If I do go: don't let me; for his sake."
The father started at these words, and said,
"My sweet Lucia! never be afraid
Of breaking hearts: thou hast not strength enough,
My darling child! for anything so tough."
She wiped his brow; for it was moist. "But still
(Laugh as you may)" said she, "I 'm sure it will.
I would not break it, gracious heaven! not I!
And it is not because I too should die;
For without sweet Guidone all my life
Would be one sigh: beside . . I am his wife."
She smiled, and took her father by the chin
And lookt into his eyes, nor saw within
The smouldering fires that there intensely glow'd,
Nor read the hour of quitting her abode.
The sun has risen: and three horses wait
With two stout horsemen at the castle-gate.
The father lifts upon the iron-grey
His wondering child, and all three ride away.
Seven years incessantly there wept and pray'd
Before Cristina's shrine one pallid maid.
War had raged round the city: who can tell
Of Guelph and Ghibelline what thousands fell?
Hence was that maid so pallid: she must know
(If her life pays for it) the weal or woe
Of her Guidone: not another year
Can youthful life endure such doubt and fear.
Another year might see her blest at home,
But will he too, will her Guidone come?
Trusting that time had weakened or effaced
The lines that love with infant hand had traced,
Her father never had pronounced the name
In all his letters; but when last he came
To see her in the convent, when he found
That nought within its cloisters, nought around,
Could raise from heavy grief her drooping head,
He laid his hand on hers, and mildly said,
"Lucia! they have told you then? The brave
Are the first fruits that drop into the grave."
Lucia heard him (and scarce heard him) speak,
And from her bosom burst nor groan nor shriek,
Nor from her eyes one tear: down dropt her head,
Down dropt her beauteous form.
"My child is dead!"
The father cried, and struck his brow, and cast
His arms around her: the young nuns aghast
Stood round; the elder rubb'd her temples hard,
And prayed the while: these cares had their reward.
Homeward the father hied, and finding now
His child in safety, bade her take the vow.
Bereft of her Guidone, she complied,
How willingly! no other's future bride.
She thought her prayers, that morn and night arise,
Would find a readier entrance to the skies;

And that, if he had slain, as warrior must,
Saint Peter would release him was her trust;
Since he himself, though chided by his Lord,
Had drawn, and dexterously used, the sword.
Need was there now for arms, more need than when
He rear'd his boyish crest with hardier men.
In every street was heard the indignant cry,
"To Palestine! Speed, Christian chivalry!
To Palestine! The Soldan hath defiled
The sepulchre that holds the Virgin's child."
On such a day, and only on this one,
Each holy votary, each secluded nun,
May look abroad and bless the banner waved
To save his tomb by whom our souls are saved.
There stood among the nuns one holier maid
And sadder than them all: even she survey'd
The pious arms. But what above the rest
Now caught her eye? She turn'd and smote her breast.
Had not the bishop, when her vow she vow'd,
Before the altar, warn'd her thus aloud . .
"Turn not thy feet toward the world, nor let
Thine eyes, O virgin, by man's eyes be met."
All others on the earth were nought to those,
Sources of all her joys and all her woes.
Ah! when was youth to gentle maiden dear
Unless he caus'd to flow the frequent tear?
Day after day Guidone sought in vain
To see her face, or even her veil, again.
Few days were left: he never saw her more.
Pressing his brow against the wall, he swore
To live as chaste; to serve the saint she served;
Guidone swore; Guidone never swerved.
Whatever be the fight, by land or sea,
Wherever there was danger, there was he.
Say, generous souls! what can they seek beside
Death, speedy death, who lose a promist bride?
He sought, but found it not: a worse mischance
Befell Guidone: broken was his lance
Deep in the Paynim foes: they raved around,
Many cleft down, and few without a wound.
To chains and tortures was the youth consign'd;
Nor chain nor torture crusht his constant mind.
"O my Lucìa!" cried he, "true and pure!
If now in heaven, thou seest what I endure.
Strengthen my faith, Lucìa! if indeed
The heart where thou art ever, strength can need.
Pray for me, to the only maid more blest
Of all above; thus shall my spirit rest.
But if thou livest, may'st thou never know
The torture and the shame I undergo!"
Worn out with anguish, slumber most profound
Sank brain and limb stretcht forth along the ground.
When he awoke, the chains were on his feet,
But for the prison . . the cool air breath'd sweet,
Unlike the air of dungeons, nor less bland
Than on the morn when last he held her hand.
There where he vowed the vow, against that wall
Reclined was he, and then he heard a call.
He turn'd, and saw Lucìa.
"Art thou here?
Still living? saint most holy! maid most dear!"
"Hush!" said that gentle voice: "I live the true
The only life, and could not live for you.
To teach our tears the easiest way to flow
Is the best wisdom we acquire below.
We have attained it: grief and hope must rest
Upon the holy Virgin, ever blest.
But rise, and place those fetters on my tomb;
The hour of happier meeting soon will come."
He rose; he placed them there. She died that day
When from his eyes she turn'd her face away.

CXXV.

To our past loves we oft return,
When years that choked our path are past,
And wish again the incense-urn
Its flickering flame once more to cast
On paler brows, until the bourn
Is reacht, where we may rest at last.

CXXVI.

Smiles soon abate; the boisterous throe
Of anger long burst forth:
Inconstantly the south-wind blows,
But steadily the north.
Thy star, O Venus! often changes
Its radiant seat above;
The chilling pole-star never ranges.
'Tis thus with hate and love.

CXXVII.

I will not call her fair,
For *that* all women are,
Shady or sunny, dim of eye or bright:
But tell me, tell me where
Is one of tint so clear,
Unless it may be one who bathes in upper light.
The fair above their kind,
Shallow of heart and mind,
Share with the fragile flower and senseless stone
Their richer tints; we find
No vestige left behind:
She moves the distant breast, and fills the whole alone.

CXXVIII.

Did I then ask of you why one so wise
Should often look on life with downcast eyes,
And mar sometimes their brightness with a tear?
The vainer and less gentle are more gay,
Over the level wave they glide away,
And little know what hidden rocks are near.

CXXIX.

"You must give back," her mother said,
To a poor sobbing little maid,
"All the young man has given you,
Hard as it now may seem to do."
"'Tis done already, mother dear!"
Said the sweet girl, "So, never fear."
Mother. Are you quite certain? Come, recount
(There was not much) the whole amount.

Girl. The locket: the kid gloves.
Mother. Go on.
Girl. Of the kid gloves I found but one.
Mother. Never mind that. What else? Proceed.
You gave back all his trash?
Girl. Indeed.
Mother. And was there nothing you would save?
Girl. Everything I could give I gave.
Mother. To the last tittle?
Girl. Even to that.
Mother. Freely?
Girl. My heart went *pit-a-pat*
At giving up .. ah me! ah me!
I cry so I can hardly see ..
All the fond looks and words that past,
And all the kisses, to the last.

CXXX.

If you please we 'll hear another,
Timid maid, without the mother.
Unless you are tired, for these
We must travel into Greece.
I know every bay and creek;
Fear no pirate in the Greek.
Here we are, and there is she;
Stand and hide behind the tree.
She will (for I 'm grave and gray)
Tell me all she has to say.
Guest. Violet-eyed little maid!
Of what are you afraid?
Maid. O! it is Dian's spear,
Sharp-pointed, I most fear.
Guest. So then you would prefer
Venus, I think, to her?
Maid. Yes; Venus is so good!
I only wish she would
Keep her sad boy away
Who mocks at all I say.
Guest. What could he then have heard?
Maid. Don't ask me .. Every word!
Guest. She has heard *me* ere now.
If you repeat the vow,
I will repeat it too,
And that perhaps may do:
Where there is only one
But little can be done.
Maid. Perhaps tho' you may blame ..
Ah me! I am all flame.
Guest. With love?
Maid. No, no; with shame.
Guest. Each word that you repeat
Will much abate the heat.
Maid. Well then .. I pray .. Don't ask ..
I can not bear the task.
Guest. Of all the queens above
Fear most the queen of love.
For those alone she cares
Who well repeat their prayers.
Maid. O then I must, I find,
(But do not look) be blind.
Well, well, now! you shall hear;
But don't come quite so near.

PRAYER.

'Venus! I fear thy dove
Is somewhere in my breast:
Yes, yes, I feel him move,
He will not let me rest.
If he should ever go,
I fancy I should sink;
He fans and wafts me so,
I think .. what do I think?
O Venus! thou canst tell ..
'Tis wicked to rebel!'
'Twas Love: I heard him speak,
But dared not turn my neck;
I felt his torch so near
And trembled so with fear
I thought I should have died.
Guest. And was there none beside?
Maid. The goddess in white stone
And one young man alone,
His eyes upon the ground,
And lost in thought profound.
Methinks I see him yet,
And never can forget:
For I was almost glad
To see him look so sad,
And gravely disapprove
The mockery of Love.
Guest. Should Love then reappear,
May that young man be near,
And pray the queen of beauty
To make him do his duty.

CXXXI.

The maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah then it was no longer so.
From the slant palm she rais'd her head,
And kist the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels! some future day for this,
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

CXXXII.

All poets dream, and some do nothing more.
When you have turn'd this paper o'er,
You then may tell me, if you please,
Which I resemble most of these.
One morning as outstretcht I lay,
Half-covered by the new-mown hay,
I saw a bird high over-head,
And round him many smaller fled.
To me he seem'd a hawk or kite,
The little birds (who should be in a fright,
Yet never are, as you must oft have found)
Flew many after, many round.
Unable at full stretch to keep
My eyes, they wearied into sleep:
And, soon as I had sank upon the grass,
I saw the large and little pass
All into other shapes; the great one grew
Like Time; like full-grown Loves the smaller flew;
All kept their course, as they had done before;

But soon the less quite vanisht; he, the great,
  Moved on in slow and solemn state,
Until I thought at last he reacht the skies;
And then I opened (somewhat late) my eyes.

CXXXIII.

Neither the suns nor frosts of rolling years
Dry up the springs or change the course of tears.
Sorrow will ever mark her stated days,
Sacred as those Religion claims for praise.

CXXXIV.

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
  At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
  And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
  The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
  They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
  To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
  I know they 'll shine again.

CXXXV.

Thou whom the wandering comets guide,
O turn awhile to Virtue's side,
Goddess by all adored! and deign
Once more to smile on rising Spain.
No secret pang my bosom wrings
For prostrate lords and captive kings;
I, mighty Power, invoke thy aid
To Valour crost and Faith betray'd.
O leave the marshal'd ranks of war,
Nor blindly urge Bellona's car,
When hearts so generous, arms so brave,
Resist the conqueror, spurn the slave,
And, striking home for equal laws,
Pray Fortune to sustain the cause.
Not such is theirs as wafted o'er
The crescent and the crafty Moor;
No tears for virgin honour flow,
No father calls the avenging foe;
Napoleon leads no faithless host,
Nor tears the heart that trusts him most;
A rescued son, a prince restored,
Against his country draws the sword,
And wily priests in vengeful mood
Surround their fires with dykes of blood:
Turn then, O Fortune, and sustain
The cause of Freedom and of Spain!

CXXXVI.

Humblest among the vernal train,
In giddy Flora's gustful reign,
  Uplift, uplift thy timid eyes!
The violet shuns the trying hour,
Soon sheds the rose its fondled flower,
  The gaudy tulip flaunts and dies.
When Autumn mourns his gloomy end,
When rains and howling blasts descend,
  When hill and vale and wood are bare,
Before my path thy light I see,
And tho' no other smiles to me,
  Thou smilest, here and everywhere.

What name more graceful couldst thou chuse
Than Caledonia's pastoral Muse,
  Breath'd in the mellow reed of Burns?
Art thou not proud that name to share
With her from whom, so passing fair,
  No heart unconquer'd e'er returns?

CXXXVII.

Let this man smile, and that man sigh
  To see the wheels of Fashion whirl;
Place me in some cool arbour nigh
  My mild and modest country girl;

Or under whitening poplars, high
  O'er flirting brooks, that glance and purl
To attract such flowers as peer and pry,
  My mild and modest country girl!

"Would you not tire there?" . . no, not I.
  Acids that melt the richest pearl
Are envy, pride, satiety,
  My mild and modest country girl!

Power, office, title . . up they fly
  Against one light and sunny curl,
That plays above thine azure eye,
  My mild and modest country girl.

Knighthood's new spur the squire would try,
  And viscount be emblazon'd earl:
Content is only seated by
  My mild and modest country girl.

Possession kings must fortify
  With moat and barbican and merl:
Thine dwells in free security,
  My mild and modest country girl!

Great riches, great authority
  Turn the best-tempered to a churl;
With health and thee no crosses lie,
  My mild and modest country girl!

Tho' Fame and Glory to the sky
  Ambition's wind-worn flag unfurl,
With thee I 'd live, for thee I 'd die,
  My mild and modest country girl!

Thus round and round thee busily
  Teaching my tinkling rhymes to twirl,
I did not well hear thy reply,
  My mild and modest country girl! *

CXXXVIII.

You hate amid the pomp of prayer
  The incense. So then Beauty hates
What warms for her the cruder air,
  Awakes the Graces, soothes the Fates!

* If the reader has any curiosity to know the origin of these trifling verses, they were composed on the remark of a scholar, that *puella* in its cases ended many in Latin, and that *girl* ended none in ours, from the impossibility of finding such a rhyme as would suit the subject.

It rises with soft clouds about it,
  It sinks, and melts itself away;
Prayers are of little use without it,
  And with it few men vainly pray.

CXXXIX.

The wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what *is* must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
Meanwhile the sun on high, altho'
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power,
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

CXL.

The burden of an ancient rhyme
Is, "By the forelock seize on Time."
Time in some corner heard it said;
Pricking his ears, away he fled;
And, seeing me upon the road,
A hearty curse on me bestow'd.
"What if I do the same by thee?
How wouldst thou like it?" thunder'd he,
And, without answer thereupon,
Seizing *my* forelock .. it was gone.

CXLI.

Will mortals never know each other's station
Without the herald? O abomination!
Milton, even Milton, rankt with living men!
Over the highest Alps of mind he marches,
And far below him spring the baseless arches
Of Iris, coloring dimly lake and fen.

CXLII.

Remind me not, thou grace of serious mien!
That thy fresh beauties are but frail as flowers;
Eloquent lip, and lucid eye, and all
That our fond senses vainly seize upon
And can not hold; those undulating lights
Baffling our aspirations, casting down
Our venturous sight, and almost our desires.
Religion too comes in: she claims a right
Of audience; she reproves the worshipper
Of earthly image; such she calls even thee.
I bend my head before her, nor deny
Her potency of argument, yet gaze
Incredulous awhile, and only say:
"Pardon, O thou from Heaven! who knowest best!
Stars, if composed of earth, yet still are stars,
And must be lookt at with uplifted eyes.

CXLIII.

Tell me, perverse young year!
Why is the morn so drear?
  Is there no flower to twine?
Away, thou churl, away!
'Tis Rose's natal day,
  Reserve thy frown for mine.

CXLIV.

ON RECEIVING A BOOK TO WRITE IN.

Tost in what corner hast thou lain?
And why art thou come back again?
I should as soon have thought to see
One risen from the dead as thee.
I have survived my glory now
Three years; but just the same art thou;
I am not quite; and three years hence
I may have lept that ugly fence,
Which men attempt to shirk in vain,
And never can leap back again.
But welcome, welcome! thou art sent
I know on generous thoughts intent;
And therefore thy pale cheeks I'll kiss
Before I scribble more than this.

CXLV.

A SEA-SHELL SPEAKS.

Of late among the rocks I lay,
But just behind the fretful spray,
When suddenly a step drew near,
And a man's voice, distinct and clear,
Convey'd this solace..
  "Come with me,
Thou little outcast of the sea!
Our destiny, poor shell, is one;
We both may shine, but shine alone:
Both are deprived of all we had
In earlier days to make us glad,
Or ask us why we should be sad:
Which (you may doubt it as you will)
To manly hearts is dearer still."
I felt, ere half these words were o'er,
A few salt drops on me once more.

CXLVI.

Often I have heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.

When she kist me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,
And less bright were those which shone
In the palace of the Sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kist by other men.

CXLVII.

In spring and summer winds may blow,
  And rains fall after, hard and fast;
The tender leaves, if beaten low,
  Shine but the more for shower and blast.

But when their fated hour arrives,
When reapers long have left the field,
When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives,
And their last juice fresh apples yield,

A leaf perhaps may still remain
Upon some solitary tree,
Spite of the wind and of the rain . .
A thing you heed not if you see . .

At last it falls. Who cares? not one:
And yet no power on earth can ever
Replace the fallen leaf upon
Its spray, so easy to dissever.

If such be love I dare not say,
Friendship is such, too well I know,
I have enjoy'd my summer day;
'Tis past; my leaf now lies below.

CXLVIII.

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT.

To gaze on you when life's last gleams decline,
And hold your hand, to the last clasp, in mine . .
Of these two wishes, these my only two,
One has been granted, gentle maid, by you:
Were thus the other certain, I should go,
And leave but one man happier here below.

CXLIX.

Beauty's pure native gems, ye quivering hairs!
Once mingled with my own,
While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares
Two idle hearts had known.

How is it, when I take ye from the shrine
Which holds one treasure yet,
That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine,
Shrink from my fond regret?

Ye leaves that droop not with the plant that bore ye,
Start ye before my breath?
Shrink ye from tender Love who would adore ye,
O ye who fear not Death!

CL.

SENT TO A LADY WITH FLOWERS.

Take the last flowers your natal day
May ever from my hand receive!
Sweet as the former ones are they,
And sweet alike be those they leave.

Another, in the year to come,
May offer them to smiling eyes;
That smile would wake me from the tomb,
That smile would win me from the skies.

CLI.

Whatever England's fields display,
The fairest scenes are thine, Torbay!
Not even Liguria's sunny shore
With palm and aloe pleas'd me more.
Sorrento softer tale may tell,
Parthenope sound louder shell,
Amalfi, Ocean's proudest boast,
Show loftier hills and livelier coast,
Where Nereids hear the nightly flute,
And gather fresh such morning fruit
As hangs within their highth, and shows
Its golden gleam thro' glossy boughs.
But, with thy dark oak-woods behind,
Here stretcht against the western wind
The sails that from the Zuyderzee
Brought him who left our fathers free.
Yet (shame upon me!) I sometimes
Have sighed awhile for other climes,
Where, tho' no mariner, I too
Whistled aloft my little crew:
'Twas now to spar, 'twas now to fence,
'Twas now to fathom Shakspeare's sense,
And now to trace the hand divine
That guided Raffael's faultless line.
And then we wonder who could raise
The massy walls at which we gaze,
Where amid songs and village glee
Soars immemorial Fiesole.
At last we all in turn declare
We know not who the Cyclops were.
"But the Pelasgians! those are true?"
"I know as much of them as you."
"Pooh! nonsense! you may tell us so;
Impossible you should not know!"
Then plans, to find me out, they lay,
Which will not fail another day.
England, in all thy scenes so fair,
Thou canst not show what charm'd me there!

CLII.

With rosy hand a little girl prest down
A boss of fresh-cull'd cowslips in a rill:
Often as they sprang up again, a frown
Show'd she disliked resistance to her will:
But when they droopt their heads and shone much less,
She shook them to and fro, and threw them by,
And tript away. "Ye loathe the heaviness
Ye love to cause, my little girls!" thought I,
"And what had shone for you, by you must die."

CLIII.

Very true, the linnets sing
Sweetest in the leaves of spring:
You have found in all these leaves
That which changes and deceives,
And, to pine by sun or star,
Left them, false ones as they are.
But there be who walk beside
Autumn's, till they all have died,
And who lend a patient ear
To low notes from branches sere.

CLIV.

ON HAIR FALLING OFF AFTER AN ILLNESS.

Conon was he whose piercing eyes
Saw Berenice's hair surmount the skies,
Saw Venus spring away from Mars
And twirl it round and fix it 'mid the stars.

Then every poet who had seen
The glorious sight sang to the youthful queen,
Until the many tears were dried,
Shed for that hair by that most lovely bride.
Hair far more beauteous be it mine
Not to behold amid the lights divine,
But gracing, as it graced before,
A brow serene which happier men adore.

CLV.

First bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
His templed highths and long-drawn solitudes
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

CLVI.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe (what have I not believed?)
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration . . reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption! Over all
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

CLVII.

He who sees rising from some open down
A column, stately, beautiful, and pure,
Its rich expansive capital would crown
With glorious statue, which might long endure,
And bring men under it to gaze and sigh
And wish that honour'd creature they had known,
Whose name the deep inscription lets not die.
I raise that statue and inscribe that stone.

CLVIII.

There may be many reasons why,
O ancient land of Kong-Fu-Tsi!
Some fain would make the little feet
Of thy indwellers run more fleet.
But while, as now, before my eyes
The steams of thy sweet herb arise,
Amid bright vestures, faces fair,
Long eyes, and closely braided hair,
And many a bridge and many a barge,
And many a child and bird as large,
I can not wish thee wars nor woes . .
And when thy lovely single rose,
Which every morn I haste to see,
Smiles with fresh-opened flower on me,
And when I think what hand it was
Cradled the nursling in its vase,
By all thy Gods! O ancient land!
I wish thee and thy laws to stand.

CLIX.

TO ONE WHO SAID SHE SHOULD LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

When sea-born Venus guided o'er
Her warrior to the Punic shore,
Around that radiant head she threw
In deep'ning clouds ambrosial dew:
But when the Tyrian queen drew near,
The light pour'd round him fresh and clear.
Ill-starr'd Elisa! hence arose
Her faithless joys, her stedfast woes,
Sighs, that with life alone expire,
And flames that light the funeral pyre,
O Goddess! if that peerless maid
Thou hast with every grace array'd,
Must, listening to thy gentle voice,
Fix at first view th' eternal choice . .
Suspend the cloud before her eyes
Until some godlike man arise;
One of such wisdom that he knows
How much he wins, how much he owes;
One in whose breast united lie
Calm courage and firm constancy;
Whose genius makes the world his own,
Whose glory rests in her alone.

CLX.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

Struggling, and faint, and fainter didst thou wane,
O Moon! and round thee all thy starry train
Came forth to help thee, with half-open eyes,
And trembled every one with still surprise,
That the black Spectre should have dared assail
Their beauteous queen and seize her sacred veil.

CLXI.

Reprehend, if thou wilt, the vain phantasm, O Reason!
Of the breast we have lean'd on, the hand we have linkt,
That dream is so vivid at no other season
As when friendship is silent and love is extinct.

CLXII.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

In poetry there is but one supreme,
Tho' there are many angels round his throne,
Mighty, and beauteous, while his face is hid.

CLXIII.

There is, alas! a chill, a gloom,
About my solitary room
That will not let one flowret bloom
Even for you:
The withering leaves appear to say,
"Shine on, shine on, O lovely May!
But we meanwhile must drop away."
Light! life! adieu.

CLXIV.

Ternissa! you are fled!
I say not to the dead,
But to the happy ones who rest below:
For, surely, surely, where
Your voice and graces are,
Nothing of death can any feel or know.
Girls who delight to dwell
Where grows most asphodel,
Gather to their calm breasts each word you speak:
The mild Persephone
Places you on her knee,
And your cool palm smoothes down stern Pluto's cheek.

CLXV.

PRAYER OF THE BEES TO ALCIPHRON.

There was a spinner in the days of old,
So proud, so bold,
She thought it neither shame nor sin
To challenge Pallas to come down and spin.
The goddess won, and forced the crone to hide her
Ugly old head and shrink into a spider.

The bees were frighten'd, for they knew
Within their prudent breasts that few
Had so much skill as they;
And she who gave the olive might
Be angry, if they show'd that light
As pure and bright
Could shine on mortals any other way.

So not a syllable said they of wax,
But cover'd it with honey, lest a tax
Be laid upon it by the Powers above.
Another goddess, no less mighty
Than Pallas, men call Aphroditè,
The queen of love.

Honey she likes and all things sweet,
And, when she came among the swarms,
They said, "O thou whence love hath all its charms!
Grant him who saved us what we now entreat.
'Tis one whom we
Are used to see
Among our thyme and ivy-flowers
Throughout the matin and the vesper hours,
Fonder of silence than of talk;
Yet him we heard one morning say:
'Gardener! do not sweep away
The citron blossoms from the gravel-walk:
It might disturb or wound my bees;
So lay aside that besom, if you please.'
He for whose weal we supplicate is one
Thou haply may'st remember, Alciphron.
We know that Pallas has lookt down
Sometimes on him without a frown,
Yet must confess we're less afraid
Of you than that Hymettian maid.
Give him, O goddess, we implore,
Not honey (we can that) but more.
We are poor bees, and can not tell
If there be aught he loves as well;
But we do think we heard him say
There is, and something in your way.

Our stories tell us, when your pretty child
Who drives (they say) so many mortals wild,
Vext one of our great-aunts until she stung;
Away he flew, and wrung,
Stamping, his five loose fingers at the smart,
You chided him, and took our part.
May the cross Year, fresh-wakened, blow sharp dust
Into their eyes who say thou art unjust."

CLXVI.

You love me; but if I confess
That I in turn love you no less,
I know that you will glance aside
With real or affected pride;
And, be it true or be it feign'd,
My bosom would alike be pain'd,
So that I will not tell you now
Whether I love; and as for vow..
You may demand it ten times over,
And never win from wary lover.
Mind! if we men would be as blest
For ever as when first carest,
We must excite a little fear,
And sometimes almost domineer.

CLXVII.

One morning in the spring I sate
Kicking my heels upon a gate,
The birds were singing all around,
And cowslips sunn'd the sheeny ground,
And next to me above the post
A certain shrub its branches tost,
Seeming to whisper in my ear,
"Have you no song for her so dear?"
Now never in my life could I
Write at command; I know not why.
I tried to write; I tried in vain;
The little birds, to mock my pain,
Sang cheerily; and every note
Seem'd rushing from a clearer throat.
I was half-mad to think that they
So easily should win the day.
The slender shrub I thought held down
Its head to whisper "What a clown!"

Stung by its touch and its reproof,
And saying, "Keep your thorns aloof,"
Unconsciously I spoke the name,
And verses in full chorus came.

CLXVIII.

TO LADY CALDWELL.

Sophy! before the fond adieu
We long but shrink to say,
And while the home prepared for you
Looks dark at your delay,
Before the graces you disclose
By fresh ones are o'ershaded,
And duties rise more grave than those,
To last when those are faded,
It will not weary you, I know,
To hear again the voice
First heard where Arno's waters flow
And Flora's realms rejoice.
Of beauty not a word have I
(As thousands have) to say,
Of vermeil lip or azure eye
Or cheek of blushful May.
The gentle temper blessing all,
The smile at Envy's leer,
Are yours; and yours at Pity's call
The heart-assuaging tear.
Many can fondle and caress . .
No other have I known
Proud of a sister's loveliness,
Unconscious of her own.

CLXIX.

To write as your sweet mother does
Is all you wish to do.
Play, sing, and smile for others, Rose!
Let others write for you.

Or mount again your Dartmoor grey,
And I will walk beside,
Until we reach that quiet bay
Which only hears the tide.

Then wave at me your pencil, then
At distance bid me stand,
Before the cavern'd cliff, again
The creature of your hand.

And bid me then go past the nook,
To sketch me less in size;
There are but few content to look
So little in your eyes.

Delight us with the gifts you have,
And wish for none beyond:
To some be gay, to some be grave,
To one (blest youth!) be fond.

Pleasures there are how close to Pain,
And better unpossest!
Let poetry's too throbbing vein
Lie quiet in your breast.

CLXX.

From leaves unopen'd yet, those eyes she lifts,
Which never youthful eyes could safely view.
"A book or flower, such are the only gifts
I like to take, nor like them least from you."
A voice so sweet it needs no music's aid
Spake it, and ceast: we, offering both, reply:
These tell the dull old tale that bloom must fade,
This the bright truth that genius can not die.

CLXXI.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

Bethink we what can mean
The holly's changeless green,
Unyielding leaves, and seeds blood-red:
These, while the smoke below
Curls slowly upward, show
Faith how her gentle Master bled.
Those drop not at the touch
Of busy over-much,
They shrink not at the blazing grate;
And the same green remains,
As when autumnal rains
Nurst them with milky warmth of late.
The stedfast bough scarce bends,
But hang it over friends
And suddenly what thoughts there spring!
Harsh voices all grow dumb,
While myriad pleasures come
Beneath Love's ever-widening wing.

CLXXII.

In age the memory, as the eye itself,
Sees near things indistinctly, far things well,
And often that which happen'd years ago
Seems sprung from yesterday, while yesterday's
Fair birth lies half-forgotten and deform'd.

CLXXIII.

Various the roads of life; in one
All terminate, one lonely way.
We go; and "Is he gone?"
Is all our best friends say.

CLXXIV.

Something (ah! tell me what) there is
To cause that melting tone.
I fear a thought has gone amiss,
Returning quite alone.

CLXXV.

Never may storm thy peaceful bosom vex,
Thou lovely Exe!
O'er whose pure stream that music yesternight
Pour'd fresh delight,
And left a vision for the eye of Morn
To laugh to scorn,
Showing too well how Love once led the Hours
In Youth's green bowers;
Vision too blest for even Hope to see,
Were Hope with me;
Vision my fate at once forbids to stay
Or pass away.

CLXXVI.

FOR THE ALBUM OF THE DUCHESS DE GUICHE.

Children! while childhood lasts, one day
Alone be less your gush of play.
As you ascend that cloven steep
Whence Lerici o'erlooks the deep,
And watch the hawk and plover soar,
And bow-winged curlew quit the shore,
Think not, as graver heads might do,
The same with equal ease could you;
So light your spirits and your forms,
So fearless is your race of storms.

Mild be the sunbeams, mild the gales,
Along Liguria's pendent vales.
Whether from changeful Magra sped
Or Tanaro's unquiet bed.
Let Apennine and Alpine snows
Be husht into unwaked repose,
While Italy gives back again
More charms and virtues than remain,
Which France with loftier pride shall own
Than all her brightest arms have won.

CLXXVII.

No, my own love of other years!
No, it must never be.
Much rests with you that yet endears,
Alas! but what with me?
Could those bright years o'er me revolve
So gay, o'er you so fair,
The pearl of life we would dissolve
And each the cup might share.
You show that truth can ne'er decay,
Whatever fate befals;
I, that the myrtle and the bay
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

CLXXVIII.

The brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,
Becomes the gloomiest; so the stream, that ran
Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,
When wintry storm and snow and sleet descend,
Is darker than the mountain or the moor.

CLXXIX.

Heron! of grave career! whose lordly croaks
Claim as inheritance Bodryddan's oaks,
I come no radical to question rights:
But, one word in your ear, most noble sir!
If you may croak, I sure may sing, to her
Who in my voice, as in your own, delights.
"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor!"
Heron!
High as the station is you now appear on,
I see you perch upon it, nor repine:
About our voice we may perhaps dispute,
As for our seat, on that you must be mute:
Yours but a Dryad rais'd, a Grace rais'd mine.

CLXXX.

Life (priest and poet say) is but a dream;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath a cool syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly,
Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and filmy wing,
Who with indifference givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

CLXXXI.

Thou pityest; and why hidest thou thy pity?
Let the warm springs of thy full heart gush forth
Before the surface cool: no fear that ever
The inner fountain a fresh stream deny.

CLXXXII.

Absent is she thou lovest? be it so;
Yet there is what should drive away thy woe
And make the night less gloomy than the day.
Absent she may be; yet her love appears
Close by; and thro' the labyrinth of the ears
Her voice's clue to the prone heart makes way.

CLXXXIII.

Rightly you say you do not know
How much, my little maid, you owe
My guardian care. The veriest dunce
Beats me at reckoning. Pray, permit
My modesty to limit it,
Nor urge me to take all at once.
You are so young, I dare not say
I might demand from you each day
Of a long life a lawful kiss.
I, so much older, won't repine
If you pay *me* one, each of mine,
But be exact; begin with this.

CLXXXIV.

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
Ianthe said, and lookt into my eyes.
"A *yes*, a *yes*, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

CLXXXV.

No charm can stay, no medicine can assuage,
The sad incurable disease of age;
Only the hand in youth more warmly prest
Makes soft the couch and calms the final rest.

CLXXXVI.

Many may yet recal the hours
That saw thy lover's chosen flowers

Nodding and dancing in the shade
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:
On many a brain is pictured yet
Thy languid eye's dim violet:
But who among them all foresaw
How the sad snows which never thaw
Upon that head one day should lie,
And love but glimmer from that eye!

CLXXXVII.

Yes; I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talkt of by young men
As rather clever:

In the last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size;
Is it not time then to be wise?
Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!
While Time allows the short reprieve,
Just look at me! would you believe
'Twas once a lover?

I can not clear the five-bar gate,
But, trying first its timber's state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait
To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I can not swing
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring:
I can not say the tender thing,
Be 't true or false,

And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half-divine
Whose waists yon wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,
Sedater, and no harm if colder
And panting less.

Ah! people were not half so wild
In former days, when, starchly mild,
Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
The brave Queen Bess.

CLXXXVIII.

TO E. F.

No doubt thy little bosom beats
When sounds a wedding bell,
No doubt it pants to taste the sweets
That songs and stories tell.

Awhile in shade content to lie,
Prolong life's morning dream,
While others rise at the first fly
That glitters on the stream.

CLXXXIX.

TO A SPANIEL.

No, Daisy! lift not up thy ear,
It is not she whose steps draw near.
Tuck under thee that leg, for she
Continues yet beyond the sea,
And thou may'st whimper in thy sleep
These many days, and start and weep.

CXC.

True, ah too true! the generous breast
Lies bare to Love and Pain.
May one alone, the worthier guest,
Be yours, and there remain.

CXCI.

ON SEEING A HAIR OF LUCRETIA BORGIA.

Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou 'rt dust.
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair, meandering in pellucid gold.

CXCII.

ON MIGNIONETTE.

Stranger, these little flowers are sweet
If you will leave them at your feet,
Enjoying like yourself the breeze,
And kist by butterflies and bees;
But if you snap the fragile stem
The vilest thyme outvalues them.

Nor place nor flower would I select
To make you serious and reflect.
This heaviness was always shed
Upon the drooping rose's head.
Yet now perhaps your mind surveys
Some village maid, in earlier days,
Of charms thus lost, of life thus set,
Ah bruise not then my Mignionette!

CXCIII.

In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever markt with shade!

CXCIV.

WRITTEN ON THE RHINE.

Swiftly we sail along thy stream,
War-stricken Rhine! and evening's gleam
Shows us, throughout its course,
The gaping scars (on either side,
On every cliff) of guilty pride
And unavailing force.

Numberless castles here have frown'd,
And cities numberless, spire-crown'd,
Have fixt their rocky throne;
Dungeons too deep and towers too high
Ever for Love to hear the sigh
Or Law avenge the groan.

And, falser and more violent
Than fraudful War, Religion lent
Her scourge to quell the heart;
Striking her palsy into Youth,
And telling Innocence that Truth
Is God's, and they must part.

Hence victim crowns and iron vows,
Binding ten thousand to one spouse,
  To keep them all from sin!
Hence, for light dance and merry tale,
The cloister's deep and stifling veil,
  That shuts the world within.

Away! away! thou foulest pest
That ever broke man's inner rest,
  Pouring the poison'd lie
How to thy dragon grasp is given
The power of Earth, the price of Heaven! . .
  Go! let us live and die

Without thy curse upon our head,
Monster! with human sorrows fed,
  Lo! here thy image stands.
In Heidelberg's lone chambers, Rhine
Shows what his ancient Palatine
  Received from thy meek hands!

France! claim thy right, thy glory claim,
Surpassing Rome's immortal fame!
  For, more than she could do
In the long ages of her toils,
With all her strength and all her spoils,
  Thy heroes overthrew.

Crow, crow thy cock! thy eagle soar,
Fiercer and higher than before!
  Thy boasts though few believe,
Here faithful history shall relate
What Gallic hearts could meditate
  And Gallic hands achieve. *

Fresh blows the gale, the scenes delight,
Anear, afar, on plain, on hight;
  But all are far and vast:
Day follows day, and shows not one
The weary heart could rest upon
  To call its own at last.

No curling dell, no cranky nook,
No sylvan mead, no prattling brook,
  No little lake that stands
Afraid to lift its fringed eye
Of purest blue to its own sky,
  Or kiss its own soft sands.

O! would I were again at home
(If any such be mine) to roam
  Amid Lanthony's bowers,
Or, where beneath the alders flow
My Arrow's waters still and slow,
  Doze down the summer hours.

CXCV.

MALVOLIO.

Thou hast been very tender to the moon,
Malvolio! and on many a daffodil
And many a daisy hast thou yearn'd, until
The nether jaw quiver'd with thy good heart.
But tell me now, Malvolio, tell me true,
Hast thou not sometimes driven from their play
The village children, when they came too near
Thy study, if hit ball rais'd shouts around,
Or if delusive trap shook off thy muse,
Pregnant with wonders for another age?
Hast thou sat still and patient (tho' sore prest
Hearthward to stoop and warm thy blue-nail'd hand)
Lest thou shouldst frighten from a frosty fare
The speckled thrush, raising his bill aloft
To swallow the red berry on the ash
By thy white window, three short paces off?
If *this* thou hast not done, and hast done *that*,
I do exile thee from the moon twelve whole
Calendar months, debarring thee from use
Of rose, bud, blossom, odour, simile,
And furthermore I do hereby pronounce
Divorce between the nightingale and thee.

CXCVI.

WITH AN ALBUM.

I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd:
Therefore pray let me disengage
My verses from the motley page,
Where others far more sure to please
Pour out their choral song with ease.
And yet perhaps, if some should tire
With too much froth or too much fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine.

CXCVII.

My serious son! I see thee look
First on the picture, then the book.
I catch the wish that thou couldst paint
The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.
Give it not up, my serious son!
Wish it again, and it is done.
Seldom will any fail who tries
With patient hand and stedfast eyes,
And wooes the true with such pure sighs.

CXCVIII.

WRITTEN AT MR. RAWSON'S, WAS-WATER LAKE.

Loneliest of hills! from crimes and cares removed,
  Long these old firs and quiet roofs protect!
  Deepest of waters, long these scenes reflect!
And, at your side, their lord, the well-beloved.

For modest Wisdom, shunning loud acclaim,
  Hears Nature's voice call thro' it, and retreats
  To her repose upon your mossy seats,
And in his heart finds all he wants of Fame.

CXCIX.

I pen these lines upon that cypher'd cover
(Gift, I will answer for it, of some lover)
  Which you have open'd for me more than once,
And when you told me I must write therein
And found me somewhat tardy to begin,
  Call'd me but idler, tho' you thought me dunce.

Ah! this was very kind in you, sweet maiden,
But, sooth to say, my panniers are not laden

* The Castle of Heidelberg, the most beautiful residence in the world, excepting the Alhambra, was demolished by Louis XIV.

With half the wares they bore
In days of yore.
Beside, you will believe me when I say
That many madcap dreams and fancies,
As old dame Wisdom with her rod advances
Scamper away.

CC.

Give me the eyes that look on mine,
And, when they see them dimly shine,
Are moister than they were.
Give me the eyes that fain would find
Some relicks of a youthful mind
Amid the wrecks of care.
Give me the eyes that catch at last
A few faint glimpses of the past,
And, like the arkite dove,
Bring back a long-lost olive bough,
And can discover even now
A heart that once could love.

CCI.

Loved, when my love from all but thee had flown,
Come near me; seat thee on this level stone;
And, ere thou lookest o'er the churchyard wall,
To catch, as once we did, yon waterfall,
Look a brief moment on the turf between,
And see a tomb thou never yet hast seen.
My spirit will be sooth'd to hear once more
Good-bye as gently spoken as before.

CCII.

I leave with unreverted eye the towers
Of Pisa pining o'er her desert stream.
Pleasure (they say) yet lingers in thy bowers,
Florence, thou patriot's sigh, thou poet's dream!
O could I find thee as thou once wert known,
Thoughtful and lofty, liberal and free!
But the pure Spirit from thy wreck has flown,
And only Pleasure's phantom dwells with thee.

CCIII.

Summer has doft his latest green,
And Autumn ranged the barley-mows.
So long away then have you been?
And are you coming back to close
The year? it sadly wants repose.

CCIV.

Where Malvern's verdant ridges gleam
Beneath the morning ray,
Look eastward: see Sabrina's stream
Roll rapidly away:
Not even such fair scenes detain
Those who are cited to the main.
It may not be: yet youth returns,
Who runs (we hear) as fast,
And in my breast the fire that burns
She promises shall last.
The lord of these domains was one
Who loved me like an only son.*

I see the garden-walks so trim,
The house-reflecting pond,
I hear again the voice of him
Who seldom went beyond
The Roman camp's steep-sloping side,
Or the long meadow's level ride.
And why? A little girl there was
Who fixt his eyes on home,
Whether she roll'd along the grass,
Or gates and hedges clomb,
Or dared defy *Alonzo's* tale
(Hold but her hand) to turn her pale.
"Where is she now?" "Not far away."
"As brave too?" "Yes, and braver;"
She dares to hear her hair turns gray,
And never looks the graver:
Nor will she mind *Old Tell-tale* more
Than those who sang her charms before.
How many idle things were said
On eyes that were but bright!
Their truer glory was delay'd
To guide his steps aright
Whose purest hand and loftiest mind
Might lead the leaders of mankind.*

CCV.

ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. ROSENHAGEN.

Ah yes! the hour is come
When thou must hasten home,
Pure soul! to Him who calls.
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of Death,
And nought that step appals.
Health has forsaken thee;
Hope says thou soon shalt be
Where happier spirits dwell,
There where one loving word
Alone is never heard,
That loving word, *farewell.*

CCVI.

How many voices gaily sing,
"O happy morn, O happy spring
Of life!" Meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from Memory,
And says, "If loves and hopes have flown
With years, think too what griefs are gone!"

CCVII.

ON A VACANT TOMB AT LLANBEDR.

O parent Earth! in thy retreats
My heart with holier fervour beats,
And fearlessly, thou knowest well,
Contemplates the sepulchral cell.
Guard, parent Earth, those trees, those flowers,
Those refuges from wintry hours,
Where every plant from every clime
Renews with joy its native prime.

* Fleetwood Parkhurst, of Ripple Court, a descendant of the Fleetwoods, the Dormers, and the Fortescues.

* Mr. Rosenhagen lost his sight by unremitted labour in the public service. He was private secretary to two prime ministers, Perceval and Vansittart.

Long may the fane o'er this lone sod
Lift its meek head toward its God,
And gather round the tomes of Truth
Its bending elds and blooming youth;
And long too may these lindens wave
O'er timely and untimely grave;
But, if the virtuous be thy pride,
Keep this one tomb unoccupied.

CCVIII.

Who smites the wounded on his bed,
And only waits to strip the dead?
In that dark room I see thee lurk,
O low and lurid soul of Burke!
Begone! Shall ever Southey's head lie low
And unavenged beneath the savage blow?

No, by my soul! tho' greater men
And nearer stick the envenom'd pen
Into that breast which always rose
At all Man's wishes, all Man's woes.
Look from thy couch of sorrow, look around!
A sword of thy own temper guards the ground.

If thou hast ever done amiss,
It was, O Southey! but in this;
That, to redeem the lost estate
Of the poor Muse, a man so great
Abased his laurels where some Georges stood
Knee-deep in sludge and ordure, some in blood.

Was ever Genius but thyself
Friend or befriended of a Guelph?
Who then should hail their natal days?
What fiction weave the cobweb praise?
At last comes she whose natal day be blest,
And one more happy still, and all the rest!

But since thou liest sick at heart
And worn with years, some little part
Of thy hard office let me try,
Tho' inexpert was always I
To toss the litter of Westphalian swine
From under human to above divine.

No soil'd or selfish hand shall bless
That gentle bridal loveliness
Which promises our land increase
Of happy days in hard-earn'd peace.
Grant the unpaid-for prayer, ye heavenly Powers!
For her own sake, and greatly more for ours.

Remember him who saved from scathe
The honest front of ancient Faith;
Then when the Pontine exhalations
Breath'd pestilence thro' distant nations:
Remember that mail'd hand, that heart so true,
And with like power and will his race endue.

CCIX.

What, of house and home bereft,
For my birthday what is left?
Not the hope that any more
Can be blest like those of yore,
Not the wish; for wishes now
Fall like flowers from aching brow,
When the jovial feast is past,
And when heaven, with clouds o'ercast,
Strikes the colours from the scene,
And no herb on earth is green.
What is left me after all?
What, beside my funeral?
Bid it wait a little while,
Just to let one thoughtful smile
Its accustom'd time abide:
There are left two boons beside . .
Health, and eyes that yet can see
Eyes not coldly turn'd from me.

CCX.

Under the hollies of thy breezy glade,
Needwood, in youth with idle pace I rode,
Where pebbly rills their varied chirrup made,
Rills which the fawn with tottering knees bestrode.

Twilight was waning, yet I checkt my pace,
Slow as it was, and longer would remain;
Here first, here only, had I seen the face
Of Nature free from change and pure from stain.

Here in the glory of her power she lay,
Here she rejoiced in all the bloom of health;
Soon must I meet her faint and led astray,
Freckled with feverish whims and wasted wealth.

CCXI.

Where three huge dogs are ramping yonder
Before that villa with its tower,
No braver boys, no father fonder,
Ever prolong'd the moonlight hour.

Often, to watch their sports unseen,
Along the broad stone bench he lies,
The oleander-stems between
And citron-boughs to shade his eyes.

The clouds now whiten far away,
And villas glimmer thick below,
And windows catch the quivering ray,
Obscure one minute's space ago.

Orchards and vine-knolls maple-propt
Rise radiant round: the meads are dim,
As if the milky-way had dropt
And fill'd Valdarno to the brim.

Unseen beneath us, on the right,
The abbey with unfinisht front
Of checker'd marble, black and white,
And on the left the Doccia's font.

Eastward, two ruin'd castles rise
Beyond Maiano's mossy mill,
Winter and Time their enemies,
Without their warder, stately still.

The heaps around them there will grow
Higher, as years sweep by, and higher,
Till every battlement laid low
Is seized and trampled by the briar.

That line so lucid is the weir
Of Rovezzano: but behold
The graceful tower of Giotto there,
And Duomo's cross of freshen'd gold.

We can not tell, so far away,
  Whether the city's tongue be mute,
We only hear some lover play
  (If sighs be play) the sighing flute.

CCXII.

My pretty Marte, my winter friend,
In these bright days ought thine to end!
When all thy kindred far away
Enjoy the genial hours of May.
How often hast thou play'd with me,
And lickt my lip to share my tea,
And run away and turn'd again
To hide my glove or crack my pen,
Until I swore, to check thy taunts,
I 'd write to uncles and to aunts,
And grandmama, whom dogs pursued
But could not catch her in the wood.
Ah! I repeat the jokes we had,
Yet think me not less fond, less sad.
Julia and Charles and Walter grave
Would throw down every toy they have
To see thy joyous eyes at eve,
And feel thy feet upon the sleeve,
And tempt thy glossy teeth to bite
And almost hurt them, but not quite;
For thou didst look, and then suspend
The ivory barbs, but reprehend
With tender querulous tones, that told
Thou wert too good and we too bold.
Never was malice in thy heart,
My gentlest, dearest little Marte!
Nor grief, nor reason to repine,
As there is now in this of mine.

CCXIII.

Ye little household gods, that make
  My heart leap lighter with your play,
And never let it sink or ache,
  Unless you are too far away;

Eight years have flown, and never yet
  One day has risen up between
The kisses of my earlier pet,
  And few the hours he was not seen.

How can I call to you from Rome?
  Will *mamma* teach what *babbo* said?
Have ye not heard him talk at home
  About the city of the dead?

Marvellous tales will *babbo* tell,
  If you don't clasp his throat too tight,
Tales which you, Arnold, will love well,
  Tho' Julia's cheek turns pale with fright.

How, swimming o'er the Tiber, Clelia
  Headed the rescued virgin train;
And, loftier virtue! how Cornelia
  Lived when her two brave sons were slain.

This is my birthday: may ye waltze
  Till mamma cracks her best guitar!
Yours are true pleasures; those are false
  We wise ones follow from afar.
What shall I bring you? would you like
  Urn, image, glass, red, yellow, blue,
Stricken by Time, who soon must strike
  As deep the heart that beats for you.

CCXIV.

  The leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
    So have I too.
  Scarcely on any bough is heard
  Joyous, or even unjoyous, bird
    The whole wood through.
  Winter may come: he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire
    Where old friends meet:
  Let him; now heaven is overcast,
  And spring and summer both are past,
    And all things sweet.

CCXV.

  The day returns again
  Which once with bitter pain,
And only once for years, we spent apart.
  Believe me, on that day
  God heard me duly pray
For all his blessings on thy gentle heart:
  Of late a cloud o'ercast
  Its current; that is past;
But think not it hung lightly on my breast:
  Then, as my hours decline,
  Still let thy starlight shine
Thro' my lone casement, till at last I rest.

CCXVI.

The place where soon I think to lie,
In its old creviced nook hard-by
  Rears many a weed:
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop slily in a grain or two
  Of wall-flower seed?

I shall not see it, and (too sure!)
I shall not ever hear that your
  Light step was there;
But the rich odour some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
  That little care.

CCXVII.

As he who baskt in sunshine loves to go
Where in dim coolness graceful laurels grow;
In that lone narrow path whose silent sand
Hears of no footstep, while some gentle hand
Beckons, or seems to beckon, to the seat
Where ivied wall and trellised woodbine meet;
Thus I, of ear that tingles not to praise,
And feet that weary of the world's highways,
Recline on mouldering tree or jutting stone,
And (tho' at last I feel I am alone)
Think by a gentle hand mine too is prest
In kindly welcome to a calmer rest.

CCXVIII.

Love is like Echo in the land of Tell,*
Who answers best the indweller of her bowers,
Silent to other voices (idly loud
Or wildly violent) letting them arouse
Eagle or cavern'd brute, but never her.

CCXIX.

ON RECEIVING A MONTHLY ROSE.

Pæstum! thy roses long ago,
All roses far above,
Twice in the year were call'd to blow
And braid the locks of Love.

He saw the city sink in dust,
Its rose's roots decay'd,
And cried in sorrow, "Find I must
Another for my braid."

First Cyprus, then the Syrian shore,
To Pharpar's lucid rill,
Did those two large dark eyes explore,
But wanted something still.

Damascus fill'd his heart with joy,
So sweet her roses were!
He cull'd them; but the wayward boy
Thought them ill worth his care.

"I want them every month," he cried,
"I want them every hour.
Perennial rose, and none beside,
Henceforth shall be my flower."

CCXX.

Sweet was the song that Youth sang once,
And passing sweet was the response;
But there are accents sweeter far
When Love leaps down our evening star,
Holds back the blighting wings of Time,
Melts with his breath the crusty rime,
And looks into our eyes, and says,
"Come, let us talk of former days."

CCXXI.

Fate! I have askt few things of thee,
And fewer have to ask.
Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be
No more: then con thy task.

If one be left on earth so late
Whose love is like the past,
Tell her in whispers, gentle Fate!
Not even love must last.

Tell her I leave the noisy feast
Of life, a little tired,
Amid its pleasures few possest
And many undesired.

Tell her with steady pace to come
And, where my laurels lie,
To throw the freshest on the tomb,
When it has caught her sigh.

Tell her to stand some steps apart
From others on that day,
And check the tear (if tear should start)
Too precious for dull clay.

CCXXII.

TO A LADY ON COMING OF AGE.

Fear not my frequent verse may raise
To your clear brow the vulgar gaze.
Another I reserve in store
For day yet happier; then no more.
Believe (youth's happy creed!) believe
That never can bright morns deceive;
That brighter must arise for you
Than ever the proud sun rode through.
It has been said, on wedlock-land
Some paths are thorny, more are sand.
I hope the coming spring may show
How little they who say it, know.
Meanwhile with tranquil breast survey
The trophies of the present day.
When twenty years their course have run,
Anxious we wait the following one.
Lo! Fortune in full pomp descends
Surrounded by her host of friends,
And Beauty moves, in passing by,
With loftier port and steadier eye.
Alas, alas! when these are flown,
Shall there be nothing quite your own?
Not Beauty from her stores can give
The mighty charm that makes us live,
Nor shieldless Fortune overcome
The shadows that besiege the tomb.
You, better guarded, may be sure
Your name for ages will endure,
While all the powerful, all the proud,
All that excite the clamorous crowd,
With truncheon or with diadem,
Shall lie one mingled mass with them.
Chide you our praises? You alone
Can doubt of glories fairly won.
Genius, altho' he seldom decks
Where beauty does the softer sex,
Approaches you with accents bland,
Attunes your voice, directs your hand,
And soon will fix upon your brow
A crown as bright as Love does now.

CCXXIII.

Beauty! thou arbitress of weal or woe
To others, but how powerless of thy own,
How prone to fall on the smooth path, how prone
To place thy tender foot on the sharp flint
And bleed until the evening fade and die!
I see thee happy now, and I rejoice,
As if thou wert (*almost* as if!) for me:
But thou hast tarried with me long enough,
And now hast taken all thy gifts away.
How various and how changeful is thy mien!
Various and changeful as the neck of doves
In colour: here so meek, so stately there;
Here festive, and there sad; here, tall, erect,

* There is said to be such an echo on the Lake of Lucerne.

Commanding; there, small, slender, bent to yield.
I have observ'd thee resolute and bold
And stepping forth to conquer, and thy brow
Rattling its laurel o'er the myrtle crown;
Beauty! I now behold thee lower thine eyes
And throw them forward on the ground, while two
Close at thy side interrogate and plead.
Others have done the same, but those were met
Calmly, and smiles were cast indifferently
Back into them; smiles that smote every heart,
But most the heart they fell into that hour.
It pleas'd me to behold it: we all love
To see a little of the cruelty
We could ill bear, and, when we read of, weep.
Beauty! thou now art with that innocent
Who seems of Love's own age, and Love's own power.
Haply ere this there are upon the earth
Some, by all hope abandoned, who ascend
The highths of Himalaya; some who fight
Where Napier's foot makes Hindus run strait on,
And Kyber quails beneath his eagle eye;
While others bear her on untiring breast
To Zembla, and with iron that often breaks
Engrave her name upon eternal ice.

CCXXIV.

A MOTHER'S TALE.

I never knew but one who died for love,
Among the maidens glorified in heaven
For this most pure, most patient martyrdom,
And most courageous. If courageous he
Who grasp't and held the Persian prow until
Wielded by desperate fear the scymetar
Gleamed on the sea, and it ran red below
From the hand sever'd and the arm that still
Threaten'd, till brave men drew aside the brave;
If this be courage (and was man's e'er more?)
Sublimer, holier, doth God's breath inspire
Into the tenderer breast and frailer form,
Erect when Fortune and when Fate oppose,
Erect when Hope, its only help, is gone,
Nor yielding till Death's friendlier voice says *yield*.
Brave Eleusinian! I must now away
From thee and Greece; away, to milder scenes,
Not milder sufferings.
In my ear was pour'd
The piteous story from the mother's lips,
Who laid her hand on mine, and oftentimes
With idle finger moved my pliant veins
And lookt on them, nor knew on what she lookt,
As her sad tale went on; for she had found
One who hath never dared to stir from grief,
Or interrupt its utterance in its hour,
Or blusht, where child was lost, to be a child.
Abruptly she began, abruptly closed.
"He was an ensign, and, whatever woes
He brought on me and mine, a good young man,
Modest in speech and manners, fond of books,
Such as we find in all these little towns,
And ready to be led aside by love
To any covert with a castle near,
Or cottage on the river-side or moor,
No matter which; the comfortable house
And street, with shops along it, scare off love.
I am grown bitter I do fear me, sir,
In talking thus, but I have lost my child
By such wild fancies of a wayward world,
Different from what contented us erewhile.
William (he told me I must call him so,
And christian names methinks not ill beseem
The christian, and bring kindness at the sound)
William dwelt here above, not long before
I could perceive that Lucy went away
When he came in to speak to me, and tried
To see as little of him as she might.
I askt, had he offended her; she said
He was incapable of doing wrong:
I blamed her for her rudeness; she replied
She was not rude; and yet those very words
Were nearer rudeness than she ever spake
Until that hour.
Month after month flew by,
And both seemed lonely, though they never lived
More than few steps asunder; I do think
She fled from love and he strove hard with it,
But neither own'd they did. He often came
To tell me something, and lookt round the room,
And fixt his eyes on the one vacant chair
Before the table, and the work unroll'd.
At last he found her quite alone, and then
Avow'd the tenderest, and the purest love,
Askt her consent only to speak with me
And press his suit thereafter: she declared
She never could; and tears flow'd plenteously.
I enter'd; nor did she, as many do,
Move her eyes from me nor abase them more,
Neither did he, but told what he had said
And she had answer'd. I reproved her much
For ignorance of duty, and neglect
Of such an honour: he then clasp't my hand,
And swore no earthly views should ever turn
His eyes from that bright idol.
'May I hope,
Sweet Lucy! may I pause from my despair
I should say rather.. even that were bliss..
Speak, is that bliss forbidden?' She replied,
'You think me worthy of great happiness,
But Fortune has not thought so; I am poor
And you are (or you will be) rich: tis thus
All marriages should be; but marriages
Alone are suitable that suit with pride,
With prejudice, with avarice; enough
If dead men's names have hallowed them, if warpt
Alliances besprinkle them with dust,
Or herald prime and furbish them anew.
Yes, they must please all in two families,
Excepting those who marry. We are both
Alike God's creatures, but the World claims one,
The other is rejected of the World.
Hated I well could be for loving *you*,
For loving *me* you must not be despised.'
'Lucy then loves me!' cried the youth, 'she loves me!'

And prest her to his heart, and seiz'd her hand,
'And ever will I hold it till her lips
In whose one breath is all my life contain'd,
Say, *it is thine.*'
Ah! 'twere but time ill-spent
To follow them thro' love; 'twere walking o'er
A meadow in the spring, where, every step,
The grass and beauteous flowers are all the same,
And ever were and ever will be so.
But now the season was at hand when rush
Into salt water all whom smokey town
Had hardened in the skin, whom cards and dice
Had crampt, whom luxury unstrung, whom dance
From midnight into sunshine, and whom routs
(Not always do we call things by their names
So aptly) swoln with irksomeness and spite
Vomited forth . . here meet they all again,
Glum and askance, the closer the less neighbours;
And those who late were chatty, now are seen
Primly apart like hop-poles without hops,
Lank, listless, helpless, useless, and unlovely.
Here many would lay out their happiness,
And many be content to waste another's:
Of these was one whose name shall rest untold;
Young is he, and (God aiding) may be better.
With a bright ribband and a horse upon it
Full-gallop . . first of orders I surmise . .
He must have done rare service to his king
Before he wore a sabre or a beard,
To win all this; but won it all he had,
And wore it too as bravely.
This young man
Was passing thro' our town toward the coast,
Heedless and ignorant (as wiser men
And better may have been) what spirit moves
Upon those waters, that unpausing sea
Which heaves with God's own image, ever pure,
And ministers in mightiness to Earth
Plenty and health and beauty and delight;
Of all created things beneath the skies
The only one that mortal may not mar.
Here met he William, whom he knew at school,
And showed him his gay lady, and desired
That William would show his.
With gravity
Did William listen, and at last confess
Ties far more holy that should soon unite
With him a lowly maid.
The captain heard
Deridingly his chapter of romance,
Such did he call it.
'Introduce me, pray,
To the fair bride elect.'
'*When* bride,' said he,
'And proudly *then;* yes, you and all my friends.'
So far I know, what follow'd I know not,
Only that William often spent the day
With these great folks; at first, when he returned
He was more fond than ever of my child;
Soon after, he came late into the house,
Then later, and one day, 'twas Saturday,
He said to me he should go home to ask
His father's approbation of the match,
And hoped, and doubted not, his full consent.
Alas! I knew not then that those who go
For this consent have given up their own.
He went . . . O sir! he went . . . My tale is told.
He wrote to me . . but I have said it all . .
He wrote . . My Lucy caught the letter up
And kist it; read it, dropt it on the floor;
Seiz'd it again, again with eye brim-full
Lookt, and again dropt it, despondingly.
O sir! did I not say my tale is told!
'Twas Sunday, and the bells had nearly done,
When Lucy called to me, and urged my haste:
I said I could not leave her; for she lookt
Paler, and spoke more feebly; then I raved
Against the false one who had caused her death.
She caught my arm. . .
'No, Lucy, no!' cried I,
'Not death; you yet are young and may live on
These many years.'
She smiled, and thus replied
'Hope it not, mother! lest one pang the more
Befall you! wish me better things than life;
But, above all, sweet mother!' . . and she sigh'd . .
'Think not I die for William and for love.
Many have gone before their twentieth year,
Mine is half over; many, now in bliss,
Have learnt to read God's will at earlier dawn,
And crost life's threshold strown with freshest flowers
Trippingly and alert, to meet a friend,
A father, who (they knew) awaited them.
Many have had short notice to quit home,
And, when they left it, left it unprepared;
I, mother, I have been two years in dying,
And one day more: should ever he know this,
'Twould comfort him . . for he must think of me.
But am I not too proud for one so near . .'
She would not say . . I shriekt and said it.
death!
She prest my hand, and her smile sank away.
She would console, I would not be consoled.
'O let me think then I may die for him,
But say no more to pain me . . let me love,
And love him, when I can not, for my sake.'
Slumber came over her; one faint sob broke it;
And then came heavier slumber; nought broke that."
She paus'd; I too sat silent: she resumed . .
For Love and Sorrow drop not at the grave
The image of the cherisht one within.
Too confident upon her strength recall'd,
She would have mounted into brighter days
For hours when youth was cool and all things calm,
Saying to me, with evener voice and look,
"Lucy, when last you saw her, was a child."
"And is, if Angel be, a child again,"
Said I.
She clasp't her hands above her head
And rusht away, leaving me all alone.
The chamber-door stood open, and her brow
Had sunk into her pillow, but no rest

Was there; she sought one at the duskier side
Of the same bed, o'er which (almost to touch)
The dim resemblance of a joyous youth
Shook gently, pendent from its light-hair'd chord.
Nor youth nor age nor virtue can avoid
Miseries that fly in darkness thro' the world,
Striking at random, irremissably,
Until our sun sinks thro' its waves, until
The golden brim melts from the brightest cloud,
And all that we have seen hath disappeared.

My guest! I have not led you thro'
  The old footpath of swamp and sedges;
But. . mind your step. . you're coming to
  Shingle and shells with sharpish edges.

Here a squash jelly-fish, and here
  An old shark's head with open jaw
We hap may hit on: never fear
  Scent rather rank and crooked saw.

Step forward: we shall pass them soon,
  And then before you will arise
A fertile scene; a placid moon
  Above, and star-besprinkled skies.

And we shall reach at last (where ends
  The field of thistles, sharp and light)
A dozen brave and honest friends,
  And there wish one and all good-night.

CCXXV.

  O'erfoaming with rage
  The foul-mouth'd judge Page
Thus question'd a thief in the dock:
  "Didst never hear read
  In the church, lump of lead!
Loose chip from the devil's own block!
  'Thou shalt not steal?'" "Yea,"
  The white chap did say,
"'*Thou* shalt not:' but *thou* was the word.
  Had he piped out 'Jem Hewitt!
  Be sure you don't do it,'
I'd ha' thought of it twice ere I did it, my lord."

CCXXVI.

SENT WITH POEMS.

Little volume, warm with wishes,
  Fear not brows that never frown!
After Byron's peppery dishes
  Matho's mild skim-milk goes down.

Change she wants not, self-concenter'd,
  She whom Attic graces please,
She whose Genius never enter'd
  Literature's gin-palaces.

CCXXVII.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

Pass me: I only am the rind
To the rich fruit that you will find,
My friends, at every leaf behind.

CCXXVIII.

ON ANOTHER.

Why have the Graces chosen me
To write what all they love must see?
I can not tell you for my life.
But why was Venus Vulcan's wife?
The reason must be just the same;
My verses are not much more lame.

CCXXIX.

One leg across his wide arm-chair,
Sat Singleton, and read Voltaire;
And when (as well he might) he hit
Upon a splendid piece of wit,
He cried: "I do declare now, this
Upon the whole is not amiss."
And spent a good half-hour to show
By metaphysics why 'twas so.

CCXXX.

TO B.

The Devil, when he made believe
The pure and simple soul of Eve,
  Was scarcely yet thy better half,
For he had only lied and smiled
And ruined whom his arts beguiled,
  Not mockt her with his hellish laugh.

CCXXXI.

Youth but by help of memory can be sage:
Wiser by losing some of it is Age.

CCXXXII.

1795.

It seems, whenever we are idle,
We call for saddle and for bridle,
And girt and buckled from the throne
Let others' blood to cool our own.
Wars, where nor want nor danger calls,
Have hung with tatters half St. Paul's;
And some years hence this courtly fashion
Will hang with tatters half the nation.
The thirsty tribe that draws the sword
For water less than fills a gourd,
Is wiser in my humble mind
Than men who only fight for wind,
And merits more from sage and bard
Than Marlbro' or the Savoyard.

CCXXXIII.

Whiskered Furies! boy-stuff blouses!
Fanning fires on peaceful houses!
What are all these oaths and yells
Belcht from thirty million hells?
Swagger, scream, and *peste* away!
Courage now, anon dismay!

Louis-Philip! rear your walls
Round these madmen and their brawls.
Well you know the fiery rout,
And what rain can put it out.

CCXXXIV.

I rais'd my eyes to Pallas, and she laught.
"Goddess!" said I, "pray tell me why?"
"Look at my olive with a sloe ingraft!
Where stood your Pericles, five scoundrels set ye
(O father Zeus!) on Otho and Coletti."
Then said she, and her scornful voice grew meek,
"Return thou homeward and forget thou Greek."

CCXXXV.

QUARREL.

Man. Work on marble shall not be,
Lady fair! the work for me:
For which reason you and I
May together say *good-bye*.

Lady. Say of marble what you will,
Work on sand is vainer still:
For which reason I and you
Very wisely say *adieu*.

CCXXXVI.

Go on, go on, and love away!
Mine was, another's is, the day.
Go on, go on, thou false one! now
Upon his shoulder rest thy brow,
And look into his eyes until
Thy own, to find them colder, fill.

CCXXXVII.

Egg strikes on egg and breaks it; true;
But, striking, is not broken too.
Thus while one smitten heart, a-fire,
Gives way, the other is entire.

CCXXXVIII.

Ten thousand flakes about my windows blow,
Some falling and some rising, but all snow.
Scribblers and statesmen! are ye not just so?

CXXXIX.

LADY TO LADY.

Tell me, proud though lovely maiden!
He who heaves from heart o'erladen
Verse on verse for only you,
What is it he hopes to do?

REPLY.

What he hopes is but to please.
If I give his hand a squeeze,
Silent, at the closing strain,
Tell me, does it write in vain.

CCXL.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ON AN OMISSION IN HIS "FEAST OF THE POETS."

Leigh Hunt! thou stingy man, Leigh Hunt!
May Charon swamp thee in his punt,
For having, in thy list, forgotten
So many poets scarce half rotten,
Who did expect of thee at least
A few cheese-parings from thy *Feast*.
Hast thou no pity on the men
Who suck (as babes their tongues) the pen,
Until it leaves no traces where
It lighted, and seems dipt in air.
At last be generous, Hunt! and prythee
Refresh (and gratis too) in Lethe
Yonder sick Muse, surcharged with poppies
And heavier presentation-copies.
She *must* grow livelier, and the river
More potent in effect than ever.

CCXLI.

OLD STYLE.

Aurelius, Sire of Hungrinesses!
Thee thy old friend Catullus blesses,
And sends thee six fine watercresses.
There are who would not think me quite
(Unless we were old friends) polite
To mention whom you should invite.
Look at them well; and turn it o'er
In you own mind . . I'd have but four . .
Lucullus, Cesar, and two more.

CCXLII.

NEW STYLE.

I very much indeed approve
Of maidens moderating love
Until they've twenty pounds;
Then Prudence, with a poet's praise,
May loose the laces of their stays,
And let them quest like hounds.

Peggy, my theme, twelve years ago
(Or better) did precisely so:
She lived at farmer Spence's;
She scour'd the pantry, milk'd the cows,
And answer'd every would-be spouse,
"D'ye think I've lost my senses?"

Until the twenty pounds were safe,
She tiff'd at Tim, she ran from Ralph,
Squire nodded . . deuce a curtsy!
Sam thought her mopish, Silas proud,
And Jedediah cried aloud,
"Pray who the devil hurts ye?"

But now the twenty pounds were got,
She knew the fire to boil the pot,
She knew the man to trust to.
I'm glad I gave this tidy lass
(Under my roof) a cheerful glass
(Of water) and a crust too.

Although the seventeenth of May,
It was a raw and misty day
When Ebenezer Smart,
(The miller's lad of Boxholm-mill)
Having obtained her right good-will
And prudent virgin heart,

Led her to church: and Joseph Stead
(The curate of said Boxholm) read
The service; and Will Sands

(The clerk) repeated the response
(They after him) which utter'd once
  Holds fast two plighted hands.

And now they live aside the weir,
And (on my conscience) I declare
  As merrily as larks.
This I can vouch for: I went in
One day and sat upon the bin
  While Peggy hemm'd two sarks.

I do not say two sarks entire,
Collar and wristband; these require
  (I reckon) some time more;
But mainly two stout sarks, the tail
And fore-flap, stiff as coat of mail
  On knight in days of yore.

I told my sister and our maid
(Anne Waddlewell) how long I stayed
  With Peggy: 'twas until her
Dinner-time: we expect, before
Eight or (at most) nine months are o'er,
  Another little miller.

CCXLIII.

SUGGESTED BY HORACE.

Never, my boy, so blush and blink,
Or care a straw what people think,
If you by chance are seen to dally
With that sweet little creature Sally.
Lest by degrees you sidle from her,
I'll quote you Ovid, Horace, Homer.
If the two first are loose, there still is
Authority in proud Achilles;
And never, night or day, could be his
Dignity hurt by dear Briseis.
Altho' I take an interest
In having you and Sally blest,
I know those ancles small and round
Are standing on forbidden ground,
So fear no rivalry to you
In gentlemen of thirty-two.

CCXLIV.

You may or you may not believe
That soldiers have been known to thieve:
The question is not settled well
By what I am about to tell.
Frederick the Great was reigning, when
One of the bravest of his men
Before his majesty was call'd
By two grave priests, and sore appall'd;
For, in despite of every care, he
Took jewels from the Virgin Mary;
And on his person stow'd the same
Where she would never look, for shame.
So thought he; but each wily priest
Would search the wicked knave undrest.
Down dropt the jewels. When they both
Told the same tale, the king, tho' loth
To hang him, very justly said,
"To-morrow, I am much afraid,
The soldier, thus accused, must bleed..
Without your pardon."
"No indeed,"
Said they.
"My fathers!" said the king,
"Let me suggest another thing.
You, as true Catholics, will own
Mary can favour anyone."
"Beyond a doubt."
"And sometimes does it
Where no man ever could suppose it.
The Virgin may have bow'd from heaven,
And what he took she may have given:
For ladies always love the brave,
And Mary is the maid to save.
I can but order that no suitor
Accept from her such gifts in future."

CCXLXV.

An English boy, whose travels lay
  In Italy, had slept at night
Sound as a bishop all the way,
  Till suddenly.. the strangest sight!

Above the upper of the two
  Near ridges of old Appennine,
(Seemingly scarce a good stone-throw)
  A lighted globe began to shine.

"O father! father!" cried the lad,
  "What wicked boys are hereabout!
How wild! how mischievous! how mad!
  Look yonder! let us put it out.

I never saw such a balloon
  So near.. that olive now takes fire!
The corn there crackles!"
"'Tis the Moon,"
  Patting his head, replied the sire.

CCXLVI.

Metellus is a lover: one whose ear
  (I have been told) is duller than his sight.
The day of his departure had drawn near;
  And (meeting her beloved over-night)
Softly and tenderly Corinna sigh'd:
  "Wont you be quite as happy now without me?"
Metellus, in his innocence replied,
  "Corinna! oh Corinna! can you doubt me?"

CCXLVII.

The blackest of grapes, with a footpath hard-by,
Should scarcely be watcht with so watchful an eye
As that kid of a girl whom old Egon has made
His partner for life, nor ashamed, nor afraid.

CCXLVIII.

If hatred of the calm and good,
And quenchless thirst of human blood,
Should rouse a restless race again,
And new Napoleons scour the plain,
Ye arbiters of nations, spare
The land of Rabelais and Molière,

But swing those panthers by the ears
Across the grating of Algiers.

CCXLIX.

Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him? who bid him off?
Invidious or morose! Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much unless 'tis mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed,
While the broad chump leans back against the stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till night.

CCL.

COTTAGE LEFT FOR LONDON.

The covert walk, the mossy apple-trees,
And the long grass that darkens underneath,
I leave for narrow streets and gnats and fleas,
Water unfit to drink and air to breathe.

CCLI.

Come, Sleep! but mind ye! if you come without
The little girl that struck me at the rout,
By Jove! I would not give you half-a-crown
For all your poppy-heads and all your down.

CCLII.

Deep forests hide the stoutest oaks;
Hazels make sticks for market-folks;
He who comes soon to his estate
Dies poor; the rich heir is the late.
Sere ivy shaded Shakspeare's brow;
But Matho is a poet now.

CCLIII.

PIEVANO ARLOTTO.

"I will invite that merry priest
Arlotto for to-morrow's feast,"
Another, quite as merry, said,
"And you shall see his fun repaid.
When dinner's on the board, we 'll draw
(Each of the company) a straw:
The shortest straw shall tap the wine
In cellar, while the others dine:
And now I 'll show how we 'll contrive
He draws the shortest of the five."
They learn their lesson: there are few
Good priests (where eating goes) but do,
From Helgabalus ending with
Humour's pink primate Sydney Smith.
Such food more suits them, truth to speak,
Than heavy joints of tough-grain'd Greek.
Well; all are seated.
"Where 's our Chianti?"
Cries one: "without it feasts are scanty.
We will draw lots then who shall go
And fill the bottles from below."
They drew. Arlotto saw their glee,
And nought discomfited was he.
Down-stairs he went: he brought up two,
And saw his friends (as friends should do)
Enjoying their repast, and then
For the three others went again.
Although there was no long delay,
Dish after dish had waned away.
Minestra, liver fried, and raw
Delicious ham, had plumpt the maw.
Polpetti, roll'd in anise, here
Show their fat sides and disappear.
Salame, too, half mule's half pig's,
Moisten'd with black and yellow figs;
And maccaroni by the ell
From high-uplifted fingers fell.
Garlic and oil and cheese unite
Their concert on the appetite,
Breathing an odour which alone
The laic world might dine upon.
But never think that nought remains
To recompense Arlotto's pains.
There surely was the nicest pie
That ever met Pievano's eye.
Full fifty toes of ducks and geese,
Heads, gizzards, windpipes, soakt in grease,
Were in that pie, and thereupon
Sugar and salt and cinnamon;
Kid which, while living, any goat
Might look at twice and never know't;
A quarter of grill'd turkey, scored
And lean as a backgammon board,
And dark as Saint Bartholomew,
And quite as perfectly done through.
Birds that, two minutes since, were quails,
And a stupendous stew of snails.
"Brother Arlotto!" said the host,
"Here 's yet a little of our roast.
Brother Arlotto! never spare."
Arlotto gaily took his chair
And readily fell to: but soon
He struck the table with a spoon,
Exclaiming, "Brother! let us now
Draw straws again. Who runs below
To stop the casks? for very soon
Little is there within, or none."
Far flies the napkin, and our host
Is down the cellar-stairs.
"All lost!
Santa Maria! The Devil's own trick!
Scoffer! blasphemer! heretick!
Broaching (by all the Saints) five casks
Only to fill as many flasks!
Methinks the trouble had been small
To have replaced the plugs in all."
Arlotto heard and answer'd. "You
Forgot to tell me what to do.
But let us say no more, because
We should not quarrel about *straws*.
If you must play your pranks, at least
Don't play 'em with a brother priest."

CCLIV.

God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.
Upon my honour! Melville cries;
He swears, and lies;
Does Melville then break God's commandment?
No.

CCLV.

Does your voice never fail you in singing a song
So false and so spiteful on us who are young?
When, lady, as surely as you are alive
We are seldom inconstant till seventy-five,
And altho' I have question'd a hundred such men,
They never would say why we should be so then.
In another six years I shall know all about it;
But some knowledge is vain, and we do best
without it.

CCLVI.

Clap, clap the double nightcap on!
Gifford will read you his amours,
Lazy as Scheld and cold as Don;
Kneel, and thank Heaven they are not yours.

CCLVII.

FLOWERS SENT IN BAY-LEAVES.

I leave for you to disunite
Frail flowers and lasting bays:
One, let me hope, you 'll wear to-night
The other all your days.

CCLVIII.

"I 'm half in love," he who with smiles hath said
In love will never be.
Whoe'er, "I 'm not in love," and shakes his head,
In love too sure is he.

CCLIX.

SEVERE WINTER.

Such rapid jerks, such rude grimaces,
Such lengthened eyes, such crumpled faces,
Grinning with such a stress and wrench,
One fancies all the world is French.

CCLX.

I remember the time ere his temples were grey,
And I frown'd at the things he'd the boldness to say,
But now he 's grown old he may say what he will,
I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.

Indeed I must say he 's a little improved,
For he watches no longer the slily beloved,
No longer as once he awakens my fears,
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late, it has never transpired,
For his only delight is to see me admired;
And now pray what better return can I make
Than to flirt and be always admired . . for his
sake.

CCLXI.

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Heavily is Tsing-Ti laden
With one love, and three-score woes.
Sweeter than the herb Yu-lu,
Or the flowering Lan, are you . .
What long eyes! and what small nose!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sands that your short feet have stray'd on
Turn to musk or ambergrise:
Every other girl's seem longer,
Ay, and darker, than a conger,
And they only make me sneeze.

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
All the verses ever laid on
Beauty's tea-tray, would fall short
Of your manifold perfection . .
And alas my recollection
Can perform but little for't!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sadly do I want your aid in
Summing up amount so rich:
But if any little thing
Should escape your sigh-sore Tsing
Call him back, and show him which.

CCLXII.

"Fear God!" says Percival: and when you hear
Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear:
If in such awful accents he should say,
"Fear lovely Innocence!" you 'd run away.

CCLXIII.

Yesterday, at the sessions held in Buckingham,
The Reverend Simon Shutwood, famed for tucking
ham
And capon into his appointed maw,
Gravely discust a dreadful breach of law,
And then committed to the county jail
(After a patient hearing) William Flail:
For that he, Flail, one day last week,
Was seen maliciously to sneak
And bend his body by the fence
Of his own garden, and from thence
Abstract, out of a noose, a hare,
Which he unlawfully found there;
Against the peace (as may be seen
In Burn and Blackstone) of the queen.
He, question'd thereupon, in short
Could give no better reason for 't,
Than that his little boys and he
Did often in the morning see
Said hare and sundry other hares
Nibbling on certain herbs of theirs.
Teddy, the seventh of the boys,
Counted twelve rows, fine young savoys,
Bit to the ground by them, and out
Of ne'er a plant a leaf to sprout:
And Sam, the youngest lad, did think
He saw a couple at a pink.
"Come!" cried the reverend, "come, confess!"
Flail answered "I will do no less.

Puss we did catch; puss we did eat;
It was her turn to give the treat.
Nor overmuch was there for eight o' us
With a half-gallon o' potatoes:
Eight; for our Sue lay sick abed,
And poor dear Bessy with the dead."
"We can not listen to such idle words,"
The reverend said. "The hares are all my lord's.
Have you no more, my honest friend, to say
Why we should not commit you, and straightway?"
Whereat Will Flail
Grew deadly pale,
And cried, "If you are so severe on me,
An ignorant man, and poor as poor can be,
O Mister Shutwood! what would you have done
If you had caught God's blessed only Son,
When he broke off (in land not his, they say)
That ear of barley on the Sabbath-day?
Sweet Jesus! in the prison he had died,
And never for our sins been crucified."
With the least gouty of two doe-skin feet
The reverend stampt, then cried in righteous heat,
"Constable! take that man down-stairs,
He quotes the Scripture and eats hares."

CCLXIV.

Two cackling mothers hatch two separate broods
Of patriots; neither shall infest my house.
I shun the noisier, but I loathe far more
Patriots with tags about their carcases
Bedolled with bits of ribbon and rag-lace,
Or dangling, dainty, jewel'd crucifix
The puft heart's pride, and not its purifier.
Limbs, lives, and fortunes, all before the king,
Until he ask the hazard of the same;
Then the two broods unite, one step, one voice,
For their dear country in its sad estate.

CCLXV.

TO THE RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD HENRY LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

Baronial apostolic sir!
If our poor limping church must stir,
I who am zealous for your order
From the cope-point to bottom border,
And lower my eyes before the surplice,
But bear most reverence where most purple is,
Ready my very soul to pawn
Where I have pinn'd my faith, on lawn.
I supplicate you to advise
Your children, changing their disguise,
They put on one that does not show
So very much of dirt below.

CCLXVI.

One tooth has Mummius; but in sooth
No man has such another tooth:
Such a prodigious tooth would do
To moor the bark of Charon to,
Or, better than the Sinai stone,
To grave the Ten Commandments on.

CCLXVII.

A little cornet of dragoons,
Immerst in gilded pantaloons,
To kiss consenting Helen aim'd:
He rais'd his head, but 'twas so low,
She cried, (and pusht away her beau,)
"Go, creature! are you not ashamed?"

CCLXVIII.

Does it become a girl so wise,
So exquisite in harmonies,
To ask me when do I intend
To write a sonnet? What? my friend!
A sonnet? Never. Rhyme o'erflows
Italian, which hath scarcely prose;
And I have larded full three-score
With *sorte, morte, cuor, amor.*
But why should we, altho' we have
Enough for all things, gay or grave,
Say, on your conscience, why should we
Who draw deep seans along the sea,
Cut them in pieces to beset
The shallows with a cabbage-net?
Now if you ever ask again
A thing so troublesome and vain,
By all your charms! before the morn,
To show my anger and my scorn,
First I will write your name a-top,
Then from this very ink shall drop
A score of sonnets; every one
Shall call you star, or moon, or sun,
Till, swallowing such warm-water verse,
Even sonnet-sippers sicken worse.

CCLXIX.

TO H.

Snappish and captious, ever prowling
For something to excite thy growling;
He who can bear thee must be one
Gentle to beasts as Waterton.

CCLXX.

To Rose and to Sophy
A column and trophy
Ascend at the summons of viols and flutes,
For adding to day,
On the coast of Torbay,
To the Army of Martyrs a hundred recruits.

CCLXXI.

Sighs must be grown less plentiful,
Or else my senses are more dull.
Where are they all? These many years
Only my own have reacht my ears.

CCLXXII.

Plants the most beauteous love the water's brink,
Opening their bosoms at young Zephyr's sighs.
Maidens, come hither: see with your own eyes
How many are trod down, how many sink.

CCLXXIII.

Time past I thought it worth my while
To hunt all day to catch a smile:
Now ladies do not smile, but laugh,
I like it not so much by half;
And yet perhaps it might be shown
A laugh is but a smile full-blown.

CCLXXIV.

Each year bears something from us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our sighs.

CCLXXV.

Idle and light are many things you see
In these my closing pages: blame not me.
However rich and plenteous the repast,
Nuts, almonds, biscuits, wafers, come at last.

CCLXXVI.

In wrath a youth was heard to say,
"From girl so false I turn away.
By all that's sacred, ice shall burn
And suns shall freeze ere I return."
But as he went, at least one finger
Within her hand was found to linger;
One foot, that should outstrip the wind,
(But only one) drew loads behind.

CCLXXVII.

SIDDONS AND HER MAID.

Siddons. I leave, and unreluctant, the repast:
The herb of China is its crown at last.
Maiden! hast thou a thimble in thy gear?
Maid. Yes, missus, yes.
Siddons. Then, maiden, place it here,
With penetrated penetrating eyes.
Maid. Mine? missus! are they?
Siddons. Child! thou art unwise.
Of needles', not of woman's, eyes I spake.
Maid. O dear me! missus! what a sad mistake!
Siddons. Now canst thou tell me what was that which led
Athenian Theseus into labyrinth dread?
Maid. He never told me: I can't say, not I,
Unless, may-hap, 'twas curiosity.
Siddons. Fond maiden!
Maid. No, upon my conscience, madam!
If I was fond of 'em I might have had 'em.
Siddons. Avoid! avaunt! beshrew me! 'tis in vain
That Shakspeare's language germinates again.

CCLXXVIII.

LETTER-LAND.

Slaves-merchants, scalpers, cannibals, agree . .
In *Letter-land* no brotherhood must be,
If there were living upon earth but twain,
One would be Abel and the other Cain.

CCLXXIX.

I've never seen a book of late
But there is in it *palmy state.*
To realm or city you apply
The palm, and think it raised thereby.
Yet always does the palmy crown
On every side hang loosely down,
And its lank shade falls chiefly on
Robber or reptile, sand or stone.
Compare it with the Titan groves
Where, east or west, the savage roves,
Its highth and girth before them dwindle
Into the measure of a spindle.
But often you would make it bend
To some young poet, if your friend.
Look at it first, or you may fit
Your poet-friend too well with it.
The head of palm-tree is *so-so,*
And bare or ragged all below.
If it suits anything, I wist
It suits the archæologist.
To him apply the palmy state
Whose fruit is nothing but a *date.*

CCLXXX.

A MASK ON A RING.

Forster! you who never wore
Any kind of mask before;
Yet, by holy friendship! take
This, and wear it for my sake.

CCLXXXI.

I would give something, O Apollo!
Thy radiant course o'er earth to follow,
And fill it up with light and song,
But rather would be always young.
Since that perhaps thou canst not give,
By me let those who love me live.

CCLXXXII.

ON A PORTRAIT.

Dauber! if thou shouldst ever stray
Along Idalia's mossy way,
Heedless what deities are there,
And whom they view with fondest care,
At thee for this shall Venus pout,
And all three Graces push thee out.

CCLXXXIII.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!

CCLXXXIV.

Is it not better at an early hour
In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,
Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to bed?

CCLXXXV.

TO JULIUS HARE, WITH "PERICLES AND ASPASIA."

Julius, of three rare brothers, my fast friends,
The latest known to me! Aspasia comes
With him, high-helmeted and trumpet-tongued,
Who loved her. Well thou knowest all his worth,
Valuing him most for trophies rear'd to Peace,
For generous friendships, like thy own, for Arts
Ennobled by protection, not debased.
Hence, worthless ones! throne-cushions, puft, inert,
Verminous, who degrade with patronage
Bargain'd for, ere dealt out! The stone that flew
In splinters from the chisel when the hand
Of Phidias wielded it, the chips of stone
Weigh with me more than they do. To thy house
Comes Pericles. Receive the friend of him
Whose horses started from the Parthenon
To traverse seas and neigh upon our strand.
From pleasant Italy my varied page,
Where many men and many ages meet,
Julius! thy friendly hand long since received.
Accept my last of labours and of thanks.
He who held mute the joyous and the wise
With wit and eloquence, whose tomb (afar
From all his friends and all his countrymen)
Saddens the light Palermo, to thy care
Consign'd it; knowing that whate'er is great
Needs not the looming of a darker age,
Nor knightly mail nor scymetar begemm'd.
Stepping o'er all this lumber, where the steel
Is shell'd with rust, and the thin gold worm'd out
From its meandering waves, he took the scroll,
And read aloud what sage and poet spake
In sunnier climes; thou heardest it well pleas'd;
For Truth from conflict rises more elate
And lifts a brighter torch, beheld by more.
Call'd to befriend me by fraternal love,
Thou pausedst in thy vigorous march amid
The German forests of wide-branching thought,
Deep, intricate, whence voices shook all France,
Whence Blucher's soldiers heard the trumpet-tongue
And knew the footstep of Tyrtæan Arndt.

CCLXXXVI.

TO SOUTHEY.

There are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulph the poet; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey! mount
Up to these teachers; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
Yet mortals see his stedfast stately course
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
He knows the swineherd; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous's cypresses;
He covers with his aged black-vein'd hand
The plumy crest that frighten'd and made cling
To its fond-mother the ill-fated child;
He walks along Olympus with the Gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simöis glides into the sea.
They who step high and swing their arms, soon tire.
The glorious Theban then?
The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paus'd, deserves more praise
Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak,
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up
And with the dust and straws are swept away;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light-bodied Fancy, Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs
Where none but insects find their nutriment;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.
Great is that poet, great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggle hard with Poverty,
He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

CCLXXXVII.

Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,
Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
In every utterance of that purest soul!
Few are the spirits of the glorified
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven.

CCLXXXVIII.

TO ANDREW JACKSON.

Happy may be the land
Where mortals with their eyes uplifted stand
While Eloquence her thunder rolls:
Happier, where no deceptive light
Bursts upon Passion's stormy night,
Guiding to rocks and shoals.
Happiest of all, where Man shall lay
His limbs at their full length, nor overcast
The sky above his head, but the pure ray
Shines brighter on the future than the past.
Look, look into the east afar,
Refulgent western Star!
And where the fane of Pallas stands,
Rear'd to her glory by his hands,
Thou, altho' nowhere else, shalt see
A statesman and a chief like thee.

How rare the sight, how grand!
Behold the golden scales of Justice stand
Well balanced in a mailed hand!
Following the calm Deliverer of Mankind,
In thee again we find
This spectacle renew'd.
Glory altho' there be
To leave thy country free,
Glory had reacht not there her plenitude.

Up, every son of Afric soil,
Ye worn and weary hoist the sail,
For your own glebes and garners toil
With easy plough and lightsome flail:
A father's home ye never knew,
A father's home your sons shall have from you.*
Enjoy your palmy groves, your cloudless day,
Your world that demons tore away.
Look up! look up! the flaming sword
Hath vanisht! and behold your Paradise restored.
Never was word more bold
Than through thy cities ran,
Let gold be weighed for gold,
Let man be weighed for man.
Thou spakest it; and therefore praise
Shall crown thy later as thy earlier days,
And braid more lovely this last wreath shall bind.
Where purest is the heart's atmosphere
Atlantic Ruler! there
Shall men discern at last the loftiest mi d.
Rise, and assert thy trust!
Enforcing to be just,
The race to whom alone
Of Europe's sons was never known
(In mart or glade)
The image of the heavenly maid
Astræa; she hath called thee; go
Right onward, and with tranchant prow
The hissing foam of Gallic faith cut thro'.

CCLXXXIX.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Those who have laid the harp aside
And turn'd to idler things,
From very restlessness have tried
The loose and dusty strings,
And, catching back some favorite strain,
Run with it o'er the chords again.

But Memory is not a Muse,
O Wordsworth! though 'tis said
They all descend from her, and use
To haunt her fountain-head:
That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of Poesie,

Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing under hardened hand,
With attic emery and oil,
The shining point for Wisdom's wand,
Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.

* This prophecy was unfulfilled.

Without his governance, in vain
Manhood is strong, and Youth is bold.
If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain
Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold
Beneath his pinions deep and frore,
And swells and melts and flows no more,
That is because the heat beneath
Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch of Death,
Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the dead;
Unturn'd then let the mass remain,
Intractable to sun or rain.

A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,
And showing but the broken sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the day,
Where youthful Fancy pouts alone
And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.

He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say, "I'll do what I have plann'd,"
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polisht pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device
Thou raisest every edifice,
Whether in sheltered vale it stand
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid the cypresses that mourn
Laodameia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the space
Listed for mortal's earthly race;
We both have crost life's fervid line,
And other stars before us shine:
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for us!
Our course by Milton's light was sped,
And Shakspeare shining overhead:
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever crost our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he;
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with and conquers Time.
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I left much prouder company;
Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one: and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
When 'mid their light thy light appears.

CCXC.

TO THE COMTESSE DE MOLANDE, ABOUT TO MARRY THE DUC DE LUXEMBOURG.

Say ye that years roll on and ne'er return?
Say ye the Sun who leaves them all behind,
Their great creator, can not bring one back
With all his force, tho' he draw worlds around?
Witness me, little streams that meet before

My happy dwelling; witness Africo
And Mensola! that ye have seen at once
Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright
As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,
When the tall cypress o'er the Doccia
Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.
Go, and go happy, light of my past days,
Consoler of my present! thou whom Fate
Alone could sever from me! One step higher
Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:
Friendship with faltering accent says "Depart,
And take the highest seat below the crown'd."

CCXCI.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Since in the terrace-bower we sate
While Arno gleam'd below,
And over sylvan Massa late
Hung Cynthia's slender bow,
Years after years have past away
Less light and gladsome; why
Do those we most implore to stay
Run ever swiftest by!

CCXCII.

Unjust are they who argue me unjust
To thee, O France! Did ever man delight
More cordially in him who held the hearts
Of beasts to his, and searcht into them all,
And took their wisdom, giving it profuse
To man, who gave them little in return,
And only kept their furs and teeth and claws.
What comic scenes are graceful, saving thine?
Where is philosophy like thy Montaigne's!
Religion, like thy Fenelon's? Sublime
In valour's self-devotion were thy men,
Thy women far sublimer: but foul stains
At last thou bearest on thy plume; thy steps
Follow false honour, deviating from true.
A broken word bears on it worse disgrace
Than broken sword; erewhile thou knewest this.
Thou huggest thy enslaver: on his tomb
What scrolls! what laurels! Are there any bound
About the braver Corday's? Is one hymn
Chaunted in prayers or praises to the Maid
To whom all maidens upon earth should bend,
Who at the gate of Orleans broke thy chain?

CCXCIII.

TO LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK.

No, Teresita, never say
That uncle Landor's worthless lay
Shall find its place among your treasures.
Altho' his heart is not grown old,
Yet are his verses far too cold
For bridal bowers or festive measures.
He knows you lovely, thinks you wise,
And still shall think so if your eyes
Seek not in noisier paths to roam;
But rest upon your forest-green,
And find that life runs best between
A tender love and tranquil home.

CCXCIV.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

By that dejected city Arno runs
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons;
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes
Return'd as bright a blue to vernal skies;
And thence, sweet infant wanderer! when the Spring
Advanced, the Hours brought thee on silent wing,
Brought (while anemones were quivering round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground)
Where stands fair Florence: there thy voice first blest
My ears, and sank like balm into my breast.
For many griefs had wounded it, and more
Thy little hands could lighten, were in store.
But why revert to griefs? thy sculptur'd brow
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.
What then the bliss to see again thy face
And all that rumour has announced of grace!
I urge with fevered breast the coming day..
O could I sleep and wake again in May!

CCXCV.

TO THEODOSIA GARROW.

Unworthy are these poems of the lights
That now run over them; nor brief the doubt
In my own breast, if such should interrupt
(Or follow so irreverently) the voice
Of Attic men, of women such as thou,
Of sages no less sage than heretofore,
Of pleaders no less eloquent, of souls
Tender no less, or tuneful, or devout.
Unvalued, even by myself, are they,
Myself who rear'd them; but a high command
Marshall'd them in their station: here they are;
Look round; see what supports these parasites.
Stinted in growth and destitute of odour,
They grow where young Ternissa held her guide,
Where Solon awed the ruler; there they grow,
Weak as they are, on cliffs that few can climb.
None to thy steps are inaccessible,
Theodosia! wakening Italy with song
Deeper than Filicaia's, or than his
The triple deity of plastic art.
Mindful of Italy and thee, crown'd maid!
I lay this sere frail garland at thy feet..

CCXCVI.

TO ANDREW CROSSE.

Altho' with Earth and Heaven you deal
As equal, and without appeal,
And bring beneath your ancient roof
Records of all they do, and proof,
No right have you, sequester'd Crosse,
To make the Muses weep your loss.
A poet were you long before
Gems from the struggling air you tore,
And bade the far-off flashes play
About your woods, and light your way.

With languour and disease oppress,
And years, that crush the tuneful breast,
Southey, the pure of soul is mute!
Hoarse whistles Wordsworth's watery flute,
Which mourn'd with loud indignant strains
The famisht Black * in Corsic chains:
Nor longer do the girls for Moore
Jilt Horace as they did before.
He sits contented to have won
The rose-wreath from Anacreon,
And bears to see the orbs grow dim
That shone with blandest light on him.
Others there are whose future day
No slender glories shall display;
But you would think me worse than tame
To find me stringing name on name,
And I would rather call aloud
On Andrew Crosse than stem the crowd.
Now chiefly female voices rise
(And sweet are they) to cheer our skies.
Suppose you warm these chilly days
With samples from your fervid lays.
Come! courage! man! and don't pretend
That every verse cuts off a friend,
And that in simple truth you fain
Would rather not give poets pain.
The lame excuse will never do . .
Philosophers can envy too.

CCXCVII.

TO A LADY.

Sweet are the siren songs on eastern shores,
To songs as sweet are pull'd our English oars;
And farther upon ocean venture forth
The lofty sails that leave the wizard north.

* Among the noblest of Wordsworth's Sonnets (the finest in any language, excepting a few of Milton's) is that on Toussaint L'Ouverture. He has exposed in other works the unmanly artifices and unprofitable cruelties of the murderer who consummated his crime by famine, when the dampness of a subterranean prison was too slow in its operation. Nothing is so inexplicable as that any honest and intelligent man should imagine the heroic or the sagacious in Buonaparte. He was the only great gambler unaware that the player of *double or quits*, unless he discontinues, must be loser. In Spain he held more by peace than he could seize by war; yet he went to war. Haiti he might have united inseparably to France, on terms the most advantageous and the most honourable, but he was indignant that a black should exercise the functions of a white, that a deliverer should be his representative, and that a delegate should possess the affections of a people, although trustworthy beyond suspicion. What appears to others his greatest crime appears to me among the least, the death of D'Enghien. Whoever was plotting to subvert his government might justly be seized and slain by means as occult. Beside, what are all the Bourbons that ever existed in comparison with Toussaint L'Ouverture? His assassin was conscious of the *mistake*; he committed none so fatal to his reputation, though many more pernicious to his power. If he failed so utterly with such enormous means as never were wielded by any man before, how would he have encountered the difficulties that were surmounted by Frederick of Prussia and by Hyder Ali? These are the Hannibal and Sertorius of modern times. They were not, perhaps, much better men than Buonaparte, but politically and militarily they were much wiser; for they calculated how to win what they wanted, and they contrived how to keep what they won.

Altho' by fits so dense a cloud of smoke
Puffs from his sappy and ill-season'd oak,
Yet, as the *Spirit of the Dream* draws near,
Remembered loves make Byron's self sincere.
The puny heart within him swells to view,
The man grows loftier and the poet too.
When War sweeps nations down with iron wings,
Alcæus never sang as Campbell sings;
And, caught by playful wit and graceful lore,
The Muse invoked by Horace bends to Moore.
Theirs, not *my* verses, come I to repeat,
So draw the footstool nearer to your feet.

CCXCVIII.

Onward, right onward, gallant James, nor heed
The plunging prancers of a grease-heel'd breed.
Onward, our leader thro' the tower-lit scenes
Of genial Froissart and of grave Commines.
Minisht by death, by sickness, and by pain,
Poictiers sends forth her glorious few again:
Again o'er pennons gay and hawberks bright
The sable armour shines in morning light:
And cries of triumph from the brave and true,
And those who best reward them, swell for you.

CCXCIX.

TO CZARTORYSKI, ATTENDING ON FOOT THE FUNERAL OF THE POET MENINCIVICZ.

In Czartoryski I commend
The patriot's guide, the poet's friend.
King, sprung of kings, yet great and good
As any pure from royal blood;
O'er genius not ashamed to bear
The pall, or shed at home the tear.
Thou, who hast shown us how the great
Are greater in their fallen state,
Another rare example give . .
That kings, uncurst by men, may live,
And Poland by thy light shall see
One nation in wide Europe free.

CCC.

TO MY DAUGHTER IN ITALY, AT CHRISTMAS.

Where is, ah where! the citron bloom
That threw its fragrance o'er my room?
Where, white magnolia-cup entwined
With pliant myrtle's ruddy rind?
Julia, with you the flowers are gay,
And cluster round the shortest day.
Little at Fiesole ye know
Of holly, less of mistleto;
Such as the Druid priest of yore
To grim god-monsters grimly bore.
Run: from her pouting infants call
The musk-rose at our chapel-wall;
Run, bring the violets up, that blow
Along the banks of Africo;
And tell them, every soul, they must
Bend their coy heads and kiss my bust.
Christmas is come: on such a day
Give the best thoughts fair room for play,
And all the Sabbath dance and sing
In honour of your new-born king.

CCCI.

TO MISS ISABELLA PERCY.

If that old hermit laid to rest
  Beneath your chapel-floor,
Could leave the regions of the blest
  And visit earth once more:
If human sympathies could warm
  His tranquil breast again,
Your innocence that breast could charm,
  Perhaps your beauty pain.

CCCII.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Go then to Italy; but mind
To leave the pale low France behind;
Pass through that country, nor ascend
The Rhine, nor over Tyrol wend:
Thus all at once shall rise more grand
The glories of the ancient land.
  Dickens! how often, when the air
Breath'd genially, I've thought me there,
And rais'd to heaven my thankful eyes
To see three spans of deep blue skies.
  In Genoa now I hear a stir,
A shout . . *Here comes the Minister!*
Yes, thou art he, although not sent
By cabinet or parliament:
Yes, thou art he. Since Milton's youth
Bloom'd in the Eden of the South,
Spirit so pure and lofty none
Hath heavenly Genius from his throne
Deputed on the banks of Thames
To speak his voice and urge his claims.
Let every nation know from thee
How less than lovely Italy
Is the whole world beside; let all
Into their grateful breasts recall
How Prospero and Miranda dwelt
In Italy: the griefs that melt
The stoniest heart, each sacred tear
One lacrymatory gathered here;
All Desdemona's, all that fell
In playful Juliet's bridal cell.
  Ah! could my steps in life's decline
Accompany or follow thine!
But my own vines are not for me
To prune, or from afar to see.
I miss the tales I used to tell
With cordial Hare and joyous Gell,
And that good old Archbishop whose
Cool library, at evening's close
(Soon as from Ischia swept the gale
And heav'd and left the dark'ning sail)
Its lofty portal opened wide
To me, and very few beside:
Yet large his kindness. Still the poor
Flock round Taranto's palace-door,
And find no other to replace
The noblest of a noble race.
Amid our converse you would see
Each with white cat upon his knee,
And flattering that grand company:
For Persian kings might proudly own
Such glorious cats to share the throne.
  Write me few letters: I 'm content
With what for all the world is meant;
Write then for all: but, since my breast
Is far more faithful than the rest,
Never shall any other share
With little Nelly nestling there.

CCCIII.

ON SEEING A LADY SIT FOR HER PORTRAIT.

The basket upon which thy fingers bend,
  Thou mayst remember in my Tuscan hall,
When the glad children, gazing on a friend,
  From heedless arm let high-piled peaches fall
  On the white marble, splashing to the wall.

Oh, were they present at this later hour!
  Could they behold the form whole realms admire
Lean with such grace o'er cane and leaf and flower,
  Happy once more would they salute their sire,
  Nor wonder that her name still rests upon his lyre.

CCCIV.

TO MISS POWER.

I can not very plainly tell
What hair the nearest yours may dwell,
When with the sweetest blossoms Love
Shall decorate the blest alcove,
Which he alone hath skill to raise
And shelter from all stormy days.

But, lady fair, the reason why
Its colour hath escaped the eye,
Is, that your laurel quite obscures
The hair that ventures nearest yours.*

CCCV.

TO SOUTHEY, 1833.

Indweller of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged erewhile by white-hair'd Dane;
Rare architect of many a wondrous tale,
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall
  remain!

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,
And see methinks the lake below
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair
And radiant than the purest waters are,
Even when gurgling in their joy among
The bright and blessed throng
Whom, on her arm recline,†
The beauteous Proserpine
With tenderest regretful gaze,
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.
  Alas! that snows are shed
  Upon thy laurel'd head,

---

* Irish country-girls believe that, when they first hear the cuckoo, if they turn up the nearest stone, they will find a hair under it of the same colour as their future husband's.

† So Milton: *Par. Lost*, B. iv., v. 333,

"sidelong as they sat, *recline*
On the soft downy bank, damaskt with flowers."

Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!
Malignity lets none
Approach the Delphic throne;
A hundred lane-fed curs bark down Fame's hundred tongues.
But this is in the night, when men are slow
To raise their eyes, when high and low,
The scarlet and the colourless, are one:
Soon Sleep unbars his noiseless prison,
And active minds again are risen;
Where are the curs? dream-bound, and whimpering in the sun.

At fife's or lyre's or tabor's sound
The dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round,
But closes at the bottom of the room
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
Where the weary sit them down,
And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends;
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends!
When we are come to it, the stream
Is not so dreary as they deem
Who look on it from haunts too dear;
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air!

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
To poet, sage, or hero given:
No heart more tender, none more just
To that He largely placed in trust:
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the Eternal throne,
And hear, in God's own voice, "Well done."

Not, were that submarine
Gem-lighted city mine,
Wherein my name, engraven by thy hand,
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand;
Not, were all Syracuse
Pour'd forth before my Muse,
With Hiero's cars and steeds, and Pindar's lyre
Brightening the path with more than solar fire,
Could I, as would beseem, requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from thy most lofty lays.

CCCVI.

TO BARRY CORNWALL.

Barry! your spirit long ago
Has haunted me; at last I know
The heart it sprung from: one more sound
Ne'er rested on poetic ground.
But, Barry Cornwall! by what right
Wring you my breast and dim my sight,
And make me wish at every touch
My poor old hand could do as much?
No other in these later times
Has bound me in so potent rhymes.
I have observed the curious dress
And jewelry of brave Queen Bess,
But always found some o'ercharged thing,
Some flaw in even the brightest ring,
Admiring in her men of war,
A rich but too argute guitar.
Our foremost now are more prolix,
And scrape with three-fell fiddlesticks,
And, whether bound for griefs or smiles,
Are slow to turn as crocodiles.
Once, every court and country bevy
Chose the gallant of loins less heavy,
And would have laid upon the shelf
Him who could talk but of himself.
Reason is stout, but even Reason
May walk too long in Rhyme's hot season.
I have heard many folks aver
They have caught horrid colds with her.
Imagination's paper kite,
Unless the string is held in tight,
Whatever fits and starts it takes,
Soon bounces on the ground, and breaks.
You, placed afar from each extreme,
Nor dully drowse nor wildly dream,
But, ever flowing with good-humour,
Are bright as spring and warm as summer.
Mid your Penates not a word
Of scorn or ill-report is heard;
Nor is there any need to pull
A sheaf or truss from cart too full,
Lest it overload the horse, no doubt,
Or clog the road by falling out.
We, who surround a common table,
And imitate the fashionable,
Wear each two eye-glasses: *this* lens
Shows us our faults, *that* other men's.
We do not care how dim may be
This by whose aid our own we see,
But, ever anxiously alert
That all may have their whole desert,
We would melt down the stars and sun
In our heart's furnace, to make one
Thro' which the enlighten'd world might spy
A mote upon a brother's eye.

CCCVII.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL W. NAPIER.

Napier! take up anew thy pen,
To mark the deeds of mighty men.
And whose more glorious canst thou trace
Than heroes of thy name and race?
No other house hath ever borne
So many of them to adorn
The annals of our native land
In virtue, wisdom, and command.
But foremost, and to thee most near,
Is he who vanquisht the Ameer.
And when before his feet was laid
By fallen power the thirteenth blade,
With every hilt more rich in gems
Than Europe's kingly diadems,
Then, and then only, did he stoop
To take the spoils of victory up,
That he might render each again
To hands which wielded them in vain.

"Is this the race of Clive?" cried they:
"Did Hastings exercise such sway?"
They since have seen him rais'd not more
In pride or splendour than before,
And studious but to leave behind
The blessing of just laws to Scinde.
Therefore do thou, if health permit,
Add one page more to Holy Writ.
Such is the page wherein are shown
The fragments of a bloody throne,
And peace and happiness restor'd
By their old enemy the sword.
Hasten, my friend, the work begun,
For daily dimmer grows our sun,
And age, if farther off from thee,
Creeps on, though imperceptibly.
Some call him slow, some find him fast,
But all he overtakes at last,
Unless they run and will not wait,
But overleap life's flower-twined gate.
We may not leave the lighted town
Again to tread our turfy down,
Thence tracing Avon's misty white,
The latest object seiz'd by Night,
Nor part at Claverton when Jove
Is the sole star we see above;
Yet friends for evermore. If War
Had rear'd me a triumphal car,
Imperfect would have been my pride
Unless he plac'd thee close beside,
And shouts like these the skies might rend,
"See the brave man he chose for friend!"

CCCVIII.

TO MATHEW AND WOLFF.

Who are those men that pass us? men well-girt
For voyaging; of aspect meek, of breath
Ardent, of eyes that only look to heaven.
I must perforce abase before them mine,
Unworthy to behold them; I must check
Praise, which they would not from men's lip receive,
But that men call for it, throughout all lands,
Throughout all ages.
Hail, deliverers
From sin, from every other thraldom! Hail
Theobald! his true servant. Nor do thou
Suspend thy step, urged by God's voice, to press
Past Taurus, past the Caspian, past the groves
Of Samarcand, thrilling with Persian song,
To where Bokhara's noisome prisons hold
Indomitable hearts, to perish there
Unless thou save them: but thine too may rot
Beside them, whether timely or too late
Thou plungest into that deep well of woe.
Wolff! there was one who bore thy glorious name
Before thee; one who rais'd from foul disgrace
The British flag, and won the western world:
Brave man! and happy in his death! but thou
In life art happier nor less brave than he.
I will believe that Christianity
(Merciful God! forgive the manifold
Adulteries with her valets and her grooms,
Rank gardeners and wheezing manciples!)
Is now of service to the earth she curst
With frauds perpetual, intermittent fires,
And streams of blood that intersect the globe:
I will believe it: none shall kill my faith
While men like thee are with us. Kings conspire
Against their God, and raise up images
Arrayed in purple all befringed with gold,
For blindfold men to worship, and ordain
That flocks and herds and corn, nay, common grass,
Nay, what the rivers and the seas throw up,
Be laid before them for their revelry.
The twisted columns are grand ornaments;
Yet all their foliage, all their fruitage, lends
Support but feeble to the dome above.
Ye pass bareheaded under open heaven,
Under the torrid and the frozen sky,
To preach the word of truth, to snatch the soul
From death, the captive from his double chain:
Therefore be glory to you both on high,
On earth (what none so deeply sigh for) peace!

CCCIX.

TO MICHELET ON HIS "PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES."

Michelet! Time urges me down life's descent,
Yet suffers me to breathe and look abroad
And view one object, grand and luminous,
In the clear south: 'tis thou; apart, alone,
Brave combatant, above all bravery
Of proudest battle-field! No eloquence
In thy own land, altho' that land pour'd forth
From Paschal and from Bossuet such as Rome
And Athens never heard, is warm as thine.
To raise the feeble, to abase the proud,
To strike the mask from frockt Hypocrisy,
Is worthy of thy genius. Deign to hear
One more applauder. If unfit to judge
How far above all others of our day
Thou standest, how much higher every hour
Will come to raise thee, deign to hear a voice
That faulters with thy own, while that large heart
Swells o'er a mother's dust. Albeit too poor
Wert thou to bury her, the glorious son
Hath now erected over her a tomb
Such as, with all his wealth, no king to king,
No grateful nation to protector rais'd.

CCCX.

TO MICHELET ON HIS "PEOPLE."

I prais'd thee, Michelet, whom I saw
At Reason's Feast, by Right and Law.
Must then, when Discord's voice hath ceast,
And when the faggot fails the priest,
All present Frenchmen, like all past,
Cry for a lap of blood at last?

CCCXI.

TO MACAULAY.

The dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of woman-kind,
Who win their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead.
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns,
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

CCCXII.

TO JOHN KENYON.

So, Kenyon, thou lover of frolic and laughter,
We meet in a place where we never were sad.
But who knows what destiny waits us hereafter,
How little or much of the pleasures we had!

The leaves of perhaps our last autumn are falling;
Half-spent is the fire that may soon cease to burn;
How many are absent who heed not our calling!
Alas, and how many who can not return!

Now, ere you are one of them, puff from before you
The sighs and entreaties that sadden Torquay:
A score may cling round you, and one may adore you;
If so, the more reason to hurry away.

CCCXIII.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer: and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakspeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes'
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine highths thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

CCCXIV.

TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?
He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak
Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

CCCXV.

TO JOSEPH ABLETT.

Lord of the Celtic dells,
Where Clwyd listens as his minstrel tells
Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance
The plumes of flashy France,
Or, in dark region far across the main,
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,
Until their steel-clad spirits reappear;
How happy were the hours that held
Thy friend (long absent from his native home)
Amid thy scenes with thee! how wide a-field
From all past cares and all to come!

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp, what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope;
What Genius, that should cope
With the heart-whispers in that path
Winding so idly, where the idler stream
Flings at the white-hair'd poplars gleam for gleam?

Ablett, of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,
Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together. Wisely spent
Are they alone that leave the soul content.

Together we have visited the men
Whom Pictish pirates vainly would have drown'd;
Ah, shall we ever clasp the hand again
That gave the British harp its truest sound?
Live, Derwent's guest! and thou by Grasmere springs!
Serene creators of immortal things.

And live too thou for happier days
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's fays
Have heart and soul possest:
Growl in grim London he who will,
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,
And swell with pride his sun-burnt breast.

Old Redi in his easy chair
With varied chant awaits thee there,
And here are voices in the grove

Aside my house, that make me think
Bacchus is coming down to drink
To Ariadne's love.

But whither am I borne away
From thee, to whom began my lay?
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;
I stept aside to greet my friends;
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,
I know but three or four at most.

Deem not that Time hath borne too hard
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,
Leaving me only three or four:
'Tis my old number; dost thou start
At such a tale? in what man's heart
Is there fireside for more?

I never courted friends or Fame;
She pouted at me long, at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck and said,
"Take what hath been for years delay'd,
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand
I waved away the offer'd seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted great,
The rulers of our land;
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten Pleasure's purer cup.

Thou knowest how, and why, are dear to me
My citron groves of Fiesole,
My chirping Affrico,* my beechwood nook,
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their faces,
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

'Tis not Pelasgian wall,
By him made sacred whom alone
'Twere not profane to call
The bard divine, nor (thrown
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Vallombrosa in the crimson east.

Here can I sit or roam at will;
Few trouble me, few wish me ill,
Few come across me, few too near;
Here all my wishes make their stand;
Here ask I no one's voice or hand;
Scornful of favour, ignorant of fear.

Yon vine upon the maple bough
Flouts at the hearty wheat below;
Away her venal wines the wise man sends,
While those of lower stem he brings
From inmost treasure-vault, and sings
Their worth and age among his chosen friends.

Behold our Earth,† most nigh the sun
Her zone least opens to the genial heat,
But farther off her veins more freely run:

'Tis thus with those who whirl about the great;
The nearest shrink and shiver, we remote
May open-breasted blow the pastoral oat.

CCCXVI.

TO AN AGED POET.

Why, O true poet of the country! why
With goat-skin glove an ancient friend defy!
Think timely (for our coming years are few)
Their worst diseases mortals may subdue;
Which, if they grow around the loftier mind,
Death, when ourselves are smitten, leaves behind.
Our frowardness, our malice, our distrust,
Cling to our name and sink not with our dust.
Like peer's and pauper's are our flesh and blood,
Perish like them we can not, if we would.
Is not our sofa softer when one end
Sinks to the welcome pressure of a friend?'
If he hath rais'd us from our low estate,
Are we not happier when they call him great?
Some who sat round us while the grass was green
Fear the chill air and quit the duller scene;
Some, unreturning, through our doors have past,
And haply we may live to see the last.

CCCXVII.

TO A PAINTER.

Conceal not Time's misdeeds, but on my brow
Retrace his mark:
Let the retiring hair be silvery now
That once was dark:
Eyes that reflected images too bright
Let clouds o'ercast,
And from the tablet be abolisht quite
The cheerful past.
Yet Care's deep lines should one from waken'd Mirth
Steal softly o'er,
Perhaps on me the fairest of the Earth,
May glance once more.

CCCXVIII.

TO A BRIDE, FEB. 17, 1846.

A still, serene, soft day; enough of sun
To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-tree snow,
Whiter than those white flowers the bride-maids wore;
Upon the silent boughs the lissom air
Rested; and, only when it went, they moved,
Nor more than under linnet springing off.
Such was the wedding-morn: the joyous Year
Lept over March and April up to May.
Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,
Thyself borne on in cool serenity,
All heaven around and bending over thee,
All earth below and watchful of thy course!
Well hast thou chosen, after long demur
To aspirations from more realms than one.
Peace be with those thou leavest! peace with thee!
Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,
But very much: for Love himself feels pain,
While brighter plumage shoots, to shed last year's;

* Affrico. A little stream celebrated by Boccaccio, in his Ninfale, &c. To this place his Bella Brigáta retired, to relate the last stories of the Decameron. The Author's villa (formerly Count Gherardesca's, the representative of the unhappy Count Ugolino) stands directly above what was anciently the lake described there.

† It is calculated that the Earth is *two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand miles* nearer to the sun in the shortest day than in the longest.

And one at home (how dear that one!) recalls
Thy name, and thou recallest one at home.
Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour of tears
Is over; nor believe thou that Romance
Closes against pure Faith her rich domain.
Shall only blossoms flourish there? Arise,
Far-sighted bride! look forward! clearer views
And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.
Fortune in vain call'd out to thee; in vain
Rays from high regions darted; Wit pour'd out
His sparkling treasures; Wisdom laid his crown
Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet.
Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the words,
Adding as true ones, not untold before,
That incense must have fire for its ascent,
Else 'tis inert and can not reach the idol.
Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.
Enjoy it while it lasts; and last it will;
Love can prolong it in despite of Years.

CCCXIX.

TO JOHN FORSTER.

Forster! whose zeal hath seiz'd each written page
That fell from me, and over many lands
Hath clear'd for me a broad and solid way,
Whence one more age, aye, haply more than one,
May be arrived at (all through thee), accept
No false or faint or perishable thanks.
From better men, and greater, friendship turn'd
Thy willing steps to me. From Eliot's cell
Death-dark; from Hampden's sadder battle-field;
From steadfast Cromwell's tribunitian throne,
Loftier than kings' supported knees could mount;
Hast thou departed with me, and hast climbed
Cecropian highths, and ploughed Ægean waves.
Therefore it never grieved me when I saw
That she who guards those regions and those seas
Hath lookt with eyes more gracious upon thee.
There are no few like that conspirator
Who, under prètext of power-worship, fell
At Cæsar's feet, only to hold him down
While others stabb'd him with repeated blows:
And there are more who fling light jibes, immerst
In gutter-filth, against the car that mounts
Weighty with triumph up the Sacred Way.
Protect in every place my stranger guests,
Born in the lucid land of free pure song,
Now first appearing on repulsive shores,
Bleak, and where safely none but natives move,
Red-poll'd, red-handed, siller-grasping men.
Ah! lead them far away, for they are used
To genial climes and gentle speech; but most
Cymodameia: warn the Tritons off
While she ascends, while through the opening plain
Of the green sea (brighten'd by bearing it)
Gushes redundantly her golden hair.

THE END.

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